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4000 ACRES of Money Making Land.
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NYAL'S FACE CREAM is delight-
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the skin and will protect the face,
neck and hands from tan, sunburn and
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It is delightfully perfumed, perfectly
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Price 25 cents a jar, at

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7-22 d61 w61

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Normal School Graduates to do their
bit in khaki. Apply to
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86 Carleton St., Fredericton, N. B.

Notice to Taxpayers

THE following resolution was passed
at the Regular Meeting of the City
Council held August 1st, 1916:

"That the Treasurer be requested to
notify the Taxpayers by notice in the
daily press that he will promptly, after
August 21st, inst., enforce payment of
all 1916 taxes remaining unpaid after
that date."

GEORGE R. PERKINS,
S-3 41 Treasurer.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

3300-53 Edgcombe, Fred B., Camp,
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4100-21 Lascelles, R. W., Res., Lincoln
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house, Charlotte St.
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tighter it grips. Price with illustrated
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friend and watch results. Bunch of
funny circulars and illustrated catalog
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The BLACK BOX

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back seat, and the other in front with
the driver. About half a mile from the
south entrance to the park the road
runs across a rather desolate strip of
country with a lot of low undergrowth
on one side. We have had a little
trouble with poachers there, as there
is a sort of gypsy camp on some com-
mon land a little way away. My head
keeper, to whom the very idea of a
poacher is intolerable, was patrolling
this ground himself that afternoon and
caught sight of one of these gypsy
fellows setting a trap. He chased him,
and more, I am sure, to frighten him
than anything else, when he saw that
the fellow was getting away, he fired
his gun, just as the dogcart was pass-

ing. The horse shied, the wheel
caught a great stone by the side of
the road, and all four men were
thrown out. The man to whom Craig
was handcuffed was stunned, but Craig
himself appears to have been unhurt.
He stumbled up, took the key of the
handcuffs from the pocket of the offi-
cer, undid them and slipped off into
the undergrowth before either the
groom or the other Scotland Yard man
had recovered their senses. To cut a
long story short, this was last Thurs-
day, and up till now not a single trace
of the fellow has been discovered."

Quest rose abruptly to his feet.
"Say, I'd like to take this matter up
right on the spot where Craig disap-
peared," he suggested. "Couldn't we
do that?"

"By all means," Lord Ashleigh
agreed, touching a bell. "We have
several hours before we change for
dinner. I will have a car round and
take you to the spot."

The professor acquiesced readily,
and very soon they stepped out of the
automobile on to the side of a narrow
road, looking very much as it had been
described. Farther on, beyond a
stretch of open common, they could
see the smoke from the gypsy en-
campment. On their left-hand side
was a stretch of absolutely wild coun-
try, bounded in the far distance by the
gray stone wall of the park. Lord
Ashleigh led the way through the
thicket, talking as he went.

"Craig came along through here,"
he explained. "The groom and the
Scotland Yard man who had been
sitting by his side, followed him. They
searched for an hour, but found no
trace of him at all. Then they re-
turned to the house to make a re-
port and get help. I will now show
you how Craig first eluded them."

He led the way along a tangled path,
doubled back, plunged into a little
spinney and came suddenly to a small
shed.

"This is an ancient gamekeeper's
shelter," he explained, "built a long
time ago and almost forgotten now.
What Craig did, without doubt, was to
hide in this. The Scotland Yard man
who took the affair in hand found
distinct traces here of recent occupa-
tion. That is how he made his first
escape."

Quest nodded.

"Sure!" he murmured. "Well, now,
what about your more extended
search?"

"I am coming to that," Lord Ash-
leigh replied. "As Edgar will re-
member, no doubt, I have always kept
a few bloodhounds in my kennels, and

as soon as we could get together one
or two of the keepers and a few of
the local constabulary, we started
off again from here. The dogs brought
us without a check to this shed, and
started off again this way."

They walked another half mile
across a reedy swamp. Every now
and then they had to jump across a
small dyke, and once they had to
make a detour to avoid an osier bed.
They came at last to the river.

"Now, I can show you exactly how
that fellow put us off the scent here,"
their guide proceeded. "He seems to
have picked up something, Edgar, in
those South American trips of yours.
You see all these bulrushes every-
where—clouds of them all along the
river?"

"We call them tules," Quest mat-
tered. "Well?"

"When Craig arrived here," Lord
Ashleigh continued, "he must have
heard the baying of the dogs in the
distance and he knew that the game
was up unless he could put them off
the scent. He cut a quantity of these
bulrushes from a place a little farther
behind those trees, then stepped bold-
ly into the middle of the water, wad-
ed down to that spot where, as you
see, the trees hang over, stood stock
still and leaned them all around him.
It was dusk when the chase reached
the river bank, and I have no doubt
the bulrushes presented quite a natu-
ral appearance. At any rate, although
the dogs came without a check to the
edge of the river, where he stepped
off, they never picked the scent up
again either on this side or the other.

We tried them for four or five hours
before we took them home. The next
morning, while the place was being
thoroughly searched, we came upon
the spot where these bulrushes had
been cut down, and we found them
caught in the low boughs of a tree,
drifting down the river."

Quest had lit a fresh cigar and was
smoking vigorously.

"What astonishes me more than
anything," he pronounced, as he stood
looking over the desolate expanse of
country, "is that when one comes
face to face with the fellow he pre-
sents all the appearance of a nerve-
less and broken-down coward. Then
all of a sudden there spring up these
evidences of the most amazing, the
most diabolical resource. . . . Who's
this, Lord Ashleigh?"

The latter turned his head. An
elderly man in a brown velvet
suit, with gaiters and thick boots,
raised his hat respectfully.

"This is my head keeper, Middle-
ton," his master explained. "He was
with us on the chase."

The professor shook hands heartily
with the newcomer.

"Not a day older, Middleton!" he
exclaimed. "So you are the man who
has given us all this trouble, eh? This
gentleman and I have come over from
New York on purpose to lay hands on
Craig."

"I am very sorry, sir," the man re-
plied. "I wouldn't have fired my gun
if I had known what the conse-
quences were going to be, but them
poaching devils that come round here
rabbiting fairly send me furious, and
that's a fact. It ain't that one grudges
them a few rabbits, but my tame
pheasants all run out here from the
home wood, and I've seen feathers at
the side of the road there that no fox
nor stoat had nothing to do with. All
the same, sir, I'm very sorry," he
added, "to have been the cause of any
inconvenience."

"It is rather worse than inconve-
nience, Middleton," the professor said,
gravely. "The man who has escaped
is one of the worst criminals of these
days."

"He won't get far, sir," the game-
keeper remarked, with a little smile.
"It's a wild bit of country, this, and I
admit that men might search it for
weeks without finding anything, but
those gentlemen from Scotland Yard,
sir, if you'll excuse my making the
remark, and hoping that this gentle-
man," he added, looking at Quest, "is
in no way connected with them—well,
they don't know everything, and that's
a fact."

"This gentleman is from the United
States," Lord Ashleigh reminded him.
"So your criticism doesn't affect him."
By the bye, Middleton, I heard this
morning that you'd been airing your
opinion down in the village. You seem
to rather fancy yourself as a thief-
catcher."

"I wouldn't go so far as that, my
lord," the man replied, respectfully.
"But still, I hope I may say that I've
as much common sense as most peo-
ple. You see, sir," he went on, turn-
ing to Quest, "the spots where he
could emerge from the tract of coun-
try are pretty well guarded, and he'll
be in a fine mess, when he does put
in an appearance, to show himself
upon a public road. Yet by this time
I should say he must be high starved.
Sooner or later he'll have to come out
for food. I've a little scheme of my
own, sir, I don't mind admitting," the
man concluded, with a twinkle in his
keen brown eyes. "I'm not giving
(To Be Continued.)

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OTTAWA.

WOMAN'S COLUMN

RECIPES WORTH TRYING.

Banana Filled Washington Pie—

One teacup of sugar rubbed to a
cream with butter the size of an
egg; beat 4 eggs separated and stir
in 1 heaping cup of sifted flour
with 2 teaspoons baking powder
and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Divide the mix-
ture on 2 shallow tin plates, well
buttered. Bake in a moderate oven.

Filling—One cup milk, 1 tea-
spoon of sugar, 1-2 teaspoon of
vanilla, 1 egg and 1 tablespoon of
corn starch. Boil the milk and
sugar and stir the egg and corn
starch in when thoroughly beaten.
When cooked remove from fire to
cool, after which stir in 2 sliced
bananas, when it is ready for use.

Sour Cream Gingerbread—One
egg, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup
sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, 2 tea-
spoons soda, 3 teaspoons ginger,
2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1-2 tea-
spoon salt, 2 cups flour.

Mix and sift dry ingredients
three times. Beat egg, add cream,
molasses, and remaining ingredi-
ents, and beat until smooth. Pour
into buttered pan and bake in a
moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Lemon Custard Pie—Yolks of 2
eggs beaten, 1 tablespoon of flour,
thoroughly stirred into one cup of
sugar, butter size of a walnut grat-
ed rind (or yellow) and juice of 1

lemon, beat all together, just before
stir in beaten whites of 2 eggs,
make crust like custard pie and
put into oven as soon as contents
is put into crust, it will be self-
frosted on top when done.

FOR THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

Hot-plate mats that grandmother
used to have on her dinner table
when you were quite a little small
are returning, and very useful they
are. They are much prettier than
those of asbestos or straw and are
far more dainty than those two
materials when it comes to placing
them on a damask cloth.

A large hank of heavy linen or
cotton thread is used. It is divid-
ed into groups to form the required
thickness and is then knotted into
sufficiently thick groups to hold
the hot plate well away from the
table. The threads end in a loose
fringe about the edge of the mat.
These woven thread mats are ex-
ceedingly easy to make, and chil-
dren's fingers can be easily taught
the art.

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