

FOR SPORTSMEN

I have 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't sportsmen out with supplies for a hunting trip, and 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 sportsman who knows the game and you will be satisfied.

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GERALDINE IN SWITZERLAND

(Continued.)

It would be very quiet and—"No, thank you, no more promiscuous acquaintances for me," but she would take long, lovely walks. If she still hated him enough, she would go up to Glen again and walk back by the Gorge du Chaudron—it had looked so beautiful. Then suddenly she remembered that her letters would go on to Bel Alp, if she didn't intercept them at Brigue. She hurried to the post office, for she had only a quarter of an hour left now, and after some delay came away with a couple in her hand. She read one as she walked back to the station. It made her heart ache and all thoughts of self vanished; she saw a poor little gentle home at Shepherd's Bush and a woman crying—oh, it was dreadful! What could be done?

"I'm glad I've found you—to say good-bye at any rate."

This was in the station. She looked up, the fair man was standing beside her. Geraldine pulled herself together, but words were difficult—she was taken by surprise and the news in her letter had put a sob in her throat.

"Why did you go away so early?" "I had arranged it yesterday afternoon."

"Yes—but last night you promised to go to the Egghorn!"

"I didn't want to," she managed to give a brave little smile; "I changed my mind."

"I was so surprised when I found you had gone."

"I thought you wouldn't hear it till breakfast time."

"I didn't. I ran nearly all the way down. I was afraid you might have gone by the express."

"I lost it."

She scrunched the letter in her hand and tried to keep her thoughts away from him, to make herself answer mechanically.

He looked at her puzzled.

She allowed herself to ask him a question:

"Are you going back?"

"Why, yes. I just bolted when I heard you'd gone, but I left an unpaid bill and two open bags behind me."

She made no reply, she was watching the empty train. It would start in a few minutes; she was longing for the doors to be unlocked so that she might get safely into a carriage.

"Tell me why you are going in such a hurry?" he said, looking down at her.

She was pale and very sweet, he thought, and her lips were quivering a little.

"I didn't want to stay," she answered in a low voice.

He noticed the letter scrunched in her hand.

"Have you had bad news?"

"Yes."

"You didn't get the letters up there?"

"No, I went for them to the post-office."

She opened her hand a little showing the opened letter. "It has upset me so—the idiot is dead—" and she burst into tears.

"The idiot!" He stared at her.

"I oughtn't to call her that now—and I only did it to myself—and you. She was the only one her mother had—her name was Sophia—and Sophia's dead—he's dead, I must go back—"

"Do you know her mother?"

"I never saw her, but she'll want some one to comfort her. She's dreadfully poor."

Geraldine quickly dabbed her eyes and tried to keep a brave face. He felt his heart go out to her—he knew a score of women who wouldn't have cared if an asylumful of idiots had died, he thought. She tried to excuse herself.

"I felt such a brute—but I had no idea she was so ill."

They were unlocking the carriage doors. Geraldine collected her pilgrim's basket and her hold-all. He took them from her, but she stood ready for departure.

"That's not why you ran away—if you've only just had the letters."

"No," she said, as she went toward the carriage.

There were hardly any passengers, they had all gone by the express.

"I had other reasons," she added with a little air of perversity. "I wanted to go—Well, good-bye, Mr. Wootton—"

"Wootton—who's he?"

"It's you, isn't it?"

He looked up.

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Mrs. Streatly said it was—that all woman."

"I don't know the lady, but she lied anyway."

Geraldine put her hand on the handle of the open door and felt a little unsteady.

"She said she knew your wife."

"Well, I don't."

"You are not married?"

"Not yet."

She looked at him and laughed a little.

"Then what did it mean? She said she served on a committee with your wife."

"She took me for some one else, I expect."

"How absurd!" The whole expression of her face had changed. "But I must go." She was in the carriage and the train was all but starting.

"I was very stupid," she said regretfully.

In a moment he had jumped in and closed the door.

"Oh, but you mustn't come," she said.

"Mayn't I?"

"Think of the unpaid bill and the open bags!"

There was the sound of a horn—the train started.

"They can wait till this evening."

"Are you sure you are not Mr. Wootton?" she asked with a little laugh.

She was ashamed at feeling so happy with that letter in her hand.

"I've every reason to think so."

He pulled some letters from his pocket and showed her the directions—George Courtland, Esqre.

"I've some reason to believe that that's my name," he said. "And look—it's rather rough to have to prove one's identity, isn't it?"

He opened a pocketbook and showed her a card.

"It's a much nicer name than Wootton," she said.

"I wish you'd make it yours."

She was quite startled.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

The train was plodding on toward Vesp; the empty carriage with the mountains on either side looking in on them made the situation a romance.

"What I mean is this," he said, looking down at her. "That I think you're the sweetest thing in woman-kind I ever came across. I don't know anything about you except what you've told me; but yet I know everything and above all I know this—that I love you. You caught me in the moment you looked back at Glen Do you remember?"

"Oh—"

"You don't know anything about me, you evidently didn't even know my name, and I don't know yours yet. I may be a ruffian or a scoundrel—"

"I'm certain you're not."

"Or a loafer—or a chameleon—"

"You said you were in a Government office and wrote philosophy—"

She was making time.

"And I haven't many of this world's goods—"

"I don't care a bit about money."

"But if you could care for me, I should be the happiest man alive, for I love you—if we have only met two or three times I have thought of you ever since that first day—and of nothing else."

"Oh, but—"

"If I'm an ass and a fool, tell me, and I'll get out at the next station—but if you could care—"

"I believe I do," said Geraldine—in a whisper.

"Then say you'll marry me. It would be splendid."

He made a little triumphant sound, for he knew he was safe.

"I will," said Geraldine—and she hid.

THE END.

WHY MORGAN IS KING OF FINANCE

"Wall street never could have got together under Harriman or Rogers," said a very astute broker to me. "These men never drew an unselfish breath. Oh, they did kindly little things, but they never took a public view of a large public question. The rest of us play for ourselves or for our crowd all the time. Is there a panic? Good. We go short driveprices down; spread the alarm, help the panic along. Of course. That's our business, and our business is all we can see. We can't grasp an interest bigger than a pool, and neither could Harriman and Rogers; and neither can William Rockefeller."

"Morgan can and that's why he dominates. He may start a break. He has done it for a petty particular, personal purpose too. But when but when the break becomes a panic and the thing has gone so far that he and everybody else seems to be

going to smash, then 'J.P.' can rise above himself and his bank and his crowd. He can act for the common good."

"The common financial good," I corrected.

"Certainly, the good of Wall street the common interest of the financial world. But that's all the world to him. Personal, passionate, domineering, brutal, he lives in a world of his own, but he cares for his world. He may abuse it himself, loving the game, he may let others abuse it, but he won't permit it to be used up. That's his distinction among his peers. He sees that we must not kill the geese that lay the golden eggs. Not much to see? No, but very few of us see that; very few; and whenever he and the rest of us have nearly killed the birds; when we have wrecked railroads, put the banks on the run, and carried a panic to the verge of universal disaster, Morgan calls a halt. And we halt. He honestly, ably magnificently applies all his moral power and all his brutal force to the tender task of nursing the geese back to life again and we—well, we carry bandages and wait upon the nurse."

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For when he does that we all know that he will not then "do" anything or anybody else. We know it, you understand. We have faith in him then. There is no other man known to us who might not, at the last moment cut the gizzard out of the gander and cook and eat the whole flock. But if Morgan says he won't he won't. So we follow him. We do what he says. He makes us. He is harsh and it hurts. During the last panic we got it straight that Morgan took two trust company Presidents in the privacy of his famous library of rare books, and knocked their heads together. Physically you understand."

"That's denied," I objected. "Oh, yes, it's denied," he said. "Sure." Everything is denied down here. I got it from a man who saw her, but what's the difference? Figuratively, it is true. And that's worse. I think no liar will deny that figuratively he takes bank Presidents and railroad Presidents and kicks them as he wouldn't dare to kick an office boy. And they let him. We all do. Why? Because he's fair; fierce, and a brute, but square. And that's why he can rule when he wants to; and that's why I think nobody else ever can."

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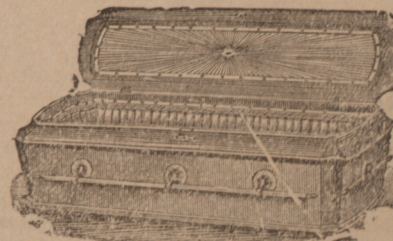
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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

NOTICE

The General Officer Commanding the Maritime Provinces Command desires to call the attention of all persons concerned to the fact, that under the ARMY ACT a Soldier cannot be placed under stoppages of pay for a private debt, and that, therefore, any person that suffers a Soldier to contract a debt does so at his own risk.

By order,

W. W. GIBSON, CAPT.,

D. A. A. G., (P. F.), M. P.