TAXI

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from yesterday.)

Synopsis.

Robert Hervey Randolph, who is in possession of an income of ten thousand a year pending the finding of Miss Imogene Pulema Thornton, is thrown over by Miss Madge Van Tellier, who wants the things big money buy and hints at selling herself to one, Beacher Tremont. On the way home he sees Tremont trying to force a girl to take a taxi ride with him and shoving him out of the way takes the girl to his own rooms, where he discovers she is the lost heiress to his ten thousand a year. He leaves her there and bribes the driver of the taxi to change clothes and places with him. The next morning he sends the lawyer around to her rooms to see the heiress and drops out of sight himself, working away as a taxi driver, known as "Slim Hervey." In this capacity he saves several people from themselves and heads them back on the straight and narrow path. All the time he is waiting for Madge to fall for Tremont and one night he is hailed by him and asked to take her and himself to the "Greenwood Hostelery."

Memories of a mischievous boyhood swarmed to Mr. Randolph's mind, recollections of those days when as chief of the Madison Square Gang his ears had tingled to the cry of "Cheese it, de cop! We'se pinched, fellers!" A cold sweat came out upon his brow; he slowly relaxed his grip on Miss Van T.'s person and whispered tremulously to her to keep her nerve but hand him her latchkey.

Over his shoulder he said with forced calm, "On what charge, Officer?"

"Same old dope," replied the policeman phlegmatically, "drunken, disorderly. Come along, now, er d'yer want me to climb them steps so's we c'n all roll down together."

Taking that speech Mr. Randolph made a lucky shot at the keyhole, stealthily turned the lock and opened the door. "The way's clear, Madge," he whispered. "Beat it."

"Oh, is it, Bobby, you dear," rattled Miss Van T. in a stage whisper that could be heard across the street. "I didn't mean it, really, what I said about hating you. But I do love Beacher, Bobby, and I'll—I'll—"

"For heaven's sake, Madge," groaned Mr. Randolph, hearing sounds as of a bear starting to swarm a tree, "keep all that till New Year's."

"I was just going to say," continued Miss Van T. breathlessly but with a cold eye fixed on the cumbrous shadow coming up the steps, "that I'll owe it to you, Bobby. I'll owe it all to you. D'you understand?"

"Sure," lied Mr. Randolph as he pushed her firmly through the door, then caught its knob, slammed it shut and turned to meet Nemesis. "Hello, Flahaharty!"

The huge policeman stopped his ponderous but sure progression and stared long and suspiciously into Mr. Randolph's face. Finally he gave a grunt of recognition. "Slim," he said to himself aloud as though somewhere within his vast bulk there were a separate monitor that had to be tipped off to the situation, "Slim Hervey."

"Sure," said Mr. Randolph, leading the way toward his wagon, "who else did you think it was at this time o' night?"

"How did I know," demanded Mr. Flahaharty gruffly but not unpleasantly for him, "as you had taken on deliveries o' fancy dress-goods on top o' your regular line?"

He breathed heavily and allowed his eyes to protrude farther than usual in search of a thought which he sensed in the near distance. "I tell you, Slim," he finally continued, "I don' know what this burg is a-comin' to. Why, even the street kind used to have a man to take 'em home, but this here was a bit o' high-flyin' fluff—me, I could see that—an' they had to give it to a cab!"

"Forget it," said Bobby nervously.

"All I says," continued Mr. Flahaharty, "is thank God both o' my goils is married to hairy men that can an' does lick the stuffin's outen 'em."

"Well, here we are," said Mr. Randolph as he stooped to turn her over. From his seat behind the wheel he began to breathe more easily and leaned out to study the face of his friend the officer to make sure that therein was no guile.

"Cheer up, Jim," he said not quite reassured. "Forget it."

"I'll try," said Mr. Flahaharty dubiously, "but it'll come hard bein' the first time I ever seen a thing like that She sure give you a tussle, Slim!"

PART III.

Maid's Adventure.

Take a young girl of about twenty who, in her childhood, was pampered of fortune in money, position, good breeding, and pets, turn her loose on the world at the age of ten with no prop but a faithful, sickly and destitute old nurse, kill off the nurse a couple of years later, let the girl fend for herself as scullery-maid and was not through the uninteresting stage that precedes the sudden bloom of unexpected beauty, give her a long succession of jobs secured "on her looks" and lost because she wouldn't, lead her up to the crowded portal of despair and the long-drawn-out surrender; then snatch her suddenly back from destruction, feed her, give her the role freedom for a night of Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph's comfortable apartment and—what will she do? The answer is easy. She will find the bath and turn on the hot water.

That was the very first thing that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton did after she had finished spying from the window on the movements of what she supposed was Mr. Randolph and what, in reality, was Mr. Patrick O'Reilly in Mr. Randolph's best top-hat, best suit of evening clothes and overcoat, best gray silk muffler, price twenty-two dollars, and best patent-leather shoes—the last a very tight fit which made the revamped gentleman's gait a cross between that of a chicken on a hot stove and a drunk on his reluctant way home.

Even the unsuspecting Miss Thornton was puzzled by that halting locomotion in connection with what she knew of Mr. Randolph, but she added it, two and two, with the mysterious twenty minutes spent by that gentleman and the driver in the recesses of the cab, apparently to settle a difference in ideas as to the value of a waiting taxi, and decided that poor Mr. Randolph must have issued from the interview in a semi-crippled state.

She, herself, was too excited to let pity altogether absorb her. Without waiting for either the tortured wayfarer or the taxi to get quite out of sight, she dropped the window-curtain and turned to possess herself of her world of comfort for a delight. A starved instinct led her straight to the luxuriously appointed bathroom. As previously previously, she turned on the hot water and clasped her hands ecstatically as she watched its crystalline surge and imagined she could smell the opalescent steam.

But not for long was she inactive. Having surrendered to circumstance to the extent of promising to stay in the flat until ten the following morning, she decided to do the job wholeheartedly, for Imogene Pamela was one of those lucky and fated young women who can never give themselves by halves. If happiness so much as showed its nose, it was her nature to tackle blindly for its waist and go to the mat for the immediate present.

Consequently, let not her modesty be misjudged when it is related that, in the short time it took to fill the bath, she accomplished the following: rooted out Mr. Randolph's best silk pajamas, found his softest bath-robe, filled a hot-water bottle and slipped it far down between the too cold linen sheets of his big bed. Continuing at this rate of achievement, it may be imagined that in ten minutes more the young lady, having bathed, was curled up and sound asleep. Not on your life!

Item: It took her twenty-one minutes by the clock to scrub out the memory of the scabby zinc bathtubs of many years. Item: Twenty more minutes to wash her hair. Item: Half an hour more to scrub her underwear and stockings. Assorted items: Various pauses during which she shamelessly looked at herself in a full-length mirror of such pure reflecting qualities as had not crossed her path since England was a pup. After that, a long entrancing item called "drying her hair."

Did you blame her, three lines back, in your heart for her frequent inspections of self in the mirror? If you did, look at her now! Mr. Randolph's bathrobe is billowed at her waist and tied tight to keep it from trailing on the floor; for almost a like reason, its sleeves are rolled up above her elbows. It is open in a V at the neck, showing the adolescent curve of a virginal but much excited bosom.

With a woolly towel in both hands, she plants herself before the staid old looking-glass and gives it such a treat as it has never before savored in its sixty-two years of service to the Randolph family. Rub, rub, rub, with the towel. Her cheeks grow pink and pinker, her eyes round and rounder. They twinkle and smile, and once, when she made a little face at herself, they laughed out loud. Her hair slowly wakes from its stringy dampness until it, too, bursts into a sort of light and curly merriment. Pamela puffs out her cheeks and blows at its reflection.

When all the rubbing is done, even to the last rite where they divide the fragrant flood into two waves falling over the bosom and mercilessly knead the damp ends between folds of the dryest bit of the towel, she drops that implement and runs into the big room where the dying open fire blinks its red eye as though it had been waiting up for her.

The writer—who is privileged, for the benefit of a large and growing public, to see her in his mind's eye as her pink bare feet pad up and down the room, racing every time they come to the home-stretch between the unpeopled grandstand of the couch and the fire, and then doubling suddenly, so that her wide eyes may catch her hair still on the wing, for all the world like a kitten chasing its tail—does therein affirm, by the collective manhood of the earth, that she was altogether lovable and beyond the reach of sullying thought. Now let her curl up in the bed and sleep.

Slumber meant nothing in Pamela's life. That statement should be taken not in the sense of the common slang of the vulgar but, at its literal face value. What is meant is that when this young lady slept, it was like taking a chunk bodily out of life and putting it in warm storage. As a consequence, when the old-fashioned clock on the mantel burred a warning that it was thinking of striking the hour of nine in about two minutes, she opened her eyes and wondered through what magic night had been suddenly replaced by broad and smiling day.

Not for long did that life-long and accustomed miracle hold her attention, for scarcely had it occurred, through force of habit, to her awakening thought than her startled eyes fell upon the tall, stooped, gray-headed figure of a man, clad in livery and standing unstably poised in the doorway of the room. His eyes naturally deep-set, actually protruded from his face as though they were determined to come half-way to meet Pamela's wondering orbs. He looked like a solemn raven which has carelessly alighted on a live wire.

"He-hello!" stammered the young lady.

"Good-morning, miss," said Tomlinson, in sepulchral and censorious tones. "Where is Master Robert?"

"You mean Mr. Randolph?" asked Pamela, a little breathlessly.

The old man steadied himself by seizing the door-jamb and bowed confirmation of her supposition.

"I don't know where he is," said Pamela, more calmly. "The last time I saw him he was limping west." A twinkle came into her eyes. "Why do you ask?"

Tomlinson further steadied himself with his other hand.

"Why do I ask?" he exclaimed. "Miss do you mind telling me who you are and what you are doing in Mr. Randolph's apartment at nine o'clock on a Friday morning?"

"In November," supplemanted Pamela, as though she were supplying a very important addition to the facts in the case. "I am Miss Thornton," she added, with as much dignity as a maiden, tumbled of hair, flushed of cheek, and cuddled in a young man's big bed, could summon.

The effect of her words on Tomlinson was electrical.

"Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton?" he asked, as he suddenly straightened and let go of his supports.

"Yes," said Pamela, gazing at him in undisguised surprise. "How did you know?"

"Why, miss," said the old man, "I'm Tomlinson. Excuse me for saying so," he added a pale flush in his withered cheeks, "but many a time in the old days Maggie let me take you on my knee. A mort of worry you have given us, miss."

Quick tears rose to Pamela's eyes. "Oh!" she cried. "You knew Maggie?"

"In a manner of speaking, I did," stated Tomlinson sonorously. "Kissed her; but she never let me get as far as hugging, poor girl! She said she knew she wasn't here for long enough."

Laughter bubbled into Pamela's eyes alongside of the tears, but, in spite of it the next moment she was crying softly.

"P-poor M-Maggie!" she sobbed.

Tomlinson bobbed his head up and down in formal sympathy, too old to worry much over woman's weeping.

"I understand that she must 'ave went," he said. "Else you wouldn't be alone, miss. Will you have your breakfast in bed?"

"Oh, could I?" sniffed Pamela, and then her eyes fell on the clock. "No, I can't," she decided for herself. "You see, Tomlinson; I only pro-promised to stay until ten."

"I'll be getting your bath ready, then miss," said Tomlinson, and withdrew.

Half an hour later Pamela was enjoying a lonely "tray"-breakfast, placed at her command before the couch, which faced the friendly fire in the big living-room. Without being a mind-reader, it is possible to surmise that she ate very slowly, in the vain hope that Mr. Randolph would pop in, with or without Father Christmas, and, joining her in the meal, banish a baby Mr. Gloom that was hanging round.

(Continued tomorrow.)

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample Box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Edwin N. Stockford, of the City of Saint John, in the County of the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, Manager, and Florence J. Stockford, his wife, and all others whom it may concern.

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, on Saturday, the Second day of October, A. D. 1920, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, the following freehold property, namely:

"ALL that certain lot, piece and parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, Province aforesaid, described as all that certain lot, piece or parcel or land facing on the south side of the Old Westmorland Road, commencing at a point sixty-eight (68) feet six (6) inches, more or less, from the northwesterly corner of the old burying ground or Trinity Church Burial Ground, so called, thence at right angles from the southerly side of the Old Westmorland Road one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to lands now owned or held by the Grand Trunk Pacific Development Company, thence at right angles in a westerly direction thirty-four (34) feet to a lot of land now owned by the Thomas Gilbert Estate, thence northerly along the east side of the said Thomas Gilbert Estate lot one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to the south side of the Old Westmorland Road, thence easterly along the south side of the Old Westmorland Road thirty-four (34) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning, being lot number (2) and colored yellow and shown on plan 'A' of the partition of the Gilbert property made by Gilbert G. Murdoca, Deputy Land Surveyor, dated June 17th, 1913, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds," together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Sixteenth day of August, A. D. 1915, and made and executed between the said Edwin N. Stockford, of the City of Saint John, in the County of the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, Manager, and Florence J. Stockford, his wife, therein called the mortgagors, of the first part, and Elizabeth Wilson, of the City of Saint John, aforesaid, widow, therein called the mortgagee, of the second part, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John as number 92152 in Book 138, pages 114 to 116, inclusive. Also and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Second Mortgage made and executed between the said Edwin H. Stockford and Florence J. Stockford, his wife, therein called the mortgagors, of the first part, and the said Elizabeth Wilson, therein called the mortgagee, of the second part, and dated the Twentieth day of October, A. D. 1916, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John as number 93678 in Book 143, pages 151 to 154, inclusive, default having been made in the payment of the money secured by and in the performance of the covenants and conditions contained in the said Indenture of Mortgage.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the said Elizabeth Wilson has hereunto set her hand and seal at the City of Saint John, aforesaid, this Thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1920.

(Sgd.) ELIZABETH WILSON.
Per Pro. H. C. Schofield, (L.S.)
Attorney.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in the presence of
(Sgd.) LEONARD P. D. TILLEY.

Shoe on the Other Foot.

"We all remember when sugar started to go up how the wholesaler who had a stock in charged the advanced rate and called that legitimate profit," says the corner grocer, "but now when it looks as if sugar prices might drop, listen to the noise he makes about the awful loss."

MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Wednesday, Sept. 1.

Arrived Tuesday

S. S. Governor Dingley, 2356, Ingalls Boston, Mass.

Coastwise—Str Bear River, 70, Moore, Bear River, N S.; str Granville III., 61, Collins, Annapolis Royal, N. S.; str Keith Cann, 177, McKinnon, Westport, N. S.; str Ruby L., 51, Baker, Margaretville, N. S.; gas sch Snow Maiden, 46, Foster, Grand Harbor.

Cleared Tuesday

S. S. Kanawha, 2488 Bailey, London, via Halifax.

Coastwise—Str Bear River 70, Moore Bear River, N S.; str Turret Cape, 1141, McDonald, Sydney, N S.; gas Ruby L, 51, Baker, Margaretville, N S.; gas sch Whisper, 37, McAdam, St. Martins; gas sch Nellie, 65, Legere, Parrsboro, N S. str Keith Cann, 177, McKinnon, Westport, N S.

Sailed Tuesday

Str Kanawha, Capt. Beatteay, for London via Halifax.

CANADIAN PORTS

Quebec, Aug. 31—Ard 30, Str Barge J. A. McKee from Sydney.

BRITISH PORTS

Cardiff, Aug. 27—Sailed str Edmond Hugo Stinnes, 4, Cape Breton.

Glasgow, Aug. 27—Sailed, stmr Revelton, Canada.

Southampton, Aug. 26—Sailed, stmr Imperator, New York.

Sails Saturday

The Furness liner Digby will sail from Halifax on September 8 for Liverpool via St. Johns, Nfld. Furness Withy and Co., Ltd., are the local agents.

For London Via Halifax

The steamer Kanawha sailed at ten o'clock yesterday for London via Halifax. She loaded part of her general cargo here and will complete it in Halifax. Furness Withy and Co Ltd., are the local agents.

In Need of Wind

In a letter received by J Willard Smith from Captain Granville of the schooner C Maud Gaskill, now at Fisher's Island Sound, N. Y., the captain writes that his ship has been becalmed for ten days. From reports received there are numerous other sailing ships affected in the same way.

Undergoing Repairs

The river steamer Dream is lying in Market Slip undergoing some repairs.

To Load Lumber

The steamer Elbe arrived last night from London to load lumber for W. M. Mackay and Co.

ARAB PARLIAMENT FOR MESOPOTAMIA

Mail Copyright, Special to London Daily Mail and St. John Standard. Copyright 1920, Cross-Atlantic Newspaper Service.

London, Aug. 30.—The government has decided to establish as soon as possible an Arab cabinet and parliament in Mesopotamia, with British advisers in charge of the administration. If the Arabs choose a native prince the British administration will probably approve.

Go Further.

A Sinn Fein kicker in the U. S. objects to Sir Auckland Geddes addressing American lawyers on any other topic than law. Perhaps law-breaking would be a more welcome topic.

R.M.S.P. TO THE WEST INDIES
FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS
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TIME TABLE
The Maritime Steamship Co. Limited

Commencing June 7th, 1920, a steamer of this line leaves St. John Tuesday at 7.30 a.m. for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday, two hours of high water for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Back Bay and L'Etete.

Leaves St. Andrews Thursday, calling at St. George, L'Etete, or Back Bay and Black's Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Friday for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Dipper Harbor at 8 a.m. on Saturday for St. John. Freight received Mondays 7 a.m. to 5 p.m.; St. George freight up till 12 noon.

Agents, the Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd.

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DAYLIGHT TIME.

Commencing June 1st steamer leaves Grand Manan Mondays, 7.30 a. m., for St. John via Campobello and Eastport, returning leaves St. John Tuesdays, 10 a. m., for Grand Manan, via the same ports.

Wednesdays leave Grand Manan 8 a. m., for St. Stephen, via intermediate ports, returning Thursdays.

Fridays, leave Grand Manan 6.30 a. m., for St. John direct, returning 2.30 same day.

Saturdays, leave Grand Manan, 7.30 a. m., for St. Andrews, via intermediate ports, returning 1.30 same day.

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Lv Sydney	7.00 a.m.	A.T.	Sa.	..	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.
Lv Halifax	3.10 p.m.	"	"	..	"	"	"	"	"
Lv Charlottetown	1.40 p.m.	"	"	..	"	"	"	"	"
Lv St. John	6.10 p.m.	"	"	..	"	"	"	"	"
Lv Moncton	10.05 p.m.	"	"	..	"	"	"	"	"
Lv Quebec	5.30 p.m.	E.T.	Su.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.
Ar Cochrane	8.20 p.m.	"	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.
Ar Winnipeg	6.00 p.m.	C.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	M.

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard Sleeping and Dining Cars between Halifax, and Levis (Quebec), Observation Parlor Car and Diner between Sydney and Truro. Parlor car St. John to Moncton. Standard Sleeper and Dining car between Quebec and Winnipeg; Tourist Sleeper between Cochrane and Winnipeg, Colonist car between Cochrane and Winnipeg.

Canadian National-Grand Trunk
THE MARITIME PROVINCES. — PACIFIC COAST.
VIA MONTREAL, TORONTO, NORTH BAY, COCHRANE.

Lv Sydney	8.30 p.m.	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.
Lv Halifax	8.10 a.m.	"	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Sa.
Lv Charlottetown	7.00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	..
Lv St. John	7.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Su.
Lv Moncton	2.25 p.m.	E.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	M.
Ar Montreal (Bonaventure Dep.)	9.20 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv Montreal	10.00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv Toronto	11.00 p.m.	"	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	M.	Tu.
Ar North Bay	7.50 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Ar Cochrane	5.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Ar Winnipeg	6.00 p.m.	C.T.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	M.	Tu.	W.
Ar Vancouver	9.00 a.m.	P.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping cars and dining cars between Halifax, Sydney and Montreal—Toronto and Winnipeg—Winnipeg and Vancouver. Tourist sleeper between Toronto and Winnipeg and between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Colonist cars between Toronto and Winnipeg and between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Compartment Observation car between Edmonton and Vancouver.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES. — PACIFIC COAST.
VIA MONTREAL, OTTAWA, PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM.

Lv Montreal	6.10 p.m.	E.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	..
Ar Ottawa	9.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	..
Ar Port Arthur	7.15 a.m.	"	Th.	..	Sa.	..	M.	..	..
Lv Fort William	7.05 a.m.	C.T.	"	..	"	..	"	..	..
Ar Winnipeg	9.45 p.m.	"	"	..	"	..	"	..	..
Ar Vancouver	9.00 a.m.	P.T.	Su.	..	Tu.	..	Th.	..	..
Ar Victoria	8.00 p.m.	"	"	..	"	..	"	..	..

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Sydney, Halifax, Moncton and Montreal—Montreal and Winnipeg. Cafe Parlor car between Montreal and Sudbury, Observation car between Montreal and Winnipeg.

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SOVIETS WANT TO BUY OUR MACHINERY

Russia Must Have Locomotives and Transport Machinery Before She Can Enter Export Trade.

(Copyright, 1920, by Cross-Atlantic News Service.)

Berlin, Aug. 30.—Canadian and American locomotives and machinery are needed in Russia, according to transport commissioner Lomonossow, who is here negotiating contracts for locomotives for the Russian railroads.

"The great difficulty is the price," he said tonight, "and we may be driven to apply to Canadian builders. The transport system must be radically reorganized before we can handle any large movement in export goods or the big grain stocks. Up to the present we have been able to effect only a slight improvement in the transport service.

"We have begun the development of electric power and are building three enormous power stations at Spir, Wolchow and Dneiper, but we are handicapped by the lack of water turbines which can be purchased only in America, Germany or Sweden.

COSTS MILLIONS TO GET WATER

Regina, Sask., Sept. 3.—Seven million dollars is the minmum cost at which the southern part of the province can be supplied with water from the South Saskatchewan river. This is the estimate of the Saskatchewan Water Supply Company, and is based on a wood stave pipe line being used. If a concrete pipe line is adopted the cost will be eleven million dollars. A steel pipe line would cost thirteen million dollars.

Will Be Missed.

It is a pity that "Lefty Louie" and "Gyp the Blood" cannot come to the aid of Sinn Fein when they need expert gunmen for their work of assassination.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
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THERAPION No. 2
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St. John, N. B.
W. W. TITUS, Prov. Mgr.

WANTED—Single young man to travel with manager and solicit. Experience unnecessary. Salary and expenses or commission. White Chas. Frezek, Woodstock, N. B.

WANTED—A first or second-class female school teacher, District No. 3 New Bandon, Gloucester County. All English scholars. Apply to Horace Hornebrook, Stonehaven P. O., Gloucester Co., N. B.

WANTED — Second-class female teacher for District No. 14, Parish of Johnston. Apply, stating salary, to Roy M. Pearson, Secretary, Highfield, Queens County, N. B.

TEACHER WANTED — Second-class female teacher for District No. 11, Parish of Coverdale. Apply stating salary to Beverly Ricker, Sec. Tr., Turtle Creek, Alb. Co., N. B.

Teacher for advanced department, Lower Millstream School. Apply to H. A. Corbitt, Secretary, Apohaqui R. R. No. 2.

WANTED — First - class female teacher, School District No. 7, Town of Grand Falls—capable of teaching French and English. Apply immediately to Walter V. Powers, Secretary, Grand Falls, N. B.

WANTED — Second Class School Teacher, District No. 1, Parish Wickham. Apply A. P. Case, stating salary.

WANTED—One good, expert meat cutter and sausage maker. Apply, with reference and full particulars as to experience, to J. Bennet Hachey, West Bathurst, N. B.

WANTED—Second Class Teacher District No. 6. Apply stating salary, David Spear, Secretary, Pennfield Ridge, Charlotte county, N. B. R. F. D. No. 1.

WANTED—A middle-aged woman for the position of Matron or Superintendent to manage an institution housing between fifty and sixty children. Apply in own handwriting, giving age, qualifications, references and salary expected, to A. T. L., P. O Box 662, City.

STORES AND OFFICES, MALE AND FEMALE HELP REQUIRED.—$75-$100 per month during your spare time, submitting samples of Personal Greeting Cards to people with whom you come in contact. Tremendous demands this year. Write for terms. Samples free. Carlton Publishers, 328 Spadina avenue, Toronto.

WANTED—Maid for general housework. Reference required. Wages $35 a month. Three in family. Apply Mrs. M. T. Gleason, 1070 Carroll St., Brooklyn, New York.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Eastern Lines.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Ties" will be received at this office until twelve o'clock noon, Tuesday, 31st day of August, for 1,500,000 Railway Ties to be made and delivered between December 1st, 1920 and November 1st, 1921, in accordance with Tie Specification No. 3856, dated March 18th, 1919.

400,000 to be delivered on Transcontinental (District 5) south of the St. Lawrence River.

1,000,000 to be delivered on Intercolonial, Halifax Division.

100,000 to be delivered on Halifax and South Wester nBranch.

Tender forms and specifications can be obtained at the office of the General Tie Agent, No. 9 Toronto street, Toronto.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on forms supplied by the Railway.

No tender for quantities less than 10,000 will be considered.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

E. LANGAHM,
General Purchasing Agent
Canadian National Railways
Toronto, Ont.
Toronto, August 6, 1920.

CORNMEAL, OATS, FEEDS
Largest dealers in Maritime Provinces.
STEEN BROS., LTD.
Mills at St. John, N. B., South Devon, N. B., Yarmouth, N. S.

Canadian National Railways
THROUGH SLEEPING CAR
Between
ST. JOHN and CAMPBELLTON

Leaves St. John on No. 10 Passenger Train at 11.45 p. m. (except on Saturdays and Sundays) and connects at Moncton with No. 31 Passenger Train for Campbellton.

RETURNING SLEEPER will leave Campbellton at 8.35 p. m. on No. 32 Passenger Train (except Saturday and Sunday), connecting at Moncton with No. 10 train for St. John.

For Fares, Reservations and Further Information apply to

A. L. GIBB, City Ticket Agent. 49 King Street