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Marvel Roller Flour Mill, the latest im-
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Has a sweet nutty flavour and contains
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\$5.00 per 98lb bag.

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Need Pressing and
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Style—"The Old Made New."
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**Chauffers, Mechanics, Helpers
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Apply Lieut. K. H. L. Love
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Was So Bad Had to
Stay in House.

All skin diseases such as eczema or
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eruptions, ulcers, boils, pimples, etc.,
are all caused by bad blood, and while
not usually attended with any fatal re-
sults, may sooner or later develop into
some serious blood trouble, and the
entire system become affected.

Burdock Blood Bitters, that old and
well known remedy, will cleanse the
blood of all its impurities, and by this
means cure all skin diseases and other
blood troubles.

Mrs. Ernest Andrews, Hamilton, Ont.
writes: "My face was covered with
eczema, and was so terribly bad I had
to stay in the house. I had ten differ-
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treatment that I went and bought a
bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it
helped me so I kept on taking it. Now
I am cured and have a lovely skin."
"People who used to see men when I
was so bad and see me now, will not
believe it, but I always tell them that
nothing cured me but Burdock Blood
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to be, the dentist leads a sort of hand-to-
mouth existence.

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on MONDAY MORNING, April
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French Government Inspector.

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the printing business, make himself
generally useful around the office. Ap-
ply at Mail office. Good wages for the
right boy.

WANTED—To buy, a double tenement
dwelling, or one suitable for same, in
a central locality. Apply A. care of
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dress Fraser Limited, Edmundston, N. B.

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will go out by the day. Please call at
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man, woman or returned soldier to
make money. Will join you in giving
share of profits to your local Red
Cross. Winston Limited, Toronto.

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FOR SALE—16-inch hard and soft
stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also fur-
nace and hall stove wood. T. Fulton,
618 Brunswick street, phone 308-32.

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tory. The latter has steam power and
is equipped with modern machinery.
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for selling, advancing years. Apply
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ridge Wyandottes, one of the finest
types on the market today. Price \$1.50
per setting of fifteen. Apply to CHARLES
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Telephone 142-41.

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TO LET—Corner house, lower flat, situ-
ated on Charlotte and Westmorland
streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer.
2-17 61

FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a
branch of the Provincial Returned Sol-
diers' Aid Committee has been organ-
ized for the Counties of York, Sun-
bury and Queens, and the City of Fred-
ericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C.
Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Sec-
retary.

All employers of labor in said dis-
trict willing to give preference to re-
turned 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.

The Dog Star

—BY—
Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken

"I quite understand," said Boone,
smiling curiously. "I quite grasp the
thing, old son of a gun."

"And the bargain is satisfactory?"

"Quite."

"Very well, then. I'll give you a
cheque to-morrow for your first three
months' salary, and you can draw on
me for any ordinary out-of-pocket ex-
penses in the usual way. Lorian will
be in the position to stand the main
racket. But, my dear Boone, do let
me beg of you to go easy with the
liquor."

"Right you are, old man. You
know me. Don't you trouble about
that, whatever you do."

"And mind you are, Boone," said
Moriarty very seriously, "because a
very great deal depends upon this
job."

"I'm not getting much out of it,
at any rate," retorted Boone.

"I gave you your price," said Mo-
riarty sharply. "I didn't haggle.
You asked for a hundred a month,
and I agreed to it. Aren't you satis-
fied? You didn't get half that over
the Colordoone affair."

Boone shrugged his shoulders and
laughed rather sheepishly.

"Oh, all right," he said, "I'm only
fuming. I'm content. But don't you
think we've kept up this farce long
enough? I know quite well you're
waiting for the opportunity of saying
just what you mean, but you aren't
quite sure of me. Well, all I can say,
if you can't speak out just what it
means now as far as I'm concerned,
you never can. Now, then, is it to
be a Colordoone affair or not?"

Moriarty smiled faintly, turning to-
wards the large blue unblinking eyes
for a few seconds. Then he nodded.
"Any particular time?" asked
Boone.

Moriarty shook his head. "No, any
time—long or short, so long as it
happens."

Boone drew a long breath. "I see,"
he said, "the whole gist of the mat-
ter is that this Mr. Lorian is paying
a visit to our hospitable shores, and—"

"And it is to be his last," put in
Moriarty, nodding like a china man-
darin. "His last—savvy?"

"And the young man arrives to-
morrow morning?" said Boone with a
satisfied sigh. The atmosphere had
been cleared. The two men now
knew exactly where they respectively
stood.

"Everything quite clear?"

"Clear as a pikestaff," chuckled
Boone, and commenced to whistle a
melancholy nocturne by way of a
funeral march. "Mr. Lorian is as
good as deceased."

"Don't be foolish," said Moriarty
quickly, "and never let yourself say
silly things like that."

Boone merely smiled contentedly.
It seemed to be a matter of everyday
occurrence to him.

Early the next morning, Lorian and
Maddison, looking as fit as it is pos-
sible for any two healthy young Eng-
lishmen to look after a fortnight's sea
voyage, effected the somewhat perilous
landing at Lagos.

Moriarty went out to the Bangala
to meet them. He was accompanied
by a fine specimen of an ebony-
cheeked Krio, and in quite a
fine white dress, and Moriarty never
went anywhere without his boy,
though he walked and moved with the
same freedom as a man possessing
more than average sight.

Lorian had enjoyed every moment
of the trip out to the Coast, and
never felt so well in all his life.

Maddison, who knew Moriarty, ef-
fected the introduction, and Moriarty
welcomed the new-comer with unusual
warmth and asked after everything
from minor to important details as
he shook Lorian by the hand in jovial
camaraderie.

Lorian took to Moriarty at first
sight. He was so utterly different
from what he had expected. He had
pictured a decrepit, wizened old man
with sightless eyes, led by some aged
servant or carried in a hammock to
meet him. Instead, he saw a man in
the full prime and glory of life, with
a splendid saint-like face and a deep
ringing voice that thrilled one with a
sense of great things and limitless en-
deavor, an inspiring voice, a voice in
thorough keeping with his fine face.

Over the whole man seemed to hover
an aura that suggested virility,
strength, sheer brute and moral force.

As to Moriarty being a blind man—
why, Lorian actually found himself
pointing out a paragraph in a three-
weeks-old Blackport News-sheet be-
fore he realized that the man could
not see. The realization gave him
a cold chill. It seemed to him as
being something absolutely uncanny.

On the voyage out in the Bangala
Lorian had learned a good many
things about the particular district to
which he was going and what was
generally expected of him. He re-
garded Hugh Maddison as an old
stager, and literally bombarded him
with questions concerning everything
—from the best preventive of mos-
quito bites and fever and the best
type of sun helmet to the minor de-
tails of conventional manners and
customs and the etymology of the
thirty-seven languages of the Loban-
zo.

Maddison was most obliging, and
not a little proud of himself and the
unusual position he occupied on this
occasion.

It is no exaggeration to say that,
within ten days of leaving Blackport,
Lorian knew theoretically as much as
anyone on board the Bangala of the
Lobanzo and its neighboring terri-
tories.

And there was one subject upon
which Lorian had been utterly unable
to obtain any satisfactory information
whatever, and that was about Mr.
Vincent Moriarty.

As for Maddison, he had heard of
him—oh, yes, and he had met him,
but he knew nothing about him, had
no opinion on the man, or preferred
to say nothing if he had.

Yes, Moriarty was a sort of West
African merchant, interested in rub-
ber, and particularly in arborine; but
really he knew very little about him.

Pressed very hardy, Maddison ad-
mitted that there had been some
vague talk about something shady
about him—that was a long time ago;
and Maddison really did not know the
details, or, if he did, no good pur-
pose could surely be gained by talking
about them. Only let Lorian wait
until he got out and saw the man
for himself.

Yes, Maddison, now he came to
think of it, believed the shady story
concerned something that happened a
long time ago in England; but he
really could not be certain. It was
ridiculous to ask him to rake up half-
remembered scandals connected with
the man. Everyone out on the coast
seemed to have a past. It was the
right and proper thing to have. With-
out it a man would be noticeable.

Lorian tried several other people,
but with very little better results.
Moriarty was a man no one would dis-
cuss. That seemed to be a kind of
unwritten code; and consequently
Moriarty was an unknown quantity
vested with a quite unusual mantle
of mystery.

But everyone appeared to know him
and all about him; that was the most
extraordinary thing about it. Every-
one knew him, yet no one would talk
about him. His very name seemed
to be taboo. They spoke of him with
bated breath, so it seemed to Lorian;
they treated him as a topic that was
not possible to discuss in ordinary
circles. The impression gained when-
ever his name was mentioned was
that some social code had been trans-
gressed, and having been mentioned
in polite society, should be dropped
without an apology.

As a consequence, his meeting with
Vincent Moriarty came to him as a
very great surprise, and a very agree-
able surprise into the bargain. No
one could have been more charm-
ing; no one could have inspired the
young man standing on the threshold
of a new and terrifying experience
with greater confidence in the future,
or have justified more completely all
that the chief had said of the man.
Moriarty fascinated Lorian from the
first.

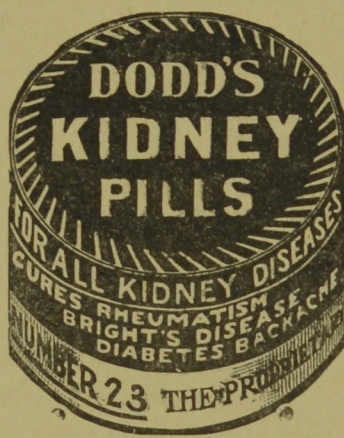
"I have heard a lot about you from
my old friend Sir Glare, Mr. Lorian,"
said Moriarty.

"And Sir Glare has told me a lot
about you, sir," replied Lorian. The
two men had been talking for a few
minutes. "And I can't tell you," the
young man went on, "how glad I am
to have had this opportunity of meet-
ing you."

"The feeling is, I assure you, quite
reciprocal," said Moriarty. "And how
is my dear old friend Monk—eh?" he
exclaimed cheerily. "Busy as ever,
of course—always busy, isn't he? No
time for anything else except work.
A great man, Glare Monk, and a man
to be proud of, to be proud of ever
having known or spoken to, a white
man in every sense, a man one can be
proud to work for—eh?"

Lorian liked Moriarty all the more
for the way he spoke of his employer.
Most of the men he was thrown into
contact with had always seemed to
consider it a sort of unwritten law
that they should run down and be-
little Glare Monk and talk of his
stupendous strokes of luck and good
fortune with a shrug of the shoulders,
to assess his millions with envy and

(To be Continued.)



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50c. per pair; Silk Gloves, 50c. to \$1.00; Chamissette Gloves, white,
tan and black, 75c. to \$1.25 pair; Guaranteed Kid Gloves, \$1.60 pair;
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\$1.00 to \$7.50 each. The best styles in moderately priced Spring
Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Raincoats, etc. Everything for the
Children at moderate prices.

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PROBATE COURT

COUNTY OF YORK,
PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK
To the Devises, Legatees and Credit-
ors of George Kitchen, late of the
Parish of Kingsclear, in the County
of York and Province of New Brun-
swick, Railway Contractor, deceased,
and to all others whom it may con-
cern:

THE Executors and Trustees of the
last Will of the above named de-
ceased, having filed their accounts in
this Court and asked to have the same
passed and allowed, you are hereby
cited to attend, if you so desire, at the
passing of same at a court of Probate
to be held in and for the County of
York, at my office on Queen Street, in
the City of Fredericton, on MONDAY,
the Sixteenth Day of April, A. D. 1917,
at the hour of eleven o'clock in the
forenoon, when the said accounts will
be passed.

Given under my hand and the seal
of the said Probate Court, this fif-
teenth day of March, A. D. 1917.

(Sgd.) HARRIS G. FENETY,
Judge of Probate, pro hac vice.

[L.S.] (Copy)
(Sgd.) CHAS. D. RICHARDS,
Registrar of Probates.

SLIPP & HANSON,
Proctors.

3-16 31 fri

Notice of Legislation.

NOTICE is hereby given, that appli-
cation will be made to the Legisla-
tive Assembly at its ensuing session
for the passing of an Act reviving and
amending 2 George V., Chapter 109,
entitled "An Act to incorporate the Saint
John River Hydro-Electric Company,"
with power to acquire and develop a
water power on the Saint John River
at or near Poklok, and to dam the said
river and build other necessary works
for the purpose of generating and
transmitting power and extending the
time for the commencement and com-
pletion of said works and the making
of necessary deposit with regard there-
to.

Dated this 5th day of March, A. D.
1917. R. MAX MCCARTHY,
Secretary.

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—Mr. S. Kaulbach.

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Minard's Liniment
—Mrs. S. Masters

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Minard's Liniment
Yarmouth, N.S.

There is an element of success in
every man, yet he seldom utilizes it
until some smart woman takes him in
hand.

The humorist is a philosopher who
breaks the sad news gently to the
world because he is sorry for it.

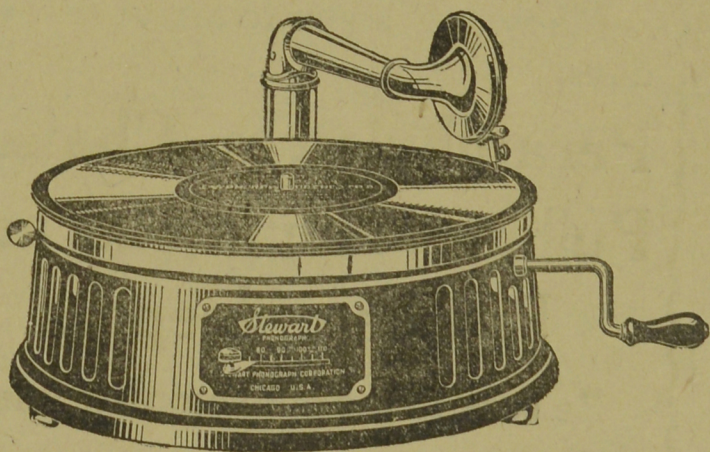
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your smile, but he can hear yourTS
your smile, but he can hear yourT

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