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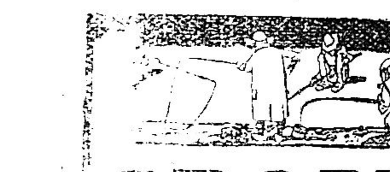

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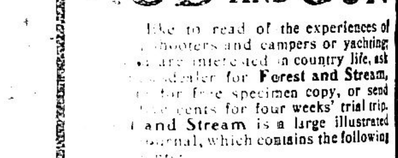

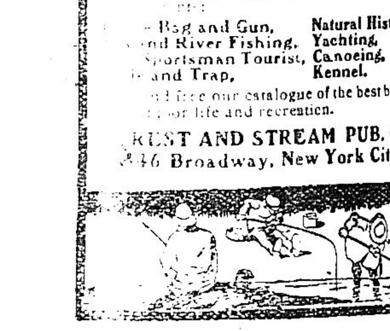

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The Canadian Champion

Volume 45. MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906. No. 49

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COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

FOR 1906

Place of Sitting		Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1907 Jan.
Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11
Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 p.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9
Acton	Thursday	11.00 p.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10
[illegible]	Saturday	10.45 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12
Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	8	5	7	9	10	5	7

Names and Addresses of Clerks—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. [illegible] Grant, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. W. I. Dick (pro tem), Milton; 6. P. [illegible], Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 12th June and 11th December, on opening day at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—8th January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 4th July and 2nd October.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

Canadian Champion

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PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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CHAPTER I.

I HAVE a partiality for balls and receptions and invariably try to make it a practice to be in the vicinity when one is in progress. There are always so many people coming and going that a stranger on the premises seldom attracts attention. It is an excellent time for inspecting basement windows, cellar doors and outbuildings.

In a general way servants are more careless on such nights about locking up, and the hostess and her guests always bring out their best jewels and leave them loose on bureaus and mantelpieces after retiring. It may not have struck the casual observer that people sleep much more soundly after a ball than ordinarily. They are a longer time in retiring, but when everything is finally quiet about the house it would take nothing less than a pistol shot to rouse them. I suppose they are completely exhausted and after the excitement of the evening do not dream of burglars.

One March night I waited until after 3 o'clock for one of these festivities to draw to a close. It was cold and raw outside in the shrubbery, and I grew impatient at the lateness of the guests in taking their departure. The house was a large, old fashioned mansion just outside of the city limits, and from its general air and appearance I knew that considerable wealth in the shape of solid silverware and family heirlooms was contained in it. Following the custom of the day, the hostess would, I thought, bring all these relics from their hiding places and show them to her guests.

It was anticipation of a rich haul that kept me from giving up the job in disgust, for I was tired and exhausted with several nights' unlucky ventures, and my patience seemed sorely tried.

When the lights finally went out, I breathed easier and felt my courage returning. Everything promised to run smoothly. I had succeeded in disposing of the watchdog earlier in the evening and had discovered an unfastened window opening into the coalroom in the cellar, which I believed the servants would not think to lock so late at night.

I waited a good hour after the last flickering light had disappeared. Then I crept softly up to the house, and, concealed in its shadow, listened for sounds. There was none, except those

I saw that I was looking into the mouth of a revolver.

strange, almost inexpressible voices which seem to come from nowhere in the dead of night. I do not know that anybody has ever noticed them, but I have always fancied that they were like the breathing of the earth—if such a thing were possible—for they come in regular, rhythmic pulsations.

I crept along the side of the house until I reached the basement window, and, finding it unlocked, as I expected, I softly opened it and looked in. I was not positive that the window opened into the coalroom, but from the general appearance of things I felt reasonably sure I was right. Not to make any mistake or misstep in the darkness, I lowered my bag of tools until it struck something which gave forth a metallic sound. Swinging the bag back and forth, I succeeded in identifying the object as a tin pan.

As I was afraid to use my dark lantern outside, I lowered myself cautiously into the basement. Instead of the coal bin I found myself in the dairy room of the house. The odor from newly made butter, fresh milk and cream cheese gave me such an overpowering appetite that I had to satisfy it before I could go any farther. By groping around on the shelves I succeeded in getting a pretty fair supply of food—milk and cream in abundance, good cheese, several mince pies, some cake and cold meat.

The night was early yet for my work, and I did not regret the time I spent in eating of that cold but tempting repast. I would have felt better had I discovered a bottle of good wine, but in its absence the fresh milk was a fair substitute.

The door leading from the dairy room to the basement laundry was not locked, and I quietly entered the latter place. I now ventured to open a little the slide of my dark lantern, and by means of it I found the stairs leading to the ground floor. The servants' quarters were above me, and to avoid arousing any one I removed my shoes.

The house was spacious and roomy, and I had to take note of my surroundings as I proceeded, so that I might find my way back again without blundering. It is a poor general, I have always thought, who burns his bridges behind him. More than once this careful habit of mine has saved me from unpleasant complications.

When I passed from the kitchen into the dining room, I was greatly surprised not to find any solid pieces of silver. Even many of the expensive pieces of bric-a-brac that are usual to such houses were gone. It looked as if the hostess had anticipated robbery and had stripped the tables and mantelpieces of every small article of special value.

Although disappointed, I made my way upstairs, hoping to find some loose jewelry at least on the bureaus. There were signs of the feast and entertainment all about the hall and rooms, but I was unable to find anything that appealed to my tastes. I passed from one bedroom to another, with about the same result. I could hear the regular breathing of the occupants of the house, and a distant noise in the rear told me that one man was a good snorer. So long as that rhythmic sound continued I felt that I was safe from all alarms.

After making a detour of the rooms I finally entered a small chamber that was used for storing linen and trunks. It occurred to me that possibly the missing things were packed away in this room. I closed the door gently behind me and turned on the slide from my lantern.

As I did so I was suddenly startled by the bright ray of some light shooting out of the darkness. Instantly I grasped my revolver and directed my light toward the spot. The result of this movement was to produce a queer combination.

I saw that I was looking into the mouth of a revolver held in the hands of a man who was inspecting me by the aid of a dark lantern similar to my own. My own revolver was covering the place where his heart should be.

The discovery must have been simultaneous, for we both flashed the light of our lanterns into each other's face and gazed long and silently. Neither wore a mask, and in the uncovered eyes there was cool, deadly resolve written. It would have been foolhardy for either to shoot, for the life of the other would have been instantly sacrificed. I waited a full minute or two for the man to speak.

"Well," I said finally, unwilling to bear the strain of silence longer, "you seem to be ahead of me tonight, and I must congratulate you upon the neatness of your work. I haven't found a thing behind you."

The man was not inclined to answer at first, but I continued in a reassuring voice:

"We may as well call a truce. It would be folly for either of us to shoot. I don't want to get you in trouble any more than myself."

I had been struck by the fine, handsome features of the man, but when he spoke in a well modulated, musical voice I was further puzzled. He did not look like one of my set.

"What kind of a truce do you want?" he asked. "You see I have you covered with my revolver and could kill you in an instant."

"But you fail to notice mine," I answered. "A very slight pressure of the trigger would send a bullet through your heart."

I thought he turned a trifle paler, but his voice was steady and unquavering.

"I admit that and accept the situation. But tell me what terms you propose for your truce."

"Simply these: We should go into partnership at least for tonight. I have had as much trouble in getting into the house as you, and I have run just as much risk, but you got ahead of me and made a complete job. I admire the way you have done the work. Even I couldn't do it better, and I don't think you belong to the class I"—

"Never mind that," he interrupted impatiently. "Stick to your terms and be quick."

"Well, to come straight to the point," I added, a little nettled at his abrupt ways, "I propose that we divide the plunder you have collected. For your extra trouble you take two-thirds and I one-third. Is that fair?"

He remained silent a moment and then said:

"If I agree to such a bargain, nothing further will ever be said of tonight's work?"

"Not a word."

"And you will never recognize me if you should happen to meet me on the street or anywhere else?"

I did not like this part of the bargain, for I believe that every one should be placed on the same level in such a business and that one man should not set himself up to being better than another, but I finally assented, with the exception of one slight qualification:

"Not unless we happen to meet under similar circumstances again. Then I might recall to you this meeting."

"I don't think that is likely to occur," he replied firmly.

Then in a firm, measured voice he added:

"Well, I'll trust you. I will give you one-third of all I have collected. I believe that you will keep your part of the agreement if I keep mine."

There was honesty written in his face, and I would have trusted him to the extent of pocketing my revolver, but again he got ahead of me. I stood there covering him with my weapon half a minute after he had put his pistol in his pocket. A temptation to make him give everything to me under penalty of death seized me for an instant when I realized that he had placed himself in my power. But that same rich, musical voice suddenly recalled me to my bargain.

"Here, take this bag outside with you, and we will divide the thing where there is less chance of detection."

"Have you been all over the house?" I asked in a little confusion.

"Yes, all over. There is nothing worth taking left."

He moved toward the door and started to open it. He turned an instant and asked:

"How did you come in?"

"Through a cellar window," I replied.

"A clumsy way when you could have entered by the front door."

"Do you mean to say"— I began.

"S-s-s-h, don't speak now. I'm opening the door. Follow me."

I never felt the power of a man so strangely before. I attributed it to the fact that I was in the presence of a master who put my feeble accomplishments entirely into the background, and yet I had prided myself upon my successes!

We walked stealthily down the stairs and out of the front door to the lawn. He carried a pack larger than mine. When we reached the shelter of a clump of trees, we both stopped.

"It is getting late, and it will be light soon," my strange companion said. "We must make our division quickly."

In the same quick, masterful and, if I say it, honest way he made a division of the spoils, giving me more than one-third.

"Now, if you are satisfied, we will part," he said. "I think we have no further need of each other."

I made a motion as if to follow him, but he waved me back, saying:

"Good night. I must be going."

He turned and walked rapidly through the gloom, leaving me standing there as nonplused as any man engaged in such a hazardous business as mine could ever afford to be.

CHAPTER II.

GENERALLY I do not tarry long in the vicinity of a house that I have looted, for the police have an unpleasant way of arresting suspicious characters simply to cover up their inability to find a clew otherwise. It gives the impression that they are really doing something to capture the burglar. They are always so close mouthed, too, that people imagine they are working diligently on the track and that the arrested characters form a part of their deeply laid plan.

But in this case I overruled my better sense and decided to hang around the scene of my last engagement just to satisfy a feeling that I was in some way to meet again the man who had so generously shared his spoils with me. True, he had found himself in such a position that something had to be done to buy me off; but, as I thought afterward, he could easily have outwitted me and escaped with all the plunder.

On the following afternoon I dressed myself in a spare suit of clothes which I always keep for an emergency and wandered out of the city limits toward the old fashioned mansion. As I approached it I caught a glimpse of an active little man who seemed to be inspecting the premises with great concern. Without hesitation I put him down as a detective, one of those half policemen whose shrewdness consists chiefly in following a trail that is as clear as daylight.

I felt no fear of him, for I knew that he was not the kind of man to capture a professional. I knew that a bold front would disarm him of all suspicion quicker than anything else. If he caught me sneaking about the neighborhood, he would very likely arrest me.

Passing near the front of the house where he seemed busily engaged in studying the broken shrubbery, I accosted him.

"Is this the house that was robbed last night?" I asked innocently, looking with great curiosity at the place.

"Is it? Why, who said any house was robbed?"

He gave me a hard stare, which I returned without seeming bold.

"The papers are full of it," I replied. "And, being out this way, I thought I'd look around a bit and see the house."

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, it isn't a safe place just now for strangers."

"Why not? There are no burglars here now, I hope. If there are, I'd like to get a look at 'em."

He seemed to smile inwardly at my ignorance.

"Well, nobody is allowed on the place," he answered rather brusquely. "And so, if you haven't any business here, you can march on."

"But there is no harm looking at the house from the street, is there?"

"No, but the people don't want to be stared at by every Tom, Dick and Harry in the country, so please move on."

I hardly noticed his last remark, so interested was I by the appearance of two people on the piazza. One was a beautiful young woman with a figure and face that would attract attention anywhere. She walked down the front steps and turned an instant to speak to her companion.

But, handsome as she was, the man who followed her attracted me more, and for an instant I felt myself growing dizzy. Fortunately for me the detective had turned to greet the young couple, and he did not see my sudden consternation.

I never forget faces that I have once particularly noticed. It is a part of my discipline to remember them. This one I had every reason to remember very well. Although I had only seen it by the aid of my dark lantern at night, I knew instantly that it belonged

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
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to my companion in crime.

He was handsomely dressed, and his clear cut features gave him an aristocratic appearance that must have been born in him. A slight pallor of the face suggested the possibility of some inherited disease that he was unable to control. As he walked alongside the beautiful woman I had to think what a noble couple they made. Each seemed made for the other.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins, have you any clew yet?" I heard him say in his rich voice as he passed the detective.

"Only a slight one," was the ready reply. "It is difficult to find any traces that may point to anything particular, but by putting this and that together I think I will be able to have a clew before night."

I saw the gentleman smile, and I admired him for his coolness. He evidently had no more confidence in the detective's shrewdness than I, and he was not courting fear unnecessarily.

"How smart these detectives are, Charles!" his companion said in all seriousness. "They accomplish such wonders that I should think a robber would be in mortal terror of them all the time."

"Yes, Belle, they are sometimes shrewd, and again they are not. It all depends upon the man. This Mr. Jenkins seems to me like a very persistent and determined person, a sort of human hound, but I doubt very much if he has much capacity for solving a profound mystery."

"You haven't much confidence in him, then?"

"Yes and no," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

They were walking down the pavement toward the gate as they talked, and so eager was I to hear their words that I very foolishly exposed myself to their view.

As they came around a clump of shrubbery they suddenly stumbled upon me. I had just a moment in which to pull myself together and to doff my hat.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I said without thinking.

Politeness is a second nature to me, for I have associated with gentlemen enough to know their ways and have unconsciously absorbed some of their manners.

"Why, you frightened me," the lady said. "I did not know anybody was there."

"I beg your pardon again then, ma'am. I was passing by, and I did not see you either."

While I was speaking to the lady I was furtively watching the face of the one she called Charles. I was a little concerned to see how he would take the meeting. He was looking at me so impassively that I wondered if he recognized me. Such self control did not seem possible even in the most experienced.

"I judge you're another one of the curiosity seekers," he said pleasantly. "We've had scores of them here this morning, staring at the house as if it were a dime museum. There's nothing like a robbery to attract the attention of the country people."

His failure to show any signs of concern over our meeting piqued me a little, and on the spur of the moment I determined to pursue a course that would arouse him.

"I confess that curiosity brought me here first," I answered, "but then I had

"Excuse me, ma'am."

to come out into the country for my bread and butter. I couldn't get any work in the city, and I thought the country people couldn't treat me any worse."

"Have you been out of work long?" the lady asked.

"Yes, for nearly a month now, and I am at the end of my rope," I replied glibly.

"Poor fellow!"

Her eyes and words made me ashamed of myself. Only the night before I had robbed her house, and here I was eliciting sympathy from her. But I thought if I was a scoundrel her companion was a worse one.

"Is there nothing we can do for him, Charles?" she asked, turning to him.

This was a shot that I expected would make itself felt. But the pale, handsome face did not change.

"I don't know," he said slowly. Then to me:

"Do you know anything about horses?"

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. "I've had a good deal of experience as a groom and coachman."

This was partly true and partly false.

"Well, my groom has left me, and if you want to apply for the position call around at my house tonight. I live in the first house on the left down this street."

He pointed out his residence, but I was so taken aback by his affability and readiness to engage me that I nearly lost his words of instruction. I recovered sufficiently, however, to recognize the place before they moved on.

I heard their "good day" as one in a dream, and probably for the first time in my life politeness failed me. I actually forgot to thank either of them.

Throughout the interview he had been playing a part with wonderful success or he had failed to recognize me. I was inclined to accept the latter as true, and he fell somewhat in my estimation. To forget a face so soon was something that no one of our profession could well afford.

CHAPTER III.

THAT night I spent on the place of Charles Goddard and made myself as familiar with his family history as systematic pumping of the coachman would permit.

"An easy man he is to get along with," my informant volunteered. "There ain't the likes of him anywhere else in the country. An' the sweet missus is jest as good. She's an angel, my wife says, if there ever was one."

"You mean the lady he's engaged to," I replied, "the one who lives over in the mansion that was robbed the other night?"

"Exactly! Miss Belle Stetson, the only lady that's worthy such a man as my master."

"How long have they been engaged and when are they to be married?"

"Now ye're goin' too fast. I didn't say they was engaged, did I? And if they ain't engaged I couldn't say when they're goin' to be married, could I? Some say they're engaged, an' others say they ain't. How do I know who's right?"

The man was only waiting to reveal more of the relationship between the two young people, and I catered to his natural weakness by encouraging him to proceed.

"Ye must be a stranger around these parts indeed if ye don't know what ye ask me," he continued, with a shrug of the shoulder in reply to my questions.

"I wouldn't be a-tellin' it to every one, but seein' ye're goin' to be one of the family I don't mind speakin' plainlike to ye."

He puffed noisily upon his black pipe, sending the smoke upward in dense clouds. His name was John, and he claimed to be an Irish American; but, while he had lost much of his brogue, he still retained all the loquacity of his first ancestors.

"Mr. Goddard comes from one of the oldest families of this country, an' old Dr. Stetson—God bless him, he was a good man in his day—wasn't a bit behind the Goddards. I've often heerd the old folks arguin' about their ancestors. The doctor always said he came over in the Mayflower. I don't know much about the Mayflower, except what I've heerd the old doctor say, but she must have been a pretty fine ship. She brought the doctor over—no, the doctor's grandfather or great-grandfather, I don't just remember which—an' he always said that was enough glory for any man. But old Mr. Goddard would rile the doctor by sayin' that he thought bein' a gentleman of France under King Louis was a greater honor an' that his ancestors descended direct from kings an' emperors. They couldn't agree noway, an' they just made up long enough to pick a new quarrel. I've heerd tell how they'd talk peaceful-like about the politics of the country till they got to goin' about ancestors, an' then in five minutes they'd be shakin' their sticks in each other's faces an' callin' one another liars.

"But this didn't seem to make no difference with their children. They jest played together like brothers an' sisters. When they was no bigger'n up to my knee they'd talk about lovin' one another an' about gettin' married. The old doctor and Mr. Goddard laughed at this an' forgot to quarrel sometimes about their ancestors jest to see the little ones makin' love.

"They seemed to be born fur each other, an' everybody said they'd get married some day. But when Mr. Goddard died somebody said his son had inherited his disease an' that he wasn't long fur this world. Nobody seemed to know jest what the disease was, but they said it was incurable an' something not to be spoken lightly of.

"But about that disease of Mr. Charles Goddard I ain't so sure. Old Dr. Stetson was quite riled about it, an' he said he wouldn't let his daughter marry any man that had it in his system. Mr. Charles got angry an' went away. He was gone for five years, an' folks hereabouts said the match was broken off. It did look that way fur a time.

"But when the doctor died Mr. Charles turned up ag'in an' lived in the old house jest as if nothin' had ever happened. He made up with the doctor's daughter, an' they've been comin' an' goin' together ever since. There was hopes for a time that they'd make a match after all. But there ain't no tellin' jest what may happen. He never seemed to be quite the same after comin' home. He was pale an' quiet-like, jest as if that disease was a-developin' an' takin' hold of him.

"He brought a doctor back with him to look after his health. He'd met the man somewhere when he was travelin'—in Paris, I think—an' this fellow jest watches Mr. Charles all the time. He lives over there in that old brown house. It's haunted, people round here say, an' spirits come an' go every night. But young Dr. Squires don't mind that. He laughs at spirits an' says he ain't afraid of 'em. Besides, he likes such a place, fur then people won't be botherin' him in his studies. He don't like to have folks runnin' after him. He's been studyin' Mr. Charles' disease an' is writin' a book that will astonish the world. Then he always said he was poor an' couldn't afford to rent a good house. He got that house fur nothin', an' I guess Mr. Charles pays him well enough to live without starvin'.

"I ain't makin' no criticism of Dr. Squires, fur he's a smart man an' does

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, [illegible]
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mr. Charles plenty of good, but he shouldn't have gone on so with Miss Stetson. He's good lookin', an' [illegible] ain't good lookin'. He's too dark an' furrin lookin' to suit my tastes, but he makes an impression on the ladies. I suppose they likes a man that don't look like other men.

"I ain't certain but Miss Stetson likes him better now than she does Mr. Charles. He's always so polite an' attentive to her, an' he's got an air of mystery 'bout him that seems to charm her. Mr. Charles ain't blind to these things either. He knows which way the wind is a-blowin', but he don't say nothin'. If he'd go in an' try to get her, I think he'd win. But he don't, an' the doctor does. Mr. Charles seems to be standin' aside while this furrin friend of his gets the girl an' all her money. Mebbe it's because of that old disease. He's waitin' fur the doctor to cure him of it afore he asks her to marry him.

"But there ain't no [illegible] an opinion between us. [illegible] won't cure him until he's [illegible] Stetson, an' then it will be [illegible]."

With this wise con[illegible] friend the coachman [illegible] and puffed away full ten minutes in agitated silence.

CHAPTER IV.

MY new master was [illegible] indulgent to a de[illegible] and my duties were not at all arduous. I showed some ignorance in [illegible] horses, [illegible] pleasure [illegible] his superior knowledge by showing me just what to do. I must have been an apt pupil, for he nodded approval every time I attempted to do the work according to his directions. But I was not cut out for menial labor. It was the anticipation of finding out [illegible] about Charles Goddard, [illegible] ter and companion in crime, [illegible] first tempted me to accept [illegible] tion as groom.

I soon found out, however, [illegible] had skillfully banish[illegible] presence. He never [illegible] the barn, and so far as [illegible] concerned I might as well [illegible] a hundred miles away. He [illegible] riding every day, but [illegible] the horses and drove [illegible] of the house, where [illegible] trees hid them from [illegible]

I stayed in my place [illegible] out catching a glimpse [illegible] or of Miss Stetson, [illegible] verge of throwing up [illegible]

I was grooming h[illegible]

disgust when every [illegible] turn. On the morning [illegible] Mr. Goddard appeared at the door where I was [illegible] trotter and took me by [illegible]

"William, are you [illegible] driving?" he asked me before I had a chance to greet him with a [illegible]ing.

It was the first time we had been alone since that eventful night we had robbed the St[illegible] and I was a little [illegible] he would show any sign [illegible] His parting injunction [illegible] we should not know each [illegible] unless we met under [illegible] to our first encounter. [illegible] face showed that he [illegible] mined upon pursuing [illegible] even when we were alone.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

A medicine which keeps children well, or restores [illegible] when they are ill, is a priceless [illegible] humanity. Such a medicine [illegible] Own Tablets. These T[illegible] stomach and bowel tro[illegible] pain of teething and g[illegible] thy, refreshing sleep. An[illegible] has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does [illegible] tain one particle of the poison[illegible] found in so-called soothing [illegible] and most liquid medicines. The Tablets are equally good for the [illegible] baby or the well grown c[illegible] Robt. Currie, Loring, Ont., [illegible] have found Baby's Own Tablets [illegible] did medicine for curing [illegible] and other ills of little ones. [illegible] get these Tablets from any [illegible] dealer or by mail at 25c. a box by [illegible] ing The Dr. Williams' Medicine [illegible] Brockville, Ont.

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