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2-17 61

FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

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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
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wanting employment residing therein
are requested to notify the secretary

JUDGE WILSON,
DR. T. C. ALLEN, Secretary.
Chairman.

The Dog Star

BY
Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken

"About ten thousand years ago!"
shouted Peter exultantly. "Did you
ever see such masonry? That's no
recent settlement. It's more like
Babylon than anything else. And in
a savage country, where mud and
cane-sticks and leaves for that are
about as far as they've got in the
building line. Look here, Napier, we
must go out there at once—you and I."

"I'm afraid that won't be possible,
Peter," said Napier, trying to subdue
the boy's exuberant excitement, al-
though his own, suppressed as it was,
was equally great.

"But we must make it possible,"
cried Peter. "We absolutely must
investigate this before anyone else
gets wind of it. I'll get the governor
to let me go. He can't refuse. This
will be of great use to the Lobanzo.
We'll annex the place, if it isn't ex-
actly in the Protectorate. It will
cause a huge stir in the archaeological
world; it's something, marvellous—
unheard of. Look here, will you go?"

"My dear boy, remember our talk
of this afternoon. Remember all your
good resolutions. Even if this should
be the most wonderful find in the
world, your father, I'm afraid, would
think you were wasting your time in
exploring ruins."

"Oh, don't jaw, Napier. If the
governor lets me go, will you come
out?"

"Of course; there's nothing I should
like better," said Napier.

"Tell me straight—what do you
think? Look at the photos again.
Look at 'em well."

Napier had been doing this all the
time he had been speaking.

"I think they're extraordinary," he
said slowly. "I've never seen any-
thing like the formation of these
ruins. There seem to be traces of
certain other remains that we know
in other countries, but there also seem
to be features that are quite un-
known to us. I should like to talk
to Carlton."

"My dear chap," put in Peter im-
patiently, "the best thing is to go
there."

Napier had the greatest difficulty
in getting his pupil to go to bed
that night.

The next day the subject was re-
opened in an unexpected manner at
breakfast. Peter had a letter from
his father. When he had finished read-
ing it he put it down with a sharp
exclamation.

"By Jove!" he said, "the governor's
sending John Lorion out in charge
of an expedition to the West Coast
and the Lobanzo. My dear Napier,
we'll go, too. That's first rate. I'll
manage, it never fear. It'll be great.
As far as I can make out from the
date of this letter, Lorion's sailed al-
ready, but we can go by the next boat,
and he'll wait for us somewhere.
Look here, let's go and find out about
the trains at once."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Heel of Achilles

Five days later Mark Napier sat
with Sir Glare Monk in the latter's
private room at Dunbury. Peter's
tutor had arrived that morning in
time for lunch at Monk's invitation,
to stay a day or two and discuss,
as he had written, "a mad idea of
Peter's."

When the two travellers had reached
London from Chamoville their ways
had parted. Peter had gone straight
through to Blackport to induce his
father to allow him to go out to
West Africa to investigate the mar-
vellous ruins. Mark Napier had gone
home to Oxford.

The light, plain lunch at Dunbury
had been served and eaten. Napier
had enjoyed some wonderful claret,
and, refusing coffee, he was now com-
fortably installed in an arm chair with
a cigar. Peter was not admitted to
the conference, and had been sent to
Pole Street to start work under Mac-
pherson's regis.

Glare Monk looked disturbed, Na-
pier thought. His hands fidgeted even
more restlessly than usual. He held
his cigar in his mouth, and let it go
out, as he fixed a long, scrutinizing
gaze upon the other's face.

"What is this mad idea of Peter's,
Napier?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much
about it, Sir Glare."

"Who put it into his head?"

"Well, in the first instance, a man
named Carlton."

"Yes, I know; Major Carlton. A very
good fellow. Have you encouraged
Peter, Napier?"

"I have tried not to do so."

"That's right. This isn't at all the
sort of thing I want him to do. Why
is he so keen?"

"It happens to be his hobby," said
Napier. "I can't tell why. I was
surprised myself when he began to
show an interest in archaeology."

"Isn't it that he wants any excuse
to go out there?"

"I don't think so," replied Napier.

"He had quite made up his mind to
settle down here. He's a splendid
boy, sir."

Monk was silent for a moment; then
he asked:

"Do you think he is cut out for
a business life, Napier?"

"Frankly," said Napier, "I don't."

"But he's got to be a business man.
That's essential. Anybody can see
that."

"And nobody sees it more clearly
than Peter," said Napier. "And no-
body means to try harder than he."

"Anyhow, I can't bear of this rub-
bish of going out to look at ruins,"
said Monk in a very decided voice.

"I thought that would be your view
of the matter," replied the other man.

"All the same, I want to hear what
you have to say." There was a touch
of perplexity in his voice. "Now, what
do you think? Ought I to let him go?"

"It depends," replied Napier, after
a pause. "It is very difficult to say.

It depends on what you mean to do
with Peter. If you mean to make a
business man of him pure and simple,
the sooner he begins the better. But
if you're going to allow him to have
other interests—"

"It means that I'm to crush out my
son's natural instincts if I make him
live the life I want him to," said
Monk. "No, Napier, I'm not a tyrant.
I don't want to do that. The boy has
a life to live; he will have to live
when I am gone. And anything is
bad when it's done against the grain.
He's a splendid boy, as you say, and
I thank you heartily for your share
in making him so."

"But Peter is so young," put in
Napier, in an encouraging tone of
voice. "He's only a boy, and Oxford
keeps men very young, Sir Glare.
There's plenty of time for him to
settle down into a steady, practical
business man."

"But I'm to give him his fling first
—is that the idea?" asked Monk, with
a little laugh. "But now, tell me,
Napier, what about this mad scheme?
What are these ruins? And what in
the name of all that's wonderful does
a boy like Peter care about ruins of
any kind?"

"Well, that's the curious part of it,
sir," answered Napier, with a little
smile. "Peter does care about the
ruins. I've never known such a young-
ster take such a keen interest in
archaeology."

"It's your great specialty, isn't it,
Napier?" asked Monk. His eyes shot
a look of suspicion into Napier's face.

"I've never influenced Peter, I can
assure you," said the other man
warmly.

"It's ridiculous! But you haven't
told me yet, Napier. What are these
ruins? I've never heard of them."

"Nor has anybody else, it seems,"
answered Napier. "I've been making
inquiries in likely quarters, but I can
learn nothing about them. Fortunately,
Carlton came home with us, and I
had a long talk with him. He's given
me these photographs, and a map he
made himself, showing the exact spot
where they are to be found."

"Show it to me," said Monk.

Napier took a bundle from his
pocketbook and unfolded a small,
carefully drawn map.

Monk went over to a bookcase and
took out a large atlas. Together the
two men bent over a large scale map
of the district. Monk consulted the
Major's map, and put his finger on
the place at once.

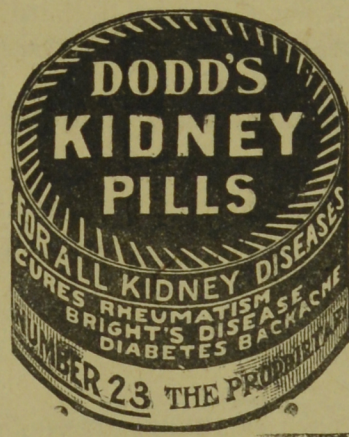
"Somewhere about here," he mur-
mured. "It's in the Lobanzo, but
right on the border. It's a fairly good
climate. It's curious—very curious."

"There can be no doubt," said Na-
pier, "that these ruins are of the ut-
most interest and importance. Major
Carlton's most interesting photograph
is not among this packet; I have not
seen it myself; he has only told me
about it. He had no print of it with
him. But it is the photograph of a
stone that he found among the ruins,
with an inscription on it in charac-
ters that were utterly undecipherable
to him. Of course, he pretends to
know nothing about archaeology."

"And do you mean to tell me that
Peter takes an interest in such
things?" asked Monk, who could not
overcome his incredulity. "Good
Lord, I thought it was just an excuse
for the trip! And so you advise me
to let him go, Napier?"

Napier shook his head.

(To be Continued.)



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COUNTY OF YORK.

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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,
entitled "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 Pokiook, 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 thereto.

Dated this 5th day of March, A. D.
1917.
R. MAX MCCARTHY,
Secretary.

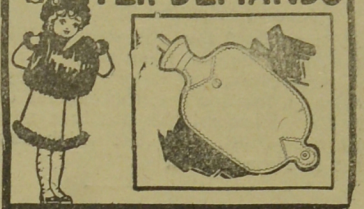
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