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Will Open on MONDAY, January 8,
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The cause of the backache comes from some derangement of the kidneys, for were there not something wrong with the kidneys the back would be strong and well, and without a pain or an ache.
Doan's Kidney Pills will take out all the stitches, twinges and twinges, limber up the stiff back and give perfect relief and comfort to all poor, weak backed, suffering women.
Mrs. Chas. Thibault, Church Point, N. S., writes: "For ten years I suffered with my back and was so weak I could not do my washing or any hard work, just a little around the house. One day a friend advised me to use Doan's Kidney Pills, and they helped me so much that after I had taken two boxes I could do my washing and since then I have been in perfect health."
Doan's Pills are the original kidney pills. Do not accept any substitutes put up under similar names. See that you get the oblong grey box, the trade mark a "Maple Leaf."
Price 50c. or three boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Specify "Doan's" if ordering direct.

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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,
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Fredericton, March 18th, 1917.
3-13 51

Wanted—a good smart boy to learn the printing business, make himself generally useful around the office. Apply 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 representatives. Nine months' contract guaranteeing 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, Harvey Station. 3-12 d-w 2wks

FOR SALE—16-inch hard and soft stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also furnace and hall stove wood. T. Fulton, 618 Brunswick street, phone 308-32.

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

FOR SALE—My property on Brunswick 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, 675 Brunswick street 8-22 d-w tf

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

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

TO LET—Corner house, lower flat, situated 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 Soldiers' Aid Committee has been organized for the Counties of York, Sunbury and Queens, and the City of Fredericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C. Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Secretary.

All employers of labor in said district willing to give preference to returned disabled soldiers as employees, and all returned discharged soldiers wanting employment residing therein, are requested to notify the secretary.

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

Someone hails as a solution of the "short skirt menace" the assertion of an expert that women who wear skirts short and thin have to eat more to keep warm, and therefore grow fat. The trouble is that no woman believes that.

The Dog Star

BY
Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken

CHAPTER XV.

Van Ost Makes a Discovery

Van Ost spent a day and a night in London on her way to New Reich-
wirth. She went to Hamilton Place, but only to her bedroom and boudoir opened, and immediately on her arrival gave instructions about the closing of the house for the rest of the summer.

This time it was she who had appointments with Henri Van Ost, who was still in London.

"As I cannot have you here"—she wrote to him at the address that always found him—"I suppose I must come to that dreadful place in Soho. I will be there this afternoon at five o'clock. Kindly arrange that I can get in without being observed."

Van Ost was waiting for her when she kept the appointment. He was more amazingly dressed than ever in a suit of light checks in tan and green. He wore a pink necktie, with white spots, and the dust of powder on his livid skin was so artistically applied that it would have done credit to a chorus girl.

But she did not heed his appearance. She threw back her heavy grey veil, for the room was suffocatingly hot, and sat down on a rickety chair by the window.

"Have you found the papers, Van Ost?" she asked. She spoke as if to a servant.

"Alas! chere madame," he answered with a movement of his head and shoulders which suggested that he was inconsolable. "Alas! alas!"

"What does that mean? Speak plainly. I have no time to waste."

"Chere madame, the papers they do not allow themselves to be found!"

"You have looked for them?"

"But how can you ask that, madame?"

"You have used every means to trace them? Van Ost, you said the other day that you knew every person to whom they could be of use."

"And they are not in the possession of any of those people," he answered.

"And you have no idea who has got hold of them?"

"Not the slightest. It is a mystery of the deepest nature. There are so few people in the world who would be interested in them."

"Well, the reason I wanted to see you particularly," said Lady Monk, "is because I have had a communication from the person who has them."

Van Ost sprang to his feet and struck an attitude of dramatic astonishment.

"Madame does not jest?" he asked.

"She does not try to hoax her faithful Van Ost?"

"I never waste my time," she answered brusquely, heedless of the angry glances in his cloudy eyes. "I have heard from the person who has the papers."

"But on what possible grounds could that person have addressed you, madame?"

"The person sent me back some papers that I had lent to you by mistake from the papers of Van Ost, and that the person is together with the others from the letter in my boudoir. It means that the person only wanted the B.I.R.C. papers and took no interest in the others."

"And was there any clue in the communication?" asked Van Ost.

"I have brought the envelope and the letter for you to see," she said.

"That is why I came here. Here they are. You may find a clue."

Van Ost took the envelope and extracted the sheet of paper. He sniffed at it like a dog and gave a startled exclamation. Then he read the letter through and peered into the handwriting.

"But this is most extraordinary," he cried in a shrill voice. He was trembling with excitement. "This is of an interest. But of a mad interest! Chere madame, what mystery have you given your Van Ost to unravel? This—oh, yes, there is no doubt about it. I cannot be mistaken. This is the writing of a West African nigger who has learned to write!"

Lady Monk stared at Van Ost, impressed and startled, though not quite clear as to why she should be either.

"This is certainly a clue, chere madame," Van Ost exclaimed; "an extraordinary clue. With this in my possession I shall not be long in discovering who has the papers."

"You said it was a nigger's handwriting," Lady Monk said, with interest and curiosity that gave her voice a note of unaccustomed civility. "Do you mean that a nigger has the papers?"

"It looks like it."

"But it is impossible. How could a nigger get into Dunbury? And it's not likely that someone else got them and gave them to a nigger, is it?"

"It is a mystery of the deepest nature," admitted Van Ost. "At present, I confess, it baffles me. But it will not be for long. There cannot be many West African natives in England."

"But how do you know he is still here? I received that letter a good many days ago."

"That is true. Why did you not communicate with me before, chere madame?"

"I had other things to think of," she answered curtly. "What you have got to do is to get those papers back."

"They shall be found," he said.

"And we must not lose sight of our ultimate object, chere madame. The

papers when found must be insinuated into the possession of the gallant Mr. Lorion, the loyal and immaculate secretary of the good Sir Glare. Is it not so?" And he chuckled and rubbed his hands together, the manicured nails of enormous length shining rosy red in the afternoon sunshine.

"Yes, yes," Lady Monk said impatiently. "That is afterwards. But find them first, my good Van Ost."

"Since I have this letter, they are as good as found, madame!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on his heart and bowing low before her.

"Don't boast so much," she retorted contemptuously.

She walked towards the door, without deigning to wish him good-bye.

"Were you satisfied with our last little deal, madame?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said over her shoulder, "but the shares are still going up. And at a most extraordinary rate. And at this time, too, when the whole world is in arms against the company. What does it mean?"

"Only a little manipulation, chere madame," he replied, with an insufferably self-satisfied smile that revealed most of his large white teeth.

"And at any time when a little money will be of use to you, remember that your humble slave, Van Ost, is ready to oblige you?"

"What will you buy some more?" She raised her veil to get a better look at him.

"To be agreeable to you, chere madame," he replied obsequiously.

She hesitated. There was battle in her mind. On the one hand, prudence counselled her to get rid of all her holdings; on the other, she did not want to forgo the magnificent dividends of the company. Greed gained the victory.

"Not now," she said. "I don't want to sell now. When I do, I will let you know."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Woman Speaks

Rooms had been prepared for Sir Glare Monk at Neu Reichwirth adjoining the suite that Theodora occupied. Two days passed, and Theodora, although she saw little of her husband, noticed a change in him. He was restless; his manner had increased in fussiness. But it was something more than that that became apparent to her.

On the third day after his arrival the weather broke up; dense sheets of tropical rain blotted out the landscape. It was very cold and miserable, and everybody kept indoors. They played auction bridge all the early part of the afternoon, but immediately after tea, as the tables were made up again, Theodora, who was not very enthusiastic, went upstairs to her own rooms to write some letters.

She had got through one or two when Monk came in. He began to walk up and down the room and to make general conversation, and then proceeded to tell her of the absolutely futile efforts of the detective to find the forged letters that had been taken from his safe. She listened, with one eye on her blotting pad. Then his voice took on an uncertain and hesitating tone, and he came nearer to her.

"I say, my darling," he began, "I wanted to ask you something. I don't want to do anything without my sweetheart's consent; and if you disliked the proposal I am going to make, I wouldn't, of course, dream of it for a moment."

"Dear me, Glare, how mysterious," she exclaimed. "What on earth is the matter?" And she laughed merrily, but her eyes were very watchful.

"Well, dearest, I am thinking of sending Lorion out in charge of the expedition to the West Coast and the Lobanzo. Yes—in spite of what you and I know about him, darling, Lorion is of great use to me, and I find I can't dispense with him. Now, Lorion has got engaged to a very nice girl, and was going to be married at once, I dissuaded them from this, because, as you know, I never send out married men. Now, this girl is all alone in the world, and I have promised Lorion to look after her."

"And what do you want me to do?" asked Theodora sharply.

"I want you, my pet, to consent to her living at Dunbury while Lorion is away."

"Good Heavens, Glare, what an idea!" cried his wife, half amazed and half angry. "Considering what the young man has done—that he has abused your confidence and stolen from you—"

"I know, dearest," interrupted Monk, "but the girl has done nothing. She is a very nice girl—such a charming girl."

(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 Embroidery 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 Creditors of George Kitchen, late of the Parish of Kingsclear, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Railway Contractor, deceased, and to all others whom it may concern:

THE Executors and Trustees of the last Will of the above named deceased, 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 fifteenth 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 application will be made to the Legislative 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 Pokiok, 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 completion 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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