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Brantford Branch, 121 Colborne Street  
T. H. MILLER, Manager.

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President—Sir H. Montagu Allan, C.V.O.  
Vice President—K. W. Blackwell  
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Effective June 7th Westbound

Toronto, G.T.R. 10:45 a.m. Mon-Wed-Sat.  
Hamilton, G.T.R. 11:53 a.m. Mon-Wed-Sat.  
London, G.T.R. 2:18 p.m. Mon-Wed-Sat.  
Sarnia Wharf, Nor. Nav. Co. 4:15 p.m. Mon-Wed-Sat.  
S. S. Marie, Ont. N. Nav. Co. 11:30 a.m. Thurs-Sun; 3 p.m. Tues.  
Port Arthur, Nor. Nav. Co. 7:30 a.m. Mon-Fri.  
Fort William, Nor. Nav. Co. 9:00 a.m. Mon-Fri; 2:30 p.m. Wd.  
Winnipeg, G. T. P. Ry. 7:45 a.m. Tues-Thurs-Sat.  
Parlor Cars, Parlor Cars and First-class Coaches between Toronto and Sarnia Wharf.  
Standard Sleeping Cars (electric lights in lower and upper berths), Colonist Sleeping Cars (berths free), Dining Car and Coaches between Port William and Winnipeg.  
Commencing June 16th, a through electric-lighted Standard Sleeping Car will be operated between Port William, Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton.  
This is the inauguration of Grand Trunk Lake and Rail Route Service between Eastern and Western Canada.  
A Special Train will run the reverse way from Sarnia Wharf to Toronto, commencing June 8th, and each Tuesday, Friday and Sunday thereafter.  
Full particulars, reservations on Steamers or Trains, may be obtained on application to Grand Trunk Agents, or write  
T. J. NELSON, G.T.P.R., Phone 86. C. E. HORNUNG, D.P.A.  
FRIEDT, S.T.A., Phone 240. Union Station, BRANTFORD, ONT.

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## "The Mystery of Agatha Webb"

By KATHARINE GREEN

Copyright, 1900, by Katharine Green

"Loton, who was the keeper of a small confectionery and bakery store on the corner of the side street leading to the hill, shifted uneasily between his two interrogators and finally addressed himself to the corner:  
"It was new money. I thought it felt so at night, but I was sure of it in the morning. A brand new bill, sir; a—but that isn't the queerest part. I was asleep, sir, and dreaming of my cupping days, for I asked Sally at the circus, sir, and the band playing on the hill made me think of it when I was suddenly shook awake by Sally herself, who says she hadn't slept a wink for listening to the music and wishing she was a girl again. There's a man at the shop door? cries she. 'He's a-calling of you. Go and see what he wants.' I was mad at being wakened. Dreaming is pleasant, especially when clowns and kissing get mixed up in it, but duty is duty, and so into the shop I stumbled, awestruck and pale, but the change to iron shipbuilding has quite thrown them out of that. Pity, too, for they were remarkable builders. By the by, Fenton, we don't see them at church or in the docks any more."  
"No. They keep very much to themselves. Getting old, like ourselves, Talbot."  
"Lively boys once. We must hunt them up, Fenton. Can't bear to see old friends drop out of good company. But this isn't business. You need not pause over their names, Knapp."  
But Knapp had slipped out.  
We will follow him.  
Walking briskly down the street he went up the steps of a certain house and rang the bell. A gentleman with a face not entirely unknown to us came to the door.  
The detective did not pause for preliminaries.  
"Are you Mr. Crane," he asked, "the gentleman who ran against a man coming out of Mrs. Webb's house last night?"  
"What is it?" I cried. "Who's there, and what do you want?"  
"A trembling voice answered me. 'Let me in,' it said. 'I want to buy something to eat. For God's sake open the door.'"  
"I don't know why I obeyed, for it was late and I did not know the voice, but something in the impatient rattling of the door which accompanied the words affected me in spite of myself, and I slowly opened my shop to this midnight customer.  
"You must be hungry," I began. But the person, who had crowded in, upon as the opening was large enough, wouldn't let me finish.  
"Bread! I want bread of crackers, or anything that you can find easiest," he gasped, like a man who had been running. "Here's money." And he poked into my hand a bill so stiff it rattled. "It's more than enough," he hastened to say as I hesitated over it, "but never mind that. I'll come for the change in the morning."  
"Who are you?" I cried. "You're not Blind Willy, I'm sure."  
"But his only answer was, 'Bread!' while he leaned so hard against the counter that I felt it shake.  
"I could not stand that cry of 'Bread,' so I groped about in the dark, and found him a stale loaf, which I put into his arms with a shout: 'There! Now tell me what your name is.'"  
"But at this he seemed to shrink into himself, and muttering something that might pass for thanks he stumbled toward the door and rushed hastily out. Running after him, I listened eagerly to his steps. They went up the hill."  
"And the money? What about the money?" asked the coroner. "Didn't he come back for the change?"  
"No. I put it in the till, thinking it a dollar bill. But when I came to look at it in the morning it was a 20. Yes, sir, a 20!"  
This was startling. The coroner and the constable looked at each other before again looking at him.  
"And where is that bill now?" asked the former. "Have you brought it with you?"  
"I have, sir. It's been in and out of the till 20 times today. I haven't known what to do with it. I don't like to think wrong of anybody, but when I heard that Mrs. Webb, God bless her, was murdered last night for money I couldn't rest for the weight of this thing on my conscience. Here's the bill, sir. I wish I had let the old man rap on my door until morning before I had taken it from him."  
They did not share this feeling. A distinct and valuable clue seemed to be afforded them by the front crisp bill they saw in his hand. Silently Dr. Talbot took it, while Mr. Fenton, with a shrewd look, asked:  
"What reasons have you for calling this mysterious customer old? I thought it was so dark you could not see him."  
The man, who looked relieved since he had rid himself of the bill, eyed the constable in some perplexity.  
"I didn't see a feature of his face," said he, "and yet I'm sure he was old. I never thought of him as being anything else."  
"Well, we will see. And is that all you have to tell us?"  
His nod was expressive, and they let him go.  
An hour or so later Detective Knapp made his reappearance.  
"Well," asked the coroner as he came quietly in and closed the door behind him, "what's your opinion?"  
"Simple case, sir. Murdered for money. Find the man with a frowning beard."  
CHAPTER XI.  
THE ZABEL BROTHERS.  
There were few men in town who wore long beards. A list was made of these and handed to the coroner, who regarded it with a grim smile.  
"Not a man whose name is here



"We have work of no ordinary nature for you."

become deafening. No let up till I reached the door, when it suddenly ceased."

"What is it?" I cried. "Who's there, and what do you want?"

"A trembling voice answered me. 'Let me in,' it said. 'I want to buy something to eat. For God's sake open the door.'"

"I don't know why I obeyed, for it was late and I did not know the voice, but something in the impatient rattling of the door which accompanied the words affected me in spite of myself, and I slowly opened my shop to this midnight customer."

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## HEALTH AWAITS GOOD DIGESTION

When the Stomach is Wrong the Whole Body Suffers—How to Keep it Healthy.

Indigestion is one of the most distressing maladies afflicting mankind. The stomach is unable to perform the work nature calls upon it to do, and the result is extreme pain after eating, nausea, heartburn, painful fluttering of the heart, sick headache, and often a loathing of food, even though the sufferer is half-starved. People with poor digestion are prone to try all sorts of experiments to aid the process of digestion, and there is only one way in which the trouble can be actually cured, and that is through the blood. That is why the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cures even the most obstinate cases of indigestion. They make the rich, red blood that strengthens the stomach and its work. The process is simple, but the result means a good appetite, and increased health and pleasure in life. Mr. R. Lussier, of Sorel, Que., offers ample proof of this. He says: "For several years I was a sufferer from indigestion, and the torture I suffered after meals was often almost unbearable. Often I would go without a meal rather than undergo the suffering that followed. Accompanying the trouble I had headaches, dizziness, and often a feeling of nausea. All the time I was taking one medicine after another in the hope of getting relief, but without avail. Finally I read of the case of a similar sufferer cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I took the Pills steadily for about six weeks with the result that I was fully cured, and could eat anything I cared for. I may add that I have not since had any return of the trouble."

If you are suffering from indigestion do not waste time, experimenting, but begin to cure yourself today with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which go right to the root of the trouble through the blood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2. From The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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For all ailments of the human system, makes poor blood in old folks, cures nervous debility, neuralgia, rheumatism, indigestion, spasm, and all sorts of chronic diseases. Price 50 cents a bottle or 10 bottles for \$4.50. One will please, etc. will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain wrapper postpaid. New pamphlet mailed free. The Wood Medicine Co., (formerly H. Wood)

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G. C. Martin, G.P.A., H.C. Thomas

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J. T. BURROWS

Phone 365 Brantford

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

ANY PERSON who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$200 per acre. Duties—Six months' residence upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate 30 acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right, and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts, price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Six months' residence in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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