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Phone or telegraph orders shipped
on all trains or boats on short notice.

THE WINTER TERM OF THE
FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE

Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
1917. Begin today to prepare for a
good paying position by getting infor-
mation regarding our courses of study,
descriptive booklet of which will be
sent on application. Address:

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
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When Your Clothes
Need Pressing and
Repairing

SEND THEM TO

H. L. ROGERS
and have them done in First Class
style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."
83 REGENT STREET.

Colonial Inn

OPPOSITE LEMONT & SONS'

Boarders can be accommodated
with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
forts, also special rates to table
boarders.

MRS. DUNBAR QUEEN STREET

FOR SALE

Two Double and Two Single Houses
in centre of St. Marys. A chance for
a good investment or a nice home.

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REAL ESTATE. INSURANCE.
Residence, 603 Regent Street.
Phone 524-21.

Crumped Oats

The Crumping of Oats has been
found by experience to increase their
feeding value over 25 per cent.
We have recently installed a ma-
chine for this work and are now pre-
pared to give prompt attention to cus-
tomers on the crumping of oats, as
well as the grinding of wheat, buck-
wheat, barley, etc.
Quick returns and satisfaction guar-
anteed.

F. H. EVERETT
Aberdeen Street, near C. P. R. Station,
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When You Can't Sleep

YOU SHOULD USE

MILBURN'S
HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Sleeplessness is caused by the ner-
vous system becoming deranged.

Perhaps too much worry has gotten
on your nerves, perhaps you have over-
worked yourself, or have been exces-
sive in your use of tobacco, but what-
ever the cause, the nervous system
must be built up again before restful
sleep can be assured.

Those whose rest is broken into by
frightful dreams, nightmares, sinking
and smothering sensations, who wake
up in the morning as tired as they went
to bed, can have their old, peaceful, un-
disturbed, 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 deal-
ers, or mailed direct on receipt of price
by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toron-
to, Ont.

In the abstract a man admires no-
bility 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 com-
mon 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 "tired him down."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates for Classified Advertising.
1 insertion \$0.25
3 insertions60
6 insertions 1.00
1 month 3.00

WANTED

WANTED—Several capable salesmen
for the ready-to-wear department.
Those having experience preferred. Ap-
ply at once. Fred B. Edgcombe Co.,
Ltd. 2-2 31

THRILLING STORIES OF THE
GREAT WAR. Officially approved.
Stirring account of conflict on land and
sea, including Canadian heroism and
achievement. Profusely illustrated.
Tremendous sale. Unusual opportu-
nity for money making. Fifty per cent.
commission. Freight paid. Credit given.
Sample free. Winston Co., Tor-
onto. 2-3 121 tts

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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,
618 Brunswick street, telephone 308-32

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
swick street, Fredericton. It includes
dwelling house, barn and sausage fac-
tory. 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; fur-
nace, 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 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.

BERNSTEIN
FUR CO.

PAYS THE HIGHEST
PRICES FOR

RAW FURS

Write for Price List.
Sent free.

176 King Street East, Dept. Y,
Toronto, Ont.

The Dog Star

—BY—
Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken

heard the sound of a voice that made
her turn sick and faint. It was
Lorion's voice. He was talking to the
butler, who had evidently let him in.
Lorion had returned for the key; he
had missed it when he got home.

With a tremendous effort she gather-
ed her wits together. She realized
that her hands were full of papers,
the blue envelope containing the
forged letters that meant everything
to her and a handful of others that
she had snatched at random from the
little safe when she had been dis-
turbed. She thrust the papers into
her dress; the knife-like edge of the
blue envelope scratched her skin.

She ran back to the safe, and, to
her horror, found she could not shut
it. Her fingers were trembling as if
with ague. She dared not stop, so
she put the safe door to. No one
would notice it before she had time
to go back and shut it properly. The
key she put with the papers into her
dress.

The next moment she heard foot-
steps coming through the library to-
wards the room. Lorion had seen the
light through the open door. When
he saw her in her husband's room
he looked both startled and relieved.

"Oh, Lady Monk, do forgive me for
coming back at such an unearthly
hour," he said, looking very dis-
tressed and anxious; "but I've lost
a most important key. It's the key
of Sir Glare's little private safe in
this room. He gave it to me on the
boat, you know. I'm perfectly certain
I put it on my ring with the others,
and now it isn't there. I was wonder-
ing whether, when you took my keys
to try your jewel-case, it might have
become detached and dropped some-
where."

"I don't think so," she answered
hurriedly. "Oh, Mr. Lorion, I'm glad
you've come back! I heard voices
down here—or, at least, I thought I
did. But, oh, what's the matter?"

The young man's eyes were fixed on
the opposite wall with a look of horror.
She looked, too, and gave a cry. The
door of the safe had swung open.

"The safe has been opened," ex-
claimed Lorion, and a look of fearful
revelation flashed into his eyes. "Lady
Monk, you have opened it. You had
the key; it was with the others. No
one else has touched it. Oh, what
have I done? For God's sake, tell me
what it means!"

She turned a white face of mystery
to him.

"I did open the safe, Mr. Lorion,"
she said in a low voice. "I took the
key; it was imperative."

"Why?"

"To get the papers. Oh, I will trust
you. I know you are devoted to Glare."
"What papers?"

"The letters about the B.I.R.C. that
he has got in his possession."
"The forged letters," gasped Lorion.
"They are there?"

She nodded. He was startled, un-
nerved, to think that she knew more about
her husband's business affairs than he.

"But what did you want them for?"

"To destroy them."

"Why?"

"Because they are not forgeries,"
she said. Her voice was hardly aud-
ible. "And I must save my husband
at any cost."

"Not forgeries?" the young man
cried. There was a silence, while
the meaning of her words penetrated
his brain. Then he turned a face of
horror to her. "You mean that they
are real letters, that your husband
wrote them, that—oh, no, no! you can-
not mean that—that he has anything
to do with the B.I.R.C.?"

"He is the B.I.R.C.," said Lady
Monk very quietly; but in her eyes,
and away from him, there was a
curious bright gleam.

The next moment she cried out,
"Good heavens! what's that?"

Again the sound of voices came
from the hall, and above them the
sound of a voice that made both the
man and the woman stand spellbound
in speechless amazement. It was the
voice of Glare Monk, the man who
only a few hours before they two
had seen off to the West Coast on
the great white liner.

"What has happened?" whispered
Lorion. "He has come back!"

For a terrible moment both won-
dered whether they were mad or
dreaming. Then Lady Monk seized
Lorion's arm.

"Do what I tell you," she breathed.
"You mustn't be found here. Leave
it to me."

"But the safe—the key—"

"Go," she hissed. "Everything de-
pends on you. Go—quick! The ver-
anda—get out of the window—quick!
You can get in again through the
morning-room. I'll let you in after-
wards. Quick! He's coming in here."

In a flash Lorion, too dazed to resist,
and really unconscious of what he
was doing, was out of the French win-
dow, and had rushed along the ver-
anda. Lady Monk heard her husband's
footsteps enter the room. She looked
towards the door, with a fearful ef-
fort at composure.

Glare Monk came into the room—
the fussy little man with the calm
eye, the husband whom she had be-
lieved to be already on the high seas.

"Where," she cried, and in her eyes
was an awful fear. "Glare, why are
you here?"

"I couldn't go after all," he said in
an explanatory tone. "I heard some-
thing on the boat that made it im-
perative that I should stay in England.
So they dropped me. But what are
you doing here, Theodora, at this time
of night? They said you'd gone to
bed. And you look upset, darling!
What's the matter?"

She collected her scattered senses;
she literally plucked composure out
of the chaos of her mind.

"I was upstairs, Glare. Oh, I'm glad
you've come!" she panted. "I heard
a noise—I came down. There was a
man in here. He had opened your
safe—look. He had—"

Sir Glare rushed to the safe and
gave one glance at the disordered
papers.

"Where has he gone?" he cried.
"Theodora, did you see him? How
could you stand there and not tell me
at once? You don't know what this
means."

"I was dazed," she answered breath-
lessly. "Your coming back so sud-
denly. Yes, I saw him. He escaped—
he dashed past me."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

Monk's eyes caught the open win-
dow.

"Who was the man?" he shouted.

"Did you know him?"

"No, no! I didn't see! It was all
so quick. I was just going to call
the servants when you came."

"The veranda," cried her husband.

"The scoundrel has got away!"

He dashed through the open win-
dow. For a long moment there was
silence. Theodora held her breath;
she felt as if she were choking.

She rushed to the open window and
listened. The faint rumble of a dis-
tant tramcar and the more distant
sirens of the river were the only
sounds she heard. She did not stop to
reason or to think, because that would
have meant inaction and panic. She
turned and ran swiftly from the study
up to her own boudoir, and as she
ran she tore the papers and the little
gift key of the safe from the bodice
of her dress.

In the hall, at the bottom of the
broad, substantial staircase, she passed
the butler.

"Run out into the garden, Gamble,"
she said excitedly. "A terrible thing
has happened. There's been a bur-
glary. Someone has broken into the
study and forced Sir Glare's safe—"

"My lady—"

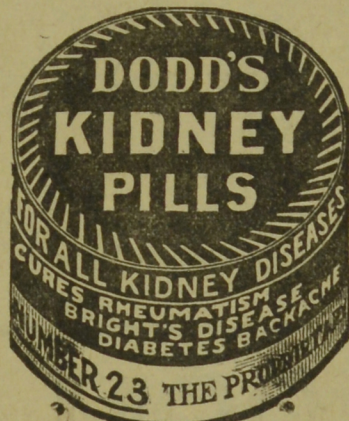
"Yes, and Sir Glare's out in the
garden looking for the man. Rouse
yourself, Gamble; don't stand there
doing nothing. Quick!"

Gamble wanted no further incen-
tive. Without a word he dashed to-
wards the door. He looked just then
about the last person in the world a
burglar would care to encounter.

A few seconds afterwards she was
in her boudoir. She was white with
excitement and panting for breath,
but she was quite cool. All her nerves
were very highly strung, but she had
not lost control of them.

On a dainty little Empire writing
table—a gem of its kind, which had
once belonged to Pauline Borghese—
lay a large foolscap-sized blotting book
of tortoiseshell and gold. Into one of
the inside watered-silk pockets she
put the blue envelope and the little
key, the possession of which had
meant so much to her. There was no
time to do more at the moment, much
as she wanted utterly to destroy the
contents of the blue envelope. If
only there had been a fire; but one
does not have fires in July, even in
Blackport. She realized for a moment
that she ought to have thought
of a fire long before, feigned a chill,
or made it possible in some other way.
But, then, how was he to have taken
this most terrible return of Glare

(to be continued.)



OPPOSITION CONVENTION

All those opposed to the present
Provincial Government are invited to
meet in Convention at the

County Court House

—ON—

Saturday, Feb. 10th.

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

To select Candidates for the Legislative
Assembly

By order of the General Committee.

GEO. F. BURDEN, Convenor.

RECRUITS WANTED

for the

257th Railway Construction Battalion

Minimum Height, 4 feet 7 inches

Age 18 to 48

One Company to be raised in New Brunswick
under the command of Major C. G. Hannington
of St. John.

Minor physical defects do not bar recruits.

A good chance to get overseas without delay.

Make application to local recruiting officer.

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Watermans Ideal Fountain Pen,
Made in Canada.

The most useful gift for men on active
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Wood's Phospholine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins, cures nervous
debility, mental and brain worry, despon-
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