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have been appointed a vendor of game licenses for the Brunswick Government, and will have licenses for sale and after the morning of September 15th, I want resident and non-resident sportsmen to buy their licenses from me and I guarantee all a square deal. In addition to licenses I can fit sportsmen out with supplies for a hunting trip, and I can tell you where to go to get the game. I have a full camp equipment, which I will rent at a reasonable price. I can furnish you with lunches at short notice. If you want a lunch put up, just notify me. Patronize a brother sportsman who knows the game and you will be satisfied.

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GERALDINE IN SWITZERLAND

(Continued.)

She raised her head to look at the patches of misty cloud that touched the mountains, at the water sparkling in the sunshine, at the blue that gathered in the distance, at all the beauty round her; and it, and the glorious fact that she had for once broken away from the life to which she had been born were altogether too much for her. Moreover, Geraldine had a soul, kept well in order by her usual jaunty exterior, but a soul, nevertheless. For a moment it looked out of her eyes, something gripped her heart; in an unconscious search for sympathy she turned to the fair man.

He was watching her. Quite forgetting conventionalities, she spoke. "Oh, it's lovely," she said, with a little sigh. Then pulled herself together, and added in a more commonplace tone, "But it's hot." The last words jarred on him a little, but her voice was pleasant and refined. He looked back at her. She saw that his eyes were very blue.

"Much too hot to stay down here," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked, eager for knowledge of what people usually did, "Where ought one to go?"

"Anywhere high. I'm going up to Caux."

"Is it much cooler there?"

"I hope so."

"I wonder if it is," she said thoughtfully. "I've never been in Switzerland before and don't know my way about."

He looked at her a little curiously. "Are you all alone?"

"Oh, yes," she answered promptly, and surprised him by adding, "it's much nicer."

His gaze wandered, and she saw it, to her left hand, there was no ring of any kind on it. He was becoming interested.

"You like to be free?"

"Rather," she answered, again promptly, but there was nothing forward in her manner, it was perfectly natural and wholly without a suggestion of anything but innocent satisfaction. "It is so good to be unshackled," she had a way of putting postscripts to her remarks.

"Yes, it is—freedom is the oldest of all the pleasures."

"And the best."

"Perhaps," he answered, in a voice that showed no desire to continue the conversation.

But she was anxious for information. "Caux is only a little way from here?" she asked.

"You go to it from Terriet, half a mile along the lake," he nodded in its direction, "it's above Gilon."

"Of course," she answered, for she had read her Baedeker with profit.

He looked at her again; she could see that he found it pleasant. "Are you looking for somewhere to settle down?" he asked.

"For a little while."

"You might like it. The hotels are good."

"I must think it over," she said.

(To Be Continued.)

and turned her chair round so as to face the lake. This man was a stranger, she remembered; he looked rather nice, but it wasn't the thing to do.

He seemed surprised at her abruptness, ordered some black coffee, paid his bill, and departed. He would have lifted his hat if she had turned her head as he left the balcony, but she appeared to have forgotten him. She hadn't, of course. She was saying to herself, "No, I won't go to Caux, he might think I was following him." Still, it was puzzling to know what to do next. Then, for Geraldine had her leanings toward culture of various sorts, she remembered that Professor Tyndall had built a little chalet on Bel Alp, somewhere in the Rhone valley, which began at the end of the lake—on her left. "I'll find out where that chalet is," she thought, "it's sure to be in a beautiful place. I don't suppose they have pulled it down."

She left her luggage at the restaurant and walked through Clarens to Montreux, till she came to the library. There were books and guides and photographs in the shop window. "This is the place to inquire," she thought, "and they'll probably speak English."

She entered, spent a franc, asked some direct questions, and came away with the information that Bel Alp was above Brigue, at the far end of the Rhone valley, and that just below the Tyndall chalet, which was nearly on the summit, there was a good hotel—very high up, of course, and near a splendid glacier.

"I'll go to it," she told herself, "it will be a quite unique thing to do"; for they troubled little about high chalets or glaciers in Geraldine's set, "no one will ever find me there. Perhaps he thinks I shall to Caux"—she meant the fair man, of course—but if he does, he'll find himself mistaken.

She walked on to Terriet and inspected the castle at Chillon. "It's well worth seeing," she came to the conclusion, "and the view from it is heavenly. If they had given the prisoner a room with a good window, looking toward the head of the lake, he wouldn't have had so much to complain about, and Byron might never have written his poem; it's wonderful how things turn out."

A few minutes from the castle is the starting point for Gilon. She had never seen a funicular railway before. It gave her quite a thrill to look up at the almost perpendicular rail's laid on the wooded mountain side. "I simply must go there," she exclaimed. "The view will be lovely." It was all she expected, and once more she was thoroughly satisfied with herself. She had some coffee—she felt sure the tea would not be good—at another little restaurant with a balcony; the restaurants fascinated her, besides she was rather afraid, at first, of walking into hotels. She felt quite sorry when it was time to go down again and begin the business of travel once more.

(To Be Continued.)

HINTS FOR THE LADIES

One wonders if in the old days the subject of coiffures was as thrilling in interest as it is now. There is no reason that it should not have been, for Maria Antoinette and the ladies of the Colonial days certainly evolved some wondrous styles in hair dressing.

For ourselves there does not seem to be much of a return, as far as fashion goes, to the flat peasant coiffure of last fall. Yet some of the best dressed women continue to wear it. It may be that it is much a simple summer coiffure not necessitating roll or puffs or waving, that women adopted for comfort. But the swirl, which means the flat hair dressing of nearly any kind, achieved through any method, is in second style, although it is worn by many well-dressed women.

The high crown is the thing in coiffures. There is a certain sweep and carelessness to the Grecian hairdressing which is really only intended for youthful faces, but which is worn by all. It is not new, and yet it was not seen last winter as much as it was talked about. The present style keeps the hair flatter all around the head than the other style did and then swings it into a shower of curls right in the middle of the crown.

This is the mode that prevails now, and it is much cooler and more comfortable than the shapes that have been followed which called for a pompadour and dozens of additional puffs.

To a majority of women the flattening fillet is not becoming. They can wear the classic coiffure if their unconfined hair is allowed to gently wave away from the forehead. It may be parted in front or at the side, not held down with an ornamental band. Yet it is the band, or fillet, that is classic. It is a gorgeous touch to the costume. It is made to match the gown unless it is of cloth of gold or silver, when it is worn with anything. Full bands sewn with pearls are pretty for girls,

When one can wear the fillet it is quite impressive and gives the coiffure a decided brilliancy for evening. It does away with the need of an invisible net, for it holds in place all the straggling ends and keeps the coiffure neat.

BOOK NOTICES

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

That man of mystery among contemporary fiction writers William de Morgan unheard of until at the age of 67, he produced "Joseph Vance," is the subject of an appreciation in The London Bookman. The writer, A. St. John Adcock, points out that de Morgan's father was an eminent mathematician and his mother a cultured woman with some literary gifts. The novelist himself was a manufacturer of pottery. Above all he was a sympathetic student of life and of Dickens, so that when he took up his pen to write "Joseph Vance," "for a lark as it were," as he has said, it was with a mind full of material and an inspiration born of sympathy with those in life's dark pathways. Says Mr. Adcock:—

When you consider the stimulating influences that were thus around him, forming his character and cultivating his tastes and temperament throughout his most plastic and susceptible years, and calculate the unique inheritance that must have descended to him from such an ancestry, you begin to recognize that Mr. Wm. de Morgan is no phenomenon, but a natural evolution. His muse is Mnemosyne, goddess of memory, mother of all the muses. He has so deftly mingled reality and invention in his novels, so colored and modified facts in the crucible of his imagination, that it is impossible to keep track of him when he is travelling back through the world of

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his remembrance; but that much of his books has been fashioned consciously or unconsciously out of his past experiences, that something of them has grown out of his interest in the subjects that were common topics of discussion in the home of his boyhood there can be no doubt, as he would be first to acknowledge. His mother's work in the slums and the workhouses, those piteous stories she heard from the poor—you may depend he has had his hints and promptings from these things for those masterly pictures of mid-Victorian poverty and hardship that fill memorable pages in "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short."

High-draped girdles of black velvet on white gowns are among the fancies of the hour.

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St. Paul Minn. Sept. 20—With the weather favorable for polling the largest vote ever cast in a Minnesota primary election, Minnesota voters today choosing their party nominees for congress, county officers and the state Legislature. Interest centres in the congressional contest because of the prominence of the men involved. Several of the Minnesota Congressmen have had fights on their hands, their opponents in all but one instance being pronounced insurgents.

In the first, fourth and fifth districts, the fight has been the hottest. James A. Tawney ended the hardest fight of his congressional career. Col. Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Francis J. Heney and other exponents of progressive republicanism have taken a hand in the fight against Tawney who is opposed by Sydney Anderson, a young attorney. Anderson and his supporters have attacked Tawney's legislative record and have made their appeal as supporters of the Roosevelt politics.



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