

FOR SPORTSMEN

I have been appointed a vendor of game licenses for the New Brunswick Government, and will have licenses for sale on 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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The car which has been so long on the way, has arrived and our stock of above goods is complete.
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We wish to announce that we will give 20 p. c. discount off all Summer Clothing for the next 30 days. This is a Genuine Offer. Call and be convinced. Semi-Ready Clothing is the King of Ready-Made Clothing. SOLD ONLY BY

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550 Queen St. **W. E. SEERY** Fredericton

SOLVING A MYSTERY

(Continued.)

He read it with a thumping heart—found the name of a young author he had barely heard of, saw the title of a play, a "poetic drama," dance before his eyes, and then dropped the paper, sick, disgusted. It was true, then—she was game—it was not the manner but the matter she mistrusted!

Granice turned to the servant, who seemed to be purposely lingering. "I shan't need you this evening, Flint. I'll lock up myself." He fancied the man's acquiescence implied surprise. What was going on, Flint seemed to wonder, that Mr. Granice should want him out of the way? Probably he would find a pretext for coming back to see. Granice suddenly felt himself enveloped in a network of espionage.

As the door closed he threw himself into an armchair and leaned forward to take a light from Ascham's cigar. "Tell me about Mrs. Ashgrove," he said, seeming to himself to speak stiffly, as if his lips were cracked.

"Mrs. Ashgrove? Well, there's not much to tell."

"And you couldn't if there were?" Granice smiled.

"Probably not. As a matter of fact, she wanted my advice about her choice of counsel. There was nothing especially confidential in our talk."

"And what's your impression, now you've seen her?" "My impression is, very distinctly, that nothing will ever be known."

"Ah—?" Granice murmured, puffing at his cigar.

"I'm more and more convinced, that whoever poisoned Ashgrove knew his business, and will consequently never be found out. That's a capital cigar you've given me."

"You like it? I get them over from Cuba."

Granice examined his own reflectively. "Then you believe in the theory that clever criminals never are caught?"

"Of course I do. Look about you—look back for the last dozen years—none of the big murder problems are ever solved."

The lawyer ruminated behind his blue cloud. "Why, take the instance in your own family; I'd forgotten I had an illustration at hand! Take old Joseph Leaman's murder—do you suppose that will ever be explained?"

As the words dropped from Ascham's lips his host looked slowly about the library, and every object in it stared back at him with a stale unescapable familiarity. How sick he was of looking at that room! It was as dull as the face of a wife one has wearied of. He cleared his throat slowly; then he turned his head to the lawyer and said:

"I could explain the Leaman murder myself."

Ascham's eye kindled; he shared Granice's interest in criminal cases.

"By jove! You had a theory all this time? It's odd you never men-

tioned it. Go ahead and tell me. There were certain features in the Leaman case not unlike this Ashgrove affair, and your idea may be a help."

Granice paused and his eye reverted instinctively to the table drawer in which the revolver and the manuscript lay side by side. What if he were to try another appeal to Rose Melrose? Then he looked at the notes and bills on the table, and the horror of taking up again the lifeless routine of life—of performing the same automatic gestures another day—displaced his fleeting vision.

"I haven't a theory. I know who murdered Joseph Leaman."

Ascham settled himself comfortably in his chair, prepared for enjoyment. "You know? Well, who did?" he laughed.

"I did," said Granice, rising. He stood before Ascham, and the lawyer lay back staring up at him. Then he broke into another laugh.

"Why, this is glorious! You murdered him, did you? To inherit his money, I suppose? Better and better! Go on, my boy! Unbosom yourself! Tell me all about it! Confession is good for the soul."

Granice waited till the lawyer had shaken the last peal of laughter from his throat; then he repeated doggedly:

"I murdered him."

The two men looked at each other for a long moment, and this time Ascham did not laugh.

"Granice!"

"I murdered him—to get his money, as you say."

There was another pause, and Granice, with a vague, underlying sense of amusement, saw his guest's look change from pleasantry to apprehension.

"What's the joke, my dear fellow? I fail to see."

"It's not a joke. It's the truth. I murdered him."

He had spoken painfully at first, as if there was a knot in his throat; but each time he repeated the words he found they were easier to say.

Ascham laid down his extinct cigar. "What's the matter? Aren't you well? What on earth are you driving at?"

"I'm perfectly well. But I murdered my cousin, Joseph Leaman, and I want it known that I killed him."

"You want it known?" "Yes, that's why I sent for you. I'm sick of living, and when I try to kill myself I funk it."

He spoke quite naturally now, as if the knot in his throat had been untied.

"Good Lord—good Lord," the lawyer gasped.

"But I suppose," Granice continued, "there's no doubt this would be murder in the first degree? I'm sure of the chair if I own up?"

Ascham drew a long breath; then he said slowly:

"Sit down, Granice. Let's talk."

(To Be Continued.)

HINTS FOR THE LADIES

At this season of the year the girl who has gone collarless the summer through is beginning to be anxious about the state of her throat. The day of drastic treatment is at hand if her neck is to look well in winter. The skin is browned from exposure to the sun.

To whiten it rub it each night with lemon, letting it stay on all night. If there are rough places in the skin it can be gone over with a fine pumice-stone dipped in lemon juice.

In the morning rinse off with warm water, in which a little almond meal has been dissolved. This whitens and smooths the skin.

A more decided bleach is made from eight ounces of alcohol, four ounces of rosewater and a teaspoonful of tincture of benzine. Saturate a thin piece of linen in the liquid and pin around the throat and let it stay on for an hour. Then massage with a good cucumber cream.

One such treatment will show bene-

ficial effects, though a number will be necessary if the skin be badly tanned.

When the neck is freckled hard work is in store for it, as freckles wear off the face more quickly than from the face and arms and neck.

A simple remedy for these is to dissolve half a teaspoon of powdered camphor in an ounce of olive oil. Touch the spots with a brush dipped in this lotion morning and evening.

Another lotion, is composed of two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine and a few drops of tincture of iodine, is also said to be good. This must be used carefully so as not to get in the eyes. Iodine is also poison to some skins.

A home remedy for a dark line around the throat is to slice and pound a ripe cucumber into a paste and put on a thick linen cloth and tie around the throat over night. This may have to be repeated every night for a week.

Dr. DeVan's French Female Pills

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5.00 a box. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont. A. J. Ryan, Central Pharmacy, Special Agent.

AERO CLUB RECOGNIZES NEW RECORD

Paris, Oct. 5.—The new world's record for altitude in an aeroplane recently established by Henri Gyslain at Nourmelen, has been officially recognized by the Aero Club of France. The new figures are a shade better than those originally given out, as Gyslain is now accredited with having reached an altitude of 2,800 metres or 9,186 feet.

HARVEY STATION

Oct. 3.—A heavy thunder storm passed over this station on Saturday evening followed by a high wind on Sunday. No damage is reported except some fences being blown down. The temperature fell to four degrees below freezing this morning.

A young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Thoms of Brownville, Me., died here on Monday at the residence of Mr. James Thompson where they had been visiting. Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Thoms went to Brownville, Me., with the remains on Tuesday evening. The funeral of Mrs. Andrew Halford of Upper Kingsclear took place Wednesday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. M. J. Macpherson conducted the services.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed in the Upper Church yesterday morning. There was a good attendance at the service. Rev. M. J. Macpherson left this morning for New Glasgow, N. S., to attend the Synod which meets there tomorrow.

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LADIES COATS

Ladies' Black Pony Cloth Coats, at \$12, \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$32.50.

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A large stock of all the newest weaves and colorings at 25c, 49c, 60c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 up to \$2.50 a yard.

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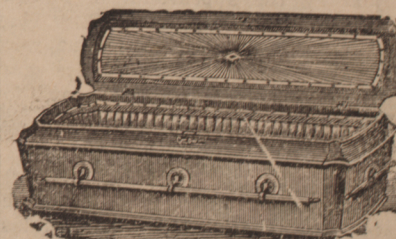
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