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Repairing
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H. L. ROGERS
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style—"THE OLD MADE NEW."
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OPPOSITE LEMONT & SONS'
Boarders can be accommodated
with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
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Marvel Roller Flour Mill, the latest im-
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Has a sweet nutty flavour and contains
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of Starch.
\$5.00 per 98lb bag.
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Aberdeen Street, near C. P. R. Station,

COLDS OR COUGHS
SHOULD NEVER
BE NEGLECTED.
If They Are, Some Serious Lung
Troubles Are Sure to
Follow.

A cold or cough, if neglected, will
sooner or later develop into some sort
of lung trouble, so we would advise
that you get rid of it before it becomes
settled. For this purpose we know of
nothing to equal Dr. Wood's Norway
Pine Syrup. This preparation has been
on the market for the past twenty-five
years, and has always given universal
satisfaction.

Mr. Erwell Bolton, Wilton, Ont.,
writes: "Last winter I was caught in a
storm and had to stay in a barn all
night. I caught a severe cold which
several medicines failed to cure. I
went to some of the best doctors, but
these failed to do me any good. A
friend advised me to use Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup. I used three bot-
tles and they gave me instant relief."
When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see
that you get the genuine, put up in a
yellow wrapper, three pine trees the
trade mark, and bearing the name of
The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto,
Ont. Price 25c. and 50c.

The woman a man really loves is not
the one for whom he is willing to do
a lot, but the one for whom he is will-
ing to do without a lot.
Sometimes a girl's faith in a man's
protestations of devotion is so com-
plete and touching that he is almost
inspired to believe them himself.

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Sample free. Winston Co., Tor-
onto. 2-3 121 ts.

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613 Brunswick street, telephone 308-32.

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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
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TO LET—Corner house, lower flat, situ-
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streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer.
2-17 6i

FOR RETURNED SOLDIER

NOTICE is hereby given that
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,
Chairman. Secretary.

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N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

**The
Dog
Star**
BY
**Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken**

Of course, he could not, at this
crisis, afford to spend many hours
away from Pole Street; but those
few hours gave him strength for the
fight and put iron into his nerve.
Must she really go? Could not she
possibly make an exception of it this
once, and postpone it for a day or two?
Then again—for Monk used every
argument at his command—this un-
expected and, as he frankly admitted,
ridiculous return made their position
in social Blackport particularly re-
marked upon. Surely she must see
that. She was a public personage—
they were both in the public eye, and
neither of them could afford to allow
private interests to rank first.

As a matter of fact, he particularly
wanted her to preside at a small din-
ner party to-morrow night, and to go
to two other dinners with him.
Besides, there was that big recep-
tion at the town hall, at which royalty
was to be present. He would have
to go. She really must come with him.
Under ordinary circumstances Theo-
dora would have seen the point of
many of the arguments advanced, and
would have arranged her immediate
plans accordingly, sent a few wires
to town, and made a martyr of her-
self; but the circumstances were any-
thing but ordinary.

She had made arrangements to go
to town at once, as a matter of fact,
she had been in London, and had re-
turned to Blackport to see her hus-
band off by the train only two days
before. The next week or two of the
already waning London season
were full of social engagements. And
Society was the life-blood of her.
London called her. In Blackport she
was like a fish out of water, a fair
flower doomed to a dark cellar.

"My dear Glare," she had said, "you
really are very selfish and inconsider-
ate. It isn't that I have suddenly
taken it into my head to run away
to town. You forget that I came up
here from London, and I really must
get back. I ought to have gone this
morning. You must see that I can-
not treat people like this."

But all the time she was thinking
of that extraordinary letter she had
received from Van Ost and its totally
inexplicable and unquestionably per-
emptory demand that she should meet
him at the Charing Cross Post Office
at half-past three to-morrow afternoon.

Monk had sighed heavily. He was
always a little apologetic after making
any demand of Theodora, always a
little conscious of his immense inferi-
ority to his lovely wife.

"Forgive me, my darling," he said,
taking her hand and kissing it and
then caressing it as he might a child's.
"You know, my little love, that I
don't want to make it awkward for
you or in any way interfere with my
life and pleasure. Heaven for-
sake! I give her little enough, good-
ness knows; I am grateful for every-
thing, however small, she gives her
greedy old bear of a husband. Don't
think that, my dearest, for a moment.
But, at the same time, somehow I
thought that the circumstances were
exceptional, and that you would un-
derstand."

"Yes, dear, but what can I do?"
she asked, with a childlike smile and
a little quiver of her finely cut
nostrils. "You know I am so useless,
and I always feel such a fool among
all these clever people up in this
dreadful place—oh, Glare, how I hate
and loathe it. I always feel in the
way. Please be a good boy and make
me happy and let me go. You'll
make me miserable if I think you
wanted me to stay all the time. You
know that, don't you?" She gave him
one of those wonderful smiles that
always reduced him to a state of
humble submission. "Of course, I hate
to go away and leave you, dear old
Glare," she went on, and there was a
soft cooing note of caress in her
lovely voice. It was the surest weap-
on in her armory. Glare Monk
succumbed.

So, early the next morning Theodora,
and her maid, with a considerable
amount of baggage, left by the break-
fast train for London.

The train tore on its way south,
past smaller editions of Blackport,
ugly, utilitarian, vastly wealthy towns,
the valiant equities of the great over-
lord which surround Blackport for
miles and miles of black and smoky
activity, and then—very soon, it seem-
ed—the green fields and trees, and
the blue sky.

Theodora let down the window and
drew in long deep breaths of fresher
air—air scented with new hay and
meadow-sweet, and that curious earthy
smell of nature, suggestive of primal
forces that move on and on as if
man were not, but only time and
destiny.

At the great London terminus Theo-
dora Monk found her smartly turned
out brougham, with its pair of thor-
oughbred bays, and its neat coachman
and footman. There was also a small
omnibus for luggage and servants.

It was noon; the train was punc-
tual to the minute.

one left her maid to follow with
the luggage, and drove straight to
Hamilton Place.

It was a stifling hot and misty day
—one of those days when London
seems to steam and swelter in a
Turkish bath—but Theodora drew
the ozone of the metropolis into her
lungs and smiled with content. After
all, it was London—and it was life.

Her spirits rose. Almost she for-
got the great brooding shadow which
was hanging over her, forgot that it
might be only a matter of hours be-
fore her mantle of honor and respect-
ability was stripped from her, forgot
that Van Ost and she had a big score
to settle within the course of that
very afternoon. She was thinking of
other things—of her London and life.
To-night she would sit in her box
at the Opera in all her bravery and
listen to Caruso singing "E lucean le
stella." And later there would be
the Letchwarrens', and she would see
Hugh Condor—she never knew that it
would be possible to miss him so
much. And to-morrow there would
be Hurlingham, and Hugh Condor
would be playing polo there—oh, it
was all so glorious! She could never,
never go back to Blackport. It killed
her, it dwarfed her soul, it ate like
the cancer of a fall disease into the
very vitals of her being. Blackport
was suicide.

Merioneth House, Hamilton Place,
London, S.W., was nominally Sir Glare
Monk's town residence. In reality
Sir Glare Monk had about as much to
do with Merioneth House as he had
with Buckingham Palace or the Savoy
Hotel. True, he paid the rent and the
other incidental expenses, which, by
the way, were by no means incon-
siderable, but it was purely and sim-
ply Theodora's abode, and over it and
its elaborate household she reigned
supreme. Sir Glare would no more
have gone there unannounced than
he would have opened Lord Man-
croft's front door and walked into
the Mancroft mansion in Grosvenor
Place.

It was a small house even for Lon-
don, which has been described by a
great Spanish novelist as a vast city
of cottages. It was smaller even
than mid-Victorian Dunbury; but it
was a gem of a house for all that,
and it had one of the finest ball-
rooms in the metropolis. Its southern
and western windows gave on to the
Park, and its walls were hung with
some of the finest and rarest ex-
amples of Renaissance art. The Monk
collection of Antonio Moro's portraits
was world-famed. Its roof covered
one of the richest collections of beau-
tiful things in the way of furniture,
china, glass, stauary to be found in
a five-mile radius of Hyde Park Cor-
ner.

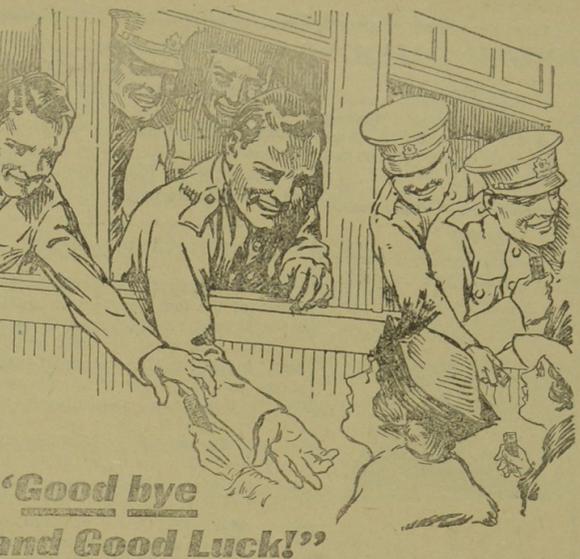
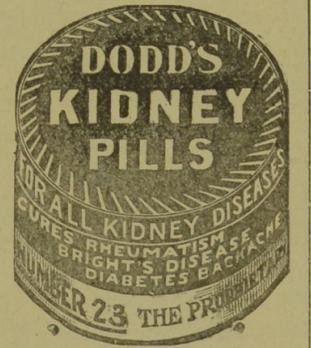
Theodora was too excited to do
justice to the dainty little meal which
was waiting for her in the Powder-Blue
Room. She ran quickly through her
correspondence, and saw Mrs. Cam-
ber, her housekeeper, and gave a few
orders concerning the immediate
future.

A great many people had called
during the last day or two, when she
had been absent in Blackport, and
her table was littered with invitations
and cards and little notes. But she
left them all to look after themselves
until later in the day, when she vainly
hoped her mind would be freer.

She could do nothing until after she
had seen Van Ost, nothing except
telephone Hugh Condor. That, at all
events, she must do, to prevent his
dogging her footsteps this afternoon.

She was surprised that he had not
already been round, for she had un-
wisely sent him a wire before she left
Blackport. She had an idea at the
back of her mind that he might be
saw. Hers was a temperament that
saw a possible ally in everybody; and
she skillfully gave everyone with
whom she came into contact the im-

(To be continued.)



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the jaded soldier. Quenches
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new life to enervated spirits. **5c**

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wood or stone, is a lot
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