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Home, water in house, telephone
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REAL ESTATE. INSURANCE.
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SEND THEM TO
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And Have Them done in First Class
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FUN! MAGIC! MYSTERY!
INDIAN FINGER TRAP
A couple can be joined together and
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tighter it grips. Price with illustrated
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Boys and girls, these are the best
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Containing words and music, form-
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Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
A safe, reliable regulating
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grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;
No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box.
Sold by all druggists, or sent
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Free pamphlet. Address:
THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,
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Rates for Classified Advertising.

1 insertion	\$0.25
3 insertions60
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FOR SALE—Fraser dry spruce mill
wood, \$2.25 per load. Also dry split
16 inch hard stove wood, \$2.75 per load.
Green mill wood, \$2 per load. F. Ful-
ton 618 Brunswick St. Phone 308-32.

FOR SALE—A number of young pigs.
Apply to Mrs. Darcus, telephone 3300-
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FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
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dwelling house, barn and sausage fac-
tory. The latter has steam power and
is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
young man to start business. Reason
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WANTED

BOARDERS WANTED—I have first
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or gentleman boarders at 447 Brun-
swick street. Central location, light,
airy rooms, electric lights, excellent
cuisine; fresh eggs, butter, poultry,
vegetables, etc., supplied from our own
farm. Apply to Mrs. Harvey True.
10-3 10t

"KITCHENER AND THE WAR"—Of-
ficially approved; written specially for
Canadians; profusely illustrated; great
opportunity for man or woman. You
can make \$550 clear in ninety days or
less. Experience unnecessary. Spare
time may be used. Winston Co., Tor-
onto. 9-30 41 wed-sat

TO LET

TO LET—Seven room flat, centrally
located; possession given 1st October.
Apply to 618 Brunswick street, phone
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PASSENGER & FREIGHT
SERVICE.

STEAMER HAMPSTEAD leaves
Fredericton for St. John at 6 a. m. on
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRI-
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points.
J. WATSON,
Phone 511. Agent.
J. WILLIAMS, Managing Owner.

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- 2700-22 Banks, E. A., Res., Nashwaak
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- 404-22 Coyle, James, Res., 727 Aber-
- deen St.
- 137-11 Carr, Roy J., Ladies' Tailor,
- 402 Queen St.
- 468-41 Gibson, Mrs. John, Res, Marys-
- ville.
- 78-31 Jarvis, Goodridge, Res., 120
- Woodstock Road.
- 566-31 Kelly, Gordon W., Res., 333
- Brunswick St.
- 313-21 Lynch, Thomas B., Res., 433
- George St.
- 52-21 McMullin, J. Willard, Res.,
- Gibson.
- 4100-53 Payne, J. Fred, Res., Lincoln.
- 56-21 Popplestone, C. E., Res., 829
- George St.
- 587 Press Bureau, 236th O. S. Batt.
- Capt. J. D. Black, Carleton
- St.
- 325-31 Segee, Mrs. Geo. W., Res., 273
- Brunswick St.
- 551-31 Simms, J. H., Res., Gibson.
- 513-41 True, J. Harvey, Res., 447
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- 2500-23 True, Miss Hettie E., Res.,
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- 516-21 Walker, Wm., Res. Lansdowne
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- 412-41 Wilson, Ralph O., Res., 134
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Colonial Inn

OPPOSITE LEMONT & SONS'

Boarders can be accommodated
with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
forts, also special rates to table
boarders.

MRS. DUNBAR QUEEN
STREET

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK BATTALIONS

CHRISTMAS GIFTS are earnestly
solicited for the men of the 104th,
140th, 115th and other New Brunswick
Overseas Battalions, and will be re-
ceived at the Red Cross rooms in the
Parliament Building, until September
30th. Mrs. C. McN. Steeves is spe-
cially requesting donations for the 115th
Battalion and will gladly engage to
pack and forward all sent for that
Battalion.

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright 1915 by FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the
Signal Film Corporation.

ing. He extended his hand. "I'm sorry
the trouble has gone so far," she
said hurriedly, as she shook hands
with him to show she bore no irre-
movable ill will. "But I guess there's
no help for the situation at present."

Seagrue watched her follow Rhine-
lander and Storm, who waited for her
on the edge of the camp. The three
went on together towards Rhinelan-
der's outfit car still discussing the trou-
blesome subject. Seagrue, however,
realized he must do something, if not
in one way in another, and he left
Cassidy's to send for a local attorney
who had already acted for him in
right-of-way matters.

To him, when he arrived, Seagrue
explained his present predicament for
an outlet. "What I must know is," he
said, "whether the city of Las Vegas
will grant our people a right of way
along here through city property?"

The attorney shook his head. "I
don't think that can ever be put over,"
Seagrue was told. "You've got to
do it. There's no other way for us to
get through. If you hold us up on it
we shall be compelled to abandon our
line here."

With this cannon cracker exploding
under him, the attorney promised he
would see what could be done. "But I
want you along with me," he declared
"to lay the case before the city au-
thorities yourself."

The two started for town together.
In Seagrue's camp, Spike, an hour
later, was seated in front of a tent
cleaning a lamp when Seagrue re-
turned still in company with the at-
torney. Their sounding out of the city
fathers had been unsuccessful and
Seagrue handed his foreman a notice
to post on the bulletin board:

Work will be suspended on
the Coast and Colorado cut-off
until Las Vegas grants a right
of way to allow this company to
reach the Superstition mines.

Spike, sauntering over, read the no-
tice. Seagrue's eye fell on him at that
moment and a recollection of what he
termed Spike's treachery came to his
mind. He spoke to the convict rough-
ly. "I suppose you know that in help-
ing Rhinelander get those contracts,
you caused this trouble, Spike."

Spike glanced at him with an angry
shake of the head. "Rhinelander
didn't need me to get the contracts.
Helen Holmes is the one that beat
you, Seagrue."

The remark did not help to soothe
Seagrue's irritation. He kept after
Spike all the harder. "If you cross
me again," he said, threateningly, "I'll
hand you over to some high voltage,
my friend."

The wrangle was going from bad to
worse when Bill came in with Sea-
grue's coat. The latter, putting it on,
took his hat, directed Lug to post the
bulletin, beckoned to the attorney and
accompanied by him and Bill, started
for the station to catch the main line
local then due. When the train pulled
in Seagrue and the attorney boarded
it. Bill started back for camp.

Spike, left alone, went into his tent.
He sat some moments thinking. Then
he rose and from a corner got out the
suit of clothes, carefully put away,
that Helen had bought for him in Las
Vegas. The least he could do, he felt,
was to take this over to Rhinelan-
der's camp and return it to her with
such lame explanation as he could in-
vent to cover the occasion.

He found Helen alone. She regard-
ed him strangely as he approached.
Spike would rather have faced a sher-
iff than to face her on such an er-
rand. He shuffled toward her ill at
ease and her silence did not help to
allay his embarrassment.

"I know you bought the clothes for
me," he muttered, "because I helped
you get the contracts. I hated to turn
back the way I did to Seagrue's camp.

I hate to bring these back to you.
But the way I'm fixed I can't double-
cross Seagrue."

Helen saw he was greatly humiliat-
ed. And she was mystified a little by
his words. "Spike," she said, kindly,
"the clothes are nothing. But what
have I done to you that you should
treat me in the way you did?"

Spike shuffled on his feet and swung
his head uneasily. "Not a thing in the
world," was all he could say.

"Why have you acted in this way?"
she demanded. "I bought you a ticket
to the city—you promised to go—why
didn't you?"

He labored in continued confusion
to explain. He tried to tell her Sea-
grue had done many things for him;
he told her he owed Seagrue a lot of
money and he had no hope of ever
paying him back except by work, and
that he didn't feel he ought to break
away now.

Storm and Rhinelander came up at
that moment. They greeted Spike.
He avoided their eyes as much as pos-
sible and returned their greeting in a
shame-faced way. Helen answered the
surprise that overspread the faces of
Storm and Rhinelander. "It's no won-
der he's ashamed to speak to you," she
said severely. "You would hardly be-
lieve it, I know; but the fact is he
has turned over to Seagrue again."

The two men looked at Spike with
undisguised contempt. Their attitude
made him desperate. "Oh, I know
what you think of me," he said with
a reckless swing of his head. "I can't
help it. I can't explain. It would take
me from now till the middle of next
week, if I tried—and then you'd think
less of me than you do now. Never
be kind to me again. It's hopeless for
me—but I can't help it."

The three watched him shuffle away.
Rhinelander shook his head. "There's
a mystery somewhere in it. I can't
make it out. Some day we'll know."

"Well, in any case, I certainly don't
want these clothes," declared Helen,
looking at the bundle Spike had left
in her hands. "They're no use in the
world to me." A laborer was passing.
"Here, you—" she said to the man.
"Take this suit. If it fits you," she
added, before the man could recover
from his surprise, "it's yours."

At Seagrue's camp, Bill and the pay-
master were handing checks out to the
men. The latter stood about the car
in discontented groups and discussed
their situation as being throw-
so suddenly out of work. The pay-
master handed Bill a check. It was
for Spike. Bill yelled his name. A
man hard by pointed to Rhinelander's
camp. "There's Spike," said the man,
"over there at Rhinelander's."

Bill's sharp eyes followed the ges-
ture. Spike at that moment was just
leaving Rhinelander, Helen and
Storm. Bill, a knave of more than
ordinary discernment and one who
hated Spike for his share in the fight
at Las Vegas, saw in the incident his
chance to get even. He put the check
aside and a moment later when Spike
appeared at the pay car, Bill was ready.
Descending the car steps, Bill called
to Spike as the latter came forward.
Bill advanced to meet him. "What
do you mean, Spike," demanded Bill
in loud and aggressive tones, pitched
so that everybody might hear, "by
running over to Rhinelander's camp
all the time? What are you up to
now, Spike?"

Spike was in the worst possible
mood to be badgered by anybody.
With a hot expletive he bade Bill
mind his own business, and offered
gratuitously to break his head.


Bill turned to the men with a shout:
"This is the duck," he cried, "that
helped Rhinelander steal our right of
way, boys. He's the guy that's thrown
us all out of work. What do you
know about that?"

Spike, in most opprobrious lan-
guage, flatly gave Bill the lie. The
men, most of whom were spoiling for a
row, closed in to hear and devour the
heated argument that the two en-
emies engaged in. Accusations and de-
nials fell thick and fast; abuse fol-
lowed assertions; hard words and a
deep-seated enmity raised the temper
of both men, and Bill, without fur-
ther warning, swung and sent Spike with
a terrific left-hander to the ground.

Spike was no sooner down than up.
He came back at Bill goaded to fury
by the unprovoked attack. Men crowd-
ed up. Their cries and shouts had al-
ready attracted the attention of Storm
and Helen who stood with Rhinelan-
der still discussing Spike. Storm was
the first to perceive what was going
on in Seagrue's camp.

"They're at it," Spike, he exclaimed,
"Look! Down he goes—that bull-
necked Bill hit him. He's up again.
The whole bunch are jumping him."

(To Be Continued.)



Cold weather brings out
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be a good one.

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Lieut. Colonel Guthrie and Officers of the 236th Overseas Bat-
talion (New Brunswick Kilites—Sir Sam's Own) appeal to every man
who is physically fit to put on the Tartan of Clan MacLean.

THE TARTAN OF GOOD CLAN MACLEAN.

(By Major C. G. Geggie.)

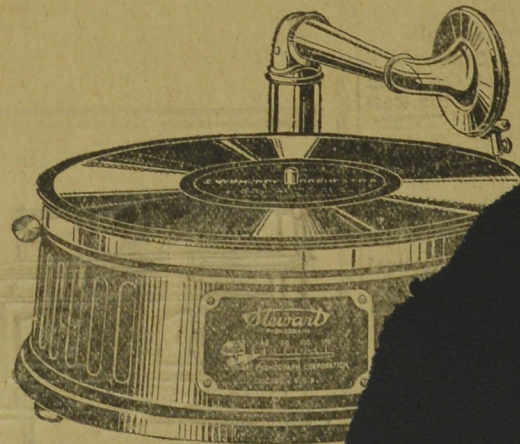
Oh, men of the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Rose,
You men of a land where true Liberty grows,
Come fight for the women and bairnies at home,
And put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean.

Come, follow the leaders who gave of their blood,
That the flag of their country be never down trod.
Come, fight ye with might, and come fight ye with main,
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

We want you, we need you, oh, men of the Gael,
And you of the Green Isle, we know you'll not fail.
Come out, lusty Saxon, and strike for your ain,
Come, put on the Tartan of good Clan MacLean!

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A good clear-toned Phonograph for only \$6.50. This instrument is not
It will play any 10 inch double sided record and uses any ordinary
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