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connection, good barn and ice house;  
24 acres land; 5 miles from city.

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REAL ESTATE. INSURANCE.  
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Need Pressing and  
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SEND THEM TO

**H. L. ROGERS**  
And Have Them done in First Class  
Style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."  
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Does it need a little repairing after  
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Our LOTIONS and CREAMS are at  
your service to remove freckles and  
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The assortment is of a high stand-  
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Drop in and see them. We are al-  
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**STAPLES PHARMACY**  
ALONG STAPLES, Proprietor.  
Dr. York and King Cts., Fredericton.

**BELVOIR  
HOTEL**

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

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A man would be given a patrol joy  
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ed awning; but a woman can get away  
with it.  
We haven't any admiration for a  
miser, but it is far better to freeze to  
your money than to burn it.

**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.)

### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rates for Classified Advertising.

1 insertion . . . . .	\$0.25
3 insertions . . . . .	.60
6 insertions . . . . .	1.00
1 month . . . . .	3.00

### FOR SALE

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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year-old filly, one 1-year-old horse colt,  
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quality considered. A. C. and A. M.  
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pure bred Plymouth Rock and White  
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FOR SALE—My property on Brun-  
swick 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  
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WANTED—A girl for general house-  
work; may sleep home evenings. Ap-  
ply to A. Lindsay, box 474, city.

### TO LET

TO LET—Two flats to let, corner of  
Charlotte and Westmorland streets;  
newly papered and painted through-  
out; electric lights have lately been  
installed. Apply Ada M. Schleyer.

TO LET—Seven room flat, centrally  
located; possession given 1st October.  
Apply to 618 Brunswick street, phone  
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### FINAL NOTICE TO TAXPAY- ERS IN ARREARS FOR TAXES.

OWNERS of Property owing the City  
back taxes will please take warn-  
ing that if the taxes are not paid by  
SATURDAY, September 23rd inst., the  
property will be advertised for sale ac-  
cording to law, without further notice.  
G. R. PERKINS,  
9-16 6i City Treasurer.

### FREDERICTON AND ST. JOHN PASSENGER & FREIGHT SERVICE.

STEAMER HAMPSTEAD leaves  
Fredericton for St. John at 6 a. m. on  
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRI-  
DAYS, calling at all intermediate  
points. J. WATSON,  
Phone 511, Agent.  
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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  
out. All funny. Give one to your  
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funny circulars and illustrated catalog  
with each order. Price 7c. pkg., 3 for  
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**SONG BOOKS**  
Containing words and music, form-  
erly sold at 25c. Many funny par-  
odies. Also contains a Flirtation Sign  
Book. Price with illustrated catalog,  
7c., 3 for 15c.

**F. A. STONE,**  
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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.)**

# 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.

"Never too busy to welcome our  
friends. Come over sometime."

"What, to a construction camp?"  
asked Helen, feigning just enough  
amazement.

"Why not? Talk about Rhinelan-  
der's steam shovels! I'll show you  
shovels that can do everything but  
vote. Come on along."

For an effective moment she hesi-  
tated. "I couldn't possibly," she de-  
clared with decision, but she allowed  
a note of regret to linger an instant

in the tone of her explanation and  
glanced around. "No one here, you  
know."

"Well, but what time do you get  
off?" asked Seagrue feverishly.

"Oh, not for a long time yet."

His hopes were burgeoning fast.  
"See here, Helen; come over and take  
a camp dinner with me. Come, do.  
I'll show you what can be done with-  
out preparation."

She regarded him with an expres-  
sion that indicated how completely  
such a proposal shocked her. She  
struggled an instant with the thought  
of it. Then she rejected the invita-  
tion; yet with enough indecision to in-  
vite a renewal. For the moment Helen  
was a heartless angler, and Seagrue  
lured by vanity was unsuspectingly  
playing fish. Before he left—in the  
highest spirits he had known for many  
a day—he had, to his astonishment,  
secured Helen's promise to dine with  
him that night in camp. And at the  
appointed time she was ready.

The night was warm and a moon,  
rising full and into a clear sky, flood-  
ed the landscape. And after Helen's  
uneasiness at the strangeness of her  
situation had worn off, she was able  
throughout the trying hour with Seag-  
rue in his hut to wear her mask of  
languid interest successfully. The ta-  
ble was served with surprising delica-  
cies and a plentiful array of wines  
was in evidence. Yet, to an innocent  
intriguer, a whole hour never went so  
slowly, nor was appetite ever more  
reluctant than that of Seagrue's guest.  
Though she went through the form of  
eating and assumed a carefree air, his  
food choked her. His wines she per-  
sistently declined; but that did not  
diminish Seagrue, who drank quite  
enough for two.

Where could the survey be, now?  
was the question recurring always to  
Helen's mind. Toward the close of  
the dinner, Seagrue, rising, unlocked  
his desk for a flask of Chartreuse.  
There, lying in the corner exactly  
where she had seen it, Helen again be-  
held the survey, a blue print beside  
it. Seagrue was pawky enough to  
close and lock the desk after he had  
taken the flask out. How, she asked  
herself, was she to get that desk open  
again?

Seagrue dismissed his serving man,  
and this did not allay Helen's uneas-  
iness for herself. She did not want  
to be left alone a minute with him  
now; things were getting too compli-  
cated. But could she in some way  
get into the desk?

Rising, she said she would clear the  
table a little. Taking hold of the flask  
he had just taken from the desk and  
holding out her hand with a smile she  
asked him for his keys. Seagrue was in  
no position to refuse so intimate a re-  
quest. With an air of camaraderie he  
handed them over and Helen pushed  
back the cover of the desk. But as  
she did so Seagrue threw his arms  
around her. She struggled indignantly,  
but could not get away. For a mo-  
ment there was a fierce struggle.  
Then with a superhuman effort she  
tore herself free, caught up the first  
thing she could lay her hand on—it  
happened to be a bronze match tray—  
and struck Seagrue across the fore-  
head.

He went completely over, leaving  
Helen horror-stricken at what she had  
done. She listened. Outside she  
heard no sound. Seizing the blue  
print that lay under her hand, she  
gained the door and ran out just as  
Seagrue regained his feet. She had  
resolved to flag the Limited. Hardly  
touching the earth, she dashed to the  
station, hurried to the key and tele-  
graphed Rhinelander:

"Have blue print of survey. Will  
be on Limited. HELEN."

It was not too soon. Through the  
window she saw Seagrue rushing down  
the platform. She slammed the office  
door shut, and locked it. Seagrue  
threw himself viciously against it.  
The lock held, but she must get away  
at once. There was a window in the  
freight house, and she ran into the  
freight room. Seagrue had snatched  
up a stone. He reached the operator's  
window, only to see Helen, who had  
sprung through the freight house win-  
dow, running up the track. He fol-  
lowed her at top speed. Intent on es-  
caping, she gave no thought to where  
she was running; it was only to get  
away from her hated enemy and save  
what she had so hardly regained. Hel-  
ter-skelter through a grove of scat-

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tered oaks that fringed the hills above  
the sea, on and on she ran, until  
breath and strength were deserting  
her, but at every turn her detested  
pursuer was fast upon her heels. Be-  
tween his lunging footfalls she could  
hear his panting threats, and the clear-  
ness of the night gave her little  
chance to elude his savage pursuit.  
She realized she was running across  
what had been her own father's estate.  
The ocean spread suddenly below her.  
She had reached Signal bay and the  
precipitous cliffs that frowned high  
above it. Like a frightened fawn she  
ran up the rocks and down, only to  
hear Seagrue breathing maledictions  
close behind, and with the distance  
steadily lessening between her and  
certain capture. Brought at last to  
bay, she darted down the cliffs to find  
a hiding place. Not a nook or cranny  
offered a hope of concealment, and a  
mistake where she trod meant certain  
death. Panting and bewildered, she  
heard Seagrue climbing down the  
ledge on which she had found a nar-  
row foothold. Her escape was cut  
off, and Seagrue descended triumph-  
antly toward her. She warned him  
back.

"Give me that blue print!" he shout-  
ed with an oath.

"Keep away from me," Helen pant-  
ed. "You're a wretch. I'll never give  
it to you. I'll die first. Don't you  
dare come down here. I'll drag you  
over the cliff if I have to go over my-  
self."

Nothing daunted, he came on.  
There was but one chance left to get  
away and, unhesitating, she took it.  
Turning, just as he thought he had  
her in his power, she sprang from  
where she stood on the edge of the  
precipice far out over the ocean be-  
low. He stood spellbound. She struck  
with a great splash. He saw her come  
up, strike out and sink again, as if  
helpless. But he knew her unquench-  
able determination, her resource and  
her daring, and was shrewd enough  
to watch the surface of the bay closely.  
Sure enough, in a little while he  
could see her, after swimming a dis-  
tance under water, regain the surface  
and with long, powerful strokes swim  
away.

At no great distance from where  
she had plunged into the bay a speed  
launch lay at anchor. Helen recog-  
nized the boat; it had, in truth, once  
been her own, and she had named it  
The Spiderwater. It belonged now to  
the owners of her father's estate, but  
she believed she might borrow it once  
more. Seagrue, impotent with rage,  
and following her down the shore,  
saw her reach the launch and climb  
resolutely up over the gunwale into  
the cockpit.

Shaking herself like a duck, and  
without losing a minute, Helen spread  
the wet blue print out on the deck,  
broke the motor lock on the ignition  
switch, and turned the engine over.  
She knew the motor well; it was a  
powerful Loew Victor, and after her  
second effort it hummed like a dynamo.  
While it was warming up she  
cut the mooring line. Seagrue easily  
suspected she meant to get to Rhine-  
lander at Oceanside. He looked at  
his watch. If he could catch the Lim-  
ited he could still reach the city ahead  
of her. Exasperated, and out of  
breath, he hastened back to camp,  
routed out his chauffeur and took his

(To be continued.)

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Nothing but superla-  
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the size and quality of  
Gold.

Get a cake from your  
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Gold Soap is made in Canada in the Procter &  
Gamble Factories at Hamilton.



## BULGARIANS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN BACK

Athens, Sept. 20.—The Bulgarians  
have hastily evacuated Viglitsa, to-  
wards the western end of the Macedo-  
nian front, falling back on Svedra, and  
are now preparing to make a stand at  
previously constructed entrenchments  
between the Carina river marshes and  
Mount Daanou for the purpose of de-  
fending Monastir on the comparatively  
level plains outside the city.

Greek military authorities assert  
that should these entrenchments be  
taken the evacuation of Monastir will  
be necessary, as defence afterwards  
would be too costly.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

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Signature of *Dr. H. H. Watson*

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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.

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correctness of style.

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Price for which you need never apologize. We have it in stock in  
white and these delicate shades—Old Rose, Swiss Blue, Light  
Grey, Violet, Chamois and Scotch Grey.

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