

If Your Liver is Wrong You are Wrong all Over

A torpid, inactive liver goes hand in hand with constipation. Such a chronic condition requires a systematic effort to overcome it and establish good health and perfect body drainage. Smith's Pileapple and Butternut Pills, containing the two needed elements to increase liver activity and muscular action go accurately to the sluggish liver and bowels, restoring them completely.

Suppose your bowels failed to move for a week or ten days. Don't you know you would be quickly pros- trated? It is just the same, suffering from constipation. Your bowels do not move at least once a day. You know you soon become languid and tired, your blood gets bad and you feel mean and sick all over. You should have a full, healthy passage daily. Don't let your conditions develop. Smith's Pileapple and Butternut Pills will drive bowel poison out of your system and establish regularity. They are purely vegetable, and cure in one night. We will send you a gratuitous sample of these pills absolutely free, sealed and postpaid, that will convince you beyond doubt of their wonderful curative properties. Address, W. R. Smith Co., 115 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

Smith's Pileapple and Butternut Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in one night. All dealers 25 cents. A Cure at the People's Price.

Wood's Phosphatine.
The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Nervous Debility, Impotency, Sterility, Infertility, Incontinence, and all other ailments of the male system. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain packages on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Handy Rubber Stamps.

We are the Local Agents for
MACK'S
Celebrated Rubber Stamps.

All kinds of Dies and
Stencils made to order.

Anslow Bros.,
Publishers,
CAMPBELLTON

Engine and Boiler For Sale

A four horse power engine, and six horse power boiler in good condition. Compact and light, just the thing for driving light machinery or wood cutter.

For terms apply to
ANSLOW BROTHERS
29-11 Campbellton

O. SMITH
NEW YORK LIFE,
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE
Real Estate Agent
and Collector,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

TRUCKING

I wish to inform the public that I am now in a position to do all kinds of trucking and delivering. Pianos, Organs, Furniture etc. handled by experienced hands. Customers wishing to ship freight may have same properly addressed, billed and shipped as well as if done by themselves. All work promptly attended to night or day.
P. Gaudin

UNDERTAKING Monuments.

Our stock is complete, new and just meets the needs of the present day.

Warerooms in Taylor's New Building

D. F. GRAHAM.

IMPROVEMENTS ?

Improve your education by means of the Great Standard Dictionary 1903 Edition. Improve your Eyesight by 'one match' Vapor Gas Lamps, best in the world. Improve your Health by the world's Vapor Bath and you will have the best aids of modern civilization. All in stock and sold at wholesale rates to introduce. Address all orders to:
M. R. BENN, Douglastown, N. B.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES...

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

"So I read it."
"Surely there is another alternative, Mr. Holmes. I don't know whether you observed my bedroom window?"
"Lattice paneled, lead framework, three separate windows, one swinging on hinge and large enough to admit a man."
"Exactly. And it looks out on an angle of the courtyard so as to be partly invisible. The man might have entered at the entrance there, left traces as he passed through the bedroom, and finally, finding the door open, have escaped that way."

Holmes shook his head impatiently.
"Let B be practical," said he. "I understand you to say that there are three students who use this stair and are in the habit of passing your door?"
"Yes, there are."
"And they are all in for this examination?"
"Yes."

"Have you any reason to suspect any one of them more than the others?"
Holmes hesitated.
"It is a very delicate question," said he. "One hardly likes to throw suspicion where there are no proofs."
"Let us hear the suspicions. I will look after the proofs."

"I will tell you, then, in a few words the character of the three men who inhabit these rooms. The lower of the three is Gilchrist, a fine scholar and athlete; plays in the Rugby team and the cricket team for the college and got his blue for the hurdles and the long jump. He is a fine, manly fellow. His father was the notorious Sir James Gilchrist, who ruined himself on the turf. My scholar has been left very poor, but he is hardworking and industrious. He will do well."

"The second floor is inhabited by Doulas Ras, the Indian. He is a quiet, inscrutable fellow, as most of these Indians are. He is well up in his work, though his Greek is his weak subject. He is steady and methodical. The top floor belongs to Miles McLaren. He is a brilliant fellow when he chooses to work—one of the brightest intellects of the university—but he is wayward, dissipated and unprincipled. He was nearly expelled over a card scandal in his first year. He has been idling all this term, and he must look forward with dread to the examination."

"Then it is he whom you suspect?"
"I dare not go so far as that, but of the three he is perhaps the least unlikely."

"Exactly. Now, Mr. Soames, let us have a look at your servant, Bannister."
He was a little, white faced, clean shaven, grizzled fellow of fifty. He was still suffering from this sudden disturbance of the quiet routine of his life. His plump face was twitching with his nervousness, and his fingers could not keep still.

"We are investigating this unhappy business, Bannister," said his master.
"Yes, sir."
"I understand," said Holmes, "that you left your key in the door?"
"Yes, sir."
"Was it not very extraordinary that you should do this on the very day when there were these papers in it?"
"It was most unfortunate, sir. But I have occasionally done the same thing at other times."

"When did you enter the room?"
"It was about half past 4. That is Mr. Soames' tea time."
"How long did you stay?"
"When I saw that he was absent, I withdrew at once."
"Did you look at these papers on the table?"
"No, sir; certainly not."
"How came you to leave the key in the door?"
"I had the tea tray in my hand. I thought I would come back for the key. Then I forgot."

"Has the outer door a spring lock?"
"No, sir."
"Then it was open all the time?"
"Yes, sir."

THE WORLD OVER Thousands of Mothers are using DR. CODERRE'S INFANTS' SYRUP

For Children's ailments, you cannot but admit the fact that this preparation is one of merit and is all what is claimed for it. It is safe, pleasant and soothing for children teething, and a prompt checker of bowel and stomach troubles.

Physicians and Professional nurses recommend it. In purchasing, see that Dr. Coderre's signature and portrait is on every wrapper. Beware of the many Syrup put up in a similar form and made to look like Dr. Coderre's. Price, 25c. per bottle, or by mail on receipt of price.

Sole proprietors, THE WYATTE CHEMICAL CO. LIMITED, Montreal, Canada.

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF.

"Yes, sir."
"Any one in the room could get out?"
"Yes, sir."
"When Mr. Soames returned and called for you, you were very much disturbed?"
"Yes, sir. Such a thing has never happened during the many years that I have been here. I nearly fainted, sir."

"So I understand. Where were you when you began to feel bad?"
"Where was I, sir? Why, here, near the door."

"That is singular, because you sat down in that chair over yonder near the corner. Why did you pass these other chairs?"
"I don't know, sir. It didn't matter to me where I sat."
"You really don't think he knew much about it, Mr. Holmes. He was looking very bad—quite ghastly."
"You stayed here when your master left?"

"Only for a minute or so; then I locked the door and went to my room."
"Whom did you suspect?"
"Oh, I would not venture to say, sir. I don't believe there is any gentleman in this university who is capable of plotting by such an action. No, sir; I'll not believe it."

"Thank you; that will do," said Holmes. "Oh, one more word. You have not mentioned to any of the three gentlemen whom you attend that anything is amiss?"
"No, sir; not a word."

"You haven't seen any of them?"
"No, sir."
"Very good. Now, Mr. Soames, we will take a walk in the quadrangle, if you please."

Three yellow squares of light shone above us in the gathering gloom. "Your three birds are all in their nests," said Holmes, looking up. "Hello! What's that? One of them seems restless enough."

"It was the Indian, whose dark silhouette appeared suddenly upon his blind. He was pacing swiftly up and down his room."
"I should like to have a peep at each of them," said Holmes. "Is it possible?"
"No difficulty in the world," Holmes answered. "This set of rooms is quite the oldest in the college, and it is not unusual for visitors to go over them. Come along, and I will personally conduct you."

"No names, please," said Holmes as we knocked at Gilchrist's door. A tall, faxen haired, slim young fellow opened it and made us welcome when he understood our errand. There were some really curious pieces of mediaeval domestic architecture within. Holmes was so charmed with one of them that he insisted on drawing it in his notebook, broke his pencil, had to borrow one from our host and finally borrowed a knife to sharpen his pencil. The same curious accident happened to him in the rooms of the Indian—a silent little book nosed fellow, who eyed us askance and was obviously glad when Holmes' architectural studies had come to an end. I could not see that in either case Holmes had come upon the clue for which he was searching. Only at the third did he prove abortive. The outer door would not open to our knock and nothing more substantial than a torrent of bad language came from behind it. "I don't care who you are. You can go to blazes!" roared the angry voice. "Tomorrow's the exam, and I won't be drawn by any one."

"A rude fellow," said our guide, flushing with anger as we withdrew down the stair. "Of course he did not realize that it was I who was knocking, but none the less his conduct was very uncourteous and, indeed, under the circumstances rather suspicious." Holmes' response was a curious one. "Can you tell me his exact height?" he asked.

"Really, Mr. Holmes, I cannot undertake to say. He is taller than the Indian, not so tall as Gilchrist. I suppose five foot six would be about it."

"That is very important," said Holmes. "And now, Mr. Soames, I wish you good night."

Our guide cried aloud in his astonishment and dismay. "Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, you are surely not going to leave me in this abrupt fashion! You don't seem to realize the position. Tomorrow is the examination. I must take some definite action tonight. I cannot allow the examination to be held if one of the papers has been tampered with. The situation must be faced."

"You must leave it as it is. I shall drop round early tomorrow morning and chat the matter over. It is possible that I may be in a position then to indicate some course of action. Meanwhile, you change nothing—nothing at all."

"Very good, Mr. Holmes."
"You can be perfectly easy in your mind. We shall certainly find some way out of your difficulties. I will take the black clay with me; also the pencil cuttings. Goodnight."

When we were out in the darkness of the quadrangle we again looked up at the windows. The Indian still paced his room. The others were invisible.

"Well, Watson, what do you think of it?" Holmes asked as we came out into the main street. "Quite a little parlor game—sort of three card trick is it not? There are your three men. It must be one of them. You take your choice. Which is yours?"
"The foul mouthed fellow at the top. He is the one with the worst record. And yet that Indian was a sly fellow also. Why should he be pacing his room all the time?"
"There is nothing in that. Many men do it when they are trying to learn anything by heart."
"He looked at us in a queer way."
"So would you if a flock of strangers came in on you when you were preparing for an examination next day and every moment was of value. No, I see nothing in that. Pencil, too, and knives—all was satisfactory. But that fellow does puzzle me."

"Why, Bannister, the servant. What's his game in the matter?"
"He impressed me as being a perfectly honest man."

"So he did me. That's the puzzling part. Why should a perfectly honest man—well, well, here's a large stationer's. We shall begin our researches here."

There were only four stationers of any consequence in the town, and at each Holmes produced his pencil chips and bid high for a duplicate. All were agreed that one could be got, but that it was not a usual size of pencil and that it was seldom kept in stock.

"I really don't think he knew much about it, Mr. Holmes. He was looking very bad—quite ghastly."
"You stayed here when your master left?"
"Only for a minute or so; then I locked the door and went to my room."

"Whom did you suspect?"
"Oh, I would not venture to say, sir. I don't believe there is any gentleman in this university who is capable of plotting by such an action. No, sir; I'll not believe it."

"Thank you; that will do," said Holmes. "Oh, one more word. You have not mentioned to any of the three gentlemen whom you attend that anything is amiss?"
"No, sir; not a word."

"You haven't seen any of them?"
"No, sir."
"Very good. Now, Mr. Soames, we will take a walk in the quadrangle, if you please."

Three yellow squares of light shone above us in the gathering gloom. "Your three birds are all in their nests," said Holmes, looking up. "Hello! What's that? One of them seems restless enough."

"It was the Indian, whose dark silhouette appeared suddenly upon his blind. He was pacing swiftly up and down his room."

"I should like to have a peep at each of them," said Holmes. "Is it possible?"
"No difficulty in the world," Holmes answered. "This set of rooms is quite the oldest in the college, and it is not unusual for visitors to go over them. Come along, and I will personally conduct you."

"No names, please," said Holmes as we knocked at Gilchrist's door. A tall, faxen haired, slim young fellow opened it and made us welcome when he understood our errand. There were some really curious pieces of mediaeval domestic architecture within. Holmes was so charmed with one of them that he insisted on drawing it in his notebook, broke his pencil, had to borrow one from our host and finally borrowed a knife to sharpen his pencil. The same curious accident happened to him in the rooms of the Indian—a silent little book nosed fellow, who eyed us askance and was obviously glad when Holmes' architectural studies had come to an end. I could not see that in either case Holmes had come upon the clue for which he was searching. Only at the third did he prove abortive. The outer door would not open to our knock and nothing more substantial than a torrent of bad language came from behind it. "I don't care who you are. You can go to blazes!" roared the angry voice. "Tomorrow's the exam, and I won't be drawn by any one."

"A rude fellow," said our guide, flushing with anger as we withdrew down the stair. "Of course he did not realize that it was I who was knocking, but none the less his conduct was very uncourteous and, indeed, under the circumstances rather suspicious." Holmes' response was a curious one. "Can you tell me his exact height?" he asked.

"Really, Mr. Holmes, I cannot undertake to say. He is taller than the Indian, not so tall as Gilchrist. I suppose five foot six would be about it."

"That is very important," said Holmes. "And now, Mr. Soames, I wish you good night."

Our guide cried aloud in his astonishment and dismay. "Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, you are surely not going to leave me in this abrupt fashion! You don't seem to realize the position. Tomorrow is the examination. I must take some definite action tonight. I cannot allow the examination to be held if one of the papers has been tampered with. The situation must be faced."

"You must leave it as it is. I shall drop round early tomorrow morning and chat the matter over. It is possible that I may be in a position then to indicate some course of action. Meanwhile, you change nothing—nothing at all."

"Very good, Mr. Holmes."
"You can be perfectly easy in your mind. We shall certainly find some way out of your difficulties. I will take the black clay with me; also the pencil cuttings. Goodnight."

When we were out in the darkness of the quadrangle we again looked up at the windows. The Indian still paced his room. The others were invisible.

"Well, Watson, what do you think of it?" Holmes asked as we came out into the main street. "Quite a little parlor game—sort of three card trick is it not? There are your three men. It must be one of them. You take your choice. Which is yours?"
"The foul mouthed fellow at the top. He is the one with the worst record. And yet that Indian was a sly fellow also. Why should he be pacing his room all the time?"
"There is nothing in that. Many men do it when they are trying to learn anything by heart."
"He looked at us in a queer way."
"So would you if a flock of strangers came in on you when you were preparing for an examination next day and every moment was of value. No, I see nothing in that. Pencil, too, and knives—all was satisfactory. But that fellow does puzzle me."

"Why, Bannister, the servant. What's his game in the matter?"
"He impressed me as being a perfectly honest man."

"So he did me. That's the puzzling part. Why should a perfectly honest man—well, well, here's a large stationer's. We shall begin our researches here."



Copyright by Collier's Weekly.

Miles McLaren.

"Why, Holmes, you had only two yesterday."

"And one more this morning. It is a fair argument that wherever No. 3 came from is also the source of Nos. 1 and 2. Eh, Watson? Well, come along and put friend Soames out of his pain."

The unfortunate tutor was certainly in a state of pitiable agitation when we found him in his chambers. In a few hours the examination would commence, and he was still in the dilemma between making the facts public and allowing the culprit to compete for the valuable scholarship. He could hardly stand still, so great was his mental agitation, and he ran toward Holmes with two eager hands outstretched.

"Thank heaven that you have come! I feared that you had given it up in despair. What am I to do? Shall the examination proceed?"
"But this rascal!"
"He shall not compete."

"You know him?"
"I think so. If this matter is not to become public we must give ourselves certain powers and resolve ourselves into a small private court martial. You there, if you please, Soames! Watson, you here! I'll take the armchair in the middle. I think that we are now sufficiently imposing to strike terror into a guilty breast. Kindly ring the bell!"

Bannister entered and shrunk back in evident surprise and fear at our judicial appearance.

"You will kindly close the door," said Holmes. "Now, Bannister, will you please tell us the truth about yesterday's incident?"

The man turned white to the roots of his hair.
"I have told you everything, sir."
"Nothing to add?"
"Nothing at all, sir."

"Well, then, I must make some suggestions to you. When you sat down on that chair yesterday did you do so in order to conceal some object which would have shown you had been in the room?"
Bannister's face was ghastly.
"No, sir; certainly not."

"It is only a suggestion," said Holmes suavely. "I frankly admit that I am unable to prove it. But it seems probable enough, since the moment that Mr. Soames' back was turned you released the man who was hiding in that bedroom."

Bannister licked his dry lips.
"There was no man, sir."
"Ah, that's a pity, Bannister. Up to now you may have spoken the truth, but now I know that you have lied."

The man's face set in sullen defiance.
"There was no man, sir."

"Come, come, Bannister!"
"No, sir; there was no man."

"In that case you can give us no further information. Would you please remain in the room? Stand over there near the bedroom door. Now, Soames, I am going to ask you to have a great kindness to go up to the room of young Gilchrist and to ask him to step down into yours."

An instant later the tutor returned, bringing with him the student. He was a fine figure of a man—tall, lithe and agile, with a springy step and a pleas-

ant open face. His troubled blue eyes glanced at each of us and finally rested upon Bannister in the farther corner.

"Just close the door," said Holmes. "Now, Mr. Gilchrist, we are all quite alone here, and no one need ever know one word of what passes between us. We can be perfectly frank with each other. We want to know, Mr. Gilchrist, how you, an honorable man, ever came to commit such an action as that of yesterday?"

To be continued

Sovereign Lime Juice is the most healthful drink for summer weather. It's cheap too.



"MEATS THAT SATISFY"

Many Kinds to Tempt the Appetite.

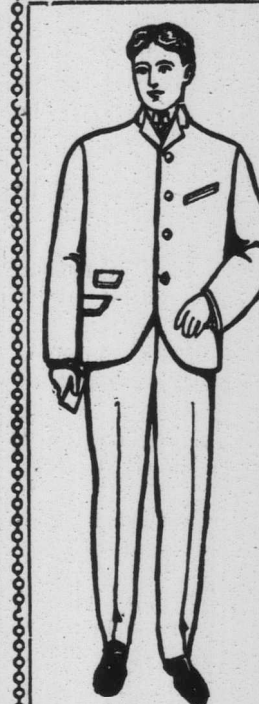
Laing's Canned Meats are the best of appetizers. When you get tired of roasts and stews and steaks, you will find what the appetite craves in

LAING'S Canned Meats

40 different kinds—seasoned by a chef who knows how to win pampered tastes. Something new and something good for every meal—ready to serve—and economical.

Let us know if your grocer does not handle Laing's Corned Beef, Ox Tongue, Devilled Meats, and the rest.

THE LAING PACKING & PROVISION CO. LIMITED.
MONTREAL.



"PROGRESS" Single Breasted Sacks

The universal favorite. The one style that never wanes in popularity. "PROGRESS" Brand Sacks are distinguished for their rich colorings—their air of good taste and refinement.

Made in an endless variety of patterns—in blue, black and oxford worsteds and serges—fancy stripes and overblends, in silk mixed worsteds, tweeds, flannels and homespun. All sizes for men, youths and boys

This label in every genuine
"PROGRESS" Coat

Sold by leading clothiers
throughout Canada



Progress Brand Clothing may be had from Fraser, Fraser & Co.

WINCHESTER

"Leader" and "Repeater"

SMOKELESS POWDER SHELLS
Carefully inspected shells, the best combinations of powder, shot and wadding, loaded by machines which give invariable results are responsible for the superiority of Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells. There is no guesswork in loading them. Reliability, velocity, pattern and penetration are determined by scientific apparatus and practical experiments. Do you shoot them? If not, why not? They are THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT

Farming Implements Carriages, Etc.

FROST & WOOD CO.

Just arrived one car-load Buggies, either rubber or steel tires. Truck waggons, single and double; Cart wheels and axles, Express Wagons, Farm Implements of every description from a Harrow to a Binder or Thresher. Prices right. Terms to suit the purchaser. Write for Catalogue, but better to call and see for yourself.

R. & T. Ellsworth.

Hugh Miller Building,

Campbellton, N. B.

FINE OFFICE STATIONERY

is a requisite of every business man, and every business should use none but the best.

LET US HAVE YOUR NEXT ORDER

and you will have the best that care and skill can turn out. Our office is specially equipped for this class of work.

LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES

ANSLOW BROS.,

"EVENTS"

Printers and Publishers,

Campbellton, N. B.