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DENTISTFREDERICTON, N. B.
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Office 419-11**DR. GERRARD,**
DENTISTTwenty Years' London, England
Experience.
KING STREET, OPPOSITE BOYLE'S
PHONES—Office 574, House 2600-41.**W. J. IRVINE,**
DENTAL SURGEONOpp. Soldiers' Barracks and Next Door
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OFFICE: Inches Building, Queen St.,
Lately Occupied by Capt.
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Telephone 261-21.**J. A. McADAM,**
UNDERTAKERREGEN 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 StreetPhone or telegraph orders shipped
as all trains or boats on short notice.THE WINTER TERM OF THE
FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGEWill 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.**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. SYMPHER,**
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE.
Headquarters 605 Queen Street.
Phone 82-21.**CORN and OATS**We are now receiving somewhat
better deliveries on shipments from
the West, than during the past few
months, and can offer for prompt deliv-
ery Cornmeal, Cracked Corn, Crimped
Oats, etc., at lowest market prices.
Still in stock, a small quantity of
Seed Wheat, which we are anxious to
sell to growers in this vicinity. New
Brunswick Wheat Flour, manufactured
in our mill, is better and cheaper than
imported high-priced flour.**F. H. EVERETT**

Aberdeen Street, near C. P. R. Station.

When Your Clothes
Need Pressing and
Repairing

SEND THEM TO

H. L. ROGERSAnd Have Them Done in First Class
Style—"The Old Made New."
83 REGENT STREET.**Chauffers, Mechanics, Helpers**
Wanted for**Mechanical Transport**Teamsters, Store Clerks, Office Clerks
Bakers, Butchers, Farriers, Saddlers,
Wheelwrights, Helpers, Wanted for the**ARMY SERVICE CORPS**Apply Lieut. K. H. L. Love
Army Service Corps The Armouries**HAD BRONCHITIS**
FOR YEARSBronchitis comes from a neglected
cold, and it, if neglected, will surely
turn into pneumonia. The first symp-
tom is a short, painful, dry cough, ac-
companied with rapid wheezing and a
feeling of oppression or tightness
through the chest.The phlegm raised from the bronch-
ial tubes is at first of a light color, but
as the disease progresses it becomes of
a yellowish or greenish color and is
very often hard to raise.Dr. Wood's Norway is just the reme-
dy you require, as it loosens the
phlegm and heals the lungs and the
bronchial tubes.Mrs. Chas. Brean, Amherst, N. S.,
writes: "I was troubled for years with
bronchitis, and could not find any re-
lief. I was especially bad on a damp
day. I went to a druggist and asked
him for something to stop the constant
tickling in my throat. He gave me a
bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Sy-
rup, which I found gave me instant re-
lief. I think it is the best medicine for
bronchitis I know of. I now take
care that I always have a bottle on
hand.""Dr. Wood's" is the genuine, put up
in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the
trade mark, price 25c. and 50c.Manufactured for the past 25 years
by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Tor-
onto, Ont.**CLASSIFIED**
ADVERTISEMENTSRates for Classified Advertising.
1 insertion \$0.25
3 insertions60
6 insertions 1.00
1 month 3.00**WANTED**Wanted—a good smart boy to learn
the printing business, make himself
generally useful around the office. Ap-
ply at Mail office. Good wages for the
right boy.**WANTED**—Peeled Spruce and Balsam
Pulpwood. Correspondence invited. Ad-
dress Fraser Limited, Edmundston, N. B.**THRILLING STORIES OF THE WAR,**
profusely illustrated. Stirring account
of the great conflict. Written for Cana-
dians. Officially approved, insures a
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.**WANTED**—A lady bookkeeper, one
with experience preferred; must have
knowledge of shorthand and typewriting.
Apply in own hand-writing to T.
W. Rainsford, Insurance Broker, 659
Queen Street. 4-19 31**FOR SALE****FOR SALE**—16-inch hard and soft
stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also fur-
nace and hall stove wood. T. Fulton,
618 Brunswick street, phone 308-32.**"Silver Quill**
Poultry Yards"

WHITE WYANDOTTES.

Great Layers, Martin Strain.
Best Bird in Fredericton Winter Show,
1917.

SETTINGS 15 EGGS, \$2.00.

1 Bantam Incubator, 50 Eggs, for Sale.

PERCY L. MORGAN,

"St. Marys
Poultry Yards"

WHITE WYANDOTTES,

BARRIED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

CHOICE BREEDING PENS

PRIZE MATINGS

SETTINGS 15 EGGS, \$2.00.

J. W. STICKLES,

Phone 452-41 St. Marys.

The Celestial City
Poultry Yards

S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS

Champions of New Brunswick.

Wy winners at the Maritime Poul-
try Show, Moncton, 10 entries and
prizes. Fredericton Winter Show, 16
entries, 15 prizes. My birds not only
win, but are very heavy layers. My
pullets started laying on the 15th of
November and are still at it good and
hard. Eggs for sale from two grand
pens. Write me.

J. N. FERGUSON, Fredericton.

EGGS FOR HATCHING**START RIGHT.** My birds carry the best
blood lines in America today, and will
breed true. No guessing as to results.
Limited number of setting eggs for sale.
Half price after June 1st.

GEORGE W. BROWN,

833 George St., City.
Breeder of HYDEGREE White Wyand-
ottes.**EGGS FOR HATCHING****PRIZE WINNING** bred-to-lay Part-
ridge Wyandottes, one of the finest
types on the market today. Price \$1.50
per setting of fifteen. Apply to CHARLES
R. ALLEN, 164 Charlotte street City.
Telephone 142-41.**The**
Dog
Star—BY—
Colie Stanton
and
HoskenAt first he did not know where he
was; then he sat up, peering vaguely
around him, and remembered that
someone had come and hauled him out
of his tent and taken him somewhere
else.He felt dreadfully weak, and was
just about to fall back on his pillows
when he was seized with an indescrib-
able feeling that something had hap-
pened.The sound that he had heard in his
dream came back to him vividly—the
voices, the shuffling of feet, the cry—
the silence.He struggled up. He did not know
why, but he had to. For no earthly
consideration would he have stayed
in that bed.He had to cling to the bedpost, and
then to a piece of furniture, and then
to the wall. His knees trembled un-
der him; his head swam; there was a
vague blur before his eyes.It seemed hours before he reached
the door of the hut. It was open.At first Lorian could see nothing
else. He had to grasp the side of the
hut door with the frenzied grip of a
drowning man. And the strange and
intangible feeling—the feeling of hor-
ror, of calamity—grew upon him with
every moment.He reeled out into the clearing.
Surely there was something black on
the earth that had been ploughed up
into deep ruts and furrows by the
rain of the night. Surely there was
something lying there. If he could
only reach it! He went forward,
swaying from side to side, with his
arms outstretched to balance himself.It seemed as if he walked for hours
before he reached the object he had
seen.It was a man—one of the natives.
He lay stretched on his back, with his
arms opened wide.Lorian stooped and touched him.
He was cold and stiff.Then a sudden strength was in-
stilled into Lorian's shaking limbs by
some mysterious agency. The sense
of calamity grew to panic. He turned
and ran, stumbling blindly at every
step, to the tent that had been pitched
for him, and where he now remembered
Peter Monk had said he would
sleep that night.He dashed the flap open and went
in. The bed was empty; the clothes
had been torn away. There were
signs of a desperate struggle on the
mud floor.Lorian stumbled out and rushed
across to Napier's hut. The door of
that was open, too. Just inside, Na-
pier lay across the threshold in his
pyjamas. At first Lorian thought he
was dead, too. There was blood on
his face.**CHAPTER XXIX.****The Rescue**Lorian half fell to the floor beside
Napier. He groped in the half light
for one of Napier's hands. He tried
to feel the pulse, but his own hand
was shaking so that it was impossible.
He laid his head on the other man's
heart. He thought it was beating
faintly. He felt the bloodstain on his
temple. It was quite dry. He must
have been lying there for hours.Napier was dead, for his eyelids
twinkled, and he moaned feebly and
tried to move.Then Lorian stumbled to his feet
and out of the hut again. Once he
knew that Napier lived, he must think
of Peter. He must find Peter. Where
was Peter?Lorian dragged himself across the
clearing. He went sideways, like a
ship tacking. He shouted as he went
—at least, he thought he did, but
really only faint, murmuring cries
came from between his lips.He lost count of time. Minutes or
eternities might be slipping by while
he made his painful passage across
the clearing. And no one came. Why
did no one come? Why didn't his
shouts bring the natives from their
tents? Surely he must be making
himself heard. Some irresistible
force urged him towards the forest.
He did not know why.He staggered on, alone. No natives
answered his cries. He was alone in
the grey chill that preceded the
dawn. Everything depended on him.
He knew that, and it gave him power
to do what he did, which he after-
wards came to regard as something
of a miracle.And Peter! Where was Peter?
On towards the forest he stumbled.
Every moment he grew weaker; his
strength seemed to be oozing from
him, gradually but certainly going out
in a thin stream. Soon it would be
exhausted; he would not even be able
to stumble on as he was doing now.He reached the forest, by intuition
he found the track. He stumbled on;
the thick, white, poisonous mist closed
around him, wrapping him as in a
garment, chilling him to the bone.
What was that? A cry—a long-
drawn-out, moaning cry. The cry of
someone in pain.Lorian stopped still and clung to
the stem of a tree, listening with all
his ears, with all his being.Yes—there it was again. It came
from beyond, from deeper in the for-
est. It sounded a long way, and end-
less way away. But it was a human
voice.He went on; he was lost in the grey
gloom; several times he stumbled;
once he tripped over a giant parasite
plant and fell heavily to the earth.
He struggled up, with grazed hands,
aching in every limb. His strength
was giving out. Could he go on?Of course, he must—he must. He
heard the cry again. It sounded near-
er, not quite so many miles away; heThe cry took on a familiar sound.
It was an Englishman's voice. It
moaned out: "Help! Help!"Peter's voice. Yes, it must be.
Lorian gathered all his failing forces
with a superhuman effort of will, and
ran forward, shouting as he ran.He fell, half fainting, at the foot of
a great tree, and the voice that had
cried for help came immediately
above him.When he recovered his senses he
saw Peter—Peter lashed to the trunk
of the giant tree with ropes made of
creepers, cruel, green ropes as strong
as steel. Peter's feet were about two
feet from the ground; they were
bound round the tree, so was the
middle of his body, so was his neck.
He was suspended there, fixed, im-
movable. On his shoulder was a
great wound, and blood was streaming
down his arm.Peter tied to a tree, in danger of
bleeding to death, and Lorian con-
scious that he hadn't the strength to
save him!But he must—of course he must.
Strength or weakness, what did that
matter?

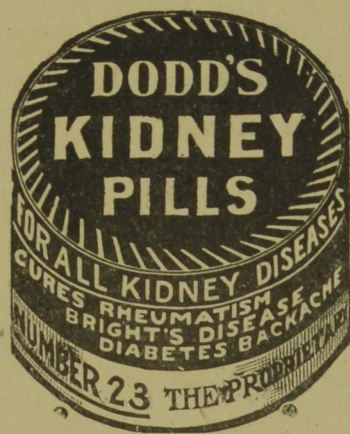
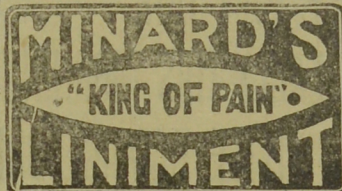
He struggled to his feet.

"It's I—Lorian," he said in a hoarse
voice. "You'll be all right now—old
man. How long can you last out?""I don't know," Peter answered
faintly. "I can't see you; I can hard-
ly hear your voice.""Can you last till I go back for
help?"

"I don't know—I'll try."

"No!" Lorian's voice had grown
stronger. His fingers had closed on
something hard in the pocket of his
coat. "Here's a knife. Thank God!"He set to work to cut the cruel
creeper bonds, first the middle, then
the feet. The perspiration poured
down his face; he panted; it was like
cutting through steel."I can't reach your neck," he mut-
tered. "If I hold your feet, will you
try to free that yourself?"He passed up the knife. At first
Peter couldn't hold it. His arm were
numbed from the bonds. As life re-
turned the pain was excruciating.
Lorian knelt down, and placed the
young man's feet firmly on his
shoulders.At last Peter managed to cut the
bonds round his neck. He slid down,
and fell in a heap on the ground in a
dead faint.It was growing light; the mist was
rising. Lorian could examine the
wound in Peter's shoulder. It was a
frightful one; the skin was all torn
away.Peter was wrapped in a dressing
gown over his pyjamas. Fortunately,
there was a handkerchief in his pocket.
Lorian bandaged the shoulder as
best he could.The pain revived Peter. He began
to move and mutter. Then began a
progress that Lorian always remem-
bered vaguely as a passage through
Hell.He began to half carry, half drag
the poor boy back through the forest.
He only realized that he mustn't stop,
that if he stopped they might be over-
taken, fallen upon, and killed. He
was no longer conscious of any phys-
ical sensations himself. It only seem-
ed to him as if he were doomed to
drag Peter through a forest for all
eternity.Then something snapped in his
brain. He heard familiar sounds. He
looked up into friendly black faces,
and fell senseless by Peter's side.For three days Lorian and Peter lay
in danger of death.Death waiting, with outstretched
arms, to snatch them, and no one to
hold them back.Napier lived through a time that he
hoped never to experience again as
long as he lived or in any other life.
He himself was far from well. He
had received an injury during that

(To be Continued.)

**New Goods Arriving**The latest in Wash Skirts, Middies, Pretty Dres-
ses, Dainty Waists, Children's Wash and Fancy
Dresses, Children's Spring and Summer Coats,
Specials in Ladies' Suits and Coats. Summer
Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Whitewear, etc.
Hundreds of House Dresses from \$1.00 to \$2.00
each. Overall Aprons 60c to \$1.25.R. L. BLACK, - - - - York Street
Agent for Standard PatternsI was cured of terrible lum-
bago by**Minard's Liniment**
—Rev. Wm. Brown.I was cured of a bad case of
carache by**Minard's Liniment**
—Mr. S. Kaulbach.I was cured of sensitive lungs
by**Minard's Liniment**
—Mrs. S. MastersManufactured by the
Minard's Liniment
Yarmouth, N.S.**Notice of Legislation.**PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that
application will be made at the next
session of the Legislative Assembly of
New Brunswick, by the City Council of
the City of Fredericton, for the passing
of an Act or Acts for the following pur-
poses or objects:(a) To provide authority for the remov-
al, pulling down or destruction of dan-
gerous or dilapidated buildings.(b) To provide authority for the proper
control and protection of the Sinking
Funds of the City of Fredericton.(c) To amend and extend the provisions
of Section 1 of Chapter 97, 4 George V.,
Acts of Assembly, 1914, relating to the
powers conferred on the City Council in
effecting temporary loans.(d) Respecting the tenure of office of
City Officials, Clerks and other employees.(e) To amend the City of Fredericton
Assessment Act, being Chapter 84, 7 Ed-
ward VII, Acts of the Assembly, 1907, so
as to change the rate of discount from
five per cent. to two per cent., and to
change interest on unpaid taxes after a
certain date, and to amend the said Act
in other respects.(f) To empower the said Council of the
said City of Fredericton to make con-
tracts regarding the purchase of certain
supplies for a term of years.

(g) And for other purposes.

Dated at the City of Fredericton this
second day of April, A. D. 1917.G. R. PERKINS,
City Clerk.

4-4 1m

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, en-
titled "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 Pokiook, 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.**Easter Opening****MISS SCHLEYER,**
CHARLOTTE STREET.Will hold her Easter Opening on
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATUR-
DAY. All are cordially invited to at-
tend and see our display.We are headquarters for Roses, Car-
nations, Violets, Snapdragon, etc.Our Stock of POTTED PLANTS is
exceptionally good this year. Azaleas,
Roses, Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils,
Primulas, Cinerarias, Spirea, etc.Telephone or Telegraph orders re-
ceive careful attention.Miss Schleyer will also sell Potted
Plants at Cut Flowers at MISS MOR-
GAN'S Millinery Store, Queen Street,
on SATURDAY, April 7th.**Ada M. Schleyer**

FLORIST

Charlotte Street

Notice of Legislation.Notice is hereby given that appli-
cation will be made at the next session
of the Legislature of the Province of
New Brunswick for the passing of an
Act vesting and declaring vested in
fee simple in the undersigned, his
heirs and assigns, that certain lot of
land and premises situate lying and
being on George Street, in the City of
Fredericton, and formerly owned and
occupied by the late John L. Marsh,
deceased; all the right, title and inter-
est of the heirs of the said John L.
Marsh, deceased, having been con-
veyed to the undersigned by several
deeds of conveyance.Dated at Fredericton the fourteenth
day of April, 1917.WALTER LIMERICK
April 17— Four weeks daily.**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 Fre-
dericton, 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.**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**A safe, reliable regulating
medicine. Sold in three de-
grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;
No. 2, 50c; No. 3, 25c per box.
Sold by all druggists, or sent
prepaid on receipt of price.
Free pamphlet. Address:
THE COOK MEDICINE CO.,
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Watson & Co.)**McMURRAY'S**
POPULAR REPRINTS
75 cents each.See our downtown window for an extra high class
selection of these most popular books.**Headquarters for Kodaks and Supplies****The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.**