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WOULD NEARLY SMOTHER. There is nothing that brings with it such fear of impending death as to wake up in the night with that awful sense of smothering. The uncertain and irregular heart action causes the greatest distress of both mind and body. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the only remedy that can give prompt relief and effect a complete cure in cases of such severity. They strengthen and invigorate the heart, so that it beats strong and regular, and tone up the nervous system so that the cause of so much anxiety becomes a thing of the past. Mrs. M. O. McCready, Wapella, Sask. in medicines, but I feel that it is only right for me to let you know what your wonderful remedy has done for me, and in a very short time, too. I had suffered terribly with my heart for nearly ten years, could scarcely do any work, and would nearly smother at times. I had many remedies, some only relieving me for a time. I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and felt writes: "I am not much of a believer so much better that I kept on using them, and can truthfully say I feel like a new woman."

would advise anyone with heart trouble to use them. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c., or three boxes for \$1.26, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a 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, Secretary. DR. T. C. ALLEN, Chairman.

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The Dog Star

BY Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken

Mr. Garth was genuinely surprised, and he showed it. "This is really a most startling statement, Sir Glare," he murmured faintly. "Forgive me, but—well, I am accustomed to surprises, but this fairly took me off my guard. What can it mean?"

"I will tell you," said Monk. "It is a very unusual story. I must go back a long way, to the days of my first marriage, and the days when my ambitions were just beginning to be realized. I was a young man then, Mr. Garth, and I had determined to be a great one. My wife helped me, as only a woman of strong character, who is devoted heart and soul to her husband, can help a man. I could tell you wonderful stories of her devotion, of her economies, of her judgment and management. Sufficient for you to know that we were one in heart and mind, and that we both had only one longing—that was to have a son, a boy, who would become a great man and carry on worthily the work that I had begun. We had married young, and my wife had had two children, who, however, both died in infancy. They were both girls. I cannot tell you the hopes that I cherished when we realized that my wife would have a third child, and that at last our passionate desire might be fulfilled. We made up our minds that the child must be a boy. We chose his name and his career; we wove splendid dreams about that being who was going to put the crown of happiness and contentment on our lives."

The detective inclined his head with a smile.

"As the time drew near," Monk went on, "I could scarcely go about my business for anxiety and suspense. Everything hung on this child being a boy. Perhaps you cannot understand, Mr. Garth, how a man may long to be the father of a son."

Again the detective inclined his head and smiled with a mixture of obsequiousness and sympathy.

"I am enlarging on this part of my story," said Monk, "so that you will be able to understand the strong motive I have for what I did. I suppose nobody knows better than a man of your profession how a man will lose sight of everything save one object, if it is very deeply rooted in his mind. That quality, if I may say so, has made me what I am."

"A most admirable quality, Sir Glare," said Mr. Garth, seeing that something was expected of him, "though it may become a dangerous one."

"You mean that it makes criminals, as well as successful men? Perhaps it does. I was never concerned in those days with anything but the direct pursuit of what I wanted. Well, to go on with my story. I shall never forget the day on which the child was born. I was as nearly a madman as one can be without actually losing one's reason." He paused for a moment, and passed his nervous little hand across his eyes. "My wife died," he added in a very low voice.

"Ah!" said the detective. "And the child?"

"The child lived. It was a strong, healthy child."

"Yes," the detective gazed at his client eagerly.

"But it was not..."

"Ah!" Mr. Garth's eyes seemed to sink still farther into his head, as his brows met above them in some obscure effort of thought.

"Now," said Monk, "I suppose you understand."

"Yes. But the details must be of the greatest interest. Please tell the story in your own way, Sir Glare."

"For a couple of days I was like a man demented," said the great man. "The house was in chaos; no one was allowed to come near me. We lived at that time at Allerford, about five miles out of Blackport. In the midst of my distracted grief I hardly noticed the fact when I was informed of it—that the doctor who had attended my wife had been killed the very next day in a shocking carriage accident. It was not until three days after my wife's death—the day of the funeral, in fact—that this piece of news became the basis of a daring plan that I carried out with the most complete success. I must tell you that, owing to the terrible state of mind of the household, and the arrangements for the funeral, the birth of the child had not been registered. I had no female relative to come to my aid, and the child was left entirely in the charge of the nurse, who, as I have already said, I knew very well indeed. "It was early on the morning of the funeral that there called to see me a certain Mrs. Brand, the young wife of an engineer in my employment. My wife had been very kind to her, and hearing of her death, she had come to bring some flowers and to ask to be allowed to attend the funeral. I don't know what made me see her. It was one of those extraordinary coincidences that make all the difference in a man's life. It was something that she told me that gave me the idea of the plan that I carried out. In the midst of her condolences she told me, weeping bitterly, that her own sister, a certain Mrs. Smith, the wife of a very respectable man of the lower middle class, who made his living by designing wallpapers, had given birth to a child on the very same day as my poor wife, and that she, too, had died on the following day. Even now I don't know what prompted me to ask her the sex of her sister's child. It was a boy, she said—a splendid, healthy little fellow."

Mr. Garth nodded his large head. He knew what was coming.

"As soon as the thought flashed into my head," Monk went on, "I put it into execution. I made my proposal to Mrs. Brand. I didn't stop to think. Would she exchange the two children, mine for her sister's, the girl for the boy? She was startled, she protested at first; but money won her, as money wins everybody. I offered her a comfortable income for life and to make good provision for the child as long as it lived. I've no doubt she thought me an inhuman monster, willing to give away my own flesh and blood for a stranger's child. She did not understand the passion that devoured me. But that was not her business, and she agreed. We fell to discussing ways and means."

"Ah, yes," put in the detective, "that interests me very much indeed. It sounds difficult."

"Fate was with me," said Monk, with a kind of pride. "It appeared that as soon as her sister died, Mrs. Brand had taken the child to her own house. Her brother-in-law was distracted with grief; he had not asked for the child; she did not even know whether he had inquired if it was a boy or a girl. Her sister had been his second wife; he was much older than she, and he had worshipped her. Mrs. Brand thought he would be only too glad to have a daughter; he had already a little boy by his first wife. Her sister had had no doctor in attendance, but a midwife, who was a stranger to them, and who had gone away, and whom in all probability they would never see again. The Smiths had no servants; a strange girl had come in to help during Mrs. Smith's illness. She would be none the wiser. The child had not yet been registered, and the nurse could be dismissed."

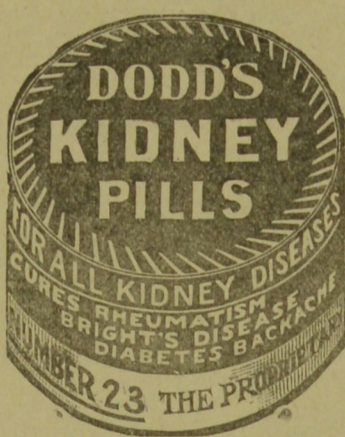
"On that side there seemed to be no difficulties. On mine the difficulties fell away as we faced them. I remembered that the doctor who had attended my wife was dead. Our servants were in a state of agitation. If they had been told the child was a girl first, they would only think they had been misinformed in the confusion that reigned in the house. There was only the nurse."

"She had to be squared," murmured the detective.

"She was squared, I knew her well. She knew me; she knew my ambitions, my hopes, my prayers. There was nothing wrong, to her way of thinking. The two mothers were dead. What mattered if the children changed places?"

"And so it was settled?" said Mr. Garth expectantly.

"So it was settled. Everything was in my favor—the two households in chaos, the distracted husband, the willing accomplice, the bribable nurse. And I wanted the boy as I wanted nothing else in the whole world. I do not understand my own state of mind now. I had no feeling about sending my own child out into the world to be brought up by strangers in an inferior position. I had no thought of what the boy might be who was thus given to me in exchange, of what tendencies might be implanted in him. I wanted him—a male child, a boy, who would grow to be a man, who would carry on my work, who would take all his ideas from me, who would succeed to the great inheritance that I meant to leave behind. It seemed a Heaven-sent chance—my only one. The idea of remarriage revolted me; I had dearly loved my wife. I wanted a son to devote myself to. I did not think about the boy's origin. I came of humble stock myself; and although I had already then laid the foundation of my fortune and had risen to a rank in life far above the one I was born in, I still had no fear about this boy. Environment, education would do everything for him, I told myself. Once the idea had formed in my mind, I



Amazing Power of Bon-Opto To Make Weak Eyes Strong Doctor Says It Strengthens Eyesight 50 Per Cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

Victims of eye strain and other eye weaknesses and those who wear glasses, will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope and help for them. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored by this remarkable prescription and many who once wore glasses say they have thrown them away. One man says after using it: "I was almost blind. Could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without my glasses, and my eyes do not hurt any more. At night they would pain dreadfully. Now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can read even fine print without glasses." Another who used it says: "I was bothered with eye strain caused by overworked, tired eyes, which induced fierce headaches. I have worn glasses for several years, both for distance and work, and without them I could not read my own name on an envelope or the typewriting on the machine before me. I can do both now and have discarded my long distance glasses altogether. I can count the fluttering leaves on the trees across the street now, which for several years have looked like a dim green blur to me. I cannot express my joy at what it has done for me."

It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye

troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by the use of this prescription at home. Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and let it dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start, and inflammation and redness will quickly disappear. If your eyes bother you even a little it is your duty to take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have saved their sight if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent physician, to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Yes, the Bon-Opto prescription is truly a wonderful eye remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. I have used it very successfully in my own practice on patients whose eyes were strained through overwork or misfit glasses. I can highly recommend it in case of weak, watery, aching, smarting, itching, burning eyes, red lids, blurred vision or for eyes inflamed from exposure to smoke, sun, dust or wind. It is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." Bon-Opto, referred to above, is not a patent medicine or a secret remedy. It is an ethical preparation, the formula being printed on the package. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent, in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is sold in this city by the leading druggists.

RED CROSS TEA

SATURDAY, MARCH 10TH, From 5 to 7 o'clock. KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS HALL, Queen Street.

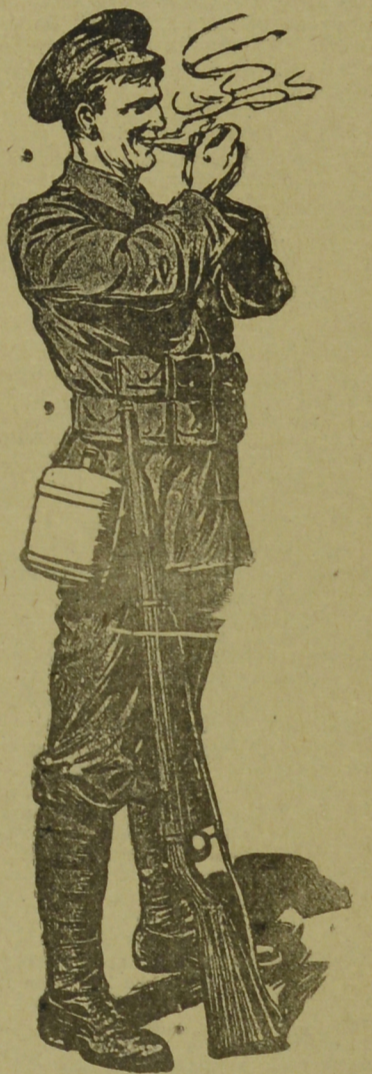
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Contributions to the Overseas Tobacco Fund may be left at the Board of Trade Room or with the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

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