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THE WINTER TERM OF THE FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE, With Open on MONDAY, January 8, 1917. Begin today to prepare for a good paying position by getting information 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, 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 comforts, 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. CLARENCE L. SYPHER, REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE. Residence, 603 Regent Street. Phone 524-21.

Celestial Flour, Manufactured in F'ntona a "trudget" Marvel Roller Flour Mill, the latest improvement in flour milling machinery. Has a sweet nutty flavour and contains more nutriment than the so-called Patent flours composed of larger proportions of Starch. \$5.00 per 98lb bag. F. H. EVERETT, Aberdeen Street, near C. P. R. Station, N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

HAD INDIGESTION Could Keep Nothing on Stomach

Indigestion is one of the worst forms of stomach trouble. The stomach becomes upset and you have a raw, debilitated feeling in it.

After a meal you feel that you must get rid of that nasty, bilious, burning sensation; that souring and rising of the food which is so unpleasant and in many cases very painful.

It is not necessary for you to be troubled with indigestion when Burdock Blood Bitters may be so easily obtained. This old and well known remedy, which is a combination of nature's best roots, herbs, barks and berries, will cure indigestion and all stomach troubles.

Mr. Lazare Savoy, Pokemouche, N. B., writes: "About two years ago I was troubled with indigestion that had I could keep nothing on my stomach. I was sorely disappointed in everything I tried to relieve me. At last a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I took four bottles and can now eat anything that is set in front of me."

This old and old medicine, B.B.B., has been on the market for the past forty years, and we claim, without any fear of contradiction, that it is the best cure for all stomach troubles. Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

There is no hope for the poor girl, who is stone blind to the sparkling beauties of a solitaire.

It takes a woman to worry when she happens to think what a hard time her children would have with a step-mother.

It is almost as difficult for a young man to get over a case of lovesickness as it is for a woman to get over a barbed wire fence.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates for Classified Advertisements: 1 insertion... 3 insertions... 6 insertions... 1 month...

WANTED

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

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also wood suitable for hall stoves. Thos. Fulton, 615 Brunswick street, telephone 305-32

FOR SALE—My property on Brunswick street, Fredericton. It includes dwelling house, barn and sausage factory. The letter 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—Corner house, lower flat, situated on Charlotte and Westmorland streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer. 2-17 6i

FOR RETURNED SOLDIER

NOTICE is hereby given that branch of the Provincial Returned Soldiers' Aid Committee has been organized for the Counties of York Sunbury and Queens, and the City of Fredericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C. Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Secretary.

All employers of labor in said district willing to give preference to returned 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.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

410 Laurie, Major D. Allan, Res., 346 Brunswick St. 420-12 Mawer, Fred L., Res., Gibson, 231-21 Thompson, Miss Mary, Res., Waterloo Row. 24-21 Young H. M., Res., 283 George St.

The Dog Star

Coralie-Stanton and Heath Hosken

"But why you?" exclaimed Theodora. "No one knows that you are in England—I am certain Glare doesn't know it even now."

"Oh, but, as it happens, Sir Glare does know. He is not such a fool as he would have us believe."

When they were about half-way up Tottenham Court Road the cab swung round sharply to the left into a broad, busy street.

"I am living incognito," explained Van Ost apologetically. "You must not mind, but just now it is safest, and we can get everything over in a very short time. No one on earth would expect to find Lady Monk here—or, for the matter of that, me either."

"I should hope not," exclaimed Theodora, with a little shudder of disgust. Madeline Street, Tottenham Court Road, was not a particularly attractive neighborhood. There was an odor of onions and stale cooking in the heavy, heated, moist air; there was a superabundance of very dirty children and unkempt loafers; a general note of squalor prevailed, and the foreign names over the shops sounded a note of mystery.

The motor cab lurged into the garbage-strewn kerb and pulled up with a jerk outside a newspaper shop, a nondescript place that appeared to divide its interest between journals and tobacco. Over the dingy window, in faded lettering, was inscribed:

LIBRAIRIE COSMOPOLITAINE

"Quick," said Van Ost, opening the door of the cab, jumping to the pavement, and offering his hand. "Don't let us waste a moment. No one has seen us so far; of that I am quite convinced."

Theodora obeyed his invitation without a word.

"You know what to do," said Van Ost to the chauffeur. "Be back in twenty minutes' time, and, in the meantime, drive all the while."

"Very good, sir," snapped the man, and drove off without another look or word.

"This way, chere madame," explained Van Ost, ushering his beautiful companion along a narrow, evil-smelling passage or hall alongside the newspaper shop to a glass-pannelled door on which was painted in foreign lettering:

L'ACTUALITE

Director: Jean Ular Administration, Redaction et Annonces

Van Ost opened the door with a key. It gave immediately on to a steep and narrow staircase, ill-lighted and badly ventilated. It was altogether a most unprepossessing spot.

"Here we are, dear lady," exclaimed Van Ost triumphantly. "Upstairs I have a room in readiness for us, and there we can talk without danger of being disturbed."

"But this is simply impossible," Theodora protested. "I really cannot stay here, it's too horrible. What ever is it? Wherever are you taking me? You must surely see how unpleasant it is for me."

"Not at all, madame; it is nothing—nothing, I assure you. A respectable newspaper, the office of a friend of mine, in whose paper I am financially interested, and which is quite safe and—and, if I may say so, madame, perfectly respectable. This is not even a Socialist paper. It is a journal devoted to quite a conventional cause. To have seen you at my hotel, or to have come to your great and magnificent mansion—Pshaw! It would have been nothing short of madness. Here—well, we might as well be on a desert island for all that anyone knows."

"But how can you be sure of that?" asked Theodora a little fractionally.

"But, madame, have I not eyes and ears and a brain? I have observed. I am used to this sort of thing. I have not lived through the last year without knowing something—ah! I assure you I am most circumspect, most suspicious, and most cautious. Oh, you may implicitly trust me, dear Lady Monk."

She shrugged her shoulders, and followed him laboriously up the steep staircase. She was annoyed. The man always annoyed her. His conceit was stupendous. Besides, she was getting very bored; and she had so many more pleasant things to do to-day.

The room into which he ushered her was a comparatively well-furnished apartment, and was obviously an office in pretty constant use. There were a good many books—directories, account books, and some newspaper files.

"Pray be seated," said Van Ost, with a grandiloquent gesture of his gloved hand, "and permit me to restore to you what must, I am sure, be of immense value to you, and what must also take a great weight from your mind. Voila, madame!"

With another of his theatrical gestures he took from the breast pocket of his coat a neat bundle of papers, kept together by a broad elastic band. "These, madame," he said, "are the only documents which can possibly incriminate you—the only things

which can give you away, or, for the matter of that, give myself away. Though for my humble self"—he bowed obsequiously and at the same time a little deprecatingly—"for myself, chere madame, I hope I have already shown you how little it is that I stand myself in this matter. Myself? Pshaw! It is nothing." He snapped his gloved fingers above his head and laughed. "Mr. Valentine Drake and his society of philanthropic middle-class in other people's business will have considerable difficulty in carrying out their threats—of any rate, against my lady and Sir Glare Monk. Oh, yes, I have seen, to all that. I am what you call master of the situation in very truth. The time is now ripe for your noble husband, whom we have so unwittingly compromised, and who, let us confess it, has served us so well—the time has come for him, I say, to apply for a warrant for the arrest of Monsieur Drake and the others of his persuasion on a charge of criminal libel. I would rope them all in—Drake and all those in his galere."

"But, my dear Van Ost!" Theodora commenced, when he interrupted her with an airy wave of his lemon-kid gloved hand.

"Aha, madame, is it not that I have most brilliantly saved the situation? Am I not a man of my word? You trusted me implicitly at a time when you might very well have done otherwise; but I have not shown myself wanting—say so, madame, say so, and give me at least the satisfaction of hearing from your lips that I did not fail you even at the sacrifice of my own reputation—nay, even of my own personal safety."

Theodora fingered the little dossier nervously, and stared at the self-confident, boasting Van Ost with mingled feelings of disgust, relief, and dismay. Disgust was paramount, despite the tragic importance of this meeting and the imminent events, for even in the most serious episodes of life the minutest and most trivial details are sometimes dominant. Relief there was, too, because of the respite and the brief breathing-space which had been given her in gaining possession of the proofs of her folly, which others might call by a very much stronger name; and there was also dismay—dismay because of the knowledge that the little bundle of papers she held in her hand was incomplete, since the original secret circular about which so much had been said and on which so much depended to them all was not in that little bundle, but had been stolen from her boudoir at Dunbury.

"But tell me, Van Ost, how did you get these?" she asked, looking at the papers a little vacantly.

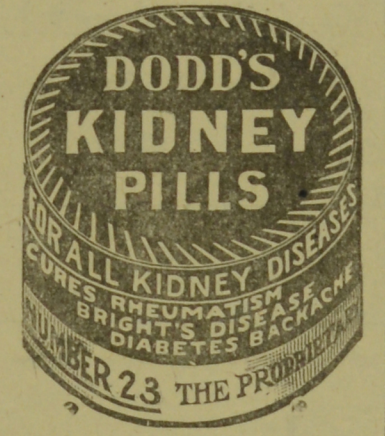
"It was difficult," he answered, with a shrug of his thin sloping shoulders. "From whom did you get them?"

"Drake."

"But how?"

"By the simple expedient of buying them from one of his most trusted servants," he answered, with a cunning smile. "Oho, dear lady, these humanitarians have their price, just as other people. Why, Drake is making a pot of money out of this campaign on behalf of the wretched niggers he glorifies, this tirade against the Lobanzo and the B.I.R.C. Look at his paper and his weekly publications—they have enormous circulations. And then again this ridiculous novel, this rapid exhibition of sloshy, sentimental gush—"The White Man." Pshaw! He's making a fortune out of that alone. The fellow who wrote it to order got ten pounds down and a chimerical royalty of about one and a half per cent. I have found out all that. I tell you, madame, I know everything there is to be known, and I am going to fight them tooth and nail if I can only tide over the next few days without being caught. Then there's the tremendous income from donations and subscriptions of the

(To be continued.)



ROLL OF HONOR

Several thousand officers and employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company enlisted for active military duty with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and the majority of them are now in Europe, bravely battling for Canada and the Empire. As particulars of Army Reservists are not available, these lists of those who have given up their lives for their country or been wounded in action are necessarily incomplete, and do not therefore indicate fully the extent to which the Company's officers and employees have participated in the great struggle.

Table with columns: NAME, As, At, NATURE OF CASUALTY. Lists names of railway employees and their military service details.

The following casualties to members of the Canadian Pacific Railway European Staff, on active service, has been reported:

Table with columns: NAME, As, At, NATURE OF CASUALTY. Lists names of railway staff members and their military service details.

MONTREAL, November 1st, 1916 (List No. 12).

Advertisement for BABY'S OWN SOAP, featuring an illustration of a baby in a bathtub and text: BABY'S OWN SOAP, For Baby's Bath, The creamy softening lather of Baby's Own Soap and the fragrance of its delicate aroma leave the skin cleansed—refreshed—aromatized.

Advertisement for REMNANTS of Last Seasons Wall Paper, featuring text: We now have on sale a large quantity of REMNANTS of Last Seasons Wall Paper. These goods are made up into room lots, just enough of each for one room, so be sure to measure your room before you come. They are selling at from 25 to 50 per cent less than last years prices. Buy early, as they will sell out quickly. The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.

Advertisement for Wood's Phosphodine, featuring text: 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 Weakness, Dizziness, Loss of Energy, Prostration after Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Wizard).