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Cigarette Tobacco

ROLL YOUR OWN

with OTTOMAN cigarette tobacco and get all the smoking pleasure that only a freshly rolled cigarette can give you.

OTTOMAN cigarette tobacco is of an ideal texture, — cut long and fine, which guarantees a uniformly rolled cigarette.

Every package is sold with a book of cigarette papers attached.

On Sale Everywhere 10 cts.

Rock City Tobacco Co.

25 Cigarettes for 10 cts.



En-ar-co

SCIENTIFICALLY REFINED

MOTOR OIL

BY using En-ar-co all the time you get not only increased power and more mileage per gallon of gasoline — you get them at an actual saving in cost!

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Canada's Largest and Oldest Independent Refiners of Gasoline and Lubricants.

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It Works From Both Ends

A local merchant upon whom we called recently gave us a first class talk upon "buying at home." We certainly agreed with him in all he said, and more too. The Graphic has always preached this doctrine, and lived up to it.

But what of our local merchants? A genial solicitor for wrapping paper, paper bags, etc., had induced him to order his counter check books from him, "just to make up a good sized freight shipment."

Our local merchant clean forgot that our local printers could supply these counter check books at the same price. He sent out of town for them.

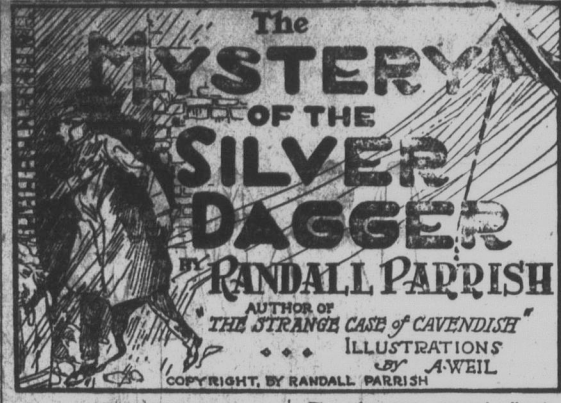
But its a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Buy All Your Printing From Your Local Printers

When in Need of anything in this Line PHONE

The Graphic Limited.

Phone 126 Campbellton, N. B.



The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

by RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AWAIL

CHAPTER VIII.

A Friend at the McAlpin—The Dag-

ger Mystery.

His unexpected question startled me. In a way it was an odd echo of the vague suspicion which had been pursuing me ever since the early afternoon. Somewhere there was a mysterious hand operating—but whose hand?

"A Russian Jew?" I questioned.

"Well, I'll tell you. Maybe it doesn't amount to nothing, but then again it might give us the right steer. A fellow they call 'Sly Lev'—a cheap thief, a dip mostly—blew in here last night with a note for Harris. He left it with one of the night barkeepers, and seemed to be in a hurry to get it delivered. The fellow was sealed, but stammered, and there wasn't a word on it either. So I didn't think it was too penitentiary sentence to pry it open, and a bit of steam to loosen up the flap. But I didn't get much out of it, only two lines spelled out in print letters. 'Where you met K. eight tomorrow. Don't fail; I'll be there. L. W. T. That's all.' Do you make anything of that?"

"I've got it," I said heartily. "It's part of this job. I'll explain after a bit. What did you do then?"

"Sealed it up, and gave it back to Joe. I didn't see no harm in it. Do you happen to know who this 'L. W. T.' stands for?"

"I can make a mighty good guess, Costigan—a Russian Jew, all right; Ivan Waldron."

"The fellow on his face remained fixed; evidently the name was unknown."

"Don't know the fellow? Likely enough; he doesn't operate in your line, but he is a crook just the same. I never saw him myself, but have heard about him for a long while—never anything good. He's an agitator, an anarchist, a revolutionary orator; one of those bugs who fight society and government, and hate every body but themselves, a loud-mouthed nuisance."

Costigan's mouth was open.

"Say," he interrupted, "what's that kind of guy got to do with George Harris?"

"He's got this to do with him—he's out after the coin. He saw or heard of some money, and naturally reached out for it. He was the first one to get onto this particular game. They were using him, this Chilean rascal, to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and that's how he tumbled to this bunch of money floating about, begging somebody to pick it up. He had worried himself inside, and knew it was coming. But he didn't have sense enough to tackle the game alone. He wanted somebody else to run all the risk, and so he turned over his share. Do you get it now?"

"Sure; he blew the thing for Harris."

"In a way—yes. He sent for him to come back from England, but without explaining just what his graft was. On the way over Harris picked up another end of the same net, and went after it himself. He wasn't any obligation to Waldron, and he preferred to play his hand alone."

"And the Russian has found out that?"

"That's the way I'd read the cards, Costigan, silent a long while, and I lit a cigar and watched him, his great hands closing and unclosing, as he slowly reviewed the situation."

"Say, this guy was humped off—his pockets were rifled, the papers were all but a little changed."

"Are you sure this fellow Alva didn't have that bunch of money along with him?"

"No! I'm not sure, of course, but Harris had been shadowing him for a month. Still, come to think, Alva was with Krantz the same night. He might have touched him."

"With who?"

"Krantz—Adolph Krantz—the banker. Kulb, Krantz and Company, over in Wall street," I explained.

"Is he the same guy that 'K' stands for in the letter?"

"No doubt. He and Harris had an interview at 247 Le Comte street."

"Le Comte, hey! I wonder who lives there?"

"Well, I can tell you—it's Ivan Waldron."

His fist came crashing down onto the arm of his chair.

"It's all clear enough then. He and George are up to some deal together. Say, I believe this Russian guy is the buck who got Alva."

"Do you think so? Well, I am not so sure of that. But, anyway, what shall we do?"

"Wait until George comes back. There ain't any cause for us to butt in yet. This is his game, as I see it. If it was you, Mr. Daly," he added grimly, "you wouldn't thank nobody to shove in uninvited—would you now?"

I was unconvinced by his argument, yet knew of no way of answering it. He must have seen my predicament in the expression of my face.

"Let come out on sight, Daly," he volunteered. "I know George, and he'll be the kind to be outwitted by a Russian Jew. Let's have a drink and we'll call it off for tonight. You leave me your telephone number and if anything happens I'll let you know."

"Why, it's in the papers; he was murdered last night over in Jersey City—stabbed through the back in an automobile. You saw it, didn't you?"

"H—! that guy? He was a Chilean captain, or something. Yer don't think that maybe George bumped him off, do yer?"

"No! I know he didn't; Harris was with him all last evening."

"And you haven't any notion who did?"

I shook my head negatively. Costigan sat for some moments, his chin cupped in his huge fist, his pipe extinguished and his forehead creased in thought. Then he looked up suddenly, a strange light in his eyes.

"Say, Daly," he asked in a hoarse whisper, "you know if there was a Russian Jew mixed up in this affair anywhere?"

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"Took 't back to the hotel, feeling restless and dissatisfied, yet unable to decide on any definite action. As I asked for my key, the clerk handed it over, together with a card in the box, which I read in bewilderment. 'Mr. Philip Severn, C-145. Call Hotel McAlpin.' Could this be Harris, endeavoring to reach me privately with some message? Or was it merely an acquaintance who had learned of my presence in the city? I found the McAlpin exchange number in the telephone book and gained connection, my pulses throbbing with excitement. A woman's voice answered.

"The McAlpin."

"This is Philip Severn. You left a call here at the hotel for me."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Severn. I'm requested to ask you to come at once to the parlor of the McAlpin, on the mezzanine floor—a friend wishes to see you."

"But really, I do not recognize your voice."

"Which is not altogether strange, as I am only a clerk on this floor. I am making this request in behalf of a guest."

"A man or a woman, may I ask?"

"She laughed good-humoredly.

"Really, I am not at liberty to say. You will come?"

"Yes, of course."

Before I had really finished my sentence the connection had been severed. However, there was no doubt now in my mind but that it was Harris. I took the subway and was at the entrance within twenty minutes, eager to learn what had actually transpired during the past twelve hours. Without using the elevator I passed up the marble stairs to the mezzanine floor, passing in uncertainty at the top. I looked about in search of some familiar face. A number of people were congregated about the raised opening looking down into the lobby, while others were scattered around on convenient divans, or at small writing desks. From the recesses of the ladies' room at the left came the strains of piano music, and the sound of a soprano voice singing. The song ceased to a clapping of hands. The faces I was able to distinguish were all strange and I moved forward in search.

I had attained the opposite side of the room before I came to a halt, suddenly arrested by a vision as startling as unexpected. Leaning over the railing, gazing intently down on the jostling crowd to the lobby below, apparently unconscious of all else, was Marie Geesler. There could be no doubt; I

stood motionless, looking at her intently, satisfying myself that I could not be deceived. No, it was certainly the same girl I had talked with the evening before, dressed more elaborately, changed somewhat in appearance by a more careful toilet, yet assuredly the same. She must have felt the intensity of my stare and thus sensed my presence, for she suddenly looked about with a little start, saw me instantly and arose to her feet. There was a second of hesitation, hardly perceptible, before she ventured a step forward, her lips smiling, her gloved hand held out to the place of meeting.

"You were very nice to come," she exclaimed quickly. "Especially in response to my ungracious message of invitation."

"It was you then who sent for me?"

"Yes, certainly. Did you imagine some one else?"

"I came rather blindly," I admitted, unwilling to mention Harris. "Your messenger refused to satisfy my curiosity even to the extent of telling the sex of the one calling."

She laughed, quite at her ease now, and seemingly amused.

"She was duly warned, I confess. I feared you might hesitate to respond if you once knew what awaited you."

"No fear of that."

"But I didn't know," her voice more earnest, her eyes on my face questioningly. "You have not thought very well of me, have you? Let us go over there in the corner, where we can talk without being overheard—there are two vacant chairs."

We reached there and seated ourselves in silence. I felt the necessity of restraint, the desire to permit her to lead the conversation in whatever direction she thought best. She appeared younger in the bright light, her face even more attractive than in my memory.

"You are thoroughly puzzled, are you not?" she asked eagerly. "Well, it was I, last night. It is only right I should pay you back in your own coin; that is perfectly fair, I am sure."

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GOLF SUPPLIES

A full line of golf supplies on hand

A. F. Graham

Water St.

FLOOR SCAPING MACHINE

I have purchased a "Universal Floor Scaping Machine" (one of the best on the market) and am now prepared to scrape hardwood floors of every description in a thoroughly first-class manner at most moderate prices.

RATES ON APPLICATION
THOS. R. MCKENZIE
Phone 271 - Campbellton
Sept. 4-11.

Notice of Sale

To E. Napoleon Bergeron of the Village of St. Quentin in the Parish of St. Quentin, County of Restigouche and Province of New Brunswick, Merchant, and Arthur Jellison of St. Quentin in the Parish of St. Quentin, County and Province of New Brunswick, and Marie Geesler, all of whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the Twenty-second day of March in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and twenty-two and made between Arthur Jellison of St. Quentin in the Parish of St. Quentin, County and Province of New Brunswick, Mortgagee, of the one part, and E. Napoleon Bergeron of the one part, and Marie Geesler of the one part, the Parish of St. Quentin, County and Province of New Brunswick, the County of Restigouche, and the Province of New Brunswick, the said indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the Twenty-second day of March in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and twenty-two, and made between Arthur Jellison of St. Quentin in the Parish of St. Quentin, County and Province of New Brunswick, Mortgagee, of the one part, and E. 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