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**DENTIST**

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**Undertaker**  
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Phone or telegraph orders shipped  
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**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,  
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**FOR SALE**

Two Double and Two Single Houses  
in centre of St. Marys. A chance for  
a good investment or a nice home.

**ALFRED L. SYMPER,**  
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE.  
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**CORN or 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, Crimp-  
ed 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. ROGERS**

And 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

**COLDS OR COUGHS**

SHOULD NEVER  
BE NEGLECTED.

If They Are, Some Serious Lung  
Troubles Are Sure to  
Follow.

A cold or cough, if neglected, will  
sooner or later develop into some sort  
of lung trouble, so we would advise  
that you get rid of it before it becomes  
settled. For this purpose we know of  
nothing to equal Dr. Wood's Norway  
Pine Syrup. This preparation has been  
on the market for the past twenty-five  
years, and has always given universal  
satisfaction.

Mr. Erwell Bolton, Wilton, Ont.,  
writes: "Last winter I was caught in a  
storm and had to stay in a barn all  
night. I caught a severe cold which  
several medicines failed to cure. I  
went to some of the best doctors, but  
these failed to do me any good. A  
friend advised me to use Dr. Wood's  
Norway Pine Syrup. I used three bot-  
tles and they gave me instant relief."  
When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see  
that you get the genuine, put up in a  
yellow wrapper, three pine trees the  
trade mark, and bearing the name of  
The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto,  
Ont. Price 25c. and 50c.

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**ADVERTISEMENTS**

Rates for Classified Advertising.  
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3 insertions . . . . . \$0.60  
6 insertions . . . . . 1.00  
1 month . . . . . 3.00

**WANTED**

AGENTS May \$5 every day handling  
Combination Kitchen Knife. Saves  
while it cuts. Serves variety of pur-  
poses. Sample postpaid 25c.; send to-  
day; refunded if unsatisfactory. Freer  
Company, 312 Main St., Foster, Que.  
4-14 li

Wanted—a good smart boy to learn  
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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-  
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THRILLING STORIES OF THE WAR,  
profusely illustrated. Stirring account  
of the great conflict. Written for Can-  
adians. 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.

**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.

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

SETTINGS 15 EGGS, \$2.00.

1 Bantam Incubator, 50 Egg, for Sale.

PERCY L. MORGAN,

'Phone 554-12. ST. MARYS

**"St. Marys**  
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WHITE WYANDOTTES.

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.  
CHOICE BREEDING PENS  
PRIZE MATINGS

SETTINGS 15 EGGS, \$2.00.

J. W. STICKLES,

'Phone 452-21. ST. MARYS.

**The Celestial City,**  
**Poultry Yards**

S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS

Champions of New Brunswick.  
My winnings 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,

838 George St., City.  
Breeder of HYBRIE White Wyandottes.

**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  
Coralie Stanton  
and  
Heath Hosken

There were wonderful color effects  
about him. Against the dense green  
of the forest a strange creeper reared  
itself above him; not the hot, heavy,  
scented yellow bloom like the Japan-  
ese lily, whose odor blotted out the  
prevailing rotten straw odor of the  
Lobanzo, but an enormous scarlet  
flower that grew in clusters. It had  
no scent at all. Somehow it reminded  
him of a soldier in Hyde Park, and  
the smaller, twin-colored, orchid-like  
plant that dined itself around the  
bigger stem, might that not represent  
the admiring brown-haired girl who  
clung to the arm of the gallant son of  
Mars?

Peter smiled at the conceit. Sudden-  
ly he saw a most vivid vision of  
Knightsbridge Barracks, and from this  
his mind was translated to Ox-  
ford.

And then from Oxford his thoughts  
wandered on to Blackport—a far cry  
—and he remembered the nice brown-  
haired grey-eyed girl who had been  
staying at Dunbury when he was last  
there—the girl who was engaged to  
Lorion. And he remembered that  
Lorion, whom she was going to marry  
—lucky dog!—was knocking about  
somewhere in West Africa, and that  
his father, for some unearthly reason,  
had decreed that he was not to meet  
Lorion, and that, in defiance of the  
paternal decree, he had brought out a  
letter from the girl that he had  
promised to deliver to Lorion, should  
they ever be in touch of one another.  
He simply could not have helped un-  
dertaking that commission. He felt  
that letter to be a sacred charge. He  
could understand how glad a man  
would be to receive it in this wilder-  
ness, a letter from the girl he loved.  
The monotonous chant of the ham-  
mock-men came nearer. Peter, whose  
ears had become strangely sharpened  
in a very short time, as do the ears  
of all those who sojourn away from  
the familiar sounds of civilization—  
from the omnibuses and tram-way  
cars, the street noises, the trains and  
motors, even the familiar bird notes  
of home, the barking of dogs and the  
howling of cattle—noticed almost at  
once that the song that was growing  
momentarily louder was slightly dif-  
ferent from that sung by the ham-  
mock-men of their own party. The  
nearer they came the more certain  
Peter grew that they were not Nap-  
ier's bearers.

And, as they finally hove in sight,  
his assumption was verified. For a  
long caravan defiled through the  
thickness of the forest and made its  
way bit by bit into the open space  
of the clearing.

There were two hammocks, borne  
each by four men, who looked tired  
to death, and down whose black faces  
a heavy perspiration was pouring.  
Then there were quite two score of  
carriers, with their neatly packed  
loads on their backs, and some more  
carrying portable boats and tents and  
the larger paraphernalia of an ex-  
tended tour.

As soon as they reached the clear-  
ing the hammock-men stopped.  
Peter went forward to meet them,  
full of hospitality and excitement.  
Europeans they evidently were, these  
travellers who apparently sprung  
from nowhere. Their nationality mat-  
tered not a scrap. They were white  
men and brothers. They must be wel-  
comed accordingly.

From the first hammock a man  
staggered out. He was tall, sinewy,  
very thin, and pale. His light clothes  
hung on him as if they were made  
for a man twice his size.  
"Thank God, an Englishman," he ex-  
claimed in a weak voice, as Peter ap-  
proached. "Why, man alive, if it  
isn't Peter Monk!"

"Lorion!" cried Peter. And the two  
men clasped each other's hand in a  
grip of steel.

"What good wind has blown you  
this way, old man?" cried Peter, for-  
getting all about his father's injunc-  
tions and prohibiting in his delight  
at seeing a familiar face and one that  
linked him to his home.

"A chapter of accidents," answered  
Lorion, with a rather rueful smile.  
"But fortunate accidents, for all that,  
since it's landed us among friends at  
last! I can't tell you how glad I am  
to see you, Monk, particularly as I've  
got a sick man with me, and I'm  
battered if I know what to do with  
him. I've tried all the usual remedies  
with him, and failed miserably. I can't  
for the life of me make out what's  
the matter with him."

"Who is it?" asked Peter, glancing  
towards the second hammock.

"A chap called Boone—a very good  
sort indeed. Knows the country in-  
side out. Your father's agent, Mori-  
arty, sent him with me to look after  
me, and show me the ropes, you know.  
And he has been showing me about  
with a vengeance—only now he's fallen  
sick, and we've lost our way in  
consequence."

"Well, I'm only too jolly glad," said  
Peter boyishly; "not that he's fallen  
sick, of course, but that you've lost  
your way, Lorion."

They both advanced towards the  
second hammock. The men bearing  
it were also dead tired; they were  
standing stock-still, like animals, half  
stupefied with sleep as they stood.  
Boone lay on a bed as comfortable  
as Lorion had been able to improvise  
within the hammock. He was covered  
to the chin. His face was deathly  
white, mere skin and bone, merely a  
wedge of ghastliness in the gathering  
gloom. His mouth was shut; so were  
his eyes. He gave no sign of life,  
except that his head rolled a little  
on his pillow from time to time.

"Poor devil!" exclaimed Peter,  
touched to pity, although the man's  
face, with its tiny eyes and nose and  
protruding lower part, that was so  
reminiscent of a Blenheim spaniel  
even in health, was not at all a sight  
to provoke sympathy in a stranger.  
In fact, it was a peculiarly unpleasant  
countenance. But he was white, and  
a strong chain bound him to any other  
white man here in the wilderness.  
"Look here," Peter went on, "we  
must get him properly to bed. Nap-  
ier's hut is the largest, I think. We'll  
settle him in there." He pointed to  
the very moderate-sized cane and mud  
and leaf dwelling, and the men's  
weary black masks relaxed into  
something that might have been a  
smile, as, with a final effort, they  
shouldered their living load again and  
shuffled towards Mark Napier's dwell-  
ing.

Peter and Lorion walked after them,  
Lorion having told the rest of the men  
to stop awhile and wait for instruc-  
tions.

In a very short space of time Boone  
had been undressed, got into a suit of  
Napier's pyjamas, and made comfort-  
able in Napier's bed. Napier himself  
arrived just as the operation was  
completed, and, after a hurried explana-  
tion from Peter, he was introduced to  
Lorion, and then left to examine the  
patient in the light of his superior  
medical knowledge.

Lorion, meanwhile, went to have a  
much needed wash in Peter's hut.

When he came out Peter and Napier  
were deep in conversation. The parson  
was shaking his head.

"I'm sorry," he said, as Lorion joined  
them, "I'm afraid your friend is in a  
very bad way. To tell you the  
truth, I can't make out what's the mat-  
ter with him at all. He hasn't a very  
high temperature."

"He has had, though," put in Lorion.  
"He's been raving for days."

"I'm afraid he's sinking," said Napier.

"What—dying?" cried the other,  
aghast.

"I'm afraid so. Mind you, I don't  
know much about these diseases of  
the tropics. It may be just a torpid  
state he's sunk into after the fever's  
left him. But it doesn't look to me  
like that. His vitality is at its very  
lowest ebb."

The bearers of the party were in-  
formed that they must camp out as  
best they could. The ordinary reme-  
dies appeared to be of no use to  
Boone. Napier gave him brandy. He  
swallowed a little, and rallied ever so  
slightly, but he could not speak, or  
even make known by signs whether  
he had any communication to make.  
The others could only await develop-  
ments.

It was arranged that Napier and  
Peter were to share the latter's hut,  
and a tent was fixed up for Lorion,  
offering as much resistance to sudden  
storms as was possible under the cir-  
cumstances.

After dinner Lorion told of the ad-  
ventures that had brought him to the  
clearing without his ever having  
meant to go near the place at all.  
But first of all his curiosity about  
Peter had to be satisfied.

"What are you doing here, Monk?  
I never got such a shock in all my  
life."

"You haven't heard about the ruins,  
then?" asked Peter.

"Ruins?"

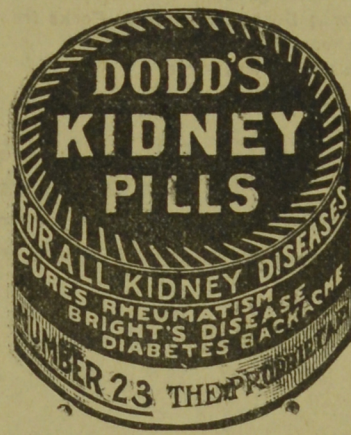
Peter and Napier explained between  
them. Lorion was vastly interested,  
but obviously more in their human  
selves than in the archaeological prize.

"But what have you been about,  
Lorion?"

"Well, we are supposed to be going  
to the Patala Forest," explained Lorion.

"My dear man!" cried Napier.

(To be Continued.)

**Our Spring SUITS and COATS**

ARE CORRECT IN STYLE, Perfect in fit and workmanship, but  
very moderate in price.

SUITS, \$11.00 to \$35.00. COATS, \$5.00 to \$24.00.

CHILDREN'S COATS, \$1.25 to \$6.50—all ages.

NEW DRESSES in Silk, Crepe de Chine, Voile, Muslin, etc.

NEW MIDDIES, WASH SKIRTS, Silk Skirts, Serge Skirts, etc.

Always Something New in WAISTS, WHITEWEAR, HOSIERY, etc.

**R. L. BLACK, - - - - York Street**  
**Agent for Standard Patterns**

**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 Staking  
Funds of the City of Fredericton.

(c) To amend and extend the provisions  
of Section 1 of Chapter 37, 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 employes.

(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  
charge 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.

**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**

77-21 Adams, R. B., Res., 607 Queen  
Street.  
175-31 Davidson, Alex., Res., 455 York  
Street.  
215-21 Gleaner Co., Ltd., Mechanical  
Dept., Queen Street.  
182-21 Hanson, R. D., Res., 818 Char-  
lotte Street.  
237-41 Lester, Rev. E. W., Res. Marys-  
ville.  
4100-42 Wisely, Fred, Res. Lincoln.  
127-31 White Vivian M., Grocer, 100  
Carleton Street.  
155-11 Grandame, Gustave, Grocer, 310  
Queen Street.  
64-22 McQuarrie, C. H., Res., 59 Char-  
lotte St.  
381 Scott, Gordon S., Res., George  
Street.

N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

**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



I 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. Masters

Manufactured by the

**Minard's Liniment**

Yarmouth, N.S.

**A War-time Problem**

A baker informed the Rugby tri-  
bunal that he had advertised for wo-  
men workers. The reply he had re-  
ceived was from a girl, aged sixteen,  
who confessed that she knew nothing  
of the business and asked for six dol-  
lars per week.

It is not uncommon to have a  
Rhode Island Red cock throw a white  
feather. It is no sign of impurity.  
These white feathers are apt to de-  
velop with age.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**

A safe, reliable regulating  
medicine. Sold in three de-  
grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;  
No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box.  
Sold by all druggists, or sent  
prepaid on receipt of price.  
Free pamphlet. Address:  
**THE COOK MEDICINE CO.**  
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Weston.)

**Eaton's Highland Linen**

When writing a formal social letter you give most careful con-  
sideration to your choice of words. Sometimes you consult a dic-  
tionary. The quality of Eaton's Highland Linen will enhance the  
dignity of your message and reveal your sense of the fitness of  
things no less than the well phrased letter reveals your sense of  
the value of words. Yet it is so moderate in price it can be used for  
all social correspondence.

We specialize in Writing Paper of all kinds, from Tablets and Typewriter Papers to the most elab-  
orate of Stationary Cabinets for gift purposes.

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