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BUSINESS COLLEGE
Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
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a good paying position by getting in-
formation regarding our courses of study,
descriptive booklet of which will be
sent on application. Address:
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
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SEND THEM TO
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well as the grinding of wheat, buck-
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Quick returns and satisfaction guar-
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HAD SEVERE COLD
PAIN IN CHEST
SPASMODIC COUGHING

Many people when they contract a
cold do not pay any attention to it,
thinking perhaps it will pass away in
a day or two. This is a mistake, for
before they know it, it has settled in
the lungs.
Too much stress cannot be laid on
the fact that on the first sign of a
cough or cold it must be gotten rid of
immediately, otherwise it may cause
years of suffering from some serious
lung trouble.

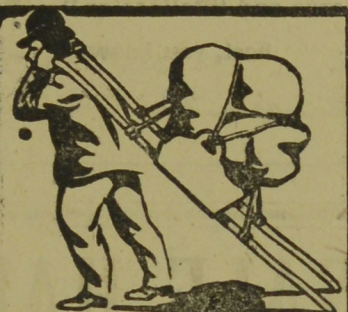
Mr. A. George, 30 Blevin's Place, Tor-
onto, Ont., writes: "Having greatly
benefited from your remedy Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup, I take the liberty
to write you a few words about the
effect of that wonderful syrup. Two
years ago I caught a severe cold, fol-
lowed by a spasmodic cough and pain
in my chest. I was treated by many
doctors but without any benefit, and
also took many proprietary medicines
which all failed to cure. One of my
friends recommended Dr. Wood's Nor-
way Pine Syrup, and after using three
bottles I was completely cured. I re-
commend it to anyone as a God-sent
remedy."

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow
wrapper, three pine trees the trade
mark, price 25c. and 50c.
Manufactured for the past twenty-
five years by The T. Milburn Co., Lim-
ited, Toronto Ont.

Shakespeare spoke of "cermons in
stones," and now a Philadelphia chem-
ist proffers a "stone soup" made en-
tirely of mineral ingredients. We'd
prefer to harken and grow fat on the
preaching, thanks just the same.

H. C. L. knocks oftener than oppor-
tunity.

In Turkey a rich man is known by
the number of wives he has; in
America by the number of divorces he
can afford.



Want a Partner?

Perhaps business is
dragging for the want of
a helping hand, or a little
more capital. Men with
money and men with
brains read this paper.
You can reach them
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is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
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can be seen any afternoon. Apply to
Mrs. C. J. B. Simmons, 222 St. John
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York and King streets; also large hall
lately occupied by the Oddfellows and
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Apply to F. B. Edgecombe Co.
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BLACK IS WHITE

I shall give you the opportunity to
prove it to yourself if not to me.
When I came back to you a moment
ago it was to tell you that I expect you
to be here—in this house—when I
return in a year—perhaps two years.
I came back to put it to you as a
command. You are more than my
wife. You are my prisoner. You are
to pay a penalty as any convicted
wrong-doer would pay if condemned
by law. I order you, Therese, to re-
main in this house until I come to set
you free.

She stared at him for a moment and
then an odd smile came into her eyes.
"A prisoner serving his term? Is that
it, my husband?"

"If you are here when I return I
shall have reason to believe that your
love is real, that it is good and true
and enduring. I am afraid of you now.
I do not trust you."

Her eyes flashed ominously. She
started to say something, but refrained,
closing her lips tightly.

"You used the word prisoner," Brood
resumed levelly. "Of course you un-
derstand that it is voluntary on your
part."

"For a year—or a year and a half,
that's what it will come to," she
mused. "I am to stay in this house
all that time?"

"Within these four walls," said he,
and his face was very white.

"Is that your sentence?"

"Call it that if you like, Therese."

"Do you mean that I am not to
put foot outside of these premises?"

she asked, wide-eyed. He nodded his
head. "My keepers? Who are they
to be? The old men of the sea?"

"Your keeper will be the thing you
call Love," said he.

"Do you expect me to submit to
this?"

He held up his hand. "I expect you
to remain here until I return. Therese,
I did not intend to impose this condi-
tion upon you by word of mouth. I
was going away without a word, but
you would have received from Mr.
Dawes a sealed envelope as soon as
the ship sailed. It contains this ver-
dict in writing. He will hand it to you,
of course, but now that you know the
contents it will not be necessary to—"

"And when you do come back am
I to hope for something more than
your pardon and a release?" she cried,
with fine irony in her voice.

"I will not promise anything," said
he, slowly.

She drew a long breath and there
was the light of triumph in her eyes.
Laying her slim hand on his arm, she
said: "I am content, James. I am sure

of you now. You will find me here
when you choose to come back, be it
in one year or twenty. Now go, my
man! They are waiting for you. Be
kind to them, poor souls, and tell them
all that you have just told me. It will
make them happy. They love me, you
see."

"Yes, they do love you," said he, put-
ting his hands upon her shoulders.
They smiled into each other's eyes.

"Good-by, Therese. I will return."

"Good-by, James. No, do not kiss
me. It would be mockery. Good luck
and—God speed you home again."

Their hands met in a warm, firm clasp.
"I will go with you as far as the door
of my prison."

From the open door she smiled out
upon the young people in the motor
and waved her handkerchief in gay
farewell. Then she closed the door
and walked slowly down the hallway
to the big library. She was alone in
the house save for the servants. The
old men had preceded the voyagers to
the pier. Standing in the center of
the room, she surveyed this particular
cell in her prison with a sort of calm
disdain.

"He has taken the only way to con-
quer himself," she mused, half aloud.
"He is a wise man—a very wise man.
I might have expected this of him."

She pulled the bell cord, and Jones,
who had just re-entered the house,
came at once to the room.

"Yes, madam."

"When Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs re-
turn from the ship, tell them that I
shall expect them to have luncheon
with me. That's all, thank you."

"Yes, madam."

"By the way, Jones, you may always
set the table for three."

Jones blinked. It was a most un-
usual order. He had been trying to
screw up his courage to inquire what
his mistress' plans were for the im-
mediate future—whether she intended
to travel, should he dismiss the serv-
ants, would he spend the heated term
in the mountains, etc., etc. He, as
well as the rest of the servants, won-
dered why the master's wife had been
left behind. Her instructions, there-
fore, to lay three places at the table
took him completely by surprise—
"knocked the breath out of him," as
he expressed it to the cook a few min-
utes later. She had never been known
to take a meal with the garrulous old
men. They bored her to distraction,
according to Celeste. And now he was
to lay places for them—always! It
was most extraordinary!

He felt that he had never behaved
so wonderfully in all the years of serv-
ice as he did when he succeeded in
bowing in his habitual manner, despite
the fact that he was "everlastingly
bowed over, so to speak."

"For three, madam. Very well," he
said. He was on the point of putting
one of his preconceived questions to
her, but, noting the expression in her
eyes, managed to close his lips before
a word escaped them that he could
never have taken back.

A cold, blustery night in January,
six months after the beginning of
Yvonne's voluntary servitude in the
prison to which her husband had com-
mitted her. In the big library, before
a roaring fire sat the two old men,
very much as they had sat on the De-
cember night that heralded the ap-
proach of the new mistress of the
house of Brood, except that on this
occasion they were eminently sober.
On the corner of the table lay a long,
yellow envelope—a cablegram ad-
dressed to Mrs. James Brood.

"It's been here for two hours and
she don't even think of opening it to
see what's inside," complained Mr.
Riggs, but entirely without reproach.

"It's her business, Joe," said Mr.
Dawes, pulling hard at his cigar.

"Maybe some one's dead," said Mr.
Riggs, dolorously.

"Like as not," said his friend, "but
what of it?"

"What of it, you infernal—but, ex-
cuse me, Danbury, I won't say it. It's
against the rules, God bless 'em. But
I will say that if anybody else had
asked that question I'd say he was a
blithering, unnatural fool. If any-
body's dead, she ought to know it."

"But supposing nobody is dead,"
protested Mr. Dawes.

"There's no use arguing with you."

"She'll read it when she gets good
and ready. At present she prefers to
read the letters that just came from
Freddy and Lyddy. What's a cable-
gram compared to the kind of letters
they write? Answer me, Joe."

"Foolish questions like that—"

"Haven't you had letters from them?
You've been tickled to death over their
happiness and their prospects and—"

"That doesn't prove that they're not
dead or dying or in trouble or—"

"Maybe it's from Jim," said his
friend, a wistful look in his bleary old
eyes.

"I—I hope it is, by gee!" exclaimed
the other, and then they got up and
went over to examine the envelope
for the tenth time. "I wish he'd tele-
graph or write or do something, Dan.
She's never had a line from him.
Maybe this is something at last."

"What puzzles me is that she always
seems disappointed when there's noth-
ing in the post from him, and here's
a cablegram that might be the very
thing she's looking for and she pays
no attention to it. It certainly beats
me."

"You know what puzzles me more
than anything else? I've said it a
hundred times. She never goes outside
this house—except in the garden—day
or night. You'd think she was an in-
valid—or afraid of detectives or some-
thing like that. God knows she ain't
a sick woman. I never saw a healthier
one. Rain or shine, winter or summer
she walks up and down that courtyard
till you'd think she'd wear a path in
the stones. Eats like a soldier, laughs
like a kid, and I'll bet she sleeps like
one, she's so fresh and bright-eyed in
the morning."

"Well, I've got this to say, Joe
Riggs: she has been uncommonly de-
cent to you after the way you used
to treat her when she first came here.
She's made you feel everlastingly
ashamed of your idiotic behavior—"

"I beg your pardon, Danbury," ex-
claimed Mr. Riggs, striking the table
with his bony knuckles so violently
that the books and magazines bounced
into the air. "Don't you ever say any-
thing like that again to me. It's
against the rules for me to call you a
scoundrelly liar or I'd do it in a sec-
ond."

(To be continued.)

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diers' Aid Committee has been organ-
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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-
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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, Secretary.
Chairman.

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257th Railway Construction Battalion

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Age 18 to 48

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