

FOX THE FUGITIVE LANDS IN PRISON CELL AND THOSE WHO PUT HIM THERE "DIDN'T KNOW"

Warden Pipes Receives the Fugitive with Open Arms in the Maritime Prison at Dorchester Where the Warden Consulted His Records to See if "Miss Boyler," Who is Nutty on Steam Boiler Engines Was Ever His Guest.

The Trails Through Westmorland Lead Many People Into Contact with Fox the Fugitive but They Were All Asleep Along His Paths.

(Written exclusively for The Standard by Fox, the Fugitive.)

When Warden Pipes met me inside the main entrance to the big prison on the hill at Dorchester I at once gave myself the "once over" to see if I had properly mobilized my wits.

This big man of fine physique, carrying his years with the step of a grenadier, saluted me with a most polite gesture and invited me into his office.

I found he had not yet been to his dinner, and I felt obliged on that account to shorten my visit with him.

Besides, knowing that Dorchester is a town of live wires—live when you get them going, I had no desire to foster suspicion in my exploits. I had an eye out for Major Lionel Hamilton, a tory in the C. O. Forestry battalion, who, I understand, is a good scout where there is anything worth going after.

It is true that Warden Pipes received me in the kindest manner—this veteran in the service of the Dominion who has held down his job twenty-eight years. But that is his way. He couldn't be anything else but martial and polite.

He did place me under confinement before I left. He put me in the custody of one of his guards, Palmer by name, before I went out. And was told to turn the key on me.

So Palmer led me down through the big halls where we passed the guards at their messes and put me into a cell. Now neither the warden nor the guard—turnkey I suppose you would call him—explained this remarkable maneuver. Nor did I make any objections. When I had had the chance to test the resilient properties of the bunk and form an opinion as to the security of the walls I walked out.

Palmer didn't object to my escape at all. In fact he turned the key in two separate iron-barred gates which released me.

"How did you like it?" queried the warden, as he and I stepped into the old barouche that Scout Tait keeps on wheels—just to show tourists the curiosity of it. I suppose, then to be whirled down the hill by "Dobbin's Flash Light" the nag that goes with the gig, where after a hearty shake of hands I left Pa Pipes at his neat and attractive home.

"What did you say your name is?" "Locksmith," I replied. "Henry Locksmith, of Passmore, Me." I had just been telling him that you wouldn't think anybody could get out of that place with so many locks on it.

And the guards, too, say, but they're a bunch. You should see them march down the hill, as I did standing inside of the door waiting for the Warden after I had sent in word I wanted to see him.

There were a company of guards going out to relieve the men I had seen when Arthur Lounder drove me up to the prison.

Did Artie drive me up, you ask? Sure. Don't you know that little

Don't Forget, Little People

That the Boy and the Girl of 12 years and under who is the first to catch Fox gets a Dandy Prize

Beside the Cash Reward

The First Boy a Boy's Prize. The First Girl a Girl's Prize.

See Conditions on 1st Page

One Boy Had First Chance and Missed It. Don't You.

family—one of our most highly respected and influential families.

"Umph!" he exclaimed. "That is hard on them—the only daughter. Yes, indeed it is told."

Now when I told Mrs. Tait that story at the railroad station and that she was the only daughter, Mrs. Tait felt real sympathetic. And she said so. Which, of course, was very kind.

Neither did Mrs. Tait "know." Nor Mr. Tait, either.

"I don't find the name," the Warden said.

"Well, you'll know the woman, for she is a bit dippy. If you'd ever had such a woman as she is you would never forget her."

The Warden looked up into my eyes inquiringly.

"I'll explain, Mr. Pipes, but I hope you'll never say anything about it outside. Her folks feel awfully bad about it. They've kept her disappearance out of the papers—but facts are facts and I'll have to tell you the whole thing."

"Miss Maggie Boller, only daughter of Mr. George Boller ship builder of Eastport, Me., has spells—and they're awful."

"What a pity," he said leaning back in his chair.

"At times she thinks she is an ice wagon and she goes walking around stopping like she is the horse that draws it and making her hands go over and over like the wheels of the wagon."

I demonstrated it, and Mr. Pipes looked on much amused.

"She cries out, 'Want any ice today?'"

At other times she thinks she is a steam driven motor—the boiler of it, I suppose, since Boller is her name."

The Warden laughed heartily but didn't see the point, the reward for the capture of Fox the Fugitive. And that pleases me. So I left the first town I've exploited since and feeling good towards them all.

LT. GOVERNOR WOOD CLOSES RESIDENCE AT FREDERICTON

His Honor and Party Leave Capital—Mrs. Wood Going to Boston.

Fredericton, June 28.—His Honor the Lieutenant Governor has closed Glen Isle House in this city and with the members of his party, with the exception of Mrs. Wood, left for St. John by steamer this morning, en route to Sackville. Mrs. Wood will leave for Boston tomorrow.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLOSING

Schools Close Today and Scholars Are Happy—Two Months Vacation—Programmes Will Be Carried Through in the Schools.

Today will see the ending of school for two months and the kiddies are counting the minutes until that glad hour comes. Some of the schools will not have any formal programme as they had quite elaborate entertainments on Empire Day this year. In the High School the closing exercises will be of a patriotic nature dealing altogether with the jubilee of Confederation.

Graduating Class.

The High School graduating class numbers sixty-two from Grade XI, and six from Grade XII.

The Grade XII graduates are: Elsie Henderson, Reita Phipps, Edward

CAN'T BEAT "TIZ" WHEN FEET HURT

"Tiz" for Sore, Tired, Puffed Up, Aching, Calloused Feet or Corns.



You can be happy-footed in a moment. Use "Tiz" and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired, aching feet. "Tiz" and "Tiz" takes the pain and soreness out of corns, callouses and bunions. As soon as you put your feet in a "Tiz" bath, you just feel the happiness making in. How good your poor, old feet feel. They want to dance for joy "Tiz" is grand. "Tiz" instantly draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, in damed, aching, sweaty feet. Get a 25 cent box of "Tiz" at any drug store or department store. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sores who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.

Bassen, Wm. Drake, Douglas Fritz, Ira Hannell.

Of the sixty-two in Grade XI, seven secure honor certificates, having made over 75 per cent. in their examinations. Of the seven in this list six are girls: Doris Barnes, Helen Smith, Marion Thompson, Marjorie Manning, Violet Foley, Mary Short and John Jordan.

The graduating class includes: Mildred Adams, Marjorie Alder, Ernest Allwood, Ives Anglin, Doris Barnes, Edith Cameron, Arthur Chesley, Chas. Clayton, Margaret Clayton, Robert Cochran, Florence Coster, Paul Cross, Edna Crump, Evelyn Currie, Elsie Dunlop, Laura Panjoy, Jean Fenton, Sylvia Ferguson, Violet Foley, Bessie Forbes, Israel Goldberg, Thomas Griffith, Jack Humphrey, John Jordan, Maud Josselyn, Arthur Kinsella, Marion Lanyon, Kate Lordy, Marjorie Manning, Leslie Mitchell, Joseph Moore, Margaret Morrow, Frank Murphy, Jean McAfee, Lou McDermid, Berryman McDonald, Bessie McIntosh, Margaret Newcomb, Melville Nichol, Florence Orr, Ira Pidgeon, Marjorie Purdy, Gladys Ross, Percy Seely, Marian Shea, Mary Short, Harold Sippell, Frances Smith, Helen Smith, Lucy Smith, Frances Stanley, Yetta Tansman, Marion Thompson, Roy Thompson, Flora Thurston, Greta Tremontsky, Irene Vincent, Herbert Weekes, Rena Whipple, Kenneth Willet, Doris Woodrow.

The closing exercises will begin at 10.45 and the address to the graduating class will be delivered by Rev. S. S. Poole, pastor of the German street Baptist church.

King Edward School.

King Edward school has its closing exercises this morning, and a very comprehensive programme has been arranged for the pupils which will be carried out in the assembly hall. The programme, as it will be carried out, is as follows: Chorus, "O Canada," pupils; recitation, "The Egg Tree," Victor Regan; song, "Swinging," Miss Payson's Grade I; recitation, "My Father is a Soldier," Wesley Stewart; song, "Jolly Joe," Ralph Carter; recitation, "A Hero," Walter Canston; physical drill, conducted by Miss Ingram; recitation, "Canadian Streams," Walter Allan; song, "Dear Little Shamrock," by 20 of Miss Perley's pupils; chorus, "Ye Mariners of England," school; recitation, "I Remember" (revised), Harold Northrup;

rose drill by 16 girls from Miss Vradenburg's and Miss Perley's rooms; recitation, "The Kingdom of the Sea," Maxwell Anderson; essay, "Confederation," Allison Cushing; remarks by the principal, Rev. R. Cormier; salutation of the flag by pupils; God Save the King.

Thirty-five pupils have taken the high school examination examinations in this school, but it will be some time before they will be able to learn the results.

Victoria school will celebrate its closing very quietly and no public programme will be given. The exercises here will consist of readings and recitations in the various classrooms.

St. Joseph's and St. Malachi schools on Sydney street have arranged short patriotic programmes to be carried out in the classrooms this morning. A large number of the pupils of St. Malachi's school have taken the high school entrance examinations.

"Please, Mother

may I have some more Jersey Cream Sodas? They're awfully good."

No wonder the little tots like these delicious biscuits—they're made from rich creamy butter, sweet milk, high-grade flour and pure shortening. You'll like their delicious, appetizing flavor, too.

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JERSEY CREAM Sodas



Pay Your Debt to Your Defenders!

Turn Your Luxuries into Comforts for those who have Sacrificed Most.

IS it nothing to you tha. men from all round you have sacrificed home and salary, safety and life, to defend your home as well as their own?

Is it nothing to you that their wives and families tremblingly scan each casualty list, and pale at the step of the postman or telegraph messenger?

Can you see others giving their dearest, without feeling that you must do something yourself? Do you wonder what to do?

You can at least save—and lend your savings to the nation. Canada needs every dollar her loyal sons and daughters can spare, to meet the growing expenses of the struggle.

Every dollar you invest in Canadian War Savings Certificates helps the nation to deal generously with those who are defending you.

Certificates in denominations of \$25, \$50 and \$100, repayable in three years, may be purchased at any Bank or Money Order Post Office at \$21.50, \$43 and \$86 respectively. This means over 5% interest—making them a profitable as well as a patriotic investment.

The National Service Board of Canada, OTTAWA.

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12th Paym't 75c	13th Paym't \$1.00	14th Paym't \$1.00	15th Paym't \$1.00
16th Paym't \$1.00	17th Paym't \$1.10	18th Paym't \$1.10	19th Paym't \$1.10
20th Paym't \$1.10	21st Paym't \$1.20	22nd Paym't \$1.20	23rd Paym't \$1.20
24th Paym't \$1.20	25th Paym't \$1.30	26th Paym't \$1.30	27th Paym't \$1.30
28th Paym't \$1.30	29th Paym't \$1.40	30th Paym't \$1.40	31st Paym't \$1.40
32nd Paym't \$1.40	33rd Paym't \$1.50	34th Paym't \$1.50	35th Paym't \$1.50
36th Paym't \$1.50	37th Paym't \$1.60	LAST PAYMENT	\$1.60