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BUSINESS COLLEGE
Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
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mation regarding our courses of study,
descriptive booklet of which will be
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Need Pressing and
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SEND THEM TO
H. L. ROGERS
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Style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."
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Boarders can be accommodated
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a good investment or a nice home.

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Manufactured in F'eton on a "trudget"
Marvel Roller Flour Mill, the latest im-
provement in flour milling machinery.
Has a sweet nutty flavour and contains
more nutriment than the so-called Pat-
ent flours composed of larger proportions
of starch.
\$5.00 per 98lb bag.
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Aberdeen Street, near C. P. R. Station,

WOMEN'S AILMENTS

Come From the Heart and Nerves.

Young girls budding into woman-
hood who suffer with pains and head-
aches, and whose face is pale and blood
watery, will find Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills build them up.

Women between the ages of 40 and
50, who are nervous, subject to hot
flushes, feeling of pins and needles,
smothering feeling, shortness of breath,
palpitation of the heart, etc., are tired
over this trying time of their life by
the use of this remedy.

Milburn Heart and Nerve Pills have
a wonderful effect on a woman's sys-
tem, making pains and aches vanish,
bringing color to the pale cheek and
sparkle to the eye.

The old, worn out, tired out, languid
feelings, give place to strength and
vitality, and life again seems like living.

Mrs. Alfred Winter, Castor, Alta.,
writes: "I would like every woman who
is suffering from nerves or heart trou-
ble to know how much Milburn's Heart
and Nerve Pills have helped me. For
two years I kept a hired girl, and was
doctoring all the time. After having
taken four boxes of your pills I am
able to do all my own work. I would
especially recommend them to women
between 40 and 50, as at that time they
are more liable to be far from well.
One of my neighbors knows how they
helped me, and she is now using them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
50c., or three boxes for \$1.25, at all
dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of
price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Tor-
onto, Ont.

We find a grim spur to optimism in
the words attributed to the Grand Vizier,
that Turkey will fight to the last
man. If that end should really come
it would solve the everlasting problem.

Someone hails as a solution of the
"short skirt menace" the assertion of
an expert that women who wear skirts
short and thin have to eat more to
keep warm, and therefore grow fat.
The trouble is that no woman believes
that.

When you try to straighten out a
difficulty between man and wife, be
sure one or the other is dead.

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1 insertion 25
3 insertions 30
6 insertions 40
1 month 100

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WANTED—To buy, a double tenement
dwelling, or one suitable for same, in
a central locality. Apply A., care of
Mail Office. 2-24 6i

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FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch
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618 Brunswick street, telephone 308-32

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
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Great opportunity for an enterprising
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TO LET—Corner house, lower flat, sit-
uated on Charlotte and Westmorland
streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer. 2-17 6i

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.

Chauffeurs, Mechanics, Helpers

Wanted for
Mechanical Transport

Teamsters, Store Clerks, Office Clerks
Bakers, Butchers, Farriers, Saddlers,
Wheelwrights, Helpers, Wanted for the

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Apply Lieut. K. H. L. Love
Army Service Corps. The Armouries

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Waterloo Row.
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St.

N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

The Dog Star

—BY—
Coralla Stanton
and
Heath Hosken

Lobanzo Natives Protection Associa-
tion and the Darkest Africa Emanci-
pation League, and that sheer fraud
of an institution of his called the
Universal Brotherhood of Mankind
Society. It's a scandal, madame—a
wicked fraud on a credulous public."

"I know, I know," she murmured,
tapping the little bundle of papers im-
patiently; "but all this doesn't help
us in the least."

But Van Ost was wound up. He
was declaiming as to a public meeting.
"Drake," he cried, impassioned
tones, "this scoundrel Drake cares no
more for the native of the Lobanzo
than he does for the Martian, cer-
tainly far less than either you or I,
and certainly Sir Glare Monk. Bah!

I am sick with such a man; he is not
a man at all, madame—he is a turgid
humbug, playing the fool with a silly
punch which is just sitting around him
asking him to make a fool of it. Mon
Dieu! I will expose him; I will justify
all of us. Only give me time, madame,
only give me a few days—that is all
I ask. Why, this Drake creature, he
has never been out of this country in
his life; he has never once set foot
in Africa."

"You talk exactly like Glare," said
Theodora in a bored tone of voice.
"Really, Van Ost, I am not in the
least interested in all this. I don't
care whether Drake has been to the
Lobanzo or whether he has not. All I
know is that he looks very much like
making a mess of things, as far as I
am concerned, and consequently he is
dangerous."

"He is nothing," said Van Ost airily.
"He is not to be considered."

"But, for all that, he is doing an
unconscionable amount of harm," she
insisted.

"Quite so; but that is because the
public has been fooled with lies," re-
torted Van Ost excitedly.
"Are they lies?" asked Theodora
wearily. "The Lobanzo was such a
long way away."

"Why, certainly, madame. Can you
doubt it? The African native of the
Lobanzo—ugh! who shall speak of
him without being ill? He is not a
man; he is a creature; he is animal,
worse than animal. He is gross; he
is unspeakable! How is it to be con-
sidered possible for a moment to treat
him, to regard him, in our minds even,
as Monsieur Drake would have us
treat him, eh? Our Christian brother?
Mon Dieu! He knows no honor, no
decency—he must be whipped, not
spoken to. He is lazy—ah, how lazy
no one so well as myself can tell.
Argument with him has no avail.
Punishment must be meted out to him—
punishment, chere, madame, that he
will understand. Imprisonment? It is
just what he most likes; it is a re-
ward, not a penalty. European chas-
tisement? Eh? Ha, ha, it is to him
as a luxurious massage. We must take
him as we find him, hein! This im-
becile Drake and these people who
swallow all he chooses to tell them,
and sit in their comfortable houses
and talk about the Bangala, the Boxo-
ko, the Ardwini as human beings—
pshaw! They should just take a little
summer holiday in the B.I.R.C., and
they would soon have a different tale
to tell."

Lady Monk shook her head im-
patiently.

"My good Van Ost," she said, "your
opinion of the wretched niggers of the
Lobanzo is of no interest to me." She
moved her shoulders in a shrug that
consigned those unimportant children
of the human race to limbo. Nothing
interested her at that precise moment
except the papers that she held in her
hand and wanted to destroy, and the
place she found herself in, which she
wanted to get out of. Yet it was
noticeable that, for all her haughtiness
and her scarcely veiled contempt for
the strange specimen of humanity with
whom she was thus incongruously but
very necessarily brought into contact,
she eyed him with a certain curious
deference, and waited for him to take
the initiative in the destruction of the
papers, which was obviously the pur-
pose for which he had brought her to
this unsavory spot.

But Van Ost, like all foreigners, even
the most frivolous, was serious in
matters of the brain, and of business,
and, although he could thrust and
parry verbally with the best, he did
not feel inclined at the particular
moment to lose the main point in a
maze of obscure innuendo, which was
Lady Monk's favorite mode of con-
ducting the conversation on the rare
occasions when they met. He did not
consider, like an Englishman would
have done, that he owed a beautiful
woman gallantry even in business.

"Tell me," he said, "if I am not
right in thus designating the native
as something much lower than an or-
dinary domestic animal? You know
all about them, chere madame. You,
with your immoderately brilliant mind,
must long ago have made yourself
complete mistress of the situation."

"I don't know anything about the
wretched creatures," she said. She
spoke snappily; and, as she looked at
him, she did not seek to conceal her
distaste. In her own mind, she was
not at all certain that a healthy, full-

bloated nigger might not be pre-
ferable to this grotesque imitation of
a man, this decadent creature, who
was all brain, of a brilliant, hard,
machine-like type, and whom nobody
would ever have credited with a single
one of the natural healthy instincts
and impulses of a man. She decided
that no cannibal could be more revolting
than Henri Van Ost, with his insu-
ferable dandyism, his cosmetics, and
his superlative conceit. She would
probably have found him merely
comic had she not been to a certain
extent in his power.

"I think, madame, that you belittle
your own great intelligence," he said
with a smile.

"Well, anyhow, I don't want to talk
about the brutes," she retorted. "I'm
sick to death of the whole thing."

"But Sir Glare, your good husband,
the great overlord of the Lobanzo, as
they call him," persisted Van Ost,
carrying out his line of thought quite
regardless of her impatience, "does
he not think as I do about the matter?
In his heart and mind, into which,
madame, you no doubt penetrate
deeper than other human beings, does
he not hold exactly the same opinions?
Does he not realize that there is only
one thing to make these niggers work
—the whip?"

"Oh, Glare talks much as you do,"
she said indifferently. "He doesn't
think much of these niggers—nobody
does who's ever been out there. But,
then, he's different. He wouldn't
countenance any of the awful things
that you do."

"That we do," he corrected, with
a smile and an exaggerated bow.

"Oh, we if you like. I'm not thin-
skinned. I'm talking about my hus-
band. He has a great public position,
and he has a conscience. And he's
not so greedy as you are—"

"As we are!" he reminded her
again, with another bow, whose very
exaggeration of respect was a delicate
mockery.

Theodora gave a harsh laugh, and a
shadow swept across her face. For a
second a light that was sheer lust—
the lust of gain and greed—came into
her eyes.

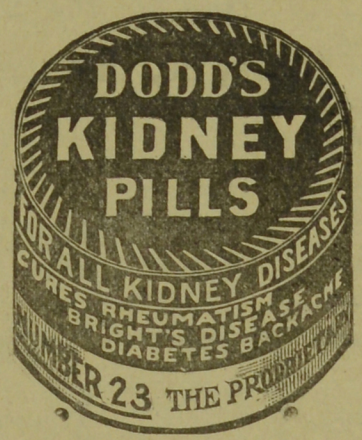
"You remind me," she said, "that I
have to stick to this abominable
business, though I am so sick of it.
If it weren't that I want money, that
I must have money, I should get out
of it now, at once."

"That is impossible," put in Van
Ost. He took a little paper from a
small bundle and rolled himself a
cigarette with Lobanzo tobacco, that
he carried in an oval silver box.
He had extraordinary hands for a
man; they were perfectly shaped, and
almost transparent, and the veins
showed blue. Their every movement
was instinct with indescribable grace.

"Allow me to make that very clear,
madame. It is absolutely impossible.
It would be fatal, indeed. At this
point we must not have any distur-
bance of the balance of power; we
must have no operations going on
that might call attention to the inner
working of the company. Just now
we are in a most prosperous con-
dition, and all this foolish agitation
is doing us no harm. Your holdings
are so distributed under different
names that no one has the slightest
suspicion. I think you will admit that
that enviable state of affairs is due
to my arrangement and my advice."

"Oh, yes, yes—I have never denied
it," she exclaimed. "And I have
shown my gratitude. You are a
miracle, my dear Van Ost; your finan-
cial genius is extraordinary. There
has never been the slightest hitch;
everything has run on wheels. But
I am sick of it, all the same. I know
that no one has the faintest sus-
picion that I have anything to do with
the B.I.R.C.—Glare least of all. I
know I owe that to you. I know that
since I started speculating in rubber
shares just to amuse myself, and I
came across you in Ostend, you have
been a very good friend to me."

(To be continued.)



Laymen and Church Union

The following are a few of the thousands of Presbyterian lay-
men who heartily approve of the Church Union movement, and
permit their names to be attached to the following appeal to the
people of Canada:

"We recognize that the basis of union permits and expects
existing congregations to continue in every particular exactly as
before."

"We regret any insinuation that the big city church (whose
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needs of the country and place the united church in a position to
assume a national responsibility for the Canada that is to be."

"We believe conditions generally, but especially in the more
sparsely settled districts, demand Union for the sake of efficiency
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and waste."

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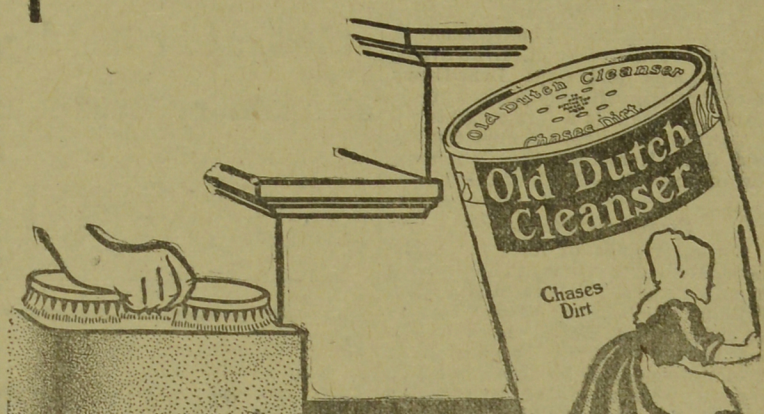
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