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Manufactured in F'enton a "trudget"  
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Has a sweet nutty flavour and contains  
more nutriment than the so-called Pat-  
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**\$5.00 per 98lb bag.**  
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Need Pressing and  
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SEND THEM TO  
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**ARMY SERVICE CORPS**  
Apply Lieut. K. H. L. Love  
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CAN BE QUICKLY CURED BY  
**DR. WOOD'S**  
NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

This trouble is most distressing and  
is caused by a cold settling in the  
throat. The hard dry cough causes  
that nasty, tickling, irritating sensation  
and keeps you from enjoying your  
night's rest. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine  
Syrup, which is composed of the most  
soothing and healing expectorant herbs  
and barks combined with the lung-heal-  
ing virtues of the world-famed Norway  
pine tree, will give almost instant re-  
lief in all cases of this nature.

Mrs. Alex. Durward, Athelstan, Que.,  
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way Pine Syrup for a number of years,  
and find it the only thing that will help  
me when I have a severe cold. It helps  
the soreness and stops the tickling sen-  
sation in my throat, which is so irritat-  
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and the children, and would not be  
without it in the house."

The thousands of testimonials we  
have received during the past twenty-  
five years prove that Dr. Wood's Nor-  
way Pine Syrup is an excellent remedy  
for all coughs and colds, so see that  
you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper,  
three pine trees the trade mark, price  
25c. and 50c., at all dealers.

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**HORSES** weighing from 900 pounds  
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First inspection March 22nd.

For price and further particulars  
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J. E. SULLIVAN,  
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Fredericton, March 13th, 1917.  
3-13 M

**WANTED**—Teacher for School Dis-  
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3-16 W 21

Wanted—a good smart boy to learn  
the printing business, make himself  
generally useful around the office. Apply  
at Mail office. Good wages for the  
right boy.

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dwelling, or one suitable for same, in  
a central locality. Apply A. care of  
Mail Office. 2-24 61

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profusely illustrated. Stirring account  
of the great conflict. Written for Cana-  
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large sale. Unusual opportunity for  
man, woman or returned soldier to  
make money. Will join you in giving  
share of profits to your local Red  
Cross. Winston Limited, Toronto.

## FOR SALE

**FOR SALE**—A bay colt, five years old,  
weight 1200 lbs., well broken, sound  
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**FOR SALE**—16-inch hard and soft  
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swick street, Fredericton. It includes  
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**TO LET**—The cottage, 138 Brunswick  
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**TO LET**—Cottage house, lower flat, sit-  
uated 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**

"This letter," said Van Ost, "bears  
the London postmark. I must tell you  
that there is a great deal of mystery  
about the whole affair. You know Sir  
Glare Monk?"

"By name very well. I have only  
met him once. I have the greatest  
admiration for him."

"Well, the papers in question were  
stolen from his house in Blackport."

"And you say that Soda stole  
them?"

"There is no doubt about it. These  
papers had reference to the B.I.R.C.  
question. They were supposed to be  
signed by Sir Glare Monk. He has  
declared them to be forgeries. But  
of course, all that is well known to  
you. The rest I can only mention in  
outline. These papers were taken  
from Sir Glare's private safe. For a  
little while they were in another part  
of the house. It was from there that  
they were stolen. With them were  
other papers that had nothing to do  
with the case. It was these that were  
returned in that letter."

"I see," said the Countess. "It is  
most mysterious. And you think that  
Soda entered Sir Glare Monk's house  
and took the papers?"

"I want to ask what you think,  
madame. Is he clever enough? Could  
he carry through anything like that?"

"From my knowledge of him, I  
should never have thought so. And  
yet he was cunning, and I did all I  
could to develop his intelligence.  
Alas! If it were for such an end."

"Tell me, madame, did Soda bear  
any grudge towards Sir Glare Monk?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Why  
should he? I don't know that he knew  
anything about him. I can only think  
that he must have got into bad  
hands."

"Another question, madame. Did  
Soda ever come into touch with  
Valentine Drake?"

"Not to my knowledge," she an-  
swered, "and certainly not with my  
consent. I do not approve of Mr.  
Drake. Do you suggest that Mr.  
Drake has got hold of Soda and is  
using him as a tool?"

"Well, you see, those papers would  
interest Drake very much. They  
would be of great value to him."

"But, surely, Mr. Drake would not  
stoop to theft!" exclaimed the Count-  
ess.

"It is only a suggestion. There may  
be nothing in it. Anyway, you have  
helped me enormously, chere ma-  
dame. You have narrowed the circle  
of my investigation. They resolve  
themselves now into finding Soda."

"Ah, but you will deal leniently with  
him if you find him!" she exclaimed  
earnestly. "I implore you. He is  
only a poor ignorant black. I feel  
certain that, if he has done this thing,  
he was the tool of somebody else."

Van Ost did not linger in the  
Countess's boudoir after luncheon. He  
took his leave almost immediately,  
with voluble protestations as to his  
good intentions towards the errant  
negro. He was very pleased with him-  
self as he drove back to his hotel in  
a cab.

He left for London that night. On  
the way he wired to the Countess for  
a photograph of Soda. If she happened  
to have one, he arrived the day  
after he did. Soda apparently had  
the usual passport of natives for be-  
ing photographed, and had presented  
his mistress with a copy. The photo-  
graph represented a very tall and  
largely-built negro. To an outsider it  
would have been impossible to dis-  
tinguish the face from that of any  
black, but Van Ost, with his intimate  
knowledge of the race, found enough  
personal characteristics in the pic-  
tured face to be quite certain that he  
would recognize the man if he saw him.

For a day or two he did not set  
about a systematic search, as he had  
other things to do. And on the third  
day search became useless, for he  
came face to face with Soda in quite  
an accidental way.

He was walking along the Strand  
in the morning, and his attention was  
attracted by the way a lot of people  
stood still to examine a man who was  
coming out of a wine shop. This  
proved to be a full-blooded nigger,  
very tall and largely made, and dressed  
in light trousers, frock coat with  
a flower in the button-hole, silk hat,  
and highly polished patent boots.

Van Ost recognized Soda at once.  
Soda walked with a swing and a  
strut. He was slightly bow-legged,  
but otherwise quite an imposing  
figure. He swung a silver-topped cane,  
and there was a broad grin on his  
shining black face.

Van Ost lingered and allowed him  
to get a little way ahead. He thought  
the negro's gait was growing a trifle  
unsteady, and wondered whether he  
had had too much to drink. He  
rather hoped that he had.

Soda walked with the same jaunty  
strut through many thoroughfares, al-  
ways northwards, until he reached  
Bloomsbury. He turned into a street  
that passed by the massive gates of  
the British Museum, and then walked  
straight on eastwards until he reached  
a narrow and rather slummy street  
quite close to Red Lion Square. He  
ascended the few steps that led to  
one of the houses and opened the  
door with a latch-key and went in.

Van Ost had turned the corner of

the street just in time to notice the  
position of the house that the negro  
had entered.

Van Ost mounted the steps and  
rang the bell. Over the fanlight of  
the door he noticed a card indicating  
that apartments were to let.

The usual type of landlady opened  
the door and gazed upon him with  
suspicion.

"Pardon, madame," began Van Ost,  
and then relapsed into English, which  
he only spoke with the greatest diffi-  
culty. "I see—you have a colored  
gentleman in house," he said. "I  
should like to see him."

"Are you a friend of his?" asked the  
landlady, with a haughty stare; "cos  
I can tell yer I don't generally take  
'is sort. This is a 'ighly respectable  
'ouse. Not but that he pays reglar  
and orders meals like a gentleman.  
An' he don't eat with 'is fingers,  
neither. Wot name shall I tell Mr.  
Lekwezen?"

From this extraordinary appellation  
Van Ost surmised, with really mar-  
vellous acumen, that the negro had  
adopted the surname of Lequesne.

"My name is no good," said Van Ost  
politely. "Mr. Lequesne does know  
me not."

"Bless me, you're not from the  
police," cried the landlady.

"Oh, no, no, madame; calm your-  
self, I pray you. I am a friend of a  
good friend of monsieur's. That is  
all."

"Oh, I see. Well, you'd better come  
this way," said the landlady, still re-  
garding him with the utmost suspi-  
cion.

She led him upstairs and knocked  
at the door of the "first floor front."  
It was a wretchedly furnished room.  
On a broken-down couch sat the  
negro. He had taken off his coat,  
and was in the act of pulling off his  
glossy boots. He still wore his top-  
hat, however, and made a curious and  
amusing picture.

He sprang to his feet when his  
visitor entered the room. Van Ost  
bowed politely to him, and, remember-  
ing that the countess had taught the  
negro French, addressed him in that  
language.

Soda responded immediately. He  
spoke quite fluently, though ungram-  
matically, and some of his words he  
seemed to have coined for himself.

"I am pleased to see you, Mon-  
sieur Lequesne," said Van Ost, taking  
a seat on a rickety chair and lighting  
one of his long cigars. He did not  
offer the negro one. "I had the  
pleasure of seeing you before once or  
twice. You were then called Soda,  
and were in the service of Madame  
le Comtesse de Vicorsopano."

The negro made a curious sound  
in his throat. Evidently discovery  
was not welcome to him. His eyes  
rolled fearfully.

"What does m'sieur want with me?"  
he asked when he had recovered him-  
self. "I am no longer in the service  
of Madame la Comtesse."

"It seems you ran away from her—  
escaped—heim, mon brave," said Van  
Ost. He spoke with a mixture of  
sternness and good nature.

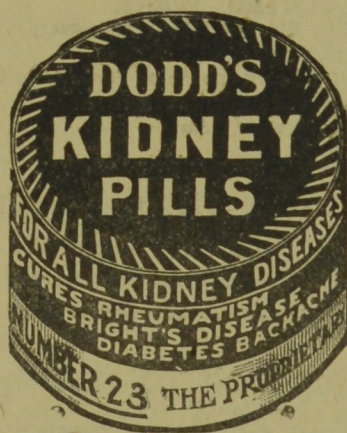
"The service was not what I want-  
ed," said the negro sullenly.

"No, so I understand. You found  
something more to your liking, some-  
thing that paid you better—heim? But  
a more dangerous calling, all the  
same."

"I do not understand, m'sieu."  
"Well, you took to stealing—is that  
clear? Do I make myself plain? Bah,  
what a return for all madame's kind-  
ness! It would break her heart if  
she knew."

The negro had suddenly become a  
craven, cowering creature.  
"Madame does not know," he whim-  
pered. "I would not have her sad  
because of me."

(To be Continued.)



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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.

(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 Pokioik, 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.

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

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Nashwaak Village.  
232-21 Hamilton, W. T., Res., 625  
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159 Murray, A. & Co., Dry Goods,  
396 Queen Street.  
433-11 McElman, Jas. G., Res., Gibson.  
587-41 McMullen, W. E., Res., George  
Street.  
322-41 Ross, Wm. E., Res., 168 Queen  
Street.  
346-21 Holder, C. D., Res., 325 Nor-  
thumberland St.  
346-31 Tims, Fred J., Res., Aberdeen  
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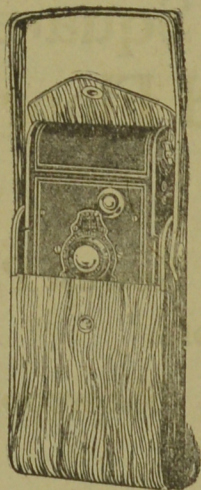
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