POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

FITS EPILEPSY

FREE SAMPLE OF LIEBIG'S FIT CURE.

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a **free trial bottle** with valuable Treatise, and try it. The sample bottle will be sent by mail, prepaid, to your nearest Post Office address. It has cured where everything else has failed. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to THE LIEBIG CO., 179 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, CANADA.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH?

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.

Don't lull the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficient effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured at any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25 cents. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Spectacles will be allowed henceforth in the British army, as the war office has issued orders permitting officers and soldiers to wear glasses on and off duty.

THE STORY OF MORNING TIREDNESS.

Is told by impure blood, poor digestion, sluggish liver and tired nerves. It is a warning of very serious trouble ahead, and should prompt sensible people to take a bracing tonic like Ferrozone, an energetic invigorant and rebuilder. Ferrozone will give you a sharp appetite, promote good digestion and sound sleep; it will feed and energize the enfeebled organs, strengthen the nerve and vital forces and regulate the heart. Ferrozone changes that tired feeling into vigor, strength and ambition, and does it quickly. Remember the name, and insist on having only Ferrozone; it's the best tonic made. Price 50c. per box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

Rotterdam is building the biggest excavated dock in the world. Its area is 150 acres with a depth of water of 14 feet, which will be dredged out later to 28 feet. The earth dug up has been used to build the surrounding quays and to raise the level of neighboring streets.

MISS JONES' VOICE GREATLY IMPROVED.

A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones' singing. Her voice is stronger, and sounds clearer and sweeter than before using Catarrhozone, which is a wonderful aid to singers, speakers and ministers. Catarrhozone Inhaler insures absolute freedom from Colds, Coughs and Catarrh, clears the nose and throat, and prevents hoarseness and huskiness. Catarrhozone makes the voice brilliant and enduring, and is uncommonly well recommended by Prima Donnas, members of Parliament, Lawyers, Doctors and thousands that use it daily. Better try Catarrhozone. Price $1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

The objection some people have to the cigarette is similar to that of the rugged plainsman who objected to city whiskey and demanded that turpentine and red pepper be added to it so that he could "taste the cussed thing."

A SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

Some remedies cure this distressing complaint in a day, some in a month, but Nerviline never fails to cure in a few minutes. Just ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water—that's enough, and away goes the dysentery, cured to stay cured. Nerviline also cures Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, and Sick Headache. It has five times the strength and curative properties of ordinary remedies, and should be in every household. Better buy a 25c. bottle and try it. Nerviline is all right.

Hamilton's Pills for the Liver.

Henry Leitner, aged 90, who lives on the state border between Fairfield and Richland, N. C., has a bale of cotton ginned before the rebellion. He has refused rich offers for it, as he prefers to keep it as a memento of old days.

"This is your sixth trip across the ocean in winter, is it?" said the timid passenger. "Are you never oppressed by a fear that the ship will run into an iceberg and sink?" "Never, madam," replied the business-like passenger, briskly. "I never invest a cent in ships."

RUPTURE

Learn how I Go away with the cutting belt and pressing springs, and hold Rupture without pressure on hips, spine or bones.

Learn how you are simply ruining your health by using spring and leg-strap trusses which press most vital parts not connected with the rupture at all.

Learn how I have after 32 years' practice, solved this much-misunderstood rupture problem by my patented inventions.

Learn how I treat on 30 days' trial, etc.

Learn what the cure of Rupture really means and how I treat successfully and inexpensively BY MAIL.

Write for my FREE BOOK now and learn the Whole Truth about Rupture and its Cure.

CHAS. CLUTTON, 90 East 14th St., New York City.

I have no agents. My services secured only by applying directly to me.

Before. After. **Wood's Phosphodine,**

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in St. John by all responsible druggists.

ISSAC OULTON, NORTH END HERMIT, DONE TO DEATH.

(Continued from page 1.)

an entrance from the back yard of a three story tenement and is the property of Isaac Oulton. It has fallen into a state of dilapidation for, unless as Mrs. Gillespie remarked her late landlord could "pick up a board somewhere and nail it on, he never would make any repairs." The Gillespie's are apparently poor people but, with the commendable charity often found in the lowest walks of life, they shared their humble home with Oulton and never received one cent in return. Just four years ago, when the second wife of Oulton died, the ministrations of Mrs. Gillespie began, and the old man was apparently fond of her, invariably addressing her as "mammy." For one of the bright faced little chaps who played in the sunshine yesterday and chattered of "grandfather, being all burnt, he had a warm affection and the little boy could lead him anywhere. The story of Oulton's sojourn in the Gillespie home was told yesterday by Mrs. Gillespie as she stood in the door of her home while two little fellows played around and occasionally threw in a remark which showed a brightness beyond their years.

"I first knew Isaac Oulton about 22 years ago," said Mrs. Gillespie, "but it is only four years since I began to care for him. In all that time we have never had one cent from him, though, of course, I expected, as any one would, that sometime he would give me some money. Once last summer he spoke of what we had done for him and told me he meant to give me his bank book and fix matters so that I could draw the money, but he never did it. He always said he didn't believe in a man giving away everything while he was living, for his father had done that and died a parish charge. He never denied that he had a little money, but I suppose he had got into that habit of grubbing along and couldn't help it. Any old bit of rag out of an ash heap used to give him pleasure and he would trudge miles and miles with his wheelbarrow to gather up useless old rubbish.

"He always had some money about him and I know that between Saturday last and Monday of this week my husband gave him $2 and I gave him $1.20, and I'm sure Mr. Oulton must have had that much on him anyway, though he may have done something with it, of course. I heard he was in the Bank of New Brunswick on Monday, but I don't know if that is true or not. My husband thought a good deal of the old man and when he stayed here too late at night always went home with him, so that nothing would happen him. He left here about 9.30 o'clock Tuesday night and wanted to come back with a pair of pincers, but I told him he had better not as there were so many suspicious characters around. That was the last time I saw the old man. I was not at home Wednesday night, but when I got back one of the tenants told me my husband had been in a short time before and that he had gone to notify the coroner. While in the house my husband took a little lamp, without a chimney to take up to Oulton's house, and it might be that some of the rags around caught fire from that. I waited a little while for my husband and then went out to Douglas avenue. I saw the fire and am glad I discovered it in time to save the poor old man's body.

"I do not believe he was murdered at all, but that he may have had a weak turn, fallen and hurt himself and afterwards managed to get to his bed. He was often weak; only last week he told me that he thought the fainting spells meant death for him.

"A few days ago a well dressed man, who said he was boarding in a hotel in the city, came over and wanted to rent a room from us. He was a tall, good looking fellow, with a long coat on, and seemed anxious to get a room. He asked some questions about Mr. Oulton, but my husband told me not to bother with him as he didn't think he wanted a room at all. He said why would a well dressed man like that want to leave a hotel and come to such a rough, tumbledown place as this.

"In speaking of Oulton's fainting fits I forgot to say that he once told my husband that if he ever failed to answer the signal they had agreed upon, to break in and see what was the matter."

THE MYSTERIOUS KENDRICKS.

George Buchanan, Who is Fellow Workman With Gillespie, Was at Latter's House Tuesday Night--What He Saw.

George Buchanan, of Durham street, North End, is an axe maker at Messrs. Campbells' manufactory. For the past 19 years he has known Thomas Gillespie, and speaks of him in terms of credit. Together they served apprenticeships at the axe-making trade and ever since they have been in touch with each other. On Monday morning Mr. Gillespie did not come to work, said Mr. Buchanan yesterday, nor did he appear at the manufactory until Wednesday. His absence was due to the fact that a bit of grindstone grit had got into his eye, which rendered him incapable for work. On Tuesday he went to the hospital to have it treated. Tuesday evening Mr. Buchanan called at Gillespie's home, Elm street, to ascertain why he was absent from the factory. He found Mr. Gillespie's eye considerably improved, and was told by Gillespie that he would be able to resume work in the morning. Conversing on other topics, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie mentioned that on Monday they had had a strange caller, who wished to secure board. He was well dressed and said his name was Kendricks. It was thought peculiar that a stranger, apparently well-to-do, would be seeking board with a large family, in such a remote and practically undesirable locality as the Black Spring Road.

The stranger's wish, however, was intimated to Oulton, who agreed with avidity to have him take up boarding. A room was decided on and preparations made for the boarder's reception. After the bargain had been struck "Kendricks" said he would come again on Tuesday night.

"The time has arrived," declared the Gillespie family, "but he has not come yet. We were talking along in this strain," states Mr. Buchanan, "when Tom (meaning Mr. Gillespie), suddenly pointing through the window, said: 'There's Kendricks!'

"It was not quite dark; rather thick and dusty," states Mr. Buchanan, "but the figure pointed out by Tom I could plainly distinguish. He was walking slowly up the street, I thing on the farther side, was tall and wore a long coat with the collar turned up. He seemingly had no inclination to come into Tom's house. He continued his walk and disappeared in the gloom. Shortly afterwards I went home. The following morning (Wednesday), Tom was to work, and as far as I can remember, knocked off about 3.30 p. m., which is about the hour we come home. His eye was considerably improved. I remember Tom assisting and ministering to old Oulton for years past. Last winter, on stormy nights, he would take his meals to him, and seemingly did all that was possible to ease him of any unnecessary exertions. I've heard it stated that when a young man Tom lived in a part of Oulton's old home on the avenue.

IN OULTON'S HOVEL.

Dismal, Dingy, and Dirty--The Home of the Old Man Was Not Inviting.

All day Thursday blue coated officers of the law guarded the Oulton house, and around them might be found at any time the usual groups of morbidly curious people for whom such a spot has a strange fascination. Exteriorily the building was forlorn enough looking with its windows boarded in, and devoid of glass, its heaps of old rubbish in every aperture and the generally desolate air which would naturally pervade a place where a man of Oulton's habits had his abode. A great bunch of rags hung from one of the windows and flapped back and forth in the wind. It was shortly after 1 o'clock when Detective Killen and Officer Kilpatrick threw open the door to two reporters. A ray of sunlight brightened the squalid, filthy "hall" for a moment and then disappeared as the door closed again behind the quartette. Through the long dark alley with its uneven floor, and almost overpowering atmosphere, the party, in single file, stumbled and groped its way along to what Isaac Oulton designated "home." The scene which presented itself in the room where Oulton was found is hard to describe. In the centre stood an old time square stove almost covered with nondescript odds and ends, and so extensive was the collection of filth piled around that standing room was barely possible. Every corner, except one had its high pile of articles of no earthly use to any one, sticks and iron, pieces of chairs and the thousand things which Oulton seems to have had a mania for gathering from ash heaps and anywhere else possible. On the wall was nailed an old box evidently used as a cupboard, for it contained a couple of empty pickle bottles, a broken cup and one or two other useless articles, a dirty bag served as a drapery and was strongly nailed in place. The one corner devoid of bric-a-brac was a mass of mud and dirt, and was where once had been the few rags on which Oulton laid himself down at night, and where his body was found. Dark, loathsome and with an awful stench pervading the apartment the place was unspeakably repulsive. And yet, the dim light struggling through one chink in a window, showed a bright patch of color—a gaudily painted chromo of Flora, the goddess of flowers, lying on one of the piles of stuff in a corner opposite where the apology for a bed had been. It was about two and a half feet long by two wide and had evidently not long graced the shack for it was fairly clean and the frame was comparitively new. The picture was in strange contrast to its surroundings. When the party reached the open air there was a general air of relief and a hurried brushing of garments that had come in contact with any article in the room.

THE INQUEST.

Some Points on Which Thomas Gillespie and the Boys Disagree—Mysterious Mr. Kendricks.

At 9 o'clock Thursday morning, a post portem examination was made on Isaac Oulton's body. The intestines and brain were removed. The skull, it is said, was found not fractured. Thursday night the inquest begun under Coroner W. F. Roberts.

Thomas Gillespie, his wife and son, Thomas, also Willie Marshall, were examined. There were no special developments of note, but some variance in testimony. At 12.15 the inquest adjourned until tonight.

Isaac Oulton's house was thoroughly examined Thursday morning by the police.

An iron bar was discover in the stove. On one end there appeared a substance like blood and hair. It was given Dr. Roberts for microscopic examination. Two chests, containing Oulton's private papers, have been removed to police station. No money has yet been found. No arrests have been made in connection with the case.

The inquiry into the death of Isaac Oulton was commenced at the North End police station last evening by Coroner Roberts.

The jurymen were Joseph Court, foreman; Charles Colwell, E. M. Spragg, Fred A. Young, Albert McArthur, J. V. Russell, jr., and Wm. Searle.

Thomas Gillespie Examined.

Thomas Gillespie was the first witness. He said he was a blacksmith. Was acquainted with deceased between 25 and 30 years. Last saw him Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Have been in his place; now nothing of his business; have been on intimate terms with him since I was seven years old. Mr. Oulton has of late been in the habit of frequenting my home. He had money for me to collect and in winter when he could not get out I took the money to him. He boarded with me about two and a half years. He had bed and board with me for five months—the last five months I took him up his food. He was in my house on Tuesday evening and had his supper. I left him there. He was not in good health. He complained of being unwell. He complained before then he had something the matter with his heart and had fainting spells. I have taken him home from my place, and have stopped to rest. He felt about as ill Tuesday evening as on previous occasions when I took him home. That was the last time I saw him alive. The first thing that led to me finding him last night was that he had not come to my house as usual for supper and I took it up to him. He generally undressed and went to bed, and I would generally have to wait for him to dress and come to the door. I went there about 7.30 o'clock Wednesday night. It would take me about five minutes to go from my house to his. The window of his room is on the north of the building and I would give the signal on this window and he would come to the front door. Last night I stayed there longer than usual as I did not get any answer. On previous occasions I did not generally have to rap more than once. I was there about seven minutes. I thought probably he was out. I came back home and took up a lamp, and got my son and went back and rapped harder. I took the dinner can home again with me when I went for the boy. The second time I went I again took the dinner can with the lamp.

Witness told about entering the house from the side and lighting the lamp and calling for Oulton, but getting no response. He said he went through the house to the front door on Douglas avenue. He said to the boy "we will leave the lamp here on the first floor."

"I put out the light and went out the Douglas avenue door, saying we would go and get some one else. This was about an hour from the time I started first. We got Wm. Marshall and we three went back, lighted the lamp and went into the room called the shop. At the left hand side of the shop door was a door of Oulton's room, there was glass in the door. The glass was broken and there was some stuff against the window and I removed it. The hole in the window was not large enough for me to get in so I put my son in and he said: "He is there, meaning Oulton and said there is a black lump there. I looked in and also thought I saw him. There was a wire over the bed with some rags hanging from it. I am quite sure it was wire although it might have been cord. I called several times and got no answer. I knocked a pane of glass out for my son to get in to remove the bar from the door, saying he must be very low or dead. My boy unbarred the door, I walked to the bed where he was with the bags. I had the lamp in my right hand. He was lying on the bed face down with the lower half of the body hanging over the side of the bed, his hands hanging under him. I caught him by the small of the back and called out "Mr. Oulton." My son says, "is he dead?" I said 'he's dead all right.' He said 'what are you going to now?' I said 'go down to Dr. Roberts' and we left the house. I blew the light out on the sidewalk and left it in behind the door. I was not smoking in the house. While in the house I did not see any sign of fire or smell smoke. The boys went home and I went direct to your (the coroner's) office and told the boys to go home. It was then five minutes to 10 o'clock by your watch. Witness told of leaving with the coroner and of the fire alarm sounding.

To Mr. Trueman—He said he had always been on friendly terms with Oulton. For the past two years I got rent free and anything I did for him I was to get paid for and get so much per cent. on collections. It was his proposition. He always told me he had no money. I saw him have some money in a small bag he kept in his pants pocket. I paid $13 in taxes for him and he gave it to me in small change. When I would pay him I would leave immediately and always did so and would go about other business. Witness here refused to tell what other business he went at.

I never watched him where he put his money. He might have money in his breast but I never saw it. I never saw where he placed his money in the three years. I never saw him put his money away. I never thought he had a lot of money. I never expected to get any money left to me. I would have been glad to get what he owed me; I never got any more from him. I have it down in a book what he owes me. He was to give me 10 per cent. on collections. He always said he was in need of money and I was foolish I did not keep my percentage out, as I expected he would pay me sometime. About a year ago I asked him for some money he owed me, and he said he would give it to me later. That was the only time I asked him. He was to pay me $3 a week for board. He was to pay me for every meal. I kept an account of it all. I won't tell how much he owes me.

Chief Clark asked that he be forced to answer.

Continuing witness said: I expected a settlement. Witness saw Oulton's brother here last summer; he was from Nova Scotia. He also said a Mr. Nelson, of Fairville, was a nephew and he had relatives at St. Mary's Bay. Oulton said the brother wished to take him home with him. Deceased never spoke about a will or what he intended to do with his property.

When I was at Oulton's body, Marshall and my son were along side me. Did not examine the corpse or room. Did not see any evidence of a struggle. Knocked off work last Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock. Usually got through at that time. Was around the street at Durick's drug store, and on Dump watching a game of ball. Could not tell his movements correctly on Tuesday night. On Tuesday was not working; was off having sore eyes; had not been to work previous Saturday or Monday; might have been away from house Tuesday, but not long. I saw Mr. Oulton about half an hour Tuesday night. I did not pay him any money. He did not say anything about rents. On the night I found him I shook him and lifted two legs and put them on a chair near the bed. I lifted the both legs at the same time and yet I say I had a lamp in my hand.

The Gillespie Boy.

Thomas Gillespie, jr., aged 14, was the next witness. Saw Oulton in yard when I got home about 6.30 o'clock Tuesday evening. I saw my father at 6.30 Tuesday when I came home. He was in the house when I left Tuesday night. When I came home after leaving my grandmother's, late, my father was in bed. I didn't see him; they said he was there. Never saw Oulton giving my father money for board; never heard my mother say anything about Mr. Oulton giving my father money; was at work Wednesday and got home about 6.30. Did not see Mr. Oulton there. My father was home then. After supper I went up stairs to Mrs. Marshall's. I was up there about a half an hour, when my father came after me to mind the house while he went to Oulton's. My mother was out when I had come home. Father went away and took the can with him. He was gone not a half an hour when he returned and asked me to go up with him, saying he could not get in and wanted me to go up and hold the light, and Mr. Oulton must be sick. Witness told how they went into the house which corroborated the evidence given by his father. I asked Marshall if he wanted to come up with us, and he could come up and wait for us.

Speaking of what happened after the body was found he said: "My father felt him on the hips and said he is a little warm, shook him and sang out: "Mr. Holts," the lamp was on the table near the bed. Marshall then held the light and my father placed Oulton's feet on a chair. When my father shook him I said, "he's dead allright, come on out. Marshall held the light. Father said I'll go and get the doctor. He told us to go home and take the can home. We ran ahead of my father, leaving him behind. Was not talking to my father at Dr. Roberts' door. When we went home first my mother was not home. When I went home after finding the body, she was not home and I went to my grandmother's.

To Mr. Trueman—I could not say what time I went to my grandmother's Tuesday night. It was about 8 o'clock or after and I stayed there until 10 o'clock. My father was there for awhile. I don't know what time he came or left. I did not see him going. I saw him there a half an hour after I got there. I did know that my father had left. No person told me he had gone. My father had not asked me to go to my grandmother that night. When we found the corpse my father felt deceased's right hip and said it was warm. He felt it a couple of times. When I got home Tuesday night I saw father in bed. My father never told me to say he was in bed. My father felt both sides of Oulton's body, the right side first.

Young Marshall's Story.

Wm. Marshall, the next witness, said he did not know what it was to take an oath. He was 14 years of age. He saw Oulton Tuesday night about 8 o'clock in Gillespie's. Was asked to go to Oulton's by Thos. Gillespie, jr., and they left at 8.45 o'clock. When we got in the room Mr. Gillespie had the lamp, there was no chimney. Mr. Gillespie placed the lamp on the table and I shifted it away as it was burning his coat. Mr. Gillespie shook him by the back. He then put his hand under him and said he was cold. Oulton was hanging half out of bed. Mr. Gillespie put Oulton's feet on a chair, the light was then on the table. There was a twine string across the room with clothes on it. The light could not set it afire. We came down the street along side of Mr. Gillespie when going to Dr. Robert's door.

To Mr. Trueman—Mr. Gillespie felt down both sides of Oulton and under the overcoat to feel his heart. We were in the room about eight or ten minutes.

Mrs. Gillespie.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Gillespie said she was the wife of Thomas Gillespie. Had known Oulton 23 or 24 years. Seven years ago wanted us to go and live with him. He told me if I would come he would give me the house that we are living in, he said he had money in the bank and would make over to me the bank book when he died if we looked after him. He promised to pay us but never gave us a cent. He always said he would make over property to me; he used to come to me crying and I pitied him. He used to keep money in a bag in his right hip pocket; he had a number of small bags that he kept change in. I never saw him give money to Mr. Gillespie. Last week he came from the city and asked me to put my hand in his coat pocket and I pulled out a piece of newspaper and he said I can trust you to open that, and I did and there was two $10 bills; he took it and put it in his pants pocket. He complained last week that he was ill and said death was over taking him, he could feel it coming.

I last saw Oulton on Tuesday evening when he left our house for home.

Witness was visiting Wednesday and did not return home until ten minutes to ten. Was informed of Oulton's death and told of discovering the fire. When they were putting fire out passed Dr. Roberts and her husband in Oulton's hall; witness did not receive anything from her husband there.

The inquiry was adjourned at 12.15 o'clock until this evening at 8.30 o'clock. The witnesses held were released.

For twenty-four years Vapo-Cresolene has been extensively used for all forms of throat and bronchial troubles. All Druggists.

"CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE."

Big Crops Big Profits

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It is not the price you pay for the Seed, but the crop you get, that proves worth.

The Varieties that pay Growers to use:

CARROT

Steele-Briggs' "Improved Short White."

The surest cropper, heaviest yielder, most perfect shaped, easiest harvested, Field Carrot in cultivation. (*Sealed packages only.*)

Price (post paid) per lb., 75c., ½ lb., 40c.; ¼ lb., 20c.

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Steele-Briggs' Prize Mammoth, or Giant Long Red.

Produces immense crops of large, handsome, even-shaped roots. Price (post paid) per lb. 23c.; in 5-lb. lots or more, 20c, per lb.

Steele-Briggs' Giant Yellow Oval.

An improved strain of Giant Yellow Intermediate; roots large, clean, even-shaped; a great yielder. Price (post paid) per lb., 25c.

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The finest Globe Mangel in existence; roots are of giant size, very uniform and perfect shape, with small top. Price (post paid) 23c. per lb.

SUGAR BEET

Steele-Briggs' "Royal Giant."

A favorite with every grower who has used it; produces giant roots, immense crops and of richest feeding quality. (*Supplied in 1-lb. sealed packages only.*) Price (post paid) per lb. 35c.; 5-lb. lots or more, 30c. per lb.

For other Standard Field Root Seeds see Catalogue—mailed free.

Steele-Briggs' celebrated Field, Garden and Flower Seeds are sold by leading merchants everywhere. Should your dealer not carry them, send order direct.

IT PAYS TO USE THE BEST SEEDS.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED

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Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after MONDAY, October 21, 1901, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Suburban Train for Hampton	11.40
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	12.15
Express for Sussex	16.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal	17.00
Express for Halifax and Sydney	22.35

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.00
Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec	12.40
Suburban train from Hampton	13.55
Express from Halifax and Pictou	16.00
Express from Halifax	19.15
Express from Moncton (Saturday only)	23.50

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., October 16, 1901.
GEO. CARVIL, C. T. A.

City Ticket Office:
7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

For a number of years, Mr. Chamberlain ,the English statesman, was never seen without an orchid in his buttonhole, but now he has stopped wearing them. It is hinted that he made the change because of this clever line in Watson's "Spontaneous Tribute:" "You shall know him by the orchid in the coat that he has turned."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, the 21st day of June next, at 12 o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so-called) in the City of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a certain decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the 26th day of March A. D. 1902 in a certain cause therein depending wherein James E. White is Plaintiff and Alice Eliza Carter, Edward S. Carter, Bank of British North America and William Bruckhof are Defendants with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises mentioned in the said Plaintiff's bill and in the said decretal order, and therein described as follows, viz.:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of "land fronting on the west side of Canterbury street in the City of Saint John, in the "City and County of Saint John, in the "Province of New Brunswick, being part of "the lot known on the map or plan of the "said City by the number fifty-six (56) and "having a front in width on Canterbury "Street of thirty feet and extending westerly therefrom continuing the same width "sixty-one feet, more or less, the said lot "of land hereby demised being the lot of "land formerly leased by the said Mary L. "Lawrence to the said Edward S. Carter, "and also the right to use the alleyway running into the rear of the said lot of land "hereby demised from Church Street as "at present laid out, free, clear and unobstructed at all time and times hereafter "during the term of this demise and all "renewals thereof, if any, to her, the said "Alice Eliza Carter, her executors, administrators and assigns, with or without "teams, carriages and other conveyances in "common with other parties having the right "to use the same so far as the said Mary "L. Lawrence has power to grant the same "and also a right of way of eight feet "width and ten feet in height extending "the prolongation of the easterly line of "alleyway to the rear of westerly line "the lot hereby demised; together with "buildings and improvements thereon standing and being and the privileges and "purtenances thereto belonging or in "wise appertaining, and also all the estate "right, title, interest, term of years to "yet to come and unexpired "benefit of renewal, claim and "at law and in equity of "Eliza Carter of, into, out "same and every part thereof "the said Indenture of Lease "howsoever, together with "ture of Lease."

For terms of sale and other apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or the signed Referee.

Dated at the City of Saint John this day of April A. D. 1902.

W. H. TRUEMAN, Plaintiff's Solicitor. E. H. McALPINE, Referee.
T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

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