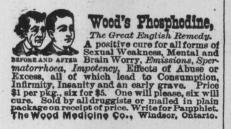
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in degree, when your bowels do not move at least once a day. You know you soon become languid and tired, your blood gets had and you feel mean and sick all over. You should mean and sick all over. You should have a full, healthy passage daily. Don't let serious conditions dewelop. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Fills 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 gen-erous sample of these pills Absoluty Free, sealed and postpaid, that will souvince you beyond doubt of their wonderful curative properties. Ad-dress, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James & Street, Montreal, Canada.

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asked

particular."

Lestrade laughed.

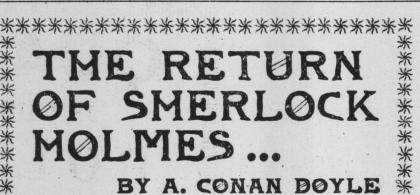
son's line than ours."

"Disease?" said I.

that he could see."

Holmes sat up again.

Holmes sank back in his chair.



\*\*\*\*

pranch surgery and dispensary at Low-The Adventure of er Brixton road, two miles away. This Dr. Barnicot is an enthusiastic admirthe Six Napoleons er of Napoleon, and his house is full French emperor. Some little time ago

No. 8 of the Series duplicate plaster casts of the famous (Copyright, 1904, by A. Conan Doyle and Collier's Weekly.) head of Napoleon by the French sculp

tor Devine. One of these he placed in (Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) his hall in the house at Kennington T was no very unusual road and the other on the mantelpiece thing for Mr. Lestrade of the surgery at Lower Brixton. of Scotland Yard to look Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down in upon us of an eventhis morning he was astonished to find ing, and his visits were that his house had been burgled durwelcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled ing the night, but that nothing had him to keep in touch with all that was been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been carried out and going on at the police headquarters. had been dashed savagely against the In return for the news which Lestrade garden wall, under which its splinterwould bring, Holmes was always ready | to listen with attention to the details ed fragments were discovered."

Holmes rubbed his hands. of any case upon which the detective "This is certainly very novel," said was engaged and was able occasion ally without any active interference to he. "I thought it would please you. But give some hint or suggestion drawn

I have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barfrom his own vast knowledge and exnicot was due at his surgery at 12 perience. o'clock, and you can imagine his amaze-On this particular evening Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the ment when on arriving there he found newspapers. Then he had fallen silent. that the window had been opened in puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. the night and that the broken pieces Holmes looked keenly at him. of his second bust were strewn all over "Anything remarkable on hand?" he the room. It had been smashed to

atoms where it stood. In neither case "Oh, no, Mr. Holmes-nothing very were there any signs which could give us a clew as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now, Mr. "Then tell me about it." Holmes, you have got the facts." "They are singular, not to say gro-"Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no 1150

of the house lined by a curious crowa

**EVENTS** 

Holmes whistled. "By George, it's attempted murder at the least! Nothing less will hold the London message boy. There's a deed of violence indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swilled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it." The official received us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man clad in a flannel dressing gown was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house-Mr. Horace Harker of the Central Press syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so of books, pictures and relics of the I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present now that the affair has he purchased from Morse Hudson two | taken a very much graver turn." "What has it turned to, then?" ject." "To murder. Mr. Harker, will you

tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred? The man in the dressing gown turned

upon us with a most melancholy face. "It's an extraordinary thing," said he. "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist I should have interviewed myself and

had two columns in every evening paper. As it is, I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story.'

Holmes sat down and listened. "It all seems to center round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. tective. "Now that I come to think of I picked it up cheap from Harding Bros., two doors from the High Street station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I offact?" ten write until the early morning. So it was today. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about 3 o'clock when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they came from outside. Then sudculty about that. When we have found denly, about five minutes later, there who he is and who his associates are came a most horrible yell-the most we should have a good start in learning dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever what he was doing in Pitt street last I heard. It will ring in my ears as night and who it was who met him and long as I live. I sat frozen with horkilled him on the doorstep of Mr. Horror for a minute or two: then I seized ace Harker. Don't you think so?" the poker and went downstairs. When "No doubt, and yet it is not quite the I entered this room I found the winway in which I should approach the dow wide open, and I at once observed case.' that the bust was gone from the man-"What would you do, then?" telpiece. Why any burglar should take "Oh, you must not let me influence such a thing passes my understandyou in any way. I suggest that you ing, for it was only a plaster cast and go on your line and I on mine. We of no real value whatever. can compare notes afterward, and each "You can see for yourself that any will supplement the other." one going out through that open win-"Very good," said Lestrade. dow could reach the front doorstep by "If you are going back to Pitt street taking a long stride. This was clearly you might see Mr. Horace Harker. Tell him for me that I have quite made what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping up my mind and that it is certain that out into the dark, I nearly fell over a dead man who was lying there. I ran a dangerous homicidal lunatic with Napoleonic delusions was in his house back for a light, and there was the last night. It will be useful for his

As we left the room we heard his pen traveling shrilly over the foolscap. The spot where the fragments of the bust had been found was only a few hundred yards away. For the first time our eyes rested upon this presentment of the great emperor, which seemed to raise such frantic and destructive hatred in the mind of the unknown. It lay scattered in splintered shards upon the grass. Holmes picked up several of them and examined them carefully. I was convinced from his intent face and his purposeful manner that at last he was upon a clew.

"Well?" asked Lestrade. Holmes shrugged his shoulders. "We have a long way to go yet," said he. "And yet-and yet-well, we have some suggestive facts to act upon. The possession of this trifling bust was worth more in the eyes of this strange criminal than a human life. That is one point. Then there is the singular fact that he did not break it in the house or immediately outside the house, if to break it was his sole ob-"He was rattled and bustled by meet

ing this other fellow. He hardly knew what he was doing." "Well, that's likely enough, but 1

wish to call your attention very particularly to the position of this house in the garden of which the bust was destroyed."

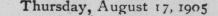
Lestrade looked about him. "It was an empty house, and so he knew that he would not be disturbed in the garden."

"Yes, but there is another empty house farther up the street, which he must have passed before he came to this one. Why did he not break it there, since it is evident that every yard that he carried it increased the risk of some one meeting him?"

"I give it up," said Lestrade. Holmes pointed to the street lamp above our heads. "He could see what he was doing

here, and he could not there. That was his reason." "By Jove, that's true," said the de

it. Dr. Barnicot's bust was broken not far from his red lamp. Well. Mr. Holmes, what are we to do with that







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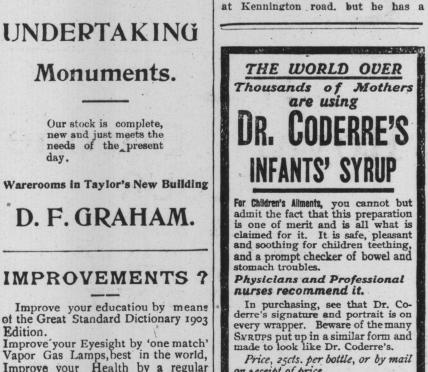
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denying that there is something on my tesque," said Holmes. "May I ask mind. And yet it is such an absurd whether the two busts smashed in Dr. business that I hesitated to bother you Barnicot's rooms were the exact duabout it. On the other hand, although plicates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson's shop?" it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for "They were taken from the same all that is out of the common. But, in mold."

my opinion, it comes more in Dr. Wat-"Such a fact must tell against the theory that the man who breaks them is influenced by any general hatred "Madness, anyhow, and a queer madof Napoleon. Considering how many ness too. You wouldn't think there hundreds of statues of the great emperor must exist in London. it is too was any one living at this time of day. who had such a hatred of Napoleon I. much to suppose such a coincidence as that he would break any image of him that a promiscuous iconoclast should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust." "That's no business of mine," said he. "Well, I thought as you do," said "Exactly. That's what I said. But, Lestrade. "On the other hand, this then, when the man commits burglary Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in order to break images which are in that part of London, and these three not his own, that brings it away from were the only ones which had been in the doctor and on to the policeman."

his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of "Burglary! This is more interesting. statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in Lestrade took out his official notethat district. Therefore a local fanatic book and refreshed his memory from would begin with them. What do you think, Dr. Watson?"

"The first case reported was four "There are no limits to the possibildays ago," said he. "It was at the ities of monomania," I answered. shop of Morse Hudson, who has a "There is the condition which the modplace for the sale of pictures and statern French psychologists have called ues in the Kennington road. The asthe 'idee fixe,' which may be trifling in sistant had left the front shop for an character and accompanied by cominstant when he heard a crash, and, plete sanity in every other way. A hurrying in, he found a plaster bust man who had read deeply about Napoof Napoleon, which stood with several leon or who had possibly received other works of art upon the counter, some hereditary family injury through lying shivered into fragments. He the great war might conceivably form rushed out into the road; but, although such an 'idee fixe' and under its influseveral passersby declared that they ence be capable of any fantastic outhad noticed a man run out of the shop, rage.' he could neither see any one nor could

"That won't do, my dear Watson," he find any means of identifying the said Holmes, shaking his head, "for no rascal. It seemed to be one of those amount of 'idee fixe' would enable your senseless acts of Hooliganism which interesting monomaniac to find out occur from time to time, and it was rewhere these busts were situated." ported to the constable on the beat as "Well, how do you explain it?"

such. The plaster cast was not worth "I don't attempt to do so. I would more than a few shillings, and the only observe that there is a certain whole affair appeared to be too childmethod in the gentleman's eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Bar-"The second case, however, was more nicot's hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken serious and also more singular. It ocoutside before being broken, whereas "In Kennington road and within a in the surgery, where there was less few hundred yards of Morse Hudson's danger of an alarm, it was smashed shop there lives a well known medical where it stood. The affair seems abpractitioner named Dr. Barnicot, who surdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothhas one of the largest practices upon ing trivial, when I reflect that some of the south side of the Thames. His resmy most classic cases have had the idence and principal consulting room is least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernetty family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be' let me hear of any fresh development of so singular a chain of events." The development for which my friend could have imagined. I was still dress-

Holmes entered, a telegram in his

and I have a cab at the door." In half an hour we had reached Pitt street, a quiet little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life. No. 131 was one of a row, all flat chested, respectable and most unromantic dwellings. As we

poor fellow, a great gash in his throat article." and the whole place swimming in blood. He lay on his back, his knees Lestrade stared. "You don't seriously believe that?" drawn up and his mouth horribly open Holmes smiled. I shall see him in my dreams. I had "Don't I? Well, perhaps I don't, but just time to blow on my police whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I

I am sure that it will interest Mr. Horace Harker and the subscribers of knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the the Central Press syndicate. Now, Watson, I think that we shall find that we have a long and rather complex "Well, who was the murdered man?"

day's work before us. I should be asked Holmes. glad, Lestrade, if you could make it "There's nothing to show who he

was," said Lestrade. "You shall see convenient to meet us at Baker street at 6 o'clock this evening. Until then the body at the mortuary, but we have I should like to keep this protograph made nothing of it up to now. He is found in the dead man's pocket. It is a tall man, sunburned, very powerful, possible that I may have to ask your not more than thirty. He is poorly dressed, and yet does not appear to company and assistance upon a small

expedition which will have to be unbe a laborer. A horn handled clasp dertaken tonight if my chain of reaknife was lying in a pool of blood besoning should prove to be correct. Unside him. Whether it was the weapon til then, goodby and good luck." which did the deed or whether it be-

longed to the dead man I do not know. Sherlock Holmes and I walked to There was no name on his clothing gether to the High street, where we and nothing in his pockets save an stopped at the shop of Harding Bros., apple, some string, a shilling map of whence the bust had been purchased. A young assistant informed us that London and a photograph. Here it is." It was evidently taken by a snapshot Mr. Harding would be absent until from a small camera. It represented after noon and that he was himself an alert, sharp featured simian man, a newcomer who could give us no inwith thick eyebrows and a very peformation. Holmes' face showed his culiar projection of the lower part of disappointment and annovance,

(To be Continued.)

the face, like the muzzle of a baboon. "And what became of the bust?" asked Holmes after a careful study of this picture

"We had news of it just before you came. It has been found in the front garden of an empty house in Campden House road. It was broken into fragments. I am going round now to

"Certainly. I must just take one look round." He examined the carpet and the window. "The fellow had either very long legs or was a most active man," said he. "With an area beneath. it was no mean feat to reach that window ledge and open that window. Gettin. back was comparatively simple.

mains of your bust. Mr. Harker?" The disconsolate journalist had seat-

"I must try and make something of it," said he, "though I have no doubt that the first editions of the evening papers are out already with full details. It's like my luck! You remember when the stand fell at Doncaster? Well, I was the only journalist in the stand and my journal the only one that had no account of it, for I was too shaken to write it. And now I'll be too late with a murder done on my own doorstep."

"To remember it-to docket it. We may come on something later which will bear upon it. What steps do you propose to take now, Lestrade?" "The most practical way of getting at it, in my opinion, is to identify the dead man. There should be no diffi-

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