

DR. J. B. CROCKER,
DENTIST,
OFFICE, KITCHEN BUILDING,
Opposite Post Office.
TELEPHONES:
Office—419-11. House—57-41

DR. GERRARD,
DENTIST
Years' London, England,
Experience.
KING STREET, OPPOSITE BOYLE'S
PHONES—Office, 574; House 2600-41.

W. J. IRVINE,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Opp. Soldier's Barracks and Next Door
to Bank of N. S. Building.
Queen Street.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.;
2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
PHONE—338-11

DR. L. R. DAVISON,
DENTAL SURGEON
Graduate of R. C. D. S., Toronto, Ont.
OFFICE: Inches Building, Queen St.
Lately Occupied by Capt.
F. W. Barbour.
Telephone 261-21.

J. A. McADAM,
UNDERTAKER
REGENT STREET
Best and Most Modern Funeral
Equipment in the City.
Residence Telephone 70-41
Business Telephone 118-41

Harry R. Adams
SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE
JOHN G. ADAMS
Undertaker
610 Queen Street
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,
Fredericton, N. B.

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. Mary's. A chance for
a good investment or a nice home.
CLARENCE L. SYPHER,
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-
tom work 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
Abdeen Street, near C. P. R. Station,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

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 "lured 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 saleswomen
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

FOR SALE
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,
Chairman. Secretary.

**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—
Coraie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken

into her reckonings? It was the most
unexpected and incomprehensible of
all unexpected and incomprehensible
things.

There would be ample opportunity
later. And what happened in the
moment really was of small import.
She dare not think, anticipate, or
reason. She must rely on her in-
spiration and her unfailing luck, and
her knowledge of the tremendous
power she possessed over the sense
and reason of her husband.

Once outside on the veranda, Lorion
realized the incredibly foolish thing
that he had done in listening to the
deceitful appeal of Lady Monk.

The startling revelations of the last
few seconds had robbed him of his
wonted presence of mind. To hear
within the space almost of a breath
that Glare Monk was actually guilty
of the fearful deeds attributed to him,
that Lady Monk had stolen the key
of the safe from the bunch that he
had lent her, in order to abstract
documents from it, and, finally, that
Monk had not gone to the Lobanzo
after all, might surely be accounted
sufficient to render any man incapable
of calm and collected thought.

He heard Monk's voice inside the
room. His position was monstrous.
There could be no explanation. He
must return. He had not proceeded
very far along the veranda, which ran
along the entire length of the house,
with steps down into the garden from
two of the rooms, and he was just
about to go back boldly into the room,
when a sound in the garden below
arrested him. It was a rustling sound,
as of bushes being stealthily parted.

Lorion peered down from the veran-
da. The hot river mist filled the gar-
den, and everything appeared disor-
dered and indistinct. But Lorion
could have sworn that there was some-
body moving, and at the same moment
a curious, subtle scent assailed
his nostrils. He started violently. It
was like damp, rotting straw steam-
ing in the sunshine. It took him back
in an instant to the great forest of
the Lobanzo. It was the smell of
the Lobanzo; it meant indescribable
things to him. It was the smell of
the steaming mad of Lake Umba.

Had his nerves gone to pieces, or
was it really a great silent black form
that he saw stealing through the
bushes of the shrubbery, with the walk
that one saw on the game tracks of
the Zongo?

The next moment he was down in
the garden, crashing through the laurel
belt. The hoot of a siren brought
him to his senses. What a fool he
was making of himself! His eyesight
had played him false; there was no
one there.

And then, from the other side of
the shrubbery, he heard footsteps
hurrying towards him; and before he
knew what was the matter, he found
his arms seized in a violent grip.

"Oh, it's Mr. Lorion," cried Gamble,
the butler, in an excited voice. "I
beg your pardon, sir, but her lady-
ship's just told me about the burglary,
and I saw you and didn't recognize
you, sir."

"I quite understand, Gamble," Lorion
retorted.

"And Sir Glare's just come back,
sir," the butler continued volubly,
"and—"

At that moment Monk himself rushed
down the veranda steps towards
the two men.

"Lorion," he cried, as he recognized
the young man. "Thank God, you're
here! My wife never told me. Have
you seen anybody? Have you heard?
My safe's been broken open—the
papers are gone! You look startled,
my boy. Something's happened; I
discovered before it was too late, and
got them to drop me. I've been look-
ing for you for the last three hours.
Where the deuce have you been? But
never mind that now. Have you seen
anybody? He got out this way—the
window of my room was open."

Lorion then vaguely realized what
was expected of him by Lady Monk.
Fate had made him her accomplice.
His first impulse had been to blurt
out everything; after all, his duty
was to his chief. But the whole thing
was so complicated, so incomprehen-
sible, and the effect of telling the
truth would be to accuse Monk's
idolized wife of robbing her husband's
safe. Even that might have been
his duty, but he did not know. He felt
position was beyond him. He felt
strongly, urgently, that—for the moment,
at any rate—he must keep silence.

"No, I haven't seen anyone, sir,"
he answered. "I must explain why I
am here—"

But Monk did not seem to have
heard the last sentence, and darted
away across the garden. Both Lorion
and the butler followed him, and he
led a silent chase through the acre or
so of well-laid-out ground.

At last they came to a standstill
under the veranda. Monk was pant-
ing.

"It's no good," he said. "In this
mist any man could have got away.
We're simply wasting time. Let's
go in and ring up the police. My
wife will give us more details. She
knows more about this than any of
us, it seems."

The butler was sent to the tele-
phone, which was in the hall, the one
in Monk's room being only a private

instrument connecting with the offices
in Pale Street. Lorion and his chief
went back into the room where the
rided safe gaped in the wall. Lady
Monk was there. She was pacing up
and down. Lorion marvelled at her
composure. The moment he entered
the room she fixed her eyes on his
face with a look that appealed and
compelled.

"The thief has got away, Theodora,"
said he, and even in this crisis there
were admiration and worship to be
read in the glance that he fixed on
his wife's beautiful face. "We're send-
ing for the police. It's hopeless to
attempt anything ourselves in this
fog. You must tell us everything
now, so that no clue may be lost.
Fortunately, Lorion is here. You
hadn't told me."

"I—" began Lorion, struggling
furiously with his sense of incapacity
to explain his presence.

"Mr. Lorion dined with me," put in
Lady Monk in a clear voice, with her
eyes still fixed compellingly, even
threateningly, on the young man's
face. "He went back about an hour
ago in the car, but, fortunately, he
found that he had left some books
and pamphlets behind and came back
for them. I was never more glad of
anything in my life. I was in here
when I heard him at the door. I had
just heard strange noises, and come
down to find the man in this room
who had opened the safe, and he
snatched past me and got away. I ran
to meet Mr. Lorion, and begged him
to go out into the garden, where I
was sure the thief had escaped. I
was much too upset to tell you more
than the mere fact that the safe had
been opened," she added, with a gasp

of injustice and self-seeking and in-
humanity that his enemies brought
against him and sought to prove.

Lorion felt as if he had stabbed
his best friend. While the inspector
asked a few more formal questions
he and Lady Monk exchanged a long
look. Hers was full of the most
ardent gratitude; his both reassured
her and filled her with shame. She
read in his eyes that he had delib-
erately lied to save her, but only be-
cause she was a woman and the wife
of his beloved chief.

When the inspector had gone Glare
Monk turned to Lorion.

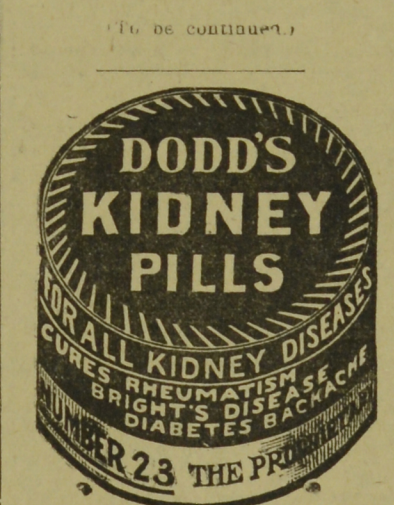
"You must be tired, my boy," he
said. "Go home and get to bed. I
shall want you to be at the office
early in the morning. We have very
important things to settle. All this
is very upsetting, but we mustn't let
it interfere with our work. I needn't
tell you, John, that none of the atro-
cious things are true, and that I shall
be vindicated in the end. And, my
dear boy, don't think I blame you for
a moment!" He laid his hand affec-
tionately on the young man's shoulder.
"I didn't give my enemies credit for
being quite so clever—that's all. I
know well enough that you would
guard anything of mine as if it were
your own—and even better."

"Anything of mine!" Did that apply
to his beautiful wife, Lorion won-
dered, with an access of hatred against
her. He was guarding her, and he
felt the meanest traitor on earth.

"Be at the office at nine, please,
John," Monk went on. "We shall have
a hard day's work." They had all
moved out through the library into
the hall.

"Here are your books. Don't forget
them a second time, Mr. Lorion," put
in Theodora, pointing to a couple of
official looking volumes and five or
six thin, paper-covered pamphlets that
stood on an oak table by the side of
the hat-stand.

Again Lorion marvelled at her
cleverness, at her grasp of detail. This
had been her story, and she had pre-
pared for it. She must have taken
the books from the library shelves
and placed them there. Heaven alone
knew when—probably while he was
in the garden with her husband. He
wanted feverishly to know what she



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.

FURS! FURS!
NO NEED TO SUFFER WITH THE COLD when FUR COATS
can be bought at such low prices from us.
WE HAVE REAL GOOD FUR COATS FOR MEN, none better
to wear.
SOME GOOD VALUES IN LADIES' COATS. LADIES' NECK
FURS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

J. Clark & Son Ltd.
Corner York and King Streets

Mail Ads Will
Bring You Results

THE PEN FOR MEN IN THE ARMY

Watermans Ideal Fountain Pen,
Made in Canada.

The most useful gift for men on active
service. Prices to suit everybody.

A full range of Kodaks and supplies al-
ways in stock.

The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.

Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins, cures nervous
debility, mental and brain worry, deop-
sency, loss of energy, palpitation of the
heart, failing memory. Price \$1 per box, six
for \$5. - One will please, six will cure. - Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)