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After I had taken a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I felt better, so I took two or three more and was entirely cured. I have three children and I always give it to them when they have a cough or cold."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has been on the market for twenty-five years, and we claim that it is the best cure for a cough or cold you can possibly procure.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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## 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 5i

**WANTED**—Teacher for School District No. 7. Apply at once to Charles Mazerall, Kingsclear, R. F. D. No. 1.  
3-16 w 2i

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.

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2-24 6i

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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 4i

**TO LET**—Cott. house, lower flat, situated on Charlotte and Westmorland streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer.  
2-17 6i

## 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,**  
**DR. T. C. ALLEN,**  
Chairman. Secretary

# The Dog Star

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

Vanessa shook her head, and looked at her machine. Peter, however, seemed inclined to linger. The more he looked at her the prettier he thought she was.

But she discouraged further conversation by telling him simply that she had a good many letters to type, which must be ready before Sir Glare came back from the board meeting. After that he could do nothing but go away.

But the next evening, when he came down to the drawing room before dinner at Dunbury, he found, to his surprise, and certainly not to his displeasure, that the pretty brown-haired Miss Smith was sitting in a chair by the open window, talking to his father, who was standing up in front of her.

Peter did not understand it in the least. His father was the last person on earth to make friends of his employees.

Sir Glare appeared to treat Miss Smith quite as an ordinary guest. She sat on his right, and he devoted himself to her during the meal, giving Peter very little chance of addressing her at all.

Peter had all the more chance of admiring her. He also noticed with vague dissatisfaction that she wore a ring on the third finger of her left hand—a small half-hoop of diamonds, probably an engagement ring.

His curiosity could not be satisfied until she left the room. He sprang to open the door for her, and then came back and attacked his father on the subject immediately.

"Isn't that your secretary?" he asked.

"My typist," said Monk.

"But what is she doing here?"

"Dining," said the great man somewhat dryly.

"Oh, yes, I know, sir; but why—"

"Because she is coming to live here."

"To live here?" Peter's expression of amazement was almost comic.

"Yes, to live here," Monk passed the port to his son.

"But why on earth!" cried the young man. "You can't mean to live here—at Dunbury?"

"That is precisely what I mean, my boy. You see, Miss Smith is a girl I take a great interest in. She is engaged to Lorion."

"Oh!" exclaimed Peter. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't think it would interest you. The story is simple. She and Lorion were to have been married last week. I wanted the marriage postponed, as I don't like sending married men to West Africa. I promised Lorion that I would look after Miss Smith in his absence."

"I asked Miss Smith to dine to-night, so that she should become acquainted with her new home," Monk went on. "As soon as you are gone, she is coming here. I don't anticipate that she will be at all in the way."

A little later on Peter found himself alone with Miss Smith in the drawing room.

"So you are coming to live at Dunbury, Miss Smith?" said Peter. "I'm so glad."

"It's very kind of you," the girl replied. "I can't say how kind and generous it is of Sir Glare and Lady Monk to have me here."

"Oh, but I'm certain they're delighted to have you. And my father tells me you're engaged to Lorion. I'm awfully interested, and I think Lorion's a lucky fellow. He's an awfully good chap—one of the very best."

Vanessa flushed with pleasure. They talked of other things, and then Peter said suddenly:

"Have you remembered whom I remind you of, Miss Smith?"

"Yes, I have," she admitted. "It's my step-brother. I can't make out exactly where it is, but there is a likeness."

"Do tell me about him," said Peter eagerly.

"Oh, there's nothing to tell," she blushed, and looked a little uncomfortable. "It was only my fancy, I feel sure. You are going out to West Africa, Mr. Monk?"

She seemed in a hurry to change the subject.

"Yes," he said, "the day after to-morrow."

"You will meet him. Do you think you will?"

Peter noticed the ingenuous "him" with a pang somewhat akin to jealousy.

"Do you know," he said, "I'm afraid I shan't see Lorion. I'm going to a different part of the country."

"Oh!" Her voice expressed the deepest disappointment.

Suddenly he was moved to confide in her.

"You see," he said, "it's like this. My governor doesn't want me to meet Lorion. I'm awfully disappointed myself," he added. "I was looking forward to seeing old Lorion again, and out there I expect one wants all one's friends."

"Oh, yes," she said quickly. "Sir Glare has sent John out there to see what he's made of. I know that. He has got to prove what he is worth. But," she added timidly, "if at any time you were within touch of him, you could send him a message, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter; "there could be no harm in my sending him a message. From you, you mean? Just tell me what it is."

"Oh, just to say that I am well and you have seen me, and I am thinking of him." The girl's eyes were cast down. Peter felt distinctly aggrieved, though he did not know why.

"You might write him a letter," he suggested. "If I am ever anywhere within touch of him I will have it delivered."

"Oh, yes, that will be splendid!" she said, with a sudden smile. "It would seem different from a letter that had gone through the post. I will write it to-morrow and send it to you. You are sure, Mr. Monk, that you won't forget?"

Peter was quite sure, and said so.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Green Eyes

Van Ost sauntered leisurely down the Boulevard de la Madeleine, in Paris, on a brilliant morning in late September. He did not look quite so conspicuous as he did in London. Perhaps this was due to the brilliant atmosphere of the gay city, and certainly eccentricities of costume are oftener met with on the crowded boulevards than in the streets of the sombre English capital.

He was evidently in a good temper, for he smiled as he walked, and nodded his gold-handled cane in the air. Bright weather, the invigorating air of early autumn, a full purse—and Paris. What could a man want more? Certainly Van Ost wanted nothing. His step had a spring, and yet it was slow. It was the true gait of the Parisian flâneur.

When he passed the Ritz Hotel he stopped, and appeared to hesitate. But he did not enter its inviting portals. He turned back, went up the Rue de la Paix again, and entered a most costly looking florist's shop.

He examined all the expensive looking corbeilles, shook his head over roses, carnations, lilies, and gardenias, and finally ordered a large boat-shaped basket to be filled with a mass of early violets. It was to be tied up with large bows of green satin ribbon, and Van Ost was very particular in choosing the particular shade of green. He finally decided on a curious shade of sea-green that did not harmonize at all with the violets.

The beautifully dressed girl who served him took his hundred-franc note, and wrote down the address to which the floral offering was to be dispatched immediately it was ready. "Mme. la Comtesse de Vicosoprano, '19c Cours la Reine.'"

Van Ost left the shop, and, entering a jeweller's next door, bought himself an elaborate pair of cuff links of beaten gold, set with a trefail of diamonds and rubies. He paid a thousand francs for them, had them inserted in his cuffs, and then he went out into the street again and watched the sun draw fire and blood from the stones with evident delight.

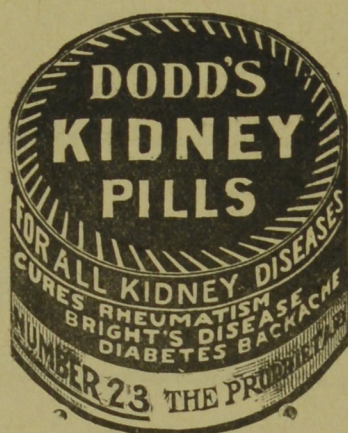
The next item in his programme was to seat himself at a table of the Café de la Paix and order a vermouth and bitters. He lit a long cigar and sat watching the passers-by with an expression of supreme satisfaction on his face. He did not move until a quarter past one, and then it was merely a step into a cab.

He gave the address, 19c Cours la Reine, and smiled subtly to himself during the whole drive, and was smiling still when the cab pulled up outside a handsome hotel in about the centre of the broad thoroughfare that skirts the Seine.

He did not drive through the porte cochère. It seemed as if he would not take such a humble vehicle into such elegant surroundings.

Van Ost was received at the door by a solemn-looking major-domo, who conducted him up a broad stone staircase, with a strip of rich Oriental carpet in the centre. He greeted the Belgian as if he knew him, and added: "Madame la Comtesse attend monsieur."

(To be Continued.)



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## 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 3i 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.

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

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