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Eve started it all by offering Adam the apple, and as a penalty she has had to furnish him food ever since—and take the consequences if it disagrees with him. There's no fun like work. This is pointed in letters of gold on a large sign which hangs on the office wall of one of New York's eluding dry goods houses.

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

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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

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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

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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.

The Dog Star

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

gala. Carry out my instructions as soon as possible."

CHAPTER XVII.

Blackport and Archaeology
Peter Monk and his tutor, the Reverend Mark Napier, sat on a bench outside the hotel Couttet in Chamonix. Their attitude denoted the delightful and healthful fatigue that follows on strenuous physical exertion.

Napier was a handsome man of about thirty-five, and very young-looking for his age. His face was now burned to the color of mahogany, but he was never without a tan, because he was an out-of-door man.

He had at first been a curate at St. Olga's, Oxford, but had resigned the appointment and given himself up to coaching. He had inherited a delightful old house in Oxford, and he generally had one or two resident pupils. But about eighteen months ago he had come into quite a respectable fortune, and had decided to give up his educational labors. It was only at Sir Glare Monk's insistent desire and request that he consented to undertake the post of private tutor to the great man's son, and that more because he was very much attached to Peter than from any regard for the very substantial sum with which his services were rewarded.

But now he was free, and very glad that he had spent the last year and a half in helping Peter Monk to develop into the fine fellow that he was. Peter had done well at Oxford, but not brilliantly, as far as books were concerned. He was to have gone down at Easter, only he had stayed on for a special series of lectures on Archaeology, of which study he was inordinately fond. This was also Mark Napier's hobby, and to it he meant to devote himself now that he was a free man, and no longer bound by the necessity of earning his livelihood. The large sum that he had received from Sir Glare was a nice augmentation to his income, and he looked forward to a life free from all mundane cares and devoted wholly to his absorbing interest in the monuments of the past.

Peter, it must be confessed, looked forward with less interest and satisfaction to his future. He found, to his own alarm and disturbance, that the more he saw of the world the more disinclined he was to settle down to play his part in the huge organization of Monk & Co. He had no leanings towards business. And yet he knew that he would have to do it. His father had told him that he would have to begin just as the others did, that he would have to go through the whole routine of office life. And when Peter had begged to be sent out to West Africa as soon as he left Oxford, his father had uncompromisingly refused to entertain the idea, and told him, with paternal frankness, that he must learn the alphabet before he could spell.

So Peter had resigned himself, and was prepared, after a glorious holiday among the mountains, to entomb himself among books and papers in Pole Street, and to do his best to gain insight into a career that he knew in his heart he was not fitted for.

He was a tall young man, almost as tall as Napier, but a good deal slighter. He towered above his father, and belonged to a different type from Glare Monk as one could well imagine. He had a well-knit figure, long, straight, athletic limbs, and a good natural carriage. He had a good head, well set on his shoulders, and looked as if he ought to have plenty of brains, although his face was that of a dreamer rather than that of a man of action and hard facts. His skin was very bronzed, and stretched rather thinly over high cheek bones, giving a look of leanness to the face. He was, in fact, a very good-looking young man, and of a quite individual type. No wonder that Glare Monk was so proud of him. He had, what was more, a most excellent disposition, a sunny temper, a fund of good nature and nothing could ruffle, and a very large, natural and broad-minded outlook on things in general.

It was of his pupil's excellent qualities that Mark Napier was thinking as they sat together in front of the hotel in Chamonix. He was thinking that he had never had a better pupil, although he had had many who had done him more credit on the flats. But never had he had one whose company he had enjoyed so much, and certainly never one whom he considered better equipped to fight the hard battle of the world.

"Peter," said Napier, "I'm afraid you're not looking forward to the life you're going back to."

"Frankly," said the young man, "I'm not. But what's the good of talking about it? I've got to do it. I couldn't do anything else."

"It'll be interesting," said Napier consolingly.
"Oh, yes, I dare say it'll be interesting enough in a few years, when I've got the hang of the thing and can tackle the big parts of it, and get out to the Coast. That'll be all right. But it'll take years. He told me so. I've got to start at the very beginning, and that's what I'm going to find so jolly hard."

"Oh, yes, I dare say it'll be difficult at first," said Napier, smiling with affectionate encouragement. "But you know you've got to go through with it, old man, and I'm sure you will. You know that your father has set

his whole hopes and ambitions on you." They rose and stretched themselves, and walked away.

They had only just time to change for dinner when they returned.

After dinner the hotel guests walked up and down the village street, and craned their necks up to the snowy giants gleaming mysteriously, touching the heavens, as it seemed, with their white crests.

Napier found himself talking to a pretty English girl. In the daytime she wore short skirts and nailed boots and carried a stout stick with an iron point; but now she was a vision of muslin and lace, with a heavy fur coat wrapped round her, and a rose in her golden hair. She had made a hero of Peter. She knew something about him, and imagined still more.

When he returned to the hotel, and had bidden her good-night at that early hour when all Chamonix retires to rest, he could not find Peter anywhere. He had lost sight of him immediately after dinner, when he had joined the little crowd outside the hotel.

He was just going upstairs to bed when Peter bounded down towards him, clutching a large envelope in his hand.

"Oh, I say, I've been looking for you everywhere," he cried. Napier noticed that his eyes were sparkling, and his whole being breathed forth suppressed excitement. "I've just had some most wonderful news. You'll be crazy, man! It's simply the most wonderful thing on earth."

Napier followed Peter, who had turned and was rushing upstairs two steps at a time. He wondered what on earth had happened.

They entered Peter's room. Peter switched on the light and fumbled with unsteady fingers at the envelope he had been carrying, extracting a bundle of loose photographs from it.

"Look here, Napier," he said, "sit down. You'll never be able to bear it standing up. It's something absolutely extraordinary. You know that man Carlton who's staying here?"

"What, Major Carlton, the big game shot?"

"Yes, Well, I happened to be talking quite casually to him to-night after dinner, and he told me he had just come back from West Africa. Recognized my name, I suppose. He jawed a lot about the governor, said what a wonderful man he was and all that, and how splendidly the Lobanzo was managed. Then he went on to tell me about a find of some weird ruins he'd come across out there. He tried to explain, but didn't seem very clear, and then said he'd taken some photographs, because he thought the place must be interesting. I went up with him to his room, and he showed me these—these!" Peter brandished the photographs over his head.

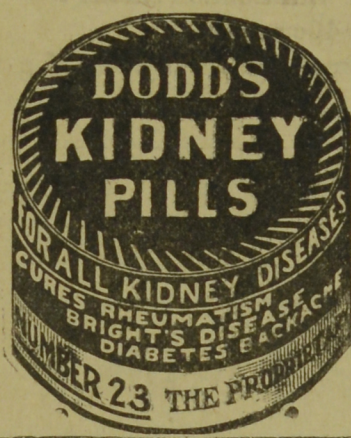
Napier took the photographs, and examined them with the keen scrutiny of suddenly awakened interest. They were good amateur pictures, and all showed a mass of ruins in a kind of clearing, at the back of which was what appeared to be a forest. The individual ruins were also photographed separately—a portion of a tower, a piece of a cyclopean wall, and a ruined edifice that looked as if it might have been a temple.

"Where is this?" asked Napier, when he had looked at them all. His voice denoted keen but suppressed excitement.

"On the borders of the Lobanzo. Carlton says he'll give me a chart showing the exact spot. He says he doesn't think anybody has ever been there before. What do you say? Isn't that the ruins of some ancient civilization?"

"Well, you know, to judge from a photograph is rather risky," said Napier, controlling his own excitement. "There may have been some settlement."

(To be Continued.)



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PROBATE COURT

COUNTY OF YORK,
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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 Poklok, 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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