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Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
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Manufactured in F'ntoon a "trudget"
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Has a sweet nutty flavour and contains
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When Your Clothes
Need Pressing and
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SEND THEM TO
H. L. ROGERS
And Have Them Done in First Class
Style—"The Old Made New."
83 REGENT STREET.

**WAS ANAEMIC FOR
OVER A YEAR**

Anaemic, or blood turning to water,
is caused by the heart becoming de-
ranged, and if the heart becomes weak-
ened it cannot pump the blood as it
should.

As a result the blood becomes im-
poverished, and it loses its nourishing
qualities. The face becomes pale and
thin, and the lips bloodless. There is
a weakness, tiredness and loss of
weight.

When those suffering from thin or
watery blood start taking Milburn's
Heart and Nerve Pills, they can see a
change from the outset.

Every dose introduces into the blood
those vital elements necessary to make
it rich and red. The pale cheeks take
on the rosy hue of health, the weight
increases, and the whole being thrills
with a new life.

Mrs. R. J. Grey, Fredericton, N. B.,
writes: "When I was a girl working
at general housework I overtaxed my
strength and became completely run-
don. For over a year I was very bad
with anaemia. A friend told me to try
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills so I
got a box and when it was done I felt
and looked so much better I decided to
get six more. When I had taken them
I had gained not only in strength, but
in flesh and color, and best of all was
good health."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
50c. a box; three boxes for \$1.25, at
all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt
of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limit-
ed, Toronto, Ont.

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HORSES weighing from 900 pounds
upwards. Must stand fifteen hands
high. Wanted for artillery purposes.
First inspection March 22nd.
For price and further particulars
apply to
J. E. SULLIVAN,
Queen Hotel,
Fredericton, March 13th, 1917.
3-13 51

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—To buy, a double tenement
dwelling, or one suitable for same, in
a central locality. Apply A. care of
Mail Office. 2-24 61

WANTED—Dressmaking, at home, or
will go out by the day. Please call at
262 St. John street. 3-1

WANTED—Intelligent man or woman
to travel and appoint local representa-
tives. Nine months' contract guaran-
teeing expenses and \$18.00 a week.
Winston Company, Toronto.

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FOR SALE—A bay colt, five years old,
weight 1200 lbs., well broken, sound
and kind. Apply to James Essency,
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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 348-32.

FOR SALE—House and lot in Gibson,
well located. Supplied with bathroom
and furnace. Apply to Mrs. Henry
Hoben, 13 Carleton street, Fredericton.

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
swick street, Fredericton. It includes
dwelling house, barn and sausage
factory. 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
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TO LET

TO LET—The cottage, 138 Brunswick
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Webster. Apply to Mrs. J. M. Palmer,
Sackville, N. B. 3-13 41

TO LET—Four rooms for light house-
keeping; good locality. For particu-
lars apply "S." care Mail Office.
3-17 11

TO LET—Corner house, lower flat, sit-
uated on Charlotte and Westmorland
streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer.
2-17 61

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 soldier
wanting employment residing thereat
are requested to notify the secretary
JUDGE WILSON,
DR. T. C. ALLEN, Secretary.
Chairman.

**The
Dog
Star**

—BY—
**Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken**

"What's her name?"
"Smith—Vanessa Smith!"
"Vanessa Smith!"
"Yes, darling. Why do you look
so startled?"
"Oh, it's a funny name. And who
is the girl?"
"Well, at present she is my typist."
"Your typist, Glare? I thought you
never employed women."
"I made an exception in this case
because the girl is so bright."
"Is she a Blackport girl?" she asked.
"Yes."
"Has she no people?"
"No, her mother and father are both
dead. They died long ago, I think.
She was brought up by an aunt, but
she is dead, too. She has only a step-
brother, with whom she appears not
to get on very well."

Theodora was listening intently. A
smile hovered about her lips.
"And you really want this girl to
come to live at Dunbury?"
"If you don't object, my darling."
"In what capacity?"
"Well, I should keep her on at the
office. It would be better for her to
have something to do. Only, you see,
I have promised Lorion to look after
her, and she is all alone in the world."

"And it is really for Lorion's sake
that you want to do it?"
"Exactly."
"Well, I don't care," said Theodora
carelessly. "I'm not enough at Dun-
bury for it to make much difference
to me. You can keep her out of my
way, I suppose?"

"Thank you a thousand times, my
darling," said Monk, who seemed very
much relieved. He was about to go
on to another subject when she stop-
ped him with a low, rippling laugh.
"Oh, Glare, you humbug!" she said.
"You ridiculous old fraud! Trying to
take me in like that. You know per-
fectly well that it isn't because Lorion
is engaged to her that you want
this girl to come and live at Dunbury;
it's because she is your daughter."

Glare Monk went white as death,
as her laughter pealed through the
room.
"How do you know that?" he asked
in a hoarse voice. "Tell me—don't
dare to lie to me! How do you know
that?"

She looked at him and smiled, and
said in a clear, distinct voice:
"Lorion told me, Glare. That's how
I know."

He stood in front of her, a pitiable
figure. She was taller than he by
two or three inches, and the shock
that he had received seemed to have
shrivelled him up.

Theodora was horrified. She always
shrank from anything unpleasant.
She feared that he was going to have
a fit.

At last he succeeded in producing a
husky whisper.
"Why didn't you tell me before?"
he asked.

"Why? Good gracious, I don't know!
I suppose I always meant to. But it
is so strange. I can tell you, I haven't
got over the shock of it yet."

"Why did he tell you?"
"I can't say. He said he thought
I ought to know. I was horrified and
furious with him. I told him what I
thought of him at the time."

"And he told you the rest, if he told
you that."
"What do you mean?"
"Well—about Peter."
"Oh, of course, that follows, doesn't
it? If your first wife's child was a
daughter, Peter cannot be your son."
Sir Glare groaned.

"I think I understand," she said.
"I know what you think of Peter. I
am sorry, really I am. I don't know
why I let you know that I knew. But,
after all, it is better that we should
understand each other. Don't you
think so?"

Monk was slowly recovering his
composure. His face was no longer
so much terrified as it was stern and
implacable.

"That he should do that!" he ex-
claimed in a deep voice, betraying a
very tempest of concentrated anger.
"That he should tell you of all people
in the world!" He looked at her in-
sistently. "Are you sure that he had
no reason for telling you?"

"I can think of none," she answered,
smiling at him. "He must have
known that my interests were yours."
"He did not tell you what use he
was going to make of the knowledge?"

"No."
"He did not hint at it?"
"No. He did not say a word."
"God knows what use he means to
make of the papers, but some use he
will make of them. That is enough.
I cannot rest. I hardly sleep. I feel
all my powers going from me. Some-
times I can hardly think coherently.
If something doesn't happen, it will
kill me."

Theodora looked at him with genu-
ine pity. He sighed as if with relief.
No doubt it was a relief to him to be
able to unburden his soul to someone.
"Didn't you say that Lorion was
going to marry the girl?" she asked.

"Yes."
"Well, then, that's probably the use
he is going to make of his knowledge,
my dear Glare. He thinks he sees
a short road to success. That's per-
fectly plain. He marries the girl, he
knows you can't interfere. He knows
also that you will have to look after
him. I've no doubt he sees a partner-
ship in the future. That's his game."
"If he would only speak," groaned
Sir Glare. "It's this silent blackmail
that so unnerves me. He behaves
just as if nothing were the matter."
"He's very clever," replied Theo-

dora, "and he probably won't speak.
That would precipitate matters. He
can't speak and then be silent after-
wards. No, he will get everything
he can out of you; and he will always
have his power in reserve."

"But he could get more by making
the story public if he marries the girl
first."
"How do you make that out, my
dear Glare?" she asked in a matter-
of-fact voice. "He establishes the
fact that Peter is not your son. Very
well. What good does that do him?
He has made a hateful scandal, and
he is the husband of your daughter—
your son-in-law, one of the family.
Suppose he is fired with zeal to prove
his wife's identity and rights. What
right has she? None. She is a daugh-
ter, not a son. You need not do any-
thing for her and her husband.
Naturally, you wouldn't. He would
have to leave the firm. All he really
would have done would be to rot
you of your peerage. And I suppose
you could live without that?"

"I want it for Peter," said Sir Glare
between his clenched teeth.
"Peter is a dear boy, and I'm very
fond of his myself," she said, smiling.
"I should hate his future to be spoilt
in any way. And the girl is a per-
fect stranger. I have no interest in
her."

"She is a very nice girl," said
Monk, rather uncertainly.
"Good gracious, I dare say she is.
But don't you begin to think so, Glare.
That would complicate matters ter-
ribly. You can't have both a son and
a daughter. Remember that. You
have chosen, and you must abide by
your choice."

"And you will stand by me?"
"I will stand by you, Glare. It is
my duty. My interests can only be
yours."

"Darling, in a way this is the hap-
piest day of my life," said Monk,
with a thrill of deep feeling in his
voice. "I can't tell you the joy it is
to me to have no secret to hide from
you any longer. I can almost forgive
Lorion for telling you, although it
was the basest treachery on his part."

"Don't let us talk about it any
more," said his wife, as she took his
hand in hers and stroked it tenderly.
"We understand each other."
"And you forgive me for not trust-
ing you with my secret, my sweet-
heart?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," she answered. "I quite un-
derstand. It is a secret for one per-
son only to keep. And so you want
to have the girl at Dunbury, Glare?"
He nodded.

"I shouldn't feel safe unless I had
her under my eye," he said. "I don't
know whether she knows. I should
be torturing myself all the time."

"Well, under the circumstances, I
suppose there's no harm or danger
in having the girl, and I certainly
see that it will be wiser."

Glare Monk sat before the beautiful
Empire table in the room allotted to
him for his study, and stared down
at a sheaf of telegram forms. His
face no longer displayed any agitation,
and only a very slight uncertainty.

He had recovered from the stunn-
ing blow that had been dealt him.
He was the man once more who puts
out his hand to brush away a fly that
is worrying him. Lorion was the fly
that worried him. He must be brush-
ed away.

He took up a pen and wrote Lorion's
name and address in the space on
the telegram form. Then he paused
a moment before writing the message
itself. When he did write it, it was
very brief:

"Call on the Bangala day after to-
morrow. Sorry shall not see you.
Good-bye. Good luck. Cable on the
way."—Monk.

Lorion was quite ready. He was
waiting, impatient to be off. He
would be glad. Sir Glare knew that.
He would have no preparation to
make, only his good-bye to say. And
he would be off with a stout heart
and a will to work, and succeed in
his work, because he was coming back
to marry the girl he loved.

"They nearly all come back," said
Monk to himself in a musing tone, as
he pushed away the telegram form.
"But—" Then he suddenly covered
his face with his hands.

A minute or two later he wrote out
another telegram. This was addressed
to his agent in Lagos, Vincent Mori-
arty. It was in Sir Glare's own pri-
vate code, but he wrote out a rough
draft in ordinary language first, which
ran as follows:

"The man calls Friday on the Ban-

(To be Continued.)

New Spring Suits

We have received our first shipment of Ladies' and Children's
Coats and Ladies' Suits. They are excellent values and nobby
styles. Also, direct from Switzerland, a lot of Dainty Swiss Em-
broidery Dresses for Children from 1 to 3 years of age.

NEW WAISTS, NEW DRESSES, BOYS' WASH SUITS, Etc.
Buy early to get best values for your money.

R. L. BLACK, - - - - - York Street

PROBATE COURT

COUNTY OF YORK,
PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK
To the Devises, Legatees and Credit-
ors of George Kitchen, late of the
Parish of Kingsclear, in the County
of York and Province of New Brun-
swick, Railway Contractor, deceased,
and to all others whom it may con-
cern:

THE Executors and Trustees of the
last Will of the above named de-
ceased, having filed their accounts in
this Court and asked to have the same
passed and allowed, you are hereby
cited to attend, if you so desire, at the
passing of same at a court of Probate
to be held in and for the County of
York, at my office on Queen Street, in
the City of Fredericton, on MONDAY,
the Sixteenth Day of April, A. D. 1917,
at the hour of eleven o'clock in the
forenoon, when the said accounts will
be passed.

Given under my hand and the seal
of the said Probate Court, this fif-
teenth day of March, A. D. 1917.
(Sgd.) HARRIS G. FENETY,
Judge of Probate, pro hac vice.

[L.S.] (Copy)
(Sgd.) CHAS. D. RICHARDS,
Registrar of Probates.
SLIPP & HANSON,
Proctors.

3-16 31 fri

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 Poklok, 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.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

- 553-31 Bailey, Ford F., Res., Gibson.
- 2700-12 Cowperthwaite, Jas. L., Res.,
Nashwaak Village.
- 232-21 Hamilton, W. T., Res., 625
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- 159 Murray, A. & Co., Dry Goods,
396 Queen Street.
- 433-11 McElwan, Jas. G., Res., Gibson
- 587-41 McMillen, W. E., Res., George
Street.
- 322-41 Ross, Wm. E., Res., 168 Queen
Street.
- 346-21 Holder, C. D., Res., 325 Nor-
thumberland St.
- 346-31 Tims, Fred J., Res., Aberdeen
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the kind that drive a man to drink.



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That will Last**

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hot water bottle. MILLER HOT
WATER BOTTLES are molded in
one piece and have the patented C-
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Miller bottle costs a little more than
a cheap bottle, but will last four
times as long. Sold only at

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Rubber Goods.

**Real Irish
Shamrock**

Potted and Cut for St.
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17th. at Miss Morgan's Store
and at greenhouse of

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These boxes come in two sizes. They are extra
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