TAXI

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from yesterday.)

Synopsis.

Robert Hervey Randolph is thrown over by Madge Van Tellier, who is adorable but wants the things that money can buy and professes not to be too particular how the money comes. She hints at a position as private secretary at her own price. Tells Bobby that New York has got into her veins and the fever must run its course. Bobby leaves after refusing to kiss her good-bye, thinking as he goes down the street of little Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton who he had seen for one brief moment ten years before, having at that time rescued her from death under a motor car.

It had taken Genie's great-uncle, Asa Thornton, six more months to forget a quarrel of sixteen years' standing with his nephew, and by that time child and nurse had been seeped into that lower world which can't afford morning and afternoon editions and is too busy praying for daily bread to look for a rain of manna in the daily press.

In short, Maggie and her charge, traced down the ladder of reputable, disreputable and impossible lodgings, had slipped ultimately from sight and the ken of people with addresses, and, as a result, Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, whose relationship to Mr. Asa Thornton is of no import whatever to this tale of cause and effect, came into ten thousand a year and a string—the string being the possible reappearance of Miss Imogene Pamela.

"Bob," had said old Asa, on the verge of a tardy demise, "I'm not introducing you to a war between conscience and self-interest. There's no silly story-book test about my money; you are under no obligation to look for Imogene or to shout if you step on her by any twist of chance. My lawyers have all the instructions necessary along those lines; they are to make every reasonable effort, and if they succeed, why, you're man enough to look out for yourself. It—it isn't going to make a devil of a lot of difference to me where the cash goes so long as I die with—die with the credit."

With that last sentence, his mind had stumbled and wandered off to memories of his nephew Brewster. Looking back from the vantage of twenty-six years, Randolph caught, for the first time, the full import of Asa Thornton's farewell words to him and to life: "Die with the credit." They held the kernel of the old man's carefully measured amend.

"Great old top!" murmured Mr. Randolph aloud, and half unconsciously turned to the left at Forty-second Street. Five minutes later he was caught in the maelstrom of the Thanksgiving crowd milling round Times Square.

Presently he found himself on the edge of a human sea, banked up to give passage to a honking empty taxicab. Here was another question for a suddenly inquiring mind. Where did taxi-cabs, empty ones, go to in such a hurry? The door of this one was swinging open, and the proof of how intent the crowd was on its myriad individual goals is evidenced by the fact that a dozen voices did not inform the driver that the season was off for fans on wheels.

The cab was moving more slowly than Mr. Randolph's subconscious mind, which led him to step into it and quietly close the inviting door. Upon seating himself, he tried to analyze the impulse that had lifted him from the curb. He decided that it was not so much the curiosity as to the destination of empty cabs as a natural and ancient dislike for being pushed and elbowed by people.

It was not long before the cab, unwittingly loaded for bear, drew up with a final honk at the stage-door of the Crocodile. Immediately came a rasping voice that was vaguely familiar to Mr. Randolph.

"Well," it said, "you sure took your own time getting here." The driver, expert in aggravating repartee without words, pressed the bulb of his atrocious horn three times. "Cut it out!" said the rasping voice. "There isn't any hurry now."

It was incredible, reasoned Mr. Randolph with himself, that any one should forget that voice once heard, and he was right. He remembered it. It was the voice of Mr. Duke Beamer, whom he had had the distinct pleasure of blackballing for one club in college and three in town. Mr. Beamer, to his honest mind, was the best living example of animated slime in tailor-made clothes.

Mr. B. was not alone; Mr. Randolph could just see his companion through glass, and even that distorted glimpse was very close to a vision. The girl the slant of the half-raised window was young, beautiful, and troubled. Her dark-brown hair ran riot round the edges of her little velvet toque; her eyebrows arched beyond the art of pencilling, and the eyes beneath them wavered this way and that, as though in search of a merry look that had left them forever. Her cheeks were thin and pale, her parted lips aquiver; her chin was atremble. Of course she was very cheaply but neatly clothed.

"Make up your mind," said the rasping voice. "Ride with me or walk the streets by yourself, and don't forget that there's no job behind you. You've said good-by to that door for good." The girl's wan face went through that contortion which says, "I won't cry," and doesn't, thereby achieving a pity beyond the need of tears. The quivering of her lips, the trembling of her chin grew more pronounced—only to steady down as she swept up stricken and imploring eyes to the face of the unseen man.

"Oh, Duke," she begged, "promise—promise you'll be always good to me."

"Of course, little one," said the rasping voice, promptly and much relieved, promising lightly to pay on demand, in full for a soul delivered in advance. "You'll never regret it, believe me."

The girl tore her doubting eyes from his face and stepped toward the cab. Mr. Randolph made himself exceeding small in the corner nearest the curb. An unseen agent opened the door; the girl slipped in and turned to look at herself; her escort made to follow. Then did Mr. Randolph suddenly lean forward and proceed to push in the face of Mr. Beamer with his open hand and the full weight of his shoulder. That astonished action of a once gentlemanly house reeled backward and sat down the pavement kerplunk.

"My what a bump!" spoke a keen young voice over Mr. Randolph's shoulder, but he was too occupied to take note of it at the time. He leaned far out so that the driver could get the full effect of his modish top-hat and spoke cryptic words.

"Ten dollars' worth of the Park," is what he said.

The driver welcomed the sudden apparition with a friendly grin, honked defiantly three times, and threw in the clutch. They were off, and trailing after them came such a string of blasphemous utterances as made Mr. Randolph wince. Instantly was brought to his recollection the assurance of Miss Van Tellier that the mind of woman is impervious to mere words as words. He turned his eyes to the face beside him and found prompt confirmation.

The girl was laughing. No longer did her eyes search for a gleam they thought they had lost forever. It was there within them, come back to rollick in her pupils and spill itself in reckless spending.

"Oh! Oh! What a bump!" she gasped.

"Funny, wasn' it?" said Mr. Randolph weakly.

"Awfully," said the girl.

Thereupon fell a long silence. The cab cut across the traffic, reached the Avenue, and eventually the dark Park before Mr. Randolph found anything further to say.

"Funny, wasn't it?" he remarked.

The girl cast him a startled look.

"Why," she gurgled, "that's what you said before."

"So I did," said Mr. Randolph, frowning thoughtfully. "So I did. By the way, what's your name?"

The girl caught her breath and swallowed her laughter.

"Vivienne Vivierre," she said, after a pause.

"God, how awful!" commented Mr. Randolph. "One of those deliberate alliterations that go with the back row of the chorus."

"Front row," Vivienne defended promptly, but unsmiling. Her lips twitched down at the corners. "At least, it was front row."

"I know," said Mr. Randolph. "You've been fired. I heard what Beamer said to you."

She nodded her head despondently, but said nothing.

"How long have you know that snake?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Not very long," she answered. "He got me on, and I suppose he got me off." She drew a long breath and turned appealing eyes to Randolph. "Please," she said, "don't let's talk about him. I want so to be happy for a few minutes. I love the park at night with its border of lights. Let's play a game."

"'A game?'" said Randolph doubtfully.

"Yes. We'll guess which is Central Park West and which is One Hundred and Tenth Street and which is the Avenue. It is not as easy as you think after you've been going round a while. I'm feeling d-dizzy a-already."

"You are!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Well, let me tell you it isn't from buzzing round a two-mile circuit. What did you have for dinner?"

Miss Vivienne shut her lips tight.

"Won't you please play my game," she asked faintly.

Mr. Randolph frowned as though considering the subject very seriously, but the matter that held his attention was not the proposed guessing-match. That would not be very comfortable nor amusing as the deadlights of his own very comfortable apartment blinked at him every time they came to Fifty-ninth Street. He was justifying to himself a very questionable move. He wished to feed this stray damsel and, at the same time, talk to her with a purpose. He could not see himself doing it in a cabaret, and every hotel supper-room had already become one of those things. He came to decision and spoke.

"I'll take a hand in your game, all right, but not just as you think. Do you—would you trust me?"

Immediately the girl was on her guard. She looked into his face and read it.

"I would never have thought of not trusting you if you hadn't asked that old, old trap question," she said gravely.

"Forget that I asked it," said Mr. Randolph promptly, and leaned out to give the driver his address. A thin lipped and weary scorn was still on that individual's face when he drew up before Mr. Randolph's abode and honked three times derisively to the world in general as seen from the front of a taxi.

"Wait!" said Mr. Randolph to the jehu, as he handed out the girl. She paused with one foot half-way to the curb, but that single word directing anything as expensive as a taxi to stand by reassured her. Even so, she did not refrain from casting one look over her shoulder at the cabman as though, drowning, she took comfort in the nearness of a straw.

Randolph preceded her to show the way and turn on lights. He never looked back to see if she followed, and this implied trust in herself seemed to drag her after him up the single flight of stairs that led to his rooms.

"Old-fashioned but cozy," he said, as he applied a latch-key and opened a door that gave directly on a large square sitting-room. "I hate elevators in a place you call home."

In an open grate was a dying wood fire. He proceeded to poke and feed it at once, saying over his shoulder:

"Sit down anywhere, will you?"

Facing the fire was a deep and much worn leathern couch, with a pedestal at each end carrying shaded lamps. They were the only ones he had lighted, and their glow was so subdued that it blended with that of the fire without fighting it. The girl chose to seat herself stiffly in a corner of this couch.

"You don't seem to be at ease here," he said presently. "If you think you'll be more comfortable, we can go down and sit in the cab. I want to talk to you."

The girl considered gravely for a moment; then her face broke into a rippling smile that swept up and settled in her eyes. She reached for a cushion, put it at her back, tucked one foot under herself, and waved the other in the same fashion as had Miss Van Tellier earlier in the evening.

"Now talk," she said.

They made a very domestic picture as they sat half facing each other in the dimly lit room, except that there was lacking the element of accustomed stodginess, banished by the presence of a third party—Youth, by name. They were more like two children, playing breathlessly at keeping house, than like a settled couple backed by memories of crude intimacies and quarrels.

"Do you like me?" asked Mr. Randolph presently, much to his own surprise.

She nodded her head.

"You're not afraid to be here?"

She shook denial.

"Have you ever been in a man's room before?"

She looked him straight in the eyes and made no other sign.

(Continued tomorrow.)

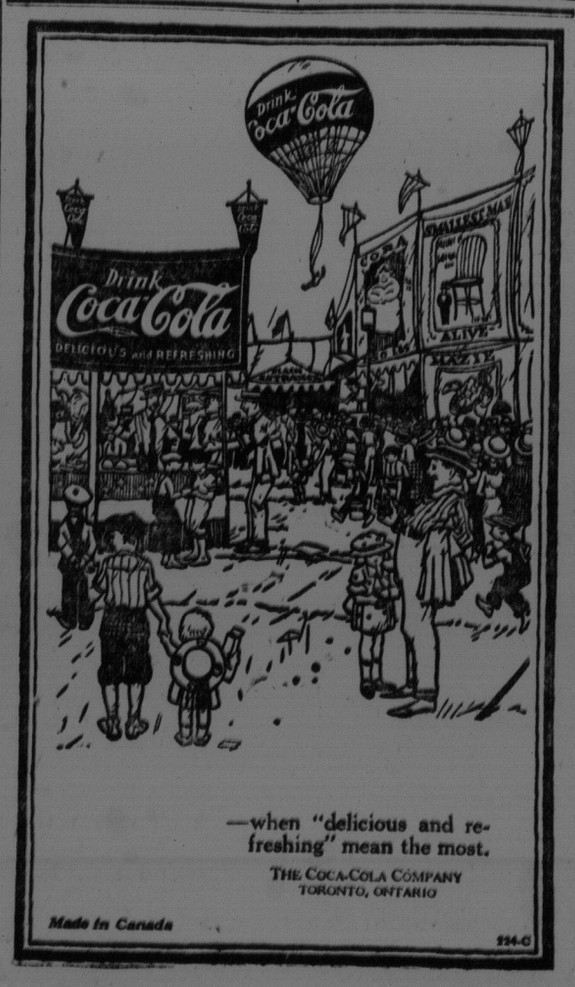
BOILER TUBES

Boiler tubes are almost famine scarce, and consequently, high in price.

Our stocks here have been recently replenished by the arrival of a number of shipments ordered from the mills some eight months ago.

The sizes usually in stock vary from 1 1-2 dia. to 4 in. dia. and in a great variety of lengths. Please inquire for prices.

I. Matheson & Co., Ltd.
BOILER MAKERS
New Glasgow Nova Scotia



MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Thursday, Aug. 25.

Arrived Wednesday.

Coastwise—Sch Nelson Y. McFarland, 47, Card, Parrsboro, N. S.; str Frances Boutelier, 41, Teed, Weymouth, N. S.; str Harbinger, 70, Moore, Beaver Harbor.

Cleared Wednesday.

Gas sch Sewanhaka, 14, Malloch, Lubec, Me.

Gas sch Hazel Leah, 19, Stuart Eastport, Me.

Coastwise—Str Harbinger, 70, Moore Chance Harbor; str Frances Boutelier 41, Teed, Sandy Cove.

Steamship Notes.

S.S. Kanawha, Furness Line, Capt Bailey, arrived Tuesday night at eight o'clock from London direct with a general cargo and docked yesterday morning at No. 5 wharf, West St. John.

R. M. S. P. Caraquet, Capt. Adam is due to leave Bermuda, Friday morning for St. John direct with passengers, mail and a general cargo.

S.S. Sachem, Furness Line, is expected to leave Halifax Friday afternoon for Liverpool via St. John's Nfld. with passengers and freight.

Port of Montreal, Aug. 25—Arrivals, Athens, Rotterdam; Canadian Victor, Vickers yard; Cairnmona, Leith.

Departures—Rossano, Hull; Lake Ikatan, U. S. Shipping Board, destination unstated.

Halifax, Aug. 25—Arrived, steamer La Grange, Norfolk; steamer Manchester Exchange, Philadelphia; Schooner Frances Louise, Lunenburg; Tugs Burro and Bear, Cleveland.

Sailed, steamer Locolite, Montreal; U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Tuscoroa and tugs Challenghe and Chicehewa, St. Lawrence.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Change Time

August 29.

Train 40 arriving St. John 5.25 a.m.
Train 39 leaving St. John 6.45 p.m.

CANCELLED.

Montreal Express No. 15 will leave St. John at 4.50 p.m. instead of 3.30 p.m.

NOTE—Train No. 152 will leave Edmundston at 10.50 a.m. instead of 9.55 a.m.

For other details of train changes apply Local Agent.

N. R. DesBRISAY, Dist. Pass. Agt.

TIME TABLE
The Maritime Steamship Co. Limited

Commencing June 4th, 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.

LEWIS CONNORS, Manager.
'Phone Main 2581.

Furness Line

From London Direct — To London Via Halifax
August 14th—"Kanawha"...August 31

Manchester Line

From Manchester Direct — To Baltimore and Manchester
Sept. 5 "Manchester Port"..Sept. 20

Passenger Ticket Agents for North Atlantic Lines.

FURNESS, WITHY CO., Ltd.
Royal Bank Bldg.
Tel. Main 2616 . . St. John, N. B.

CUNARD
ANCHOR
ANCHOR-DONALDSON

MONTREAL-GLASGOW
Sept. 11, Oct. 16, Nov. 20..Cassandra
Sept. 25, Oct. 30 ..... Saturnia

N. Y.-GLASGOW (Via Moville)
Sept. 11, Oct. 9, Nov. 6.....Columbia

NEW YORK-LIVERPOOL
Sept. 11, Oct. 9, Nov. 6 .. K. Aug. Vict.
Sept. 11 ..... Vauban
Sept. 18 ..... Caronia
Sept. 25, Oct. 23, Nov. 20....Carmania

N. Y. PLYMOUTH, CHERBOURG & LONDON.
Oct. 26, Dec. 4, Jan. 8 ..... Caronia

N. Y.-CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON
Aug. 8, Sept. 21, Oct. 12 .. Acquitania
Sept. 2, Sept. 30, Oct. 28..Mauretania
Sept. 9, Oct. 7, Nov. 11 ..... Imperator

N. Y., NAPLES, DUBROVNIK AND TRIESTE
Aug. 28 ....Pannonia

N. Y., PATRAS, DUBROVNIK AND TRIESTE.
Sept. 1 ..... Calabria
Sept. 15, ... Italia

For rates of passage, freight and further particulars apply to local agents or

THE ROBERT REFORD CO., LTD.
GENERAL AGENTS
112 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET
ST. JOHN, N.B.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.
International Division.

ST. JOHN and BOSTON
Passenger and Freight Service

The S. S. Governor Dingley will leave St. John every Wednesday at 8 a. m., and every Saturday at 6 p. m. (Atlantic Time).

The Wednesday trips are via Eastport and Lubec, due Boston 10 a. m. Thursdays. The Saturday trips are direct to Boston, due there Sundays 1 p. m.

Fare $10.80. Staterooms, $3.00 and up

Passenger and Freight connection with Metropolitan steamers for New York.

Freight rates and full information on application.

A. C. CURRIE, Agent.
St. John, N. B.

GRAND MANAN S.S. CO.

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.

GRAND MANAN S. S. CO.
P. O. Box 307,
St. John, N. B.

NEW THROUGH SERVICE
BETWEEN
EASTERN AND WESTERN CANADA
OPTIONAL ROUTES VIA

Canadian National Railways

MARITIME PROVINCES TO WINNIPEG VIA QUEBEC.

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	8.30 p.m.	E.T.	Su.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	
Ar Cochrane	5.20 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.	Su.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	
Lv Halifax	8.10 a.m.	"	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	
Lv Charlottetown	7.00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Lv St. John	7.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Lv Moncton	2.25 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Su.	
Ar Montreal (Bonaventure Dep.)	9.20 a.m.	E.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	M.	
Lv Montreal	10.00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Lv Toronto	11.00 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Ar North Bay	7.50 a.m.	"	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sa.	Su.	M.	Tu.	
Ar Cochrane	6.30 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.	Su.	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 Port 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.

For time tables, passenger fares, and all further information apply nearest Canadian National Ticket Agent or:

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

SURPRISE
A PURE HARD **SOAP**

You can't tell the worth of any Soap by the size of the Cake only—It may be padded or filled with useless material to make it look big.

"SURPRISE" is just a Pure Hard Soap that looks good and is good. The largest real Soap value.

Don't Accept Substitutes — The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Two cents per word each insertion.
Minimum charge twenty-five cents.

FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE — Three and a half miles from Anagance Station; 450 acres; 100 acres cleared. Estimated 150,000 heavy lumber, soft wood. About 100 acres hard wood. Farm well watered. Good locality. House in good repair, with pump in kitchen. Two barns, with or without crop, stock and machinery. Ideal place for summer home. Good fishing and hunting. Reason for selling, illness. Immediate possession. Correspond. Alex. McAnespry, Anagance, R. R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Party will sell their registered and thoroughbred St. Bernard dog. Eleven months. Great pet and kind with children. Apply Box 197 Chatham, N. B.

PERSONALS.

LADIES ATTENTION—Dr. Le Freres Parisian Complexion Cream quickly removes Blackheads, Pimples, Enlarged Pores, Crows Feet, Wrinkles. Immediate results guaranteed. Full treatment, price $1.50 sent on receipt of Postal or Money Order. Sole Agents: The Merchants Publicity Association, Suite 429, 430 Standard Bank Building, Vancouver, B. C.

FORTUNE TELLING

PALMISTRY, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE—136 King St. West, upstairs.

The Wentworth Hospital of Dover, New Hampshire, offers to young women of high school education, or the equivalent of same, a thirty months' training in a general hospital. During training, twenty dollars per month will be paid, and room, board and laundry will be furnished. The Wentworth Hospital is an accredited hospital of the State. For further information apply to the superintendent of the hospital.

GRACE P. HASKELL,
Superintendent.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Charles Commary, F. H. Colwell, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a certain portable mill at present situate near Brown's Flats, in the Parish of Greenwich, in the County of Kings, consisting in part of a Leonard Boiler, a Leonard Engine, a Robb Edger, a Robb Trimmer, a Rob Saw Bed, and all gear and other personal property covered by a certain Chattel Mortgage, given by the said Charles Commary to the undersigned, bearing date the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1919, and duly registered, will, by reason of default having been made in payment thereof under the provisions of the said Chattel Mortgage, be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION at or near the present location of the said mill on Wednesday, the first day of September, next, at the hour of 2.30 p. m.

Dated this twenty-first day of August, A. D. 1920.

(Sgd.) GILBERT STOCKFORD,
Mortgagee.

(Sgd.) SLIPP & HANSON,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Order. Five dollars costs three cents.

DOMINION COAL COMPANY Limited

"DOMINION" and "SPRINGHILL" — BITUMINOUS STEAM and GAS COALS

GENERAL SALES OFFICE
112 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL

R. P. & W. F. STARR, LIMITED
Agents at St. John.

Soft Coal

Reserve and Springhill

We recommend customers using Soft Coal to buy now and insure getting prompt delivery.

R.P. & W.F. Starr, Ltd.,
49 Smythe St. 159 Union St.

WANTED.

HELP WANTED

Young Men and Girls wanted to learn Cotton Mill work. Good wages to beginners.

First-class new Boarding House for girls, with meals furnished to men at reasonable rates.

Apply by letter, or at Office of Canadian Cottons, Ltd., Milltown, N. B.

WANTED—Laborer. Rate 45c. per hour. Apply the Foundation Co., Ltd., C. P. R. Bridge, St. John, N. B.

District Manager Wanted

for Campbellton. Salary or commission. Also agents wanted in unrepresented districts. Apply
N. B. Branch THE NATIONAL LIFE,
Offices Union Bank Building,
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. Fiezek, Woodstock, N. B.

WANTED—A teacher as principal of the Andover Grammar School; Write stating terms, length of service and giving references to E. H. Hoyt, Secretary School District No. 3, Andover, N. B.

WANTED—A first or second-class female school teacher, District No. 8, 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. Lr. 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. F. R. D. No. 1.

PRINTER WANTED — Competent Printer for Job or Newspaper work. Good working conditions. The St. Croix Print and Pub. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

WANTED—At "The Grove," Rothesay, Cook, general, wages $50; table maid, wages $35; free railway tickets to city. Telephone Rothesay 42, or apply Mrs. H. N. Stetson, 161 Mount Pleasant avenue, telephone 1408.

WANTED—A Second Class Female Teacher for School District No. 10, Parish of Salisbury. Apply stating salary to Bowman O. Blenis, Salisbury N. B. Board $4 a week.

CARPENTERS WANTED — Apply J. A. Grant & Co., Exhibition Building.

MALE HELP WANTED

AGENTS, LIBERAL COMMISSION —To sell Red Tag Stock. Complete stock, including exclusive lines, specially hardy; grown only by us; sold only by our agents. No delays, deductions or substitutions in handling your orders. Elegant free samples. Write now to Dominion Nurseries, Montreal.