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Does it need a little repairing after

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Queen Street West,
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RATES—\$1.00 per day. Meals 30c.
Good stabling in connection.

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check and then goes out and looks
over the different kinds of automobiles
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It's an easy matter for a man to
break out of the unknown class after
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A safe, reliable regulating
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Sold by all druggists, or sent
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Free pamphlet. Address:
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When we hear what some men say
while chopping kindling wood we can't
help wondering why some missionary
don't go down town and buy them a
gas stove.

If sympathy could only be converted
into cash its doughnuts to fudge that
there wouldn't be so much of it hand-
ed out.

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Great opportunity for an enterprising
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WANTED—A girl for general house-
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ply to A. Lindsay, box 474, city.

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TO LET—Two flats to let, corner of
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newly papered and painted through-
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installed. Apply Ada M. Schleyer.

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ing that if the taxes are not paid by
SATURDAY, September 23rd inst., the
property will be advertised for sale ac-
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G. R. PERKINS,
City Treasurer.

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Containing words and music, form-
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The Great English Remedy
Tones and invigorates the whole
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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 MOVING PICTURE PLAY
OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL
FILM CORPORATION.

With some trivial excuse for absent-
ing himself, Seagrue left the house,



Gave Helen the Message She Asked
For.

got in his runabout car and started
for the San Pablo bridge. He found
the document where Spike had hid-
den it.

Helen, in the interval, conferring
with her attorneys, and with Amos
Rhinelander at hand to soften the
blow as best he could, was learning
bit by bit the completeness of her fa-
ther's financial ruin through his sud-
den death. In matter of fact, all that
remained of his free assets was the
recently allotted block of stock—now
an item of merely nominal value—in
the new cut-off line. Long after the
attorney had gone, Rhinelander re-
mained.

"It's not that the stock is worthless,
Helen," he said—they were again to-
gether in the library. "If the new
line is ever what your father hoped it
would be, the investment may yet
prove of the greatest value."

Seagrue, during the little talk, had
returned and sat examining reports at
the other end of the library. He could
overhear Rhinelander's reassuring
words to Helen. "The Copper Range
and Tidewater will continue opera-
tions just as fast as money can be
raised," his uncle was saying. "We
can begin the work of building the
cut-off where it leaves the main line.
Meantime, we will send out new sur-
veying parties on reconnaissance to try
to relocate the pass through the Super-
stition range. All may come well yet,
little girl."

He patted her hand, rose and left
her. Seagrue at a distance studied
the outline of the slender figure and
the striking silhouette of Helen's
head and neck as she stood looking
out on the rain-beaten landscape. He
walked over to where she remained
oblivious to his presence and ven-
tured a few carefully chosen words of
sympathy. Nothing so despicable, so
pusillanimous as this had ever marked
his career, but he had groomed him-
self for anything.

"I am in a position, Helen," he went
on, "perhaps a better position than any
among your father's friends, to take
up his work where he left it off. His
murderers are in jail—I will undertake
to see to their punishment. His new
line can be made a valuable property.
I am willing and able to provide the
means to put it through. But I am
alone, as you know. I care for no one
other than you—I've told you that. Let
me take your troubles. Be my wife."

"I have told you," she said, look-
ing down but speaking quick and firm-
ly, "that I can't listen to you on that
subject. Could you possibly expect me
to do so at a moment like this—my
father—" her voice faltered—"scarce-
ly buried!"

She put her handkerchief to her face
and walked away. Swallowing his hu-
miliation with a resolve to conquer her
obstinacy yet, he followed her with his
gaze up the stairs. Then he sauntered
over to the table at which she had
been conferring with his uncle. There
lay the bundle of stock certificates. He
felt so completely master of the situa-
tion that he involuntarily made a ges-
ture as if to tear the batch in two.

Rhinelander, coming into the library
at that moment from his room, saw the
movement. He took the securities im-
patiently from Seagrue's hand. "You
treat these as if they were waste pa-
per. They are not. On the contrary,
if I have my way that cut-off is going
to be built," he declared emphatically.

Leaving him, Rhinelander went up-
stairs to find Helen. "Put these cer-
tificates away, my dear," he said with
seriousness. "Although they don't
stand for much now—" he paused—
"some day I may call on you for
them."

Seagrue, laughing a little to himself
had turned, when his uncle walked

away, to light a cigarette. As he did
this a servant approached him bearing
a shabby-looking, finger-marked note.
It bore no address.

Seagrue opened the envelope and
read:

"Somebody will have to help me out
of here or I'll starve. No more at
present from SPIKE."

It was a blunt shock. But Seagrue
knew from what Capelle, his lawyer,
had told him, that this man meant
always what he said. He pondered
his dilemma for a time, decided what
must be done, asked a servant for
his hat and coat and hastening out
headed his car for Cedar Grove, where
Spike and Hyde lay incarcerated. Ar-
ranging by telephone as soon as he
reached the little town for a meeting
with Capelle, Seagrue inquired his
way to the prison.

The jailer had brought Spike his
noonday meal—a dish of stew, a loaf
of soggy bread and a tin of coffee—
and Spike was settling himself on his
iron cot when Seagrue, with the jailer,
entered his cell.

Greetings passed between Seagrue
and Spike as they met and the two
exchanged a few bluffing remarks, cal-
culated to mislead the listening offi-
cial. But Spike's roving eyes riveted
themselves gradually on the bunch of
jangling keys carried by the jailer in
his hand. When the jailer looked his
way, the bullet head of Spike was
down and his eyes were fixed on the
loaf of heavy bread from which he was
tearing great chunks to eat. A thought
had come into his head and if it
could be successfully acted on, it offered
a faint hope of escape. Watch-
ing his opportunity, he managed after
some effort to make Seagrue under-
stand what he wanted, i. e., that he
should occupy for a while the jailer's
attention.

In the meantime, while Spike's iron
jaw was grinding at a chunk of the
crust, he was tearing out the center
of the loaf of bread with his hand
and kneading the dough thus filched
within his palm. Seagrue made a good
confederate, and without much trouble
engaged the jailer's interest. It was
then that Spike, leaning back, man-
aged, undetected, to pass the dough
around the key that opened the lock
of his own cell; in an instant he had
the coveted impression.

A bell warned the jailer that the
visitor's time was up. In parting, the
confederates shook hands. As they
did so, Spike slipped the dough, unot-
served, into Seagrue's palm and suc-
ceeded in conveying to him by signs
an intimation of what he had given him.

Capelle, who had arrived on Sea-
grue's peremptory summons, at the
appointed place, some distance from the
jail, awaited Seagrue there with a
grin: "Some expedition you've em-
barked on!"

Seagrue was in no mood for joking.
"One you shoved me into," he retort-
ed surlily. He curtly told his confed-
erate what had occurred. Then he
drew from his overcoat pocket Spike's
handful of dough, showed it to Cap-
elle and explained what it was. "Have
a key made tonight from this impres-
sion; meet me here tomorrow with it."

(To be continued.)

The Big, Good
Laundry
Soap

It is not a matter of
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The people who use Gold Soap do
so because they can see that Gold
Soap is a bigger cake and that it does
better work.

Gold Soap is made in Canada in the Procter & Gamble Factories
at Hamilton.

Gold Soap

WOMAN'S COLUMN

IF YOU LIKE GOOSEBERRIES.

Gooseberry Compote.

Put a quart of gooseberries into
a wire sieve and plunge them into
boiling water. At the end of two
minutes remove and drain them.
Put in a saucepan and cover them
with a tablespoonful of vinegar
and cold water. Make a syrup of
a pint each of water and sugar
boiled together for ten minutes,
drain the gooseberries again and
drop them into the syrup. Cook
for ten minutes slowly, with two
shreds of lemon peel. Remove
from the fire and cool. Serve with
lady fingers or other sponge cake.

Stewed Gooseberries.

Wash the berries and place them
in a stone jar. Add sugar to taste
and enough hot water to moisten
it. Cover and place over the fire
in a pan of hot water. Let the
water around the jar boil for an
hour, then cool. The berries cook-
ed in this way will be whole and
yet tender.

Gooseberry Fritters.

Fry two cupfuls of green goose-
berries until soft in a little butter
and then rub to a pulp with a sil-
ver fork. Beat the yolks of three
eggs and the whites of two eggs
until creamy, add two tablespoon-
fuls of milk, three-quarters of a
cupful of flour, a tablespoonful
of granulated sugar and a small
pinch of salt. Add the gooseberry
pulp and beat until thick over the
fire. Then drop in spoonfuls in
hot fat, drain thoroughly and roll
in sugar.

Gooseberry Cream.

Cook a pint of washed goose-
berries in the top part of a double

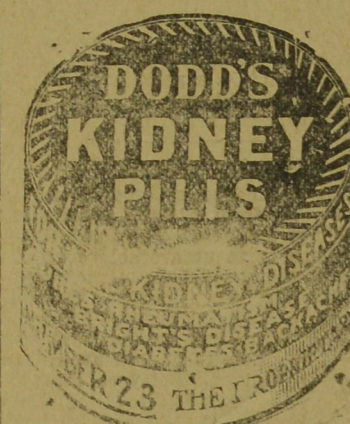
boiler. Have plenty of water in
the bottom of the boiler, but don't
put any with the berries. When
soft rub through a wire strainer
and sweeten generously. Cool and
just before sending to the table
mix with an equal amount of stiffly
whipped cream. Pile into glass
dessert cups and serve.

Gooseberry Fool.

Cook a quart of gooseberries in
a double boiler with plenty of sugar
and a very little water. When soft
rub through a sieve and chill.
When very cold add very slowly a
quart of thick cream. Serve in long
stemmed dessert glasses.

Gooseberry Jelly.

Add two quarts of water and
two cupfuls of sugar to four cupfuls
of gooseberries. When the berries
are cool, then reheat to improve
the color of the fruit. Dissolve
eight tablespoonfuls of gelatine
after it has softened in cold water
in a little boiling water and add a
cupful of sugar. Add to the strain-
ed juice of the fruit, with enough
water to make the whole measure
one and a half quarts. Pour into
a mould to harden and serve, very
cold, with custard or whipped
cream.



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