

"A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS" Vitaphone Adventure Story
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PICTURED AT IMPERIAL THEATRE FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS

CHAPTER I
Unwilling to admit it even to herself, Jean Bent, whose nineteenth years had been spent in the mountains of northern Montana, was in love with Bob Hardy. This morning, as she stood outside of her little cabin home, she tried not to gaze toward the trail which the young mining engineer must descend. Hardy, by profession, is a mining engineer; by temperament and practice, a soldier of fortune. From the time he received his degree of E. M. from an eastern college eight years ago, his abode has been the wild places of the earth, South Africa, Australia, China, South America, Alaska, the Philippines, Canada, and the West have all known him. Six months ago this smiling, confident citizen of the world had crossed over the Canadian border, a short two miles from Jean Bent's home, following the trail of a nickel and cobalt formation. Then Jean's mother was alive, but for three months the mother has lain in a grave on the mountainside. Her father had never seen, and her sole companions were a woman servant and Iron Star, a faithful Nez Percé Indian, who had been devoted to her mother for thirty years. Bob Hardy, ever searching for the vein of mixed metal, had pursued his quest by day and for days at a time. But after each trip he returned to the Bent household, ostensibly to report, but in reality to be near Jean. Her woman's instinct prompted her to look toward the trail and there she saw Hardy mounted on his horse, his face radiant, smiling—his hand clenching an object she could not discern in the distance. She waved a greeting and he replied with a shout and a twirl of his sombrero. Then he touched a spur lightly to his horse and the beast leaped down the slope. In a few minutes Hardy was swinging out of the saddle and hurrying to Jean's side. "I've found it at last," he cried, excited. "The nickel and cobalt vein opens on the side of the cliff—on your property. You are rich, Miss Jean!" He extended towards her the ore he had clenched in his hand. "That land is more than a ranch?" she asked. He assured her that she was the owner of untold treasure. "I wonder if Jacob Lawless suspects this," she said at length. "That may be the reason he wants to marry me." "There's no need of a mine to make a man want to marry you," replied Bob, and he would have gone further, perhaps, had not Iron Star appeared walking down the trail. The Indian, resplendent in an ill-fitting suit of "white man's clothes," joined them. His staidness, braided hair and a shining star on his breast he retained, although for Jean he had made the concession of wearing a hat and a store suit. Jean greeted him affectionately, and he responded in kind. To Hardy he gave a smile and a friendly greeting. "Did you see my father—did you deliver my mother's message?" was Jean's query. "Howly Iron Star replied: 'I saw, I saw. I came here.'" "What did he say—how did he look?" pressed the girl, who had not known where her father was until her mother, dying, told her he was Robert Benton, a millionaire broker in New York. Then she had given Iron Star a message for the husband she had not seen for a score of years. "Bad man, he's very sick. Soon he is with the Great Father. No medicine can help." At the moment when Jean thus learned

of her father's nearness to death, another gathering was held in the library of Robert Benton, now dead five days. In the group were Judge Summers, Benton's attorney, Jacob Lawless, of Montana, and Walter Hyde, of New York, cousin and supposedly the only heir of Benton, Benton's servants were present also. Judge Summers, seated at a table was reading the will of Robert Benton, and the two prospective heirs were listening intently. Lawless, who masked an illicit whiskey traffic under the guise of a rancher, was dressed in the rough attire of the westerner. His scowling eyes, his cruel mouth were an index to his character. Hyde, on the other hand, was attired in riding costume and had the manner of a man who is sure of himself. Lawless arose from the table and went over to a mantel, where he spoke in tones to a companion of the west whom he addressed as "Snaky." Peering at them from the hall and listening through a portiere in the doorway, was Arkins, valet and bodyguard of Hyde. Judge Summers looked at the two men, laid the will aside and said: "Before your cousin died, gentlemen, he placed in my hands two envelopes, one of which I am now directed to read." His clerk handed him an envelope, he drew from it and began to read: "Twenty years ago, being then in my thirty-fifth year, I was prospecting in the west. I finally struck gold and I decided to come east to get capital. I was seated in a Pullman car and was showing some gentlemen samples of my gold. Suddenly the train stopped. There was a terrific noise and—I knew nothing until I awoke a week later in the cabin of a rancher, Colonel Forsythe. I learned from him that my train had been wrecked in a head-on collision. Many people were killed. I was among the lucky ones who escaped. In a moment of semi-consciousness I gave them my name—in part. When I regained my senses, for personal reasons, I let them think I was 'Robert Bent.' Jean Forsythe, the Colonel's daughter, nursed me back to health, and my gratitude soon developed into love. Archdeacon Quentaine, a missionary, married us, with Colonel Forsythe, their woman servant, and Iron Star, an Indian, as witnesses. After a few months of happiness, I one day returned unexpectedly from a short trip and found my wife in the arms of another man. I was blinded by jealousy and rage. The man I had never seen before. I broke into the room where they stood embraced. My wife started towards me, but I flung her aside, and gripped the man. With all my strength I raised him in the air and hurled him through the door and he landed in the next room, crumpled over a chair. I choked him and left him there. My wife tried to say something to me, but I turned from her in disgust. As I left the cabin, the Indian, Iron Star, crossed my path, and he, too, I hurled out of the way. "I never saw or heard from my wife until last week as I sat mortally ill. The butler came in and told me there was a visitor. Before I could refuse to see the visitor, my butler handed me the star that Iron Star always wore. At first I feared to see him, afraid he had come to wreak vengeance on me but I was more afraid not to see him, and so ordered him admitted. The Indian was older, but not much changed. He asked: 'You know me?' and I said I did. Then he said: 'Your wife—she die.' In spite of the lapse of time, this was a shock to me, and in my mind I visualized that last scene of twenty years before. Then

I saw her dying as I know I am dying. The Indian handed me a letter from her. It read: "When you read this I shall be gone. After you so cruelly misjudged me, and after my brother's death—for it was he in whose arms you found me—I never wanted to see you again. I am dying now. For the sake of our daughter, Jean, whose very existence I have kept from you, I forgive you, Robert. Will you try to fill a father's place to her?" Judge Summers halted for a moment, then resumed: "The remainder of all I die possessed of, I give and bequeath to my daughter, Jean Benton, now known as Jean Bent, with two conditions. First, that she present to my executor satisfactory proofs of her relationship to me; second, that she marry one or the other of my only other surviving relatives—my cousin, Jacob Lawless of Montana, or my cousin, Walter Hyde of New York, on or before January 1st next."

SPORT NEWS OF THE DAY; HOME AND ABROAD

BASEBALL.
American League.
In New York—Detroit 2, New York 5.
In Philadelphia—Chicago 1, Philadelphia 5.
In Washington—Cleveland 5, Washington 8.
In Boston—St. Louis 1, Boston 4.
National League.
In Chicago—New York 2, Chicago 9.
In Pittsburgh—Boston 2, Pittsburgh 3.
In Cincinnati—Philadelphia 3, Cincinnati 4.
In St. Louis—Brooklyn 1, St. Louis 3.
International League.
In Toronto—Hamilton 4, Toronto 12.
Second game—Hamilton 1, Toronto 7.
In Binghamton—Jersey City 6, Binghamton 3.
Second game—Jersey City 0, Binghamton 6.
In Buffalo—Rochester 0, Buffalo 1.
North End League.
In the North End league last evening the Canadians defeated the Curlews by a score of 7 to 6. The batteries were McAulay and Thompson for the winners and Arbo and Whittington for the losers.
Moncton Wins Close Game.
The Depot Battalion nine played in Moncton yesterday and lost a closely contested and interesting game by a score of 5 to 3. The game went seven innings and was witnessed by a large gathering of fans.
E. Collins Joins Marines.
Philadelphia, Aug. 20.—Eddie Collins, second baseman of the Chicago Americans, has passed his physical examination for service with the United States marines. He expects to leave for the training camp at Paris Island, S. C., within a few days.

OPERA HOUSE VAUDEVILLE
Tonight—Last Time
DALE and BOYLE
The Dancer and the Prima Donna
MARLO and DUFFY
Comedy Gymnasts
Three Other Good Acts and Final Chapter of "VENGEANCE AND THE WOMAN"

Tomorrow Night—All New Program
ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY
MAMAY'S JUVENILE REVUE
Clever Kiddies in a Merry Potpourri of Music and Mirth
Four Other Good New Acts and "THE LION'S CLAWS"

New Goods
In our Ready-to-Wear Department we have opened new Suits, S. E. and D. B. Coats with belts and several styles of pookets—smart, effective models for young men. Also more conservative styles for quieter tastes.
New patterns in Men's Shirts. Ordered many months ago when prices were lower than they are today.
Fall Overcoats are ready in several smart models—\$15 to \$35.

Gilmour's, 68 King St.
Open Friday Evenings; Close Saturdays at 1—June, July and August.
If you cannot fight overseas, but if you still have the sporting spirit which needs an outlet, now is your opportunity. Next to fighting, harvesting is one of the most genuine ways of assisting the cause. Join the harvesters for your holidays. It is better than baseball, times like these.

Collins was thirty-one years old last May. He is married and has two children.
Challenge Not Official.
The captain of the Robertson, Foster & Smith baseball team says he is not responsible for the challenge to the M. R. A. Ltd. team, which appeared in yesterday's Times, but that it was the work of the mascot, Fred A. Bonnell.
Lowers American Record.
The American running record for a mile, 1:35 1/2, which was established by Salvatore twenty-eight years ago, was broken yesterday by Rosner, which covered the distance in 1:34 1/2. The race was run at Saratoga.
Fredericton Mare Wins.
Upwards of 8,000 people were in attendance at races in Caribou yesterday. Alice R., a Fredericton entry, created considerable surprise when she captured the 219 class after finishing fifth in the first heat. Best time for this event was 2:18 1/2. Lucky Strike won the 222 class event in straight heats; best time 2:16 1/2. The 219 class event was won by Dan S. Jr. in straight heats. All three heats were run in 2:12 1/2.

GOOD-BYE, BASEBALL.
The big leagues close up shop September 1. The game will no longer spread the names and the fames of Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Cravath and a flock of other heroes of the sporting page. The big game for men with red blood and the fighting instinct now is the war.

IMPERIAL THEATRE
Engagement Extraordinary
TUE.-WED., AUGUST 27-28
WEDNESDAY MATINEE 1:15
THE MOST FASCINATING COMEDY OF THE DAY
DADDY LONG LEGS
By Jean Webster
ENTIRE SEASON at POWERS' THEATRE, CHICAGO.
ENTIRE SEASON at GAIETY THEATRE, NEW YORK.
HENRY MILLER
Manager
SEATS NOW ON SALE
PRICES
NIGHT
Orchestra (Front rows).....\$1.50
Orchestra (Last 15 rows)..... 1.00
Balcony (First 2 rows)..... 1.00
Balcony (Balance)..... .75
Gallery..... .50
MATINEE
Orchestra (Front rows).....\$1.00
Orchestra (Last 15 rows)..... .75
Balcony (First 2 rows)..... .75
Balcony (Balance)..... .50

SEE THIS CHAPTER IN THE MOVIES "IMPERIAL" TO-MORROW SATURDAY
OVIDO
HABANA
The Utmost in Cigars
the satisfaction of a good cigar is possible only when good tobacco is properly blended. OVIDO is the result of 30 years experience.
10 Cents
L. O. Grothe, Limited, makers, Montreal

UNIQUE -- THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
A PICTURE BILL PAR EXCELLENCE

A GREAT WESTERN COMEDY
Possibly the Funniest You Have Ever Seen
"TOM AND JERRY MIX"
With Tom Mix
"STINGAREE"
This Episode Will Certainly Keep You Guessing
Matinees—3, 3.30; Evenings—7, 8.30
Prices—5c. and 10c.

"REDEMPTION" At GEM
TONIGHT AND FRIDAY—2.30, 7.15, 8.45
Picture Making a Decided Hit. Join the Many Who Are Seeing It
Evelyn Nesbit and Her Son, Russell Thaw
Seven Glowing Reels, With One of World's Most Talked of Women. A Strong Moral Lesson
Also One of Those Wholesome Drew Comedies
Special Arrangement! Only 5 and 10 cents!

LYRIC A SATIRE
THURS., - FRI., - SAT. SIDE - SPLITTER

The King Musical Company
Present Another Bohanza of Laughter
Taken from the Well-known Comedy "Daffodils"
"A DAY IN THE ASYLUM"
An Institution Where the Spirit of Comedy Excels
BREEZY MUSIC AND NOVELTIES
The Water Powers of Canada { BEAUTIFUL SCENIC FEATURE

QUEEN SQUARE THEATRE
WEDNESDAY VIOLA DANA in "Breakers Ahead"
THURSDAY
An interesting Drama of the Sea with this talented actress at her best
ALSO A COMEDY REEL

MUTT AND JEFF—JEFF GETS HIS FIRST WOUND STRIPE AS A BRITISH SOLDIER
(COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY H. C. FISHER, TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN CANADA.)

WOUND STRIPES!
A WOUND STRIPE IS A GOLD BAR WORN ON THE LEFT SLEEVE BY THOSE OF THE BRITISH ARMY WHO HAVE BEEN WOUNDED WHILE IN ACTIVE SERVICE. IT IS NOT AN UNCOMMON SIGHT TO SEE TWO AND EVEN THREE WOUND STRIPES ON THE SLEEVES OF SOME BRITISH SOLDIERS.

SURE THAT'S A WOUND STRIPE! WHY SHOULDN'T I WEAR ONE? AIN'T I IN THE BRITISH ARMY?

BUT YOU'VE NEVER BEEN WOUNDED. YOU'LL GET COURT-MARTIALED FOR FAKING LIKE THAT!

BUT, MUTT, I HAVE BEEN WOUNDED!

WOUNDED, MY EYE! YOU POOR SIMP, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN NEAR THE FRONT YET!

QUITE SO, BUT I GOT A SHELL WOUND JUST THE SAME?

SHELL WOUND? HOW'D YOU GET IT?

I GOT IT OPENING OYSTERS FOR THE COLONEL!

BY "BUD" FISHER