

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

**DR. GERRARD,**  
DENTIST

Twenty Years' London, England  
Experience.

KING STREET, OPPOSITE BOYLE'S  
PHONES—Office 574, House 2600-41.

**W. J. IRVINE,**  
DENTAL SURGEON  
Opp. Soldiers' Barracks and Next Door  
to Bank of N. S. Building,  
Queen Street.

OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.;  
2 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
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

REGEN 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  
610 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.

## 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.

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.

**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 Armourie

## HAD BOILS For Six Months. B. B. B. DROVS THEM AWAY

When the blood becomes impure the  
very first symptoms which manifest  
themselves are a breaking out of vari-  
ous forms of skin trouble such as boils,  
pimples, sores, etc., and to get rid of  
these troubles you must cleanse the  
blood thoroughly with a good blood  
remedy.

The best blood cleansing remedy on  
the market today is Burdock Blood Bit-  
ters.

Thousands of people from one end  
of Canada to the other have used it  
during the past forty years and have  
nothing but words of praise for its  
cleansing properties.

Mr. Rufus Beers, Upper Main River,  
N.B., writes: "I want to say a few  
words about your medicine, Burdock  
Blood Bitters. I had boils for over six  
months and sometimes was so bad I  
could not work. I tried lots of cures,  
but nothing would drive them away  
for good until I took B.B.B. In a short  
time I was all better. It is a dandy  
medicine. I keep it in the house all  
the time."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manu-  
factured only by The T. Milburn Co., Lim-  
ited, Toronto, Ont., but so well and fa-  
vorably is it known that there are many  
imitations on the market. See that  
our name appears on the wrapper.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates for Classified Advertising.  
1 insertion . . . . . \$0.25  
3 insertions . . . . . .60  
6 insertions . . . . . 1.00  
1 month . . . . . 3.00

## WANTED

**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,**  
Queen Hotel.  
Fredericton, March 13th, 1917.  
3-13 51

**WANTED**—Teacher for School Dis-  
trict No. 7. Apply at once to Charles  
Mazzerall, Kingsclear, R. F. D. No. 1.  
3-16 w 21

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 61

**WANTED**—Dressmaking, at home, or  
will go out by the day. Please call at  
262 St. John street. 3-1

**THRILLING STORIES OF THE WAR,**  
profusely illustrated. Stirring account  
of the great conflict. Written for Cana-  
dians. Officially approved, insures a  
large sale. Unusual opportunity for  
man, woman or returned soldier to  
make money. Will join you in giving  
share of profits to your local Red  
Cross. Winston Limited, Toronto.

## FOR SALE

**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 fur-  
nace 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  
Hoben, 13 Carleton street, Fredericton

**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 tf

## TO LET

**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**—Cottner house, lower flat, si-  
tuated 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 Sol-  
diers' Aid Committee has been organ-  
ized for the Counties of York, Sun-  
bury and Queens, and the City of Fre-  
dericton, 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.

# The Dog Star

BY  
**Coralie Stanton**  
and  
**Heath Hosken**

"Never mind madame now," said  
Van Ost sternly. "I know, that's  
enough. I know that you entered the  
house of Sir Glare Monk in Black-  
port, and took from the boudoir of  
Lady Monk some papers. Do not at-  
tempt to deny it. I know that some  
of those papers you returned to Lady  
Monk because they were of no value  
to you, but you kept others that were.  
Now, where are those papers? Speak.  
Do not stare at me with those stupid  
owl eyes. Mon Dieu, if we were in  
Africa!"

The negro cringed again.  
"Monsieur, do not be fierce with  
poor Soda. I do not know what it is  
that monsieur wants."

"I want those papers that you stole."  
"I have no papers."

"Do not lie to me. It is no good.  
Your black thoughts are open to me;  
I can read them like a book. Where  
are those papers? Have you sold  
them to Monsieur Drake? Is that  
where you got all this ugly finery that  
suits you so badly? Is that where you  
got that atrocious watch-chain of  
imitation gold and that glass diamond  
in your tie?"

"I have not sold the papers to Mon-  
sieur Drake," muttered Soda, with a  
covert air.

"What? Would he not pay you  
enough?"

The negro gave a full, throaty  
chuckle. It was evident that he had  
had a little too much to drink. His  
fear was vanishing; he grew confident-  
ial; his black, bullet-shaped head  
nodded towards Van Ost, with a leer  
in the rolling eyes.

"That is true. That is true. He  
would not give me enough." And again  
he chuckled until he nearly choked.

"Be silent, stupid animal," ex-  
claimed Van Ost angrily. "Monsieur  
Drake has not much money. Well,  
what are you going to do with the  
papers?"

"Sell them to some person who has  
more money than Monsieur Drake,"  
said the negro unexpectedly. He was  
growing bold, and chuckled continu-  
ously.

"Oh, that is what you intend to do?"  
asked Van Ost, with assumed humor.

"And who do you suppose has more  
money than Monsieur Drake?"

"Sir Glare Monk," said Soda, with  
another full chuckle. "He has money  
—lots of money. He will give me  
what I want."

"Oh, so that is what you think, you  
black devil," cried Van Ost, slapping  
his knees in uproarious merriment, in  
which the negro joined. "But you are  
clever—astonishingly clever. Only  
you are just a little too clever. Do  
you understand? Sir Glare has money,  
it is true. But he will not give you a  
sou for those papers. Sir Glare would  
have you put in prison for theft—that  
is all."

The negro looked decidedly crest-  
fallen. He stopped chuckling and  
gazed at Van Ost with a lost expres-  
sion.

"But I know somebody who wants  
those papers," the Belgian went on,  
"and that person will pay you for  
them. Now, what do you want?"

"Two thousand pounds," said Soda,  
whose eyes grew bright and  
lustrous, for he was the spring of  
civilization. "I required the  
greed of gold."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Van Ost.  
"This gentleman will give a hundred."  
"Two thousand," persisted the  
negro.

"One hundred, and not a penny  
more. Now choose, and within one  
minute," Van Ost stood up. Then  
he said greedily:

"Very well, m'sieu. Poor Soda poor  
very poor; he cannot refuse."  
"Have you the papers here?"

"Yes, m'sieu."  
"Give them to me."  
"You shall have it this afternoon.  
Give me the papers—you black devil;  
you will have your money. You know  
the white man never breaks his word."

Soda produced the papers, which he  
had sewn up in linen in a pocket of  
his coat. Van Ost took them, and left  
the house without deigning to throw  
the negro a word of farewell.

But he sent the money that after-  
noon by special messenger.

Van Ost lost no time in communi-  
cating with Lady Monk.

"They met, as usual, in the sordid  
room above the Librarie Cosmopolit-  
aine.

"Well, Van Ost," asked Lady Monk,  
with her disdainful acceptance of him  
as a necessary evil strongly display-  
ed in her expression and voice, "what  
have you to tell me?"

"Good news, madame," he replied.  
"You have the papers?"

"Yes."  
"Oh, not really." She looked at him  
for once without scorn.

"Really." He took out his pocket-  
book, and extracted from it the papers  
that he had recovered from the Com-  
tesse de Vicosoprano's faithless black  
servant.

"How did you get them?" she asked  
breathlessly.

"I bought them."  
"How much?"  
"A hundred pounds."  
"Oh, that is nothing. I will give  
you far more, Van Ost. This is really  
good. They are the last."  
"The very last. Nothing remains  
now madame, that could possibly  
prove awkward for you—or for me."  
"Who had them?" she asked.

"A nigger," he answered.  
"But that is what you said. How  
extraordinary."  
"I am seldom wrong about such

things, madame. I need only tell you  
this. He had been bribed, evidently  
by Drake, to steal them for him, and  
when he had done it Drake would not  
pay enough. So he kept them. He  
was going to attempt to sell them to  
your husband when I discovered him."

"And how did you do that?"  
Van Ost shrugged his shoulders.

"Madame, that does not matter. It  
is uninteresting, and it would only  
weary you."

He had put down the papers on the  
table in front of him. With a sudden  
gesture Lady Monk swooped down  
upon them, gathered them up, and  
threw them on to the fire that was  
burning in the grate. It was a very  
poor fire, and she took up the poker  
and pushed the papers into the  
smouldering heart of it.

Van Ost exclaimed aloud:  
"Madame, what have you done?  
Have you forgotten? Do you no longer  
hate the good and loyal secretary  
of Sir Glare? Our arrangement was  
that, once we recovered the papers,  
we were to make them find their way  
into his possession. So you no longer  
want to punish him?"

Lady Monk smiled.

"I'm not quite a fool, Van Ost," she  
said. "These papers are dangerous  
to me. I destroy them. I have not  
your sublime self-confidence. The  
good and loyal secretary is at present  
in West Africa. When he comes back  
he shall be punished, and exactly as  
we arranged. You forget the other  
papers."

"Those that were sent back to you,  
madame?" She nodded.

"Those are the papers," she said  
briefly, "that must be found in Lor-  
ion's possession."

## CHAPTER XXI.

Vincent Moriarty

Vincent Moriarty had dined well;  
and no one knew how to dine better.  
His appetite had been tempted by a  
couple of cocktails, which would  
have done credit to San Francisco or  
Monte Carlo; it had also been en-  
couraged by a display of hors  
d'œuvres worthy of Petersburg or  
Paris.

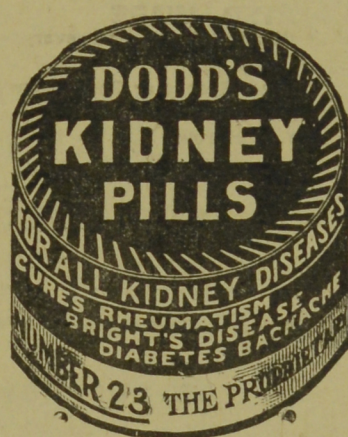
The flies bothered him, and the heat  
was singularly oppressive. The good  
dinner and the wine had produced a  
deluging perspiration; also, he had  
a bad cold in his head, which he had  
been trying to get rid of for the last  
week or more. These things gave him  
cause for much irritation; but, for all  
that, he was comparatively happy and  
contented with the world at large.

Moriarty was not alone. The man  
who sat on the other side of the table,  
and who had eaten and drunk no  
more, and perhaps less, than his host,  
was, if not exactly drunk, quite in-  
capable of serious conversation. He  
had the sagacity, however, to realize  
the fact and not to attempt it. He  
lounged sleepily in his comfortable,  
deep-seated, cane arm chair, smiling  
vacuously at the smoke of his cigar,  
which he was continually letting out.  
He drank glass after glass of the  
insidious liqueur with the regularity  
of a machine.

He was a little, fatuous man, with  
a bald head, large, staring, unblink-  
ing blue eyes, a little pug nose, burnt  
red and blistered with the sun, and a  
fair navy-cut beard and moustache.

Moriarty, however, was a man not  
so easy to place. He looked quite  
out of place in his present surround-  
ings. He had the face of a glorified  
cardinal of the Middle Ages—the face  
that one could see in a hundred great  
pictures; the face that would have  
delighted a Titian, a Velazquez, or a  
Van Dyck. He was pale, anæmic,  
scholarly; he looked deathly pale in  
comparison with the mahogany bronze  
skin, flushed with food and wine, of

(To be Continued.)



## Quality, Style and Price

ARE THE ESSENTIAL THINGS that make our SPRING SUITS,  
COATS, DRESSES, SKIRTS, WAISTS, etc., so much sought after.

SPRING SUITS . . . . .	\$15.00 to \$35.00
SPRING COATS . . . . .	5.00 to 24.00
DRESSES . . . . .	5.00 to 22.00
SKIRTS . . . . .	3.00 to 8.00
WAISTS . . . . .	2.00 to 7.50

New Goods Arriving Daily.

**R. L. BLACK,** - - - - York Street

## PROBATE COURT

COUNTY OF YORK,  
PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK  
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 Pokioik, 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 there-  
to.

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

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

553-31 Bailey, Ford F., Res., Gibson.  
2700-12 Cowperthwaite, Jas. L., Res.,  
Nashwaak Village.  
232-21 Hamilton, W. T., Res., 625  
Campbell street.  
159 Murray, A. & Co., Dry Goods,  
396 Queen Street.  
433-11 McElman, Jas. G., Res., Gibson  
587-41 McMullen, W. E., Res., George  
Street.  
322-41 Ross, Wm. E., Res., 168 Queen  
Street.  
346-21 Holder, C. D., Res., 325 Nor-  
thumberland St.  
346-31 Tims, Fred J., Res., Aberdeen  
St.  
380-41 Baxter, Miss Iva A., Res., 417  
Brunswick St.

N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

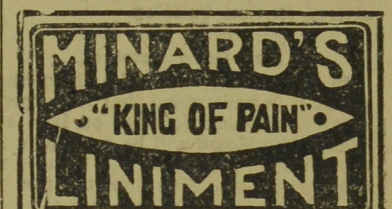
## Roses and Carnations

at

**Ada M. Schleyer**  
FLORIST

Charlotte Street

'Phone 217.  
VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME.

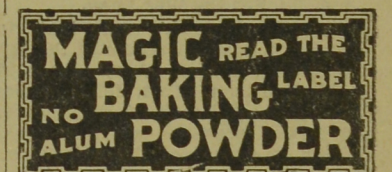


I was cured of terrible lum-  
bago by  
**Minard's Liniment**  
—Rev. Wm. Brown.

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.



## Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

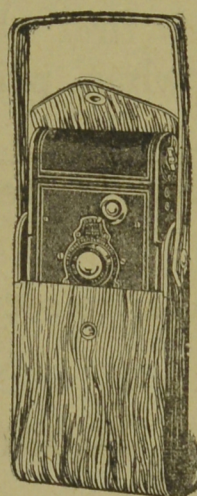
A safe, reliable regulating  
medicine. Sold in three de-  
grees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3;  
No. 2, 3; No. 3, 5 per box.  
Sold by all druggists, or sent  
prepaid on receipt of price.  
Free pamphlet. Address:  
**THE COOK MEDICINE CO.**  
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Watson.)

## The Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak

Making Pictures 1 5-8 x 2 1-2 inches.

As small as your note book, it does all that a note  
book could do and infinitely more. The resulting  
pictures tell the whole story and the date and title  
beneath each negative, written at the time, make  
such a pictorial record authentic.

The Ideal Gift for the Soldier. Price \$7.00



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