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Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
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good paying position by getting infor-
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SEND THEM TO
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The Crumping of Oats has been
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We have recently installed a ma-
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Quick returns and satisfaction guar-
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When You Can't Sleep

YOU SHOULD USE MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Sleeplessness is caused by the nervous system becoming deranged. Perhaps too much worry has gotten on your nerves, perhaps you have overworked yourself, or have been excessive in your use of tobacco, but whatever the cause, the nervous system must be built up again before sleep can be assured. Those whose rest is broken by frightful dreams, nightmares, and smothering sensations, who wake up in the morning as tired as they went to bed, can have their old, peaceful, undisturbed, refreshing sleep back again by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mrs. John Sloan, Haley Station, Ont., writes: "Over a year ago I was very nervous. I could not sleep at night, and I would faint at the slightest fright. I tried several doctors, but they did me practically no good. I noticed your advertisement and immediately tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am proud to say they cured me." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or three for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In the abstract a man admires nobility and intelligence in a woman; but in the concrete he always prefers a bird of paradise to a wren, a decoration to an inspiration, and incense to common sense. When a man takes a tumble down the ladder of life he always blames it either on some woman above him who "threw him down," or on some woman below who "lured him down."

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FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also wood suitable for hall stoves. Thos. Fulton, 615 Brunswick street, telephone 504-32

FOR SALE—My property on Brunswick street, Fredericton. It includes dwelling house, barn and sausage factory. The latter has steam power and is equipped with modern machinery. Great opportunity for an enterprising young man to start business. Reason for selling, advancing years. Apply on premises to Timothy Murphy, 575 Brunswick street. 8-22 d-w tf

TO LET—House 426 George street, next below Presbyterian church; furnace, bath, good garden; also cottage opposite side, 435 George street, now occupied by Mr. Thos. Lynch; also flat 250 King street, below Reformed Baptist Church; possession of flat March 1st. Apply to G. R. Perkins. 2-3 tf

TO LET—Several stores and houses on York and King streets; also large hall lately occupied by the Oddfellows and Knights of Pythias, Edgcombe Block. Apply to F. B. Edgcombe Co. 7-20 31 wed sat

FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a branch of the Provincial Returned Soldiers' Aid Committee has been organized for the Counties of York, Sunbury and Queens, and the City of Fredericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C. Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Secretary. All employers of labor in said district willing to give preference to returned disabled soldiers as employees and all returned discharged soldiers wanting employment residing therein are requested to notify the secretary, JUDGE WILSON, Dr. T. C. ALLEN, Secretary, Chairman.

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PAYS THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR
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Sent free.
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The Dog Star

—BY— Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken

has gone with the papers; but there was no chance of getting a word with her now.

"Good-night, John," said Monk. "Good-night, Mr. Lorion," echoed Lady Monk. "I did order the car for you again."

While he took up the books he was able to ignore her outstretched hand without meaning rude. A moment later the door had closed behind him, and Monk was calling the butler to lock up.

Theodora Monk followed her husband back into his private room.

"I'm fearfully upset and dead tired, Glare," she said, rather plaintively. "I'm so glad you've come back. I don't know why, but I felt particularly lost this time."

"Darling!" He put his arm round her waist. He was not quite so tall as she, and she bent her head slightly to receive his kiss. "Go to bed, sweetheart," he added, with tender concern. "And don't let this worry you. Promise me that. I have a little work to do still, but I'll come up and say good-night to you presently. Sleep well, my beautiful darling. Ah, Theodora, I don't say much, it's not my way—but nothing counts to me as much as you. I want to tell you that, to remind you of it—particularly to-night."

She managed so that she did not have to endure his kiss again.

In a few seconds she was in her own room. She went into the bedroom first, and then through into her boudoir.

She approached the Empire writing table with a tigress' nimble stealth. Now she was alone at last. Now she could destroy those documents that she had risked so much to get. She would burn them. She had made up her mind to do that. Ashes were safe, and, although she had no fire, she could collect them in a piece of paper and scatter them far and wide. And the little key she could bury, or, better still, she could throw it into the river, and it would be covered by the tide on which the great ships went out, bound for the ends of the earth.

As she put her hand on the big blotter of tortoiseshell and gold she thought she heard a sound. Swift as an arrow she was at the door; she had it open; she was listening. She dared not look it because Glare had said he was coming to bid her good-night. He might come at any moment. She had no time to lose.

There was no sound; her nerves had deceived her. If it were anything, it was probably the butler shooting the heavy bolts of the front door.

She shut the door silently, and went back to accomplish her purpose.

She opened the blotter and slid her hand into the pocket where she had hurriedly placed the blue envelope, and the little gilt key while her husband was changing the lamp-glass.

A cry burst from her lips. She smothered it with the palm of her hand. Her fingers tore like claws at the watered silk of the pocket; but it was no good.

It was empty. The blue envelope and the little gilt key were no longer there.

CHAPTER III.

The B.I.R.C.

Lorion met Monk the next morning at five minutes to nine on the steps of the palatial Pole Street, offices. Blackport commenced the day early. Some of the clerks had already arrived, and gaped at the sight of their chief, whom they believed to be on the high seas. Macpherson executed a pas seul in the counting-house, and slapped the nearest man heartily on the back.

"I knew he'd never go," he cried. "He's the man I took him for. He's going to face the music and stay at home."

Lorion went with the chief into his private room. It was, like most of the more important rooms in the building, panelled in mahogany, Turkey carpeted, furnished with an enormous knee-hole writing table, and some deep-seated leather-covered armchairs. It had in addition a huge green-painted safe, an imposing series of bookcases, and a number of maps on the walls. The largest was a map of the Lobanzo Protectorate. It was the most complete and wonderful map in existence, every village being marked on it, every track through the great forest.

Monk, in his own interest and that of his innumerable companies and financial groups, was in turn banker, shipowner, trader, hotel keeper, merchant adventurer. His manifold ventures extended from cotton to confectionery, and from rubber and palm oil to claret and cigarettes. But over it all was Lobanzo, Monk and Lobanzo. Monk was Lobanzo—Lobanzo was Monk. The development of the Lobanzo was Monk's dream, his life work. It had paid him well. It had made him a millionaire, a K.C.M.G., and would in all human probability make him a peer of the realm, and no man would deserve that honor more thoroughly than Glare Monk made mil-

lions, but he also made empire. The Lobanzo Protectorate was, to all intents and purposes, a company which had been accorded a charter by the British Government for the purpose of exploiting the inexhaustible resources of a large tract of country in Africa. On the board of directors of the company were some of the best known names in England, and of whom it was said that as the Lobanzo was a company, it was a company of the first class. The company and its members were Glare Monk. He had taken the lead in this colossal enterprise. He was a patron of Anglo-African efficiency; he had a ruling mind—bold, fearless, and just. As was only natural, the Lobanzo Company paid enormous dividends, and Glare Monk made a big fortune.

But in the southeast corner of the monstrous map of the Lobanzo Protectorate hanging on the walls of Glare Monk's office, was a little shaded place called British Iruhwe Rubber Company Concession. The Lobanzo Company paid 25 per cent; the B.I.R.C. paid 85. It had long been a very sore problem at the Blackport board meetings. It now looked very much like becoming much more than a serious problem for a board meeting. It was becoming a national question.

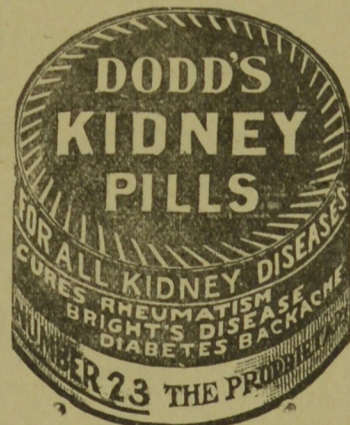
The B.I.R.C. scandal had been brewing for several years. The campaign had grown steadily. It started with the isolated stories of missionaries and travellers of the inhuman treatment shown to the natives by their European employers. Ignorance of the country and conditions of life in the heart of darkest Africa, combined with sentimentality and credulity, fanned the spark into a flame. The B.I.R.C. soon became the plague spot of Africa, a scandal crying for redress, the scapegoat of every trading concession on the Continent. It was the case of giving a dog a bad name. The B.I.R.C. conjured up visions of mutilated niggers; it was synonymous with torture and outrage.

The time came when generalities became narrowed to personalities. The real humanitarians, as well as the sentimentalists, demanded to know who was responsible. The answer was soon forthcoming.

The Lobanzo was British. The British Government must interfere. It was responsible. But the Lobanzo was Monk. Monk must be held responsible. It was useless for Monk and his supporters to point out that the Blackport millionaire was the Lobanzo Company, and that the B.I.R.C. had nothing whatever to do with him or he with it; useless to point to the admirable working of the Lobanzo Company, which was free from the smallest suspicion; to call evidence as to Sir Glare Monk's attitude with reference to the question. He was chiefly identified with the humane treatment of the natives. He had built sanitary villages, schools, and hospitals for them; he had restricted the influence of active overseers, and insisted on shorter working hours.

The apostle of the campaign against Glare Monk was Valentine Drake. Drake was a naturalized American, who had been in the Consular Service of the United States, as well as a missionary and an intrepid traveller; and he was the acknowledged mouthpiece of the party that was growing in numbers and earnestness all over Europe, the party that clamored for the suppression of the fearful system under which commerce was carried on in the B.I.R.C. territory of the Lobanzo.

This marvellously productive territory, about the size of England and Scotland, was the seat of the whole mischief. Although actually situated in the Lobanzo Protectorate, it was not under the control of the Lobanzo Company, having been leased to a private syndicate long before the greater company came into existence.



THE PEN FOR MEN IN THE ARMY

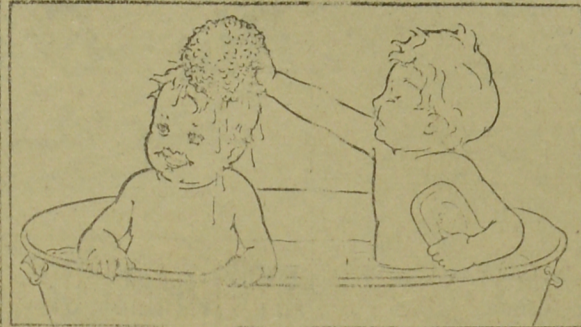
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