

DR. J. B. CROCKER,
DENTIST,
OFFICE, KITCHEN BUILDING,
Opposite Post Office.
TELEPHONES:
Office—419-11. House—57-41

DR. GERRARD,
DENTIST

Years' London, England,
Experience.
KING STREET, OPPOSITE BOYLE'S
PHONES—Office, 574; House 2600-41.

W. J. IRVINE,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Opp. Soldier's Barracks, Next Door
to Bank of N. S.
Queen Street.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a. m. to
2 p. m. to 5 p.
PHONE—338-11

DR. L. R. DAVISON,
DENTAL SURGEON
Graduate of R. C. D. S., Toronto, Ont.
OFFICE: Inches Building, Queen St.,
Lately Occupied by Capt.
F. W. Barbour.
Telephone 261-21.

J. A. McADAM,
UNDERTAKER
REGENT 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
10 Queen Street
Phone or telegraph orders shipped
on all trains or boats on short notice.

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,
Fredericton, N. B.

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.

Colonial Inn
OPPOSITE LEMONT & SONS'
Boarders can be accommodated
with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
forts, also special rates to table
boarders.

MRS. DUNBAR QUEEN STREET

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. SYPHER,
REAL ESTATE. INSURANCE.
Residence, 603 Regent Street.
Phone 524-21.

Celestial Flour
Manufactured in F'oton on a "trudget"
Marvel Roller Flour Mill, the latest im-
provement in flour milling machinery.
Has a sweet nutty flavour and contains
more nutriment than the so-called Pat-
ent flours composed of larger proportions
of starch.
\$5.00 per 98lb bag.
F. H. EVERETT
Aberdeen Street, near C. P. R. Station,

Had Awful Attacks Of Heart Trouble

FOR 5 OR 6 YEARS.

Diseases and disorders of the heart
CAN BE CURED BY USING
and the nervous system have become
frightfully prevalent of late years.

One can scarcely pick up a paper but
he will find recorded instances of sud-
den deaths through heart failure, or of
prominent men and women unable to
prosecute their ordinary business or
profession on account of a breaking
down of the nervous system.

We do not desire to unnecessarily
alarm anyone, but to sound a word of
warning.

When the heart begins to beat irreg-
ularly, palpitates and throbs, has shoot-
pains through it, it is time to stop and

To all sufferers from heart and nerve
troubles Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills can give prompt and permanent
relief.

Mrs. Frank Arseneau, Newcastle, N. B.,
writes: "I had awful attacks of
heart trouble for the past five or six
years, and as I had tried many kinds
of medicine without getting any better
I decided to give Milburn's Heart
and Nerve Pills a trial, and to my sur-
prise I found ease from the second
dose. I continued taking them until I
had used six boxes, and now I feel as
well as can be."

"At the present time my sister is
using them for nervousness, and finds
great comfort by their use."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
50c., or three boxes for \$1.25, at all
dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of
price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Tor-
onto, Ont.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates for Classified Advertis-
1 insertion
3 insertions
6 insertions
1 month

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—To buy, a double tenement
dwelling, or one suitable for same, in
a central locality. Apply A. care of
Mail Office. 2-24 6i

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.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch
stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also wood
suitable for hall stoves. Thos. Fulton,
613 Brunswick street, telephone 308-32.

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
swick street, Fredericton. It includes
dwelling house, barn and sausage fa-
ctory. 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, 577
Brunswick street 8-22 d-w tf

TO LET—C-rner house, lower flat, sit-
uated on Charlotte and Westmorland
streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer.
2-17 6i

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

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

Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins, cures Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-
dency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the
Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six
for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. Non-pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Winters.)

The Dog Star

BY
Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken

have the chance again, if I have any-
thing to do with it. But Lobanzo is
going to boom. I hold your shares,
and the shares of Worthy and the
other cowards. It is well. We shall
see some fun, and we shall have a
jolly good run for our money. I am
sorry, however, that nothing in the
future can ever make up for what I
have learned over this business, and
the loss of the trust of men in whose
opinion I thought I stood high; men
like you, Mancroft, and others who
have known me all my life. Ah, Man-
croft, you shall see what Glare Monk
can do to a man when he is really
angry; you shall see what sort of a
thing is Glare Monk's revenge."

Lord Mancroft left Sir Glare Monk
on the arrival platform of the great
London terminus with the feeling that
he had made a very big mistake, and
a presentiment of impending calamity.
He would have given much not to
have met the Blackport millionaire
that morning; the memory of that talk
on the journey up to town, the words
which sang in his brain, and the look
he had seen in the Lobanzo King's
eyes went far to unfit him for the
important business he had in hand
that day.

Sir Glare Monk's appointment with
Mr. Matlock Garth was for one o'clock.
He arrived at Euston punctually at
noon, and, despite the fact that he
was far too early for the appointment,
he drove straight to Wellington Street,
and was therefore half an hour before
his time. However, Mr. Garth saw
him at once.

Matlock Garth did not look at all
like a detective, nor were his man-
ners or general appearance calculated to
inspire confidence. He spoke with a
very pronounced Cockney accent, and
had a distressingly obsequious
manner.

When one had heard of his brilliant
previous record, and that Mr. Garth
knew probably more about contem-
porary crime and criminals than any-
one else living, knew also that he had
been for years the mainstay of Scot-
land Yard, that he spoke half a dozen
languages much better than his own,
had been attached to high personages
in royal circles, and responsible for
the safety of kings and potentates, and
had been the cause of the unravel-
ment of some of the most intricate
mysteries of the past three decades,
one ignored the man's appearance and
glorified the pale blue eyes, and the
receding chin, and the semi-mutton
chop whiskers into the outward and
visible signs of great detective genius,
and saw in the prominent upper teeth
and the insipid smile the insignia of
the great criminologist.

Mr. Garth's office in Wellington
Street, Strand, was as much like that
of a world-famed detective as the man
himself was like his reputation. It
might as well have been the office
of a music hall variety artiste agency,
or a domestic servants' registry, the
headquarters of a missionary society,
or anything else, for the matter of
that, except the office of a well-known
reputable, and distinguished detective.

There was nothing whatever to in-
dicate the one to which it was put,
nothing to suggest the secrets it held.
It was as non-committal as the simple
brass plate outside the door in Wel-
lington Street, Mr. Matlock Garth,
1st Floor—just that and nothing
more.

Mr. Garth's office occupied the
whole of the first floor; that is to say,
the suite consisted of four rooms and
a fairly spacious hall or entrance
vestibule. The outside door on the
landing of the first floor bore the
simple inscription, "Mr. Matlock
Garth." One knocked at this door,
and possibly pressed the electric bell
on the right, and was promptly at-
tended by an over-sprightly youth,
who regarded one as a potential mur-
derer or burglar, as he stood pug-
natically blocking further entrance
until one vouchsafed a satisfactory
explanation of one's visit and answers
to any impertinent questions this
young gentleman chose, in his mas-
ter's interests, to propound.

If the examination should prove
satisfactory, the youth grudgingly in-
vited one to enter a very bare hall
redolent of musty books and papers
and stale tobacco smoke. A close
scrutiny, and one was ushered into
a small waiting-room, darker and
shabbier than the entrance hall, and
even more redolent of musty books
and parchments. This forbidding den
was sparsely furnished with some
old-fashioned mahogany, horsehair
cushioned chairs, a balze-topped round
library table, on which were neatly
laid out a few ancient newspapers,
reviews, and one or two directories,
red books, law lists, and volumes of
similar interest, and an antiquated
hat and umbrella stand, on which
hung a dusty silk hat that looked as
if it dated from 1876. On the dingy
walls, painted a kind of sea green,
which seems to be the conventional
color for offices, hung a Law Station-
ers' Almanac of four years ago, a
framed steel engraving of the Crystal
Palace, a colored sporting print of
West Australian, the Derby winner
of 1853, a framed photograph of
Eleonora Duse, and an unframed pos-
ter of a Venetian International Art
Exhibition.

But for these mural adornments,
one would assuredly assume that Mr.
Garth's waiting room was that of a
derelict provincial solicitor.

Sir Glare Monk was far too occu-
pied with his thought to notice
whether he was in a hovel or a palace.
"This way, sir, if you please," said
the belligerent youth, eyeing the
Blackport magnate suspiciously. His

training had taught him to distrust
everybody indiscriminately, and es-
pecially gentlemen with a Lancashire
accent. Sir Glare had never had the
time or inclination to take the trouble
to eradicate the delightfully broad ac-
cent of his northern home and early
upbringing.

Mr. Garth's room would have given
an ordinarily observant visitor some-
thing of a shock. On Monk it made
no more impression than had the
dingy waiting-room. Just at the
moment he was immersed, as it were,
within himself. But Matlock Garth's
private sanctum was a curious con-
ceit, inasmuch as it was an empty
room—empty, that is to say, save for
a very small pedestal table and two
comfortable arm chairs. The walls
and ceiling were painted an even
bluey-grey; the two windows were
frosted to a color that very nearly
matched; the floor was carpeted with
a thick felt of almost precisely the
same hue. When the door was shut,
one could not, unless one knew it,
discern where it was. The only ob-
ject that attracted one's attention was
a pedestal table telephone. On the
little knee-hole table were a plain
writing-pad and a few yellow pencils.

"How do you do, Sir Glare?" said
Mr. Garth, holding out his hand and
speaking in a sharp, jerky fashion,
not altogether unlike Sir Glare's own
manner of address. "I am very sorry
that I was unable to get up to Black-
port yesterday, and that I have had
to trouble you to come up specially.
But I am peculiarly busy just at the
moment, and couldn't possibly go out
of town. As a matter of fact, I am
under a subpoena to give evidence in
the Vallery will case, which is now
in the courts."

"Quite so, quite so," responded
Monk. "I quite understand. The mat-
ter upon which I want your help and
advice is, however, most important
to me, and most urgent. I will not
mince matters, Mr. Garth. The matter
is one which affects me most closely,
not only as a business man, a public
man, but in my capacity as a private
individual and a man of honor. May
I sit down?"

Mr. Garth hastened to offer his dis-
tinguished client a chair. He could
not fail to observe that Sir Glare was
very upset, and that it cost him a
considerable effort to speak in this
fashion.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Garth in a
tone that invited confidence. "Has it
to do with this Lobanzo trouble?"

"In a way, yes," Monk answered;
"but let me get to the bottom of
the thing at once, let me tell you the
whole story. I need hardly remind
you that what I am telling you must
be treated with the utmost secrecy."

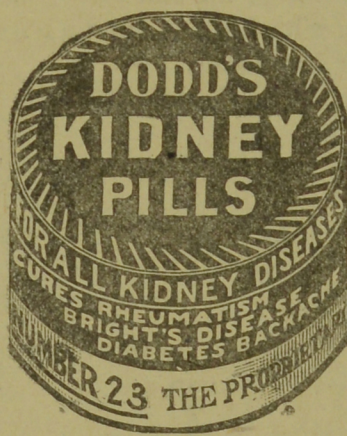
Mr. Garth nodded. "That goes with-
out saying, Sir Glare," he said.

The Lobanzo King cleared his
throat and mopped his moist brow
with his large colored handkerchief.
"The day before last," he com-
menced, speaking deliberately but in
very low tones, so low that Mr. Garth
moved nearer to catch every word, "I
left Blackport on the Ubangi for
Moba. My wife and my private secre-
tary, Mr. Lorion, saw me off. I may
say at the outset that Lorion is a
man in whom I have the most com-
plete confidence. He has been with
me for many years, and I have given
him my personal friendship. He is a
man of good birth and education,
but of little means other than what
he earns of me. You follow me?"

"I understand," put in Mr. Garth.
"I remember meeting Mr. Lorion at
the time of the last little business
we had together."

"Well," continued Monk, "circum-
stances, which do not particularly

(To be continued.)



DEPORTATION OF BELGIAN MEN LEAVES WOMEN AND CHILDREN MORE HELPLESS THAN EVER

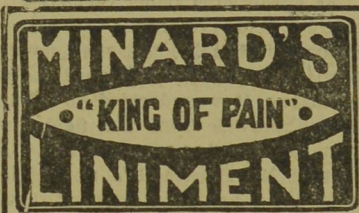
Neutral protests do not prevent the Germans
from continuing the deportation and enslave-
ment of the able-bodied men who were left in
unhappy Belgium—and we are powerless to
stop it until we have won the war.

Meanwhile the Neutral Commission for
Relief in Belgium, administered without pay by
great-hearted Americans, is saving the women
and children from starvation. Here we CAN
help promptly and effectively, by giving gene-
rously to the Belgian Relief Fund.

More contributions than ever are needed,
because the higher prices of foodstuffs, parti-
cularly wheat, have seriously increased the cost
of feeding these millions of dependent Belgians.
How much can you spare the victims of one of
the blackest, most cold-blooded crimes?

Send whatever you can give weekly, monthly or in one
lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees, or
SEND CHEQUES PAYABLE TO TREASURER

Belgian Relief Fund
59 St. Peter Street, Montreal. 85
The Greatest Relief Work in History.



I was cured of terrible luth-
bago by
Minard's Liniment
—Rev. Wm. Brown.

I was cured of a bad case of
earache by
Minard's Liniment
—Mr. S. Kaulbach.

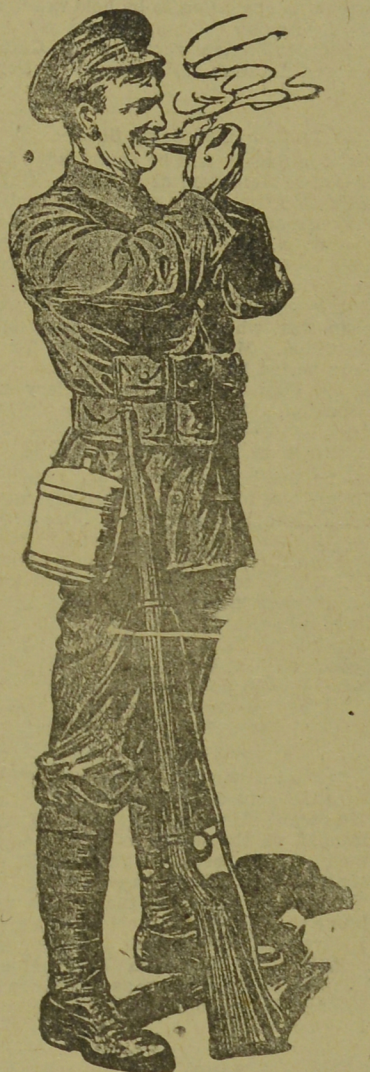
I was cured of sensitive lungs
by
Minard's Liniment
—Mrs. S. Masters

Manufactured by the
Minard's Liniment
Yarmouth, N.S.

WANTED AT ONCE

Experienced top
stitcher for work on
shoe packs and shoe
uppers. Piece work
highest prices.

Apply at once to
John Palmer Co. Ltd.
Fredericton



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

Never judge the keenness of a wo-
man's intellect by the sharpness of
her tongue.

"My Second Year of the Great War"

By the only accredited American correspondent who
had the freedom of the field in the
Battle of the Somme
Frederick Palmer
Price \$1.50 by mail \$1.60

The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.