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BUSINESS COLLEGE

for those who were unable to enroll at
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RAVINE LODGE, Beautiful Summer
Home, water in house, telephone
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SEND THEM TO

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And Have Them done in First Class
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AT PRICES WHICH ARE ATTRAC-
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See our stock first.

STAPLES PHARMACY
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BOYS! GIRLS!

JOKER'S NOVELTIES
FUN! MAGIC! MYSTERY!

INDIAN FINGER TRAP
A couple can be joined together and
will hold their fingers as tight as a
rat in a trap. The more you pull the
tighter it grips. Price with illustrated
catalog 7c. each, 3 for 15c.

HOT AIR CARDS
Boys and girls, these are the best
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funny circulars and illustrated catalog
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Containing words and music, for-
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F. A. STONE,
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Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating
medicine. Sold in three de-
grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;
No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box.
Sold by all druggists, or sent
prepaid on receipt of price.
Free pamphlet. Address:
THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

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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-
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FOR SALE—A number of young pigs.
Apply to Mrs. Darcus, telephone 3300-
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FOR SALE—My property on Bruns-
wick street, Fredericton. It includes
dwelling house, barn and sausage fac-
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is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
young man to start business. Reason
for selling, advancing years. Apply
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WANTED

WANTED—A girl for general house-
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or gentleman boarders at 447 Bruns-
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airy rooms, electric lights, excellent
cuisine; fresh eggs, butter, poultry,
vegetables, etc., supplied from our own
farm. Apply to Mrs. Harvey True.
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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-
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Apply to 618 Brunswick street, phone
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STEAMER HAMPSTEAD leaves
Fredericton for St. John at 6 a. m. on
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRI-
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Phone 511. Agent.
J. WILLIAMS, Managing Owner.

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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.



Wood's Phosphorine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins, cures Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Nervous
Dizziness, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the
Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six
for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. New pamphlet mailed free. **THE WOOD**
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life
By **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING
SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN
DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF
GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOV-
ING PICTURE PLAY OF THE
SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY
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After giving this order, Rhinelander
had hastened to the station to meet
the local train when it came in. So
swift, however, had been Seagrue's
dispositions that his redoubtable
scouts, Bill and Lug, were already at
the station with instructions from
Seagrue to delay the special until
nightfall; by which time he reckoned
he could make his possession secure
on the Cassidy place.

These worthies had already reached
the special and boarded it. On the
platform, Rhinelander met Helen and
the attorney she had summoned, and
with him, Rhinelander hastened up-
town to get armed deputies—Bill and
Lug now trailing behind to keep track
of every move.

At Cassidy's, Storm was urging his
men to speed on with their track lay-
ing. Seagrue's gang was almost
abreast of them and setting a pace,
too, that it was difficult to cope with.
—Seagrue, himself, directing the opera-
tions. The house, so long the peace-
ful abode of old man Cassidy, now be-
came the very storm center of an
extraordinary disturbance. Seagrue
racked his brain for an idea that
would hamper the advance of Storm
and his energetic crew. And when the
inspiration struck him, he put it in-
stantly into effect.

"They're beating us," he said to his
foreman; "that's flat. But I can stop
them. Bring up the wrecker."

The word was passed and the pon-
derous wrecking car, its huge crane
thrust threateningly forward, was
pushed alongside Cassidy's house and
surrounded by a swarming gang of
men. Seagrue's order to throw out
the whips was instantly executed and
almost within a minute, it seemed, af-
ter the huge machine had been brought
into play the house was enveloped in a
network of steel. There was a sharp
word of command; a rattle of pistons;
the old house quivered for an instant
in the grip of the mysterious monster
—then it rose like a mad aeroplane
from its foundations; hung and swung
a moment doubtfully in the air, pitched
headlong toward the other end of the
lot and settled with a heavy bang
down to earth exactly in the path of
Storm and his perspiring men.

Rhinelander, the moment he se-
cured the deputies, hastened back to
the station and boarded the special
train. A large engine coupled to one
coach, stood in waiting, and as they
pulled out, Helen wished him good
luck. Unfortunately, Seagrue's two
worthies, Bill and Lug, unobserved by
anybody, hid on the head end of the
coach, and as soon as the town was
left behind, the two climbed over the
tender and held up the fireman and
engineer. The engine crew, taken
thus unawares, could offer no resistance
whatever and the two were
forced over the tender to the head end
of the coach.

Cutting off the engine as soon as
they had accomplished this, Seagrue's
men pulled away with the stolen loco-
motive and left the coach just where
it abruptly stopped when the air went
on, with the intention of putting as
many miles as possible between the
coachload of deputies and Rhinelander's
chances for defending the right of way.

The conductor of the marooned
coach did not lose a moment in get-
ting into action. An emergency tele-
phone was snatched from its bracket,
connected up with the main line wires
and the conductor called up Helen in
the office at Las Vegas. In a few
words he told her what had happened,
and while Rhinelander and the de-
puties listened around him, he asked
what she could do to help them out
of their predicament.

Helen understood the necessity for
prompt action. But how, she asked
herself as she looked anxiously from
the office window up and down the
yards, to help them quickly? Her
eye lighted on the little roundhouse
away down at the lower end of the
yard.

Resting within the friendly shade
of its north wall she espied the crazy
old yard switch engine, known ir-
reverently among the switchmen as
"Soda Water Sal." Soda Water Sal
took her disreputable nickname from
the fact of her misfortune in being
crusted white a good part of the time
with alkali.

The excited girl dashed at the top
of her speed down the platform and
across the yard to rouse the crew and
get them to carry her to Rhinelander.
But though Soda Water Sal stood as
peaceful as an old Dobbin munching
her noonday repast, the switching
crew was nowhere to be found. Be-
yond a doubt, Helen felt, they were
all down town, eating their dinners,
and to find them quickly was out of
the question. She called out a few
times, hardly hoping for a response,
and none met her ears. There was
steam up, and without loss of time
Helen climbed into the cab, and, open-
ing the throttle, gave Sal steam.
A venerable mare, struck in the midst

of her lunch, with a wash, could not
have been more startled than the old
engine at Helen's summons. Soda
Water Sal started and trembled,
Helen touched her heels again.

No such sight as she made was ever
before seen on the main line of the
Copper Range & Tidewater. If Soda
Water Sal had been dancing a two-
step on the rails, she could not have
plunged and cavorted more wildly
than she did as Helen, pushing her
to a pace undreamed of in her long
and peaceful yard career, achieved a
miracle of speed with her.

Up the line, Rhinelander, the de-
puties, the train crew and the engineer
and fireman of the stolen engine sur-
rounding the marooned coach,
searched the horizon vainly for a sign
of assistance. The conductor, the mo-
ment after he had raised Helen on
the wire and told of their plight out
between stations on the main line,
had not been able to get another word
from Las Vegas office. In his impa-
tience and excitement, Rhinelander
had taken over the telephone and
used his best endeavors to make him-
self heard by Helen. The suspicion
came to him that Seagrue, with some
unsuspected devilry, had succeeded
in cutting off even wire communica-
tion from the helpless rescue party.
But as he dropped the receiver in de-
spair, a shout arose among the de-
puties, and, looking down the far per-
spective of the long tangent that sepa-
rated them from Las Vegas, Rhine-
lander's men saw a faint line of smoke
on the horizon. It grew rapidly more
distinct and spread blacker and
heavier. An engine was bearing down
on them. The railroad men were non-
plused. None of them could recognize
in the distance the shambling gait of

the queer flyer, and Soda Water Sal
was well upon them before they real-
ized it was she. None the less hearty,
however, was her welcome, and when
the expectant throng made out Helen's
face at the cab window a chorus of
shouts went up to greet her.

With her hair in the wind and her
eyes burning with excitement, the
white-faced girl brought the aston-
ished old machine to a stop close to
the coach. Rhinelander and the con-
ductor ran to greet her. Few words
were needed in explanation, few were
lost. Coupling the coach ahead of the
switch engine and hustling the de-
puties aboard, the conductor
rear platform gave Helen her usual
Helen opened the throttle and
away went Soda Water Sal. The
loaded coach up the line. To
Soda Water Sal a coach was
mere toy—a plaything; in her
felt as if she were only now
into her own when she had something
in her hands to push. And when
showing the slightest appearance
strain, Soda Water Sal ate up
miles ahead of her like city blocks.
got within sight of Seagrue's two
wart tools, who were trying to
away with the engine of the special.
Indeed, the pair in the stolen cab felt
quite secure in their quick getaway,
until Bill, acting as driver, looking
back, saw a train behind and an im-
mense cloud of smoke pouring from the
stack of Soda Water Sal—the con-
ductor was firing for Helen and he un-
derstood his job.

(To Be Continued.)

HABITS are hard to break. But the next time you
need soap, remember to ask for Gold, the big,
good laundry soap. It will pay you. You will get a
larger cake. You will get better soap.



CITY OPERA HOUSE SATURDAY, Oct. 7

Coutts & Tennis Present The Fascinating Musical Comedy
of Romance and Youth.

"When Dreams Come True"

Book and Lyrics by Philip Bartholmae -- Music by Silvio Hein

**ALL FUN, MELODY, DANCING,
PRETTY GIRLS, BEAUTIFUL
SCENERY AND COSTUMES.**

Seats on Sale Tuesday, Oct. 3, at Ryan's Drug Store.
Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

THE APPEAL

Lieut. Colonel Guthrie and Officers of the 236th Overseas Bat-
talion (New Brunswick Kilties—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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