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Does it need a little repairing after  
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Our LOTIONS and CREAMS are at  
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The assortment is of a high stand-  
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Drop in and see them. We are al-  
ways pleased to see you.

**STAPLES PHARMACY**  
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A couple can be joined together and  
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tighter it grips. Price with illustrated  
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funny circulars and illustrated catalog  
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Containing words and music, form-  
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Also contains a Flirtation Sign  
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A safe, reliable purgative  
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grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;  
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Sold by all druggists, or sent  
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Free pamphlet. Address:  
**THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,**  
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wood, \$2.25 per load. Also dry split  
16 inch hard stove wood, \$2.75 per load.  
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ton 618 Brunswick St. Phone 308-32.

FOR SALE—A number of young pigs.  
Apply to Mrs. Darcus, telephone 3300-  
62. 9-23 tf

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pure bred Plymouth Rock and White  
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62. S-14

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Great opportunity for an enterprising  
young man to start business. Reason  
for selling, advancing years. Apply  
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Brunswick street. S-22 d-w tf

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WANTED—A girl for general house-  
work; may sleep home evenings. Ap-  
ply to A. Lindsay, box 474, city.

"KITCHENER AND THE WAR"—Of-  
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Canadians; profusely illustrated; great  
opportunity for man or woman. You  
can make \$500 clear in ninety days or  
less. Experience unnecessary. Spare  
time may be used. Winston Co., Tor-  
onto. 9-30 41 wed-sat

### TO LET

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Apply to 618 Brunswick street, phone  
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**SERVICE.**

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**CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR**  
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**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 speci-  
ally requesting donations for the 115th  
Battalion and will gladly engage to  
pack and forward all sent for that  
Battalion.

**Wood's Phosphodine,**  
The Great English Remedy.  
Tones and invigorates the whole  
nervous system, makes new blood  
in old veins. Cures Nervous  
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-  
dency, 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.)

If we could only live on the advice  
that others give us the high cost of  
living would lose its sting.

# 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  
THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORA-  
TION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

heard it. However, on scanning close-  
ly the appearance of the block of crude  
buildings facing the station, he reached  
the conclusion it would be a good place  
to supply at least one of his needs, and  
forthwith hastened from the coach to  
the nearest corner grocery. Once in-  
side the place, his attention was held  
for a moment by a rambling discussion  
carried on by a group of early morn-  
ing loafers. Spike, never happy out-  
side a wrangle, struck unhesitatingly  
into the talk, which was concerning  
how loud Caruso could sing, and dis-  
puted practically every statement ad-  
vanced by anybody. After prolonged  
loss of sleep in the city and with  
nerves none too amiable at best, now  
shattered by drink, he was in an ex-  
ceptionally surly state, and before he  
knew it had a fist fight on his hands.  
The brawl was short. The three or  
four whom he had angered set on him  
together and, making a job of it, threw  
him bodily out on the sidewalk. One  
of the party proved Samaritan enough  
to follow him out and hand him his  
cap and a letter he had stuck inside it  
before leaving Oceanside to read at  
his leisure. After putting the note  
away he had forgotten all about it,  
and opening it now, found another sav-  
age summons from Seagrue bidding  
him come to 115 Sloan alley, Las Ve-  
gas, at once.

Spike tried to pull together his dis-  
ordered wits. He felt in his pockets  
for his money and his ticket. Every  
pocket was empty. He then walked  
back to the station to go to Vegas  
anyway. The train, after changing en-  
gines, was ready to pull out. A passen-  
ger brakeman, spying Spike as he  
ambled up, asked his destination.

"I'm going west," declared Spike con-  
fusedly.

"Turn around," suggested the brake-  
man unsympathetically.

"Don't get fresh," growled Spike.

"Where's your ticket?" demanded  
the trainman roughly.

"Lost it," returned Spike, laconic-  
ally.

The conductor, accompanied by a  
special agent, came along. Hearing the  
talk, he asked the trouble. The spe-  
cial agent, listening one moment and  
sizing up Spike's appearance, pulled  
him forward by the collar and declared  
if he ever caught him on the right of  
way again he would stick him on a  
rock pile for thirty days. Spike was  
incontinently hustled off the platform  
and the company detective got aboard  
satisfied. A moment later the train  
drew out. But Spike, watching his  
chance and making a run, had board-  
ed the end of a car and hidden under  
the vestibule trap, which was down.  
Awaiting further opportunity, he  
watched until the conductor passed  
through the corridor into the next  
coach. Then, opening the door, Spike  
climbed inside and seated himself  
without explanation or apology very  
comfortably in the observation coach.  
His daring move did not, however, es-  
cape the conductor's vigilance, and  
coming back presently to demand a  
ticket, the train guardian was disagree-  
ably surprised to find that he again  
had the impudent tramp on his hands.  
He once more summoned the special  
agent and a wrangle ensued. Spike  
declared the brakeman must have  
robbed him during the night of his  
ticket and what money he had. This  
assertion naturally failed of a sym-  
pathetic reception, and as the train  
slowed on the desert for Helen's sta-  
tion, Spike was firmly escorted by  
three men through the door of the  
coach. Helen, when the train stopped,  
was at the express car signing for the  
registered package containing Rhine-  
lander's right-of-way contracts. She  
took also the Christmas mail addressed  
to the camp.

Returning to the office, she saw the  
disturbance at the steps of the obser-  
vation car, where Spike, vehemently  
protesting, was again about to be  
hustled off the right of way. Helen  
reached the group at the very crisis,  
for Spike's surliness, enhanced by his  
condition, had made him an ugly cus-  
tomer to handle. The special agent,  
in point of fact, was about to knock  
him down and drag him out when  
Helen intervened to ask mercy for the  
wretched tramp.

"Where does he want to go?" asked  
Helen quickly of the conductor.

When he answered, "Up the road,"  
and the circumstances were explained  
to her, she made a plea: "Let him  
stay on," she urged. "I will pay his  
fare to Baird."

Spike stared at the turn affairs had  
taken. Things were getting too com-  
plicated when Helen Holmes could  
come to his rescue. He thought he  
was dreaming until the special agent  
jerked him away from Helen and told  
Spike in vigorous English some of the  
things he thought of him and his kind.

Spike could in conscience do no other  
than grin. But he realized who had  
interposed to save him from a beating  
and he continued to feel mixed sensa-  
tions of surprise and confusion in per-

ceiving that his rescuer should be  
Helen Holmes.

The conductor signaled the cab. The  
special agent climbed aboard and the  
train pulled out. When Helen turned  
to go back into the station, Spike, who  
had declined to board the train, stood  
near the door. He intercepted and  
tried to speak to Helen. But Helen  
was almost as much afraid of his gra-  
titude as she was of his enmity, and  
tried to make light of her action and  
pass on.

But Spike was serious and not to be  
shaken off. For the first time, as far  
as he could recall, in his life someone  
persistently injured by him had of-  
fered, with none but a kindly motive,  
to do him a good turn. "If I ever get  
a chance, miss, I'll pay you back. Stop  
a minute, won't you? Just a minute,"  
Helen reluctantly paused. "You don't  
think I mean it," muttered Spike. "I  
do. Thank you for your kindness." He  
shamefacedly held out his grimy hand.

"Will you shake?"

Helen shrank back, but as he  
stepped respectfully toward her she  
hated to hurt his feelings. She gave  
him her hand for an instant and hur-  
ried, laughing, into the office.

Rounding the corner of the station,  
Spike ran into the station baggage-  
man. "What town is this, mister?" he  
demanded.

"Vegas," answered the railroad man

shortly. A feeble grin overspread  
Spike's battered features.

Seagrue had brought to the desert  
with him from his camp two rogues  
whose names had gradually been re-  
duced by bad spelling and hard knocks  
to "Bill" and "Luz." The pair were  
in his room with him when he asked  
whether Spike had come on the pas-  
senger train.

Bill was looking from the window at  
the moment and answered, "That looks  
like Spike down street, now."

In a few moments more Spike had  
found his way to the rendezvous. Sea-  
grue, impatient as always, demanded  
to know as soon as he entered the  
room what had kept him. Spike told  
his story, or at least such part of it as  
he deemed it wise to tell, and, turning  
the tables on Seagrue, asked what was  
up. Seagrue told him of the right-of-  
way contracts expected the following  
day by Rhinelander.

"What of it?" demanded Spike.

"We must get them," announced Sea-  
grue, bluntly.

"Who's we?" inquired Spike, impu-  
dently.

"You!" returned Seagrue with as  
much insolence as he could throw into  
one word. Spike's surliness angered  
him and he continued to explain, but  
in no very amiable tones: "It means  
the big end of the job for Rhinelander  
if those contracts reach him; whereas,  
if I get hold of them, we can tangle  
him up worse than ever."

Spike spoke up with a new and sud-  
den energy: "You can't get those con-  
tracts. The girl is taking them to  
Rhinelander tomorrow."

"How do you know that?"

"I saw the package in her hands, not  
ten minutes ago."

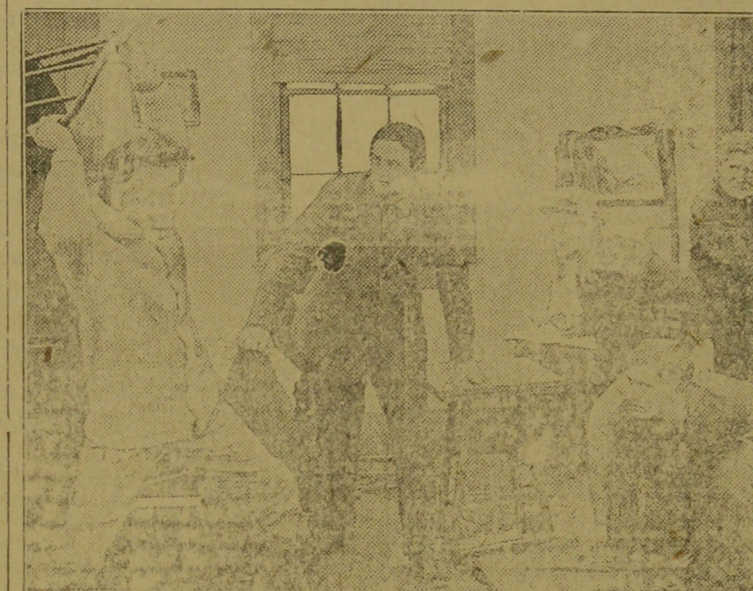
Seagrue knit his brows for a mo-  
ment. "I guess there's one way to get  
them," he said, looking hard at Spike  
and from him to the two lesser lights.

"We'll have to get Helen."

(To Be Continued.)

Look at Gold Soap. You  
can see that it is the biggest  
cake on the market.  
Try Gold Soap. You will find  
that it is the best cake on the  
market.

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



"I'll Brain the One That Leaps a Hand on Me!"

### A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

It is generally believed that anyone  
can make tea. This is far from the  
case. Great care should be taken to  
have the teapot hot. Scald it out with  
hot water before putting in the dry  
tea. The water to pour on the leaves  
should not be only boiling, but should  
be freshly boiled.

The big tea kettle which stands on  
the stove all day and is filled at ir-  
regular intervals, does not furnish the

best water for the purpose. Get a  
small enamelled ware kettle holding  
about a quart of water. Pour the wa-  
ter on the tea, which should not steep  
over three minutes. Then you will  
have a cup of tea which is not only  
very much better in flavor, but is much  
more wholesome than that made in the  
ordinary careless fashion.

Don't think for a minute that actors  
and actresses kiss every time they  
make up.

### THE APPEAL

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

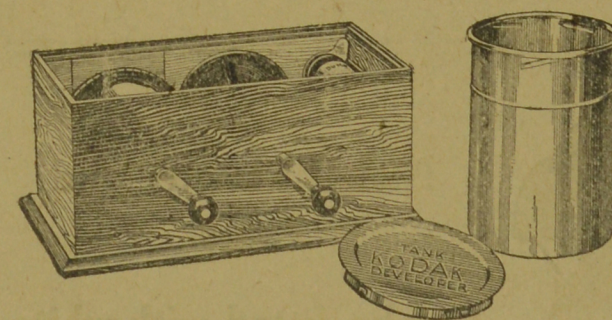
(By Major C. G. Geggie.)

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 ye 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!

A little over twenty minutes after the last exposure has been  
made you will be able to see "how they came with out", a



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**FILM**  
**TANK**

Take one with you on your hunting trip. It will produce fog-free negatives for you anywhere, whether it be  
in the heart of the woods, or in your hotel. AND IT'S ALL BY DAYLIGHT.

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