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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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Need Pressing and
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SEND THEM TO
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modern conveniences. Home com-
forts, also special rates to table
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The Crumping of Oats has been
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We have recently installed a ma-
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well as the grinding of wheat, buck-
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Quick returns and satisfaction guar-
anteed.
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**DON'T LET YOUR
SOLDIER LACK
ZAM-BUK**

Scores of men at the front
have written home to friends
and relations asking for Zam-
Buk. They need it to apply to
chapped hands, cold cracks, frost
bites, chilblains, cold sores, stiff
joints, and other similar ailments
incidental to trench life. These
ailments, although not serious
enough to unfit a man for duty,
cause him endless pain, and the
soldier who is supplied with Zam-
Buk will be saved much unneces-
sary suffering. Nothing stops pain
like Zam-Buk; nothing draws out
the soreness and heals so quickly.
For hands, sore and blistered after
trench-digging, Zam-Buk is splen-
did, and applications of Zam-Buk
to the feet before long marches
will prevent the feet from becom-
ing sore and blistered. The letters
below illustrate the soldier's need
and appreciation of Zam-Buk.
Private J. R. Smith of the "Prin-
cess Pats" writes: "Tell my friends,
if they want to help me, to send
Zam-Buk."
Sapper G. T. Webster, 2nd Field
Co., Canadian Engineers, writes:
"You can have no idea how much
we appreciate Zam-Buk out here.
It is splendid for sores, cuts, bruises,
sprains, etc."
Shoeling-Smith McIlwraith, of
the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland
Highlanders, writes from France:
"I have used Zam-Buk for 14 years
in the British Army in South Africa,
India and France, and have never
found its equal. There is no fear
of blood-poisoning from cuts or
scratches if Zam-Buk is applied.
The trouble is that Zam-Buk is too
scarce out here—our friends should
send us more of it."
This applies to you, so be
sure to include a few boxes of
Zam-Buk in your next parcel
to the front! All druggists 50c.
box, 3 for \$1.25, or direct from
Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

It is difficult to say which is the
greater optimist, the man who takes a
drink the moment his headache has
A man never knows how much he
values an umbrella or a woman until
he sees some other man calmly walk-
ing off with one or the other.
A genius is a man who can do al-
most anything but make a living and
keep up his reputation for being a gen-
ius.

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1 insertion \$0.25
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FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch
stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also wood
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618 Brunswick street, telephone 308-32.

FOR SALE—First class cooking range,
also bath tub; both in good condition.
Will sell cheap. The above can be seen
at 127 George street, between 6 and 7
p.m. 1-15 61

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
swick street, Fredericton. It includes
dwelling house, barn and sausage fac-
tory. 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, 575
Brunswick street. 8-22 d-w if

TO LET—Four large furnished rooms;
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Mrs. C. J. B. Simmons, 222 St. John
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WANTED—Second class female teacher
for School District No. 3. Apply,
stating salary, to Charles E. Connors,
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York Co., N. B. 1-2 61

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Want to buy standing timber. Give
full particulars in first letter, as for
growth, kind and distance to railroad,
and lowest cash price. Will buy at
once. Apply to
D. M. WOOD,
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1-10 d-w 1wk

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

BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XIX—Ranjab takes the
blame for the accidental shooting and
tells Brood that Yvonne, in whom he saw
two women, the dead wife and the living
one, will save Frederic's life.

CHAPTER XX—Yvonne tells Brood
that she is the sister of his dead wife and
married him to be revenged on him,
knowing that her sister was innocent and
that Frederic was Brood's son. She in-
tended to induce Frederic to go away with
her and telling him the truth, leave Brood
to believe that they had eloped together.

CHAPTER XXI—Yvonne shows Brood
proof of his dead wife's innocence and
confesses her revenge a bitter failure. She
has learned to love Brood.

CHAPTER XXII—Brood goes to see his
wounded son.

CHAPTER XXIII—Frederic recovers
and he and Lydia plan to go abroad with
Brood. The young couple endeavor un-
successfully to reconcile Brood to his
wife, whom he plans to leave alone in the
home.

CHAPTER XXIV—On leaving, Brood en-
dors his wife to remain at home until he
returns. She consents. Six months later,
with a letter from him, calling her to
him, but she tells Briggs and Daves
"I shall not go to him. Send him a card
saying . . . I cannot come to him."



"Watilde Had Been There."

me! Alive and—ah!" The excla-
mation fell from his lips as she suddenly
leaned forward, her intense gaze fixed
on Frederic's face.

"See! Ah, see! I prayed and I have
been answered. See! God in heaven
see!"

He turned. Frederic's eyes were
open. He was looking up at them, with
a piteous appeal in their depths—a
appeal for help, for life, for conscious-
ness.

"He is not dead! Frederic, Frederic
my son—" He dropped to his knees
and frantically clutched at the hand
that lay stretched out beside the limp
figure. The pain-stricken eyes closed
slowly.

Someone knelt beside Brood. He
saw a slim white hand go out and
touch the pallid brow.

"I shall save your soul, James
Brood," a voice was saying, but it
seemed far away. "He shall not die.
Your poor wretched soul may rest se-
cure. I shall keep death away from
him. You shall not have to pay for
this—no, not for this. The bullet was
meant for me. I owe my life to him
you shall owe his to me. But you
have yet to pay a greater debt than
this can ever become. He is your son.
You owe another for his life—and you
will never be out of her debt, not
even in hell, James Brood."

Slowly Frederic's eyes opened
again. They wavered from one face
to the other and there was in them the
unsolvable mystery of divination. At
the lids dropped once more, Brood's
manner underwent a tremendous
change. The stupefaction of horror
and doubt fell away in a flash and he
was again the clear-headed, indomit-
able man of action. The blood rushed
back into his veins, his eyes flashed
with the returning fire of hope, his
voice was steady, sharp, commanding.

"The doctor!" he cried in Yvonne's
ear, as his strong fingers went out to
tear open the red shirt bosom. "Be
quick! Send for Hodder. By heaven,
we must save him." She did not move.
He whirled upon her fiercely. "Do as I
tell you. Are you so damned—"

"Doctor Hodder is on the way now,"
she said dully. His hands ceased their
operations as if checked by a sudden
paralysis.

"On the way here?" he cried in-
credulously. "Why—"

"He is coming," she said fiercely. "I
sent for him—ages ago. Don't stop
now—be quick! You know what to do.
Stanch the flow of blood. Do some-
thing, man! You have seen men with
mortal wounds—and this man must be
saved."

He worked swiftly, deftly, for he did
know what to do. He had worked over
men before with wounds in their
breasts—and he had seen them through
the shadow of death. But he could
not help thinking, as he now worked,
that he was never known to miss a
shilling at thirty paces.

She was speaking. Her voice was
low and husky once more, with a per-
sistent note of accusation in it. "It
was an accident, do you understand?
You did not shoot to kill—him. The
world shall never know the truth—un-
less he dies, and that is not to happen.
You are safe. The law cannot touch
you, for I shall never speak. This is
between you and me. Do you under-
stand?"

He glanced at her set, rigid face.
"Yes. It was an accident. And this is
between you and me. We shall settle

it later on. Now I see you as you are
—as Yvonne. God, I—wonder—" His
hand shook with a sudden spasm of
indecision. He had again caught that
baffling look in her dark eyes.

"Attend!" she cried, and he bent
to the task again. He is not going to
die. It would be too cruel if he were
to die now and miss all the joy of vic-
tory over you—his life-long foe. He—

The door opened behind them and
they looked up to see the breathless
Hindu. He came straight to the
woman.

"He comes. Ranjab has obeyed. I
have told him that the revolver was dis-
charged accidentally—by myself, by the
unhappy son of a dog. I. It is well.
Ranjab is but a dog. He shall die to-
day and his lips be sealed forever.
Have no fear. The dead shall be sil-
ent—" His voice trailed off into a
whisper, for his eyes were looking into
hers. "No," he whispered after a mo-
ment—"no, the dead are not silent.
One who is dead has spoken to Ran-
jab."

"Hush!" said the woman. Brood's
hands were shaking again, shaking
and uncertain. "The doctor? He
comes?"

"Even now," said the Hindu, turn-
ing toward the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Voice of the Wind.

Hours afterward Brood sat alone in
the room where the tragedy occurred.
Much had transpired in the interim to
make those hours seem like separate
and distinct years to him, each hour
an epoch in which a vital and memora-
ble incident had been added to his
already overfull measure of experi-
ence. Underneath all was an ever-
present sense of insecurity, as if the
whole order of life had been suddenly
deprived of foundation or support. No
matter where he looked, there was not
the slightest ray of light in the dark-
ness that enveloped his understand-
ing. Something tremendous had hap-
pened, aside from the visible, phys-
ical incident that had stunned him
temporarily at the outset of the tragic
era, something that was beyond com-
prehension and intangible and which
continually loomed up before him as a
specter that had neither shape nor
substance and yet was as completely
positive as anything else that had
transpired. He could account for the
shooting, the emotions preceding that
unhappy occurrence, the intervention
of fate that saved Yvonne from death
and laid low the substitute, the sense
of horror that ensued, the sudden re-
velation that came to him as he looked
into Frederic's face with its closed
eyes, and the agony of suspense that
now consumed him, but a cloud still
hung over him that his intelligence
could not penetrate nor his physical
being dispel, no matter how hard he
struggled to clear a way to the open.

He had seen a vision. Its effect on
him had been overpowering. The for-
titude of a lifetime had been shattered
in a single instant of contact with the
influence that had at last made itself
felt in physical manifestation after all
these years of spiritual attendance. He
had never been completely free from
the vague notion that Matilde was
near him in spirit, that there was an
actual identity to the presence that
filled his dreams and denied him the
boon of forgetfulness for a single in-
stant of the hours when he was awake.
He had never tried to banish her from
his memory. He wanted to forget her,
to put her out of his thoughts alto-
gether, for obvious reasons, but the
fact that she remained the dominant

(To be continued.)

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Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins, cures Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-
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THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 1

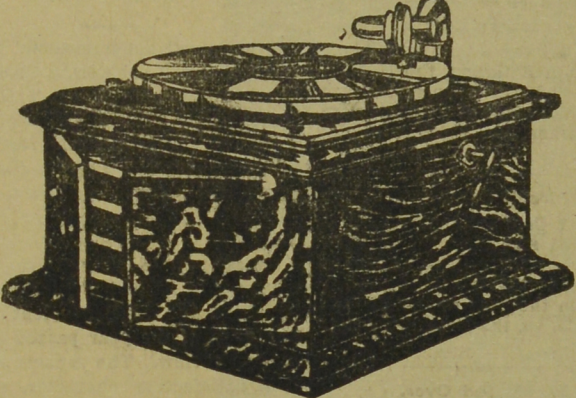


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a few days.

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