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WILL OPEN ON MONDAY,
AUGUST 28, 1916.

Booklet descriptive of our courses of
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4000 ACRES of Money Making Land.
Beautiful home, 6 barns, orchard
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Best buy in the county.

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NYAL'S FACE CREAM is delight-
fully cooling, healing and soothing
to the skin and will protect the face,
neck and hands from tan, sunburn and
freckles.
It is delightfully perfumed, perfectly
harmless and is easily applied and im-
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Price 25 cents a jar, at

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Will do.
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1 insertion	\$0.25
3 insertions60
6 insertions	1.00
1 month	3.00

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wood, \$2.25 per load. Also dry split
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female teacher for School District No.
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7-22 del wcl

WANTED—Two first class edgemen,
capable of handling fifty thousand feet
per day. Wages 35c. an hour. Two
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Setworks. Wages 32c. an hour. Two
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Mail, Fredericton. 7-24 31

No 8 Field Ambulance WANT RECRUITS

A fine opportunity for College and
Normal School Graduates to do their
bit in khaki. Apply to
CAPT (DR.) W. H. IRVINE,
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,
8-3 41 Treasurer.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

503 Dawson, P. W. S., Res., 178
Westmorland street.
2300-62 Killen, J. B., Res., Mauger-
ville.
24-12 McManiman, Mrs. S. B., Res.,
252 Brunswick St.
491-31 Marsh, Chas. F., Res., 653
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rat in a trap. The more you pull the
tighter it grips. Price with illustrated
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Boys and girls, these are the best
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funny circulars and illustrated catalog
with each order. Price 7c. pkg., 3 for
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26th

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A safe, reliable regulating
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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.)

The BLACK BOX

Novelized from the Photo-play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal
Film Manufacturing Company.

some entries concerning which I was
interested. It contains a history of
the Hamblin estate since the days of
Cromwell, and here in the back, you
see, is a list of our farmers, bailiffs
and domestic servants. There was a
Craig who was a tenant of the first
Lord Ashleigh and fought with him in
the Cromwellian wars as a trooper
and since those days, so far as I can
see, there has never been a time when
there hasn't been a Craig in the ser-
vice of our family. A fine race they
seem to have been, until—

"Until when?" Quest demanded.

The look of trouble had once more
clouded the professor's face. He
shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Until Craig's father," he admitted.
"I am afraid I must admit that we
came upon a bad piece of family his-
tory here. Silas Craig entered the
service of my father in 1858, as under
gamekeeper. Here we come upon the
first black mark against the name.
He appears to have lived respectably
for some years, and then, after a quar-
rel with a neighbor about some trivial
matter, he deliberately murdered him,
a crime for which he was tried and
executed in 1867. John Craig, his only
son, entered our service in 1880, and,
when I left England, accompanied me
as my valet."

There was a moment's silence.
"Lenora and I are sailing tomor-
row," Quest said. "We are taking
over the necessary warrants and shall
bring Craig back here for trial."

The professor smoked thoughtfully
for some moments. Then he rose de-
liberately to his feet. He had come
to a decision. He announced it cal-
mly, but irrevocably.

"I shall come with you," he an-
nounced. "I shall be glad to visit
England, but apart from that I feel it
to be my duty. I owe it to Craig to
see that he has a fair chance, and I
owe it to the law to see that he pays
the penalty, if, indeed, he is guilty of
these crimes. Is Miss Laura accom-
panying you, too?"

Quest shook his head.
"From what the surgeons tell us,"
he said, "it will be some weeks before
she is able to travel. At the same
time, I must tell you that I am glad of
your decision, professor."

"It is my duty," the latter declared.
"I cannot rest in this state of uncer-
tainty. If Craig is lost to me, the
sooner I face the fact the better. At
the same time I will be frank with
you. Notwithstanding all the accumu-
lated pile of evidence I feel in my
heart the urgent necessity of seeing
him face to face, of holding him by
the shoulders and asking him whether
these things are true. We have faced
death together, Craig and I. We have
done more than that—we have court-
ed it. There is nothing about him I
can accept from hearsay. I shall go
with you to England, Mr. Quest."

CHAPTER XIX.

The professor rose from his seat in
some excitement as the carriage
passed through the great gates of
Hamblin park. He acknowledged
with a smile the respectful curtsy of
the woman who held it open.

"You have now an opportunity, my
dear Mr. Quest," he said, "of appre-
ciating one feature of English life not
entirely reproducible in your own
wonderful country. I mean the home
life and surroundings of our aristoc-
racy. You see these oak trees?" he
went on, with a little wave of his
hand. "They were planted by my an-
cestors in the days of Henry VIII. I
have been a student of tree life in
South America and in the dense for-
ests of central Africa, but for real
character, for splendor of growth and
hardiness, there is nothing in the
world to touch the Ashleigh oaks."

"They're some trees," the criminol-
ogist admitted.
"You notice, perhaps, the small
ones, which seem dwarfed. Their
tops were cut off by the lord of Ash-
leigh on the day that Lady Jane Grey
was beheaded. Queen Elizabeth heard
of it and threatened to confiscate the
estate. Look at the turf, my friend.
Ages have gone to the making of that
mossy, velvet carpet."

"Where's the house?" Quest in-
quired.
"A mile farther on yet. The woods
part and make a natural avenue past
the bend of the river there," the pro-
fessor pointed out. "Full of trout, that
river, Quest. How I used to whip that
stream when I was a boy!"

They swept presently round a bend
in the avenue. Before them on the
hillside surrounded by trees and with
a great walled garden behind, was
Hamblin house. Quest gave vent to a
little exclamation of wonder as he
looked at it.

"This is where you've got us beat,
sure," he admitted. "Our country
places are like gewgaw palaces com-
pared to this. Makes me kind of
sorry," he went on regretfully, "that
I didn't bring Lenora along."

The professor shook his head.
"You were very wise," he said. "My

brother and Lady Ashleigh have recov-
ered from the shock of poor Lenora's
death in a marvelous manner, I be-
lieve, but the sight of the girl might
have brought it back to them. You
have left her with friends, I hope, Mr.
Quest?"

"She has an aunt in Hampstead,"
the latter explained. "I should have
liked to see her safely there my-
self, but we should have been an
hour or two later down here, and I
tell you," he went on, his voice gather-
ing a note almost of ferocity, "I'm
wanting to get my hands on that fel-
low Craig! I wonder where they're
holding him."

"At the local police station, I ex-
pect," the professor replied. "My
brother is a magistrate, of course, and
he would see that proper arrange-
ments were made. There he is at the
hall door."

The carriage drew up before the
great front a moment or two later.
Lord Ashleigh came forward with out-
stretched hands, the genial smile of
the welcoming host upon his lips. In
his manner, however, there was a dis-
tinct note of anxiety.

"Edgar, my dear fellow," he ex-
claimed, "I am delighted! Welcome
back to your home! Mr. Quest, I am
very happy to see you here. You have
heard the news, of course?"

"We have heard nothing!" the pro-
fessor replied.

"You didn't go to Scotland Yard?"

Lord Ashleigh asked.
"We haven't been to London at all,"
Quest explained. "We got on the boat
train at Plymouth, and your brother
managed to induce one of the directors
whom he saw on the platform to stop
the train for us at Hamblin road. We
only left the boat two hours ago.
There's nothing wrong with Craig, is
there?"

Lord Ashleigh motioned them to fol-
low him.

"Please come this way," he invited.
He led them across the hall—which,
dimly lit and with its stained-glass
windows, was almost like the nave of
a cathedral—into the library beyond.
He closed the door and turned around.

"I have bad news for you both," he
announced. "Craig has escaped."

Neither the professor nor Quest be-
trayed any unusual surprise. So far
as the latter was concerned, his first
glimpse at Lord Ashleigh's face had
warned him of what was coming.

"Dear me!" the professor mur-
mured, sinking into an easy chair.
"This is most unexpected!"

"We'll get him again," Quest de-
clared quickly. "Can you let us have
the particulars of his escape, Lord
Ashleigh? The sooner we get the hang
of things the better."

"You know, of course," he began,
"that Craig was arrested at Liverpool
in consequence of communications
from the New York police. I under-
stand that it was with great difficulty
he was discovered, and it is quite clear
that someone on the ship had been
heavily bribed. However, he was ar-
rested, brought to London, and then
down here for purposes of identifica-
tion. I would have gone to London
myself, and, in fact, offered to do so,
but on the other hand, as there are
many others on the estate to whom he
was well known, I thought that it
would be better to have more evi-
dence than mine alone. Accordingly,
they left London one afternoon, and I
sent a dogcart to the station to meet
them. They arrived quite safely and
started for here, Craig happened to be
one of the Scotland Yard men on the

(To Be Continued.)

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WOMAN'S COLUMN

RECIPES WORTH TRYING.

GOOD LAYER CAKE.

Two cups sugar, one cup butter,
one cup milk, three cups of flour,
five egg whites, two teaspoons of
baking powder, one-quarter tea-
spoon mace; rub butter and sugar
well together until creamy, then
stir in slowly the milk. The rich-
er the milk the better. Sift flour
and baking powder together two
or three times; add flour to mix-
ture and beat well. Add teaspoon
of flavoring extract, if wished, of
any kind preferred. Beat white of
eggs very stiff and gently mix
them into the cake; bake in shal-
low greased tin.

CABINET PUDDING.

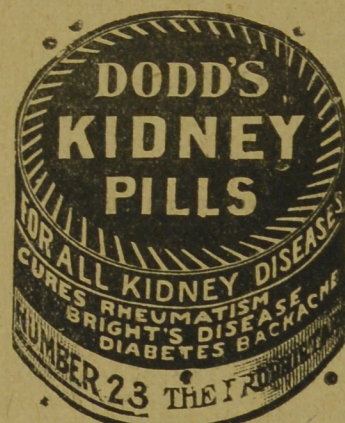
Make one quart of boiled custard
flavor with a teaspoonful of vani-
lla, and whip into it a table-spoon-
ful of gelatine dissolved in a little
hot milk. Line a mold with a stale
sponge cake, lady fingers, or mac-
aroons, pouring over each layer a
little of the custard, and sprink-
ling over some candied cherries,
finely cut orange peel, angelica,
shredded almonds and some cur-
rants or raisins. When the mold
is full, set in the ice box to chill
and turn out when quite cold and
serve with whipped cream, and if
desired currant jelly.

DON'T BE UNTIDY.

The girl who dons soiled silk
blouse for the work room is mak-
ing a grave mistake. Washable
blouses are the only proper kind
for business. We admit laundry
bills run up alarmingly, but with
a little foresight any girl can keep
her laundry bill modest. Shantung,
pongee, linen and cotton voile, in

natural, different shades of blue,
green and brown, with smart white
collars make ideal business suits.
During warm weather one must
have several changes a week, but
after wearing a blouse one day it
can be aired the next, pressed that
evening, and worn that evening
worn another day without washing.
White waists, treated the same
way, also can be worn twice.

Cape and knit underwear re-
quires no ironing, and for petti-
coats, heatherbloom, in black or
dark colors, make the most prac-
tical ones for the working girl. A
weekly wash will suffice for these
dark yet smart petticoats. An elec-
tric iron, or an iron heated by gas
will answer all requirements for
pressing ones clothes, and every
girl should see to it that such an
iron is among her possessions.



TENDERS FOR WOOD

SEALED TENDERS will be received
at office of Board School Trustees
until 12th instant, for thirty cords of
furnace wood, rock maple and yellow
birch.
CHAS. A. SAMPSON,
Secretary.

Aug. 3, 1916.



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