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Years' London, England,
Experience.

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DENTAL SURGEON,
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OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to
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DENTAL SURGEON
Graduate of R. C. D. S., Toronto, Ont.

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Lately Occupied by Capt.
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UNDERTAKER

REGENT STREET
Best and Most Modern Funeral
Equipment in the City.

Residence Telephone 70-41
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JOHN G. ADAMS

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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.

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.

Colonial Inn

OPPOSITE LEMONT & SONS'

Boarders can be accommodated
with large pleasant rooms with
modern conveniences. Home com-
forts, also special rates to table
boarders.

MRS. DUNBAR QUEEN STREET

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'enton 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,

**HAD SEVERE COLD
PAIN IN CHEST
SPASMODIC COUGHING**

Many people when they contract a
cold do not pay any attention to it,
thinking perhaps it will pass away in
a day or two. This is a mistake, for
before they know it, it has settled on
the lungs.

Too much stress cannot be laid on
the fact that on the first sign of a
cough or cold it must be gotten rid of
immediately, otherwise it may cause
years of suffering from some serious
lung trouble.

Mr. A. George, 30 Blevin's Place, To-
ronto, Ont., writes: "Having greatly
benefited from your remedy Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup, I take the liberty
to write you a few words about the
effect of that wonderful syrup. Two
years ago I caught a severe cold, fol-
lowed by a spasmodic cough and pain
in my chest. I was treated by many
doctors but without any benefit, and
also took many proprietary medicines
which all failed to cure. One of my
friends recommended Dr. Wood's Nor-
way Pine Syrup, and after using three
bottles I was completely cured. I re-
commend it to anyone as a God-sent
remedy."

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow
wrapper, see pine trees the trade
mark, price 50c. and 50c.

Manufactured for the past twenty-
five years by The T. Milburn Co., Lim-
ited, Toronto Ont.

Shakespeare spoke of "cermons in
stones," and now a Philadelphia chem-
ist proffers a "stone soup" made en-
tirely of mineral ingredients. We'd
prefer to hearken and grow fat on the
preaching, thanks just the same.

H. C. L. knocks oftener than opportu-
nity.

In Turkey a rich man is known by
the number of wives he can afford; in
America by the number of divorces he
can afford.

Everything comes to the strenuous
chap who goes after the good things
that the other fellow is waiting for.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates for Classified Advertisements

1 insertion 25
3 insertions 60
6 insertions 1.00
1 month 1.00

WANTED

WANTED—To buy, a double tenement
dwelling, or one suitable for same, in
a central locality. Apply A. A. care of
Mail Office. 2-24 61

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Two cars dry split 16-inch
stove wood, \$2.75 per load. Also wood
suitable for hall stoves. Thos. Fulton,
618 Brunswick street, telephone 308-32.

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—Corner house, lower flat, sit-
uated on Charlotte and Westmorland
streets. Apply to Ada M. Schleyer.
2-17 61

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, Secretary.
Chairman.

**BERNSTEIN
FUR CO.**

PAYS THE HIGHEST
PRICES FOR

RAW FURS

Write for Price List.
Sent free.

176 King Street East, Dept. Y,
Toronto, Ont.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

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346 Brunswick St.
420-12 Mawer, Fred L., Res., Gibson.
231-21 Thompson, Miss Mary, Res.,
Waterloo Row.
24-21 Young H. M., Res., 283 George
St.

N. B. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

The Dog Star

BY
**Coralie Stanton
and
Heath Hosken**

pression that he or she was the only
real friend she had in the wide world.
As for les autres, they did not matter.
Hugh Condor was deadly serious, he
was exceptionally rich, and he was
hers to command in the smallest de-
tails of life.

Theodora rank up Mr. Condor at this
club—the Marathon, in Piccadilly—but
found that he was out. She tried
him at his chambers in Stratton
Street, and at another of his many
clubs, the Junior Porcelain, but he was
at neither address. So she sent him a
telegram at the Marathon, telling him
that she would expect him at the
Opera that night, but was occupied
on matters of serious business con-
nected with Sir Glare's affairs until
the evening.

She took a refreshing bath to take
away the fatigue of the morning jour-
ney, dressed in her prettiest clothes,
and, without saying where she was
going or when she might be expected
back, she left Hamilton Place about
a quarter past three and walked into
Piccadilly.

It was really too malicious of Van
Ost to ask her to do this thing—to
meet her at Charing Cross Post Office
like a lovesick school maid meeting
her amorous Guardsman lover. It
was impossible. It was inevitable that
she would be recognized by someone;
and, besides, just now she particularly
did not want to do anything wrongly.
Then Van Ost was really such an im-
possible and such a very pronounced
person—at all events, he was when
she last saw him, and it was not at
all likely that he had improved by the
last two years' residence in Imbono.

the capital of the Concessionnaire

Company known as the B.I.R.C.
In Piccadilly she hailed a taxicab,
and drove to Charing Cross Station.
She left the cab outside the station,
entered by one door and left by an-
other, buying an evening paper from
the bookstall during her rapid trans-
it. Then she walked slowly, for she
was five minutes before her time, to-
wards the rendezvous.

Van Ost was awaiting her. He saw
her as she crossed the busy Strand
and waited for a moment on the re-
fuge in the middle of the seething
vortex of traffic. He came towards
her, a singular-looking figure enough,
with his loose, ill-fitting clothes and
his ultra-foreign appearance.

He was smoking a twisted black
cigar, which he threw away, and
which was quickly pounced upon by a
delighted newsboy.

"Ah, madame," he exclaimed in a
high-pitched voice, as he raised his
small-brimmed green plush hat from
his head with a gesture of exaggerated
politeness, "how have I eagerly await-
ed your coming! How are you, ma-
dame? Come—come, let us get away
from this crowd. I have a taxi await-
ing us at the corner there. Volla!
Quick, madame, I have the fear that
we are being closely watched."

Henri Van Ost was a very notice-
able figure even in this cosmopolitan
corner of London. He was a very
tall man, thin and narrow-chested,
with sloping shoulders, a loosely-knit
figure, a small head, and a smaller face
that seemed to be all nose, with no
forehead or chin. His hair was very
fair and very thin and silken. His
incipient beard and moustache were
even lighter than his hair, and more
silken. It was the beard of a man
who had never shaved; and it left
two bare white patches of skin just
below the full, artificially reddened
plum of an under lip on either side
of the little button of a chin. The
bare patches were suggestive of
plucked chicken.

Indeed, the man's complexion was
unhealthily pale and anemic. He ob-
viously powdered his cheeks and
touched them up, as well as his full,
unpleasant-looking lips, with rouge or
coloring. His eyes were colorless, and
spoke of albinism and other indig-
nities. They were set very close to-
gether, and gave the absurdly arti-
ficial face an impression of exceeding
cunning.

Cosmetics had also played their part
with his lashless eyes and eyebrows.
The overred lips displayed a set of
prominent, milk-white teeth.

He was dressed in a suit of helio-
trope grey material, resembling a kind
of tussore silk. He wore a vividly
pink shirt, with a large cinnamon-
colored bow of the type usually but
erroneously associated with the Quar-
ter Latin. His collar and cuffs were
of the same hue and material as his
wonderful shirt, and the latter dis-
played elaborate solitaires, in which
many precious stones appeared to
have been set, irrespective of taste
or utility.

His boots were of light, lemon-
colored patent leather, with white kid
uppers—boots of extreme length and
narrowness, with toes which, although
pointed, were at their extreme end
perfectly square. The heliotrope
trousers were turned up, a l'Anglaise,
so high that, although the boots were
buttoned like a woman's halfway up
the emaciated calf of the man, they
displayed socks of a vivid and im-
possible tartan.

This was Henri Van Ost as he ap-
peared in London—Henri Van Ost, the
general manager of the British

runwe Rubber Company, which was
just at the moment forming the prin-
cipal topic of foreign political con-
troversy.

The man might have been any age
from twenty-five to fifty. He held him-
self erect enough—his corsets saw to
that—and he moved with a jaunty air.
From him exuded a very potent per-
fume—it was the odor of a mixture
of lavender, Eau de Cologne, and
Jockey Club, called in the perfumery
price lists "Parfait Amour."

His hands were gloved in lemon
kid, and he wore a large pink rose
in his buttonhole; also, he carried an
umbrella that resembled a lady's
parasol.

Theodora visibly shuddered at the
apparition. It was far worse than
she had expected. It was literally
appalling. She gave him her hand
instinctively. With the air of a cour-
tier on the stage he raised it to his
rouged lips and bowed very low.

"At your service, chere madame,"
he said unctuously.

Without another word she followed
him to the taxicab which was waiting
by the kerb at the corner of Dun-
cannon Street.

"Forgive the great eagerness I dis-
play, madame," he said, speaking in
his ugly Belgian French, "but later I
will fully explain, and you will see
that for everything I have done and
am doing there is more than a suf-
ficient reason."

"I am sure of that, m'sieur," she
murmured. "But tell me—where are
we going?"

"Leave everything to me, chere
madame," he answered, with exag-
gerated courtesy and with an air of
ridiculously overdone mystery that
made her feel inclined to laugh aloud.
"I am fully alive, believe me, my dear
madame, to the dangerous position
of affairs. Madame's safety and good
name could not possibly be in better
or more loyal keeping." He nodded
with a sly look of cunning. She
thought at the moment that his was
the face of a rat.

He said something in an undertone
to the uniformed chauffeur, who had
obviously received full instructions
beforehand, and drove in the direc-
tion of Trafalgar Square; then, swing-
ing round to the right, the nimble
little motor cab darted up Charing
Cross Road, dodging and overtaking
traffic at a somewhat reckless pace.

"Where on earth are you taking
me?" exclaimed Theodora, whose
nerves were beginning to be affected
by the man's irresponsible driving.

"Not very far, chere madame," an-
swered Van Ost reassuringly. "I am
aware that I am being closely watch-
ed and possibly followed by someone
—spies of your good husband, dear
madame, no doubt, or possibly police
detectives. I am not quite sure in my
mind, but I do not choose to take any
risks. Ah! They will find a very
hard nut to crack in your devoted
Henri Van Ost, n'est ce pas?"

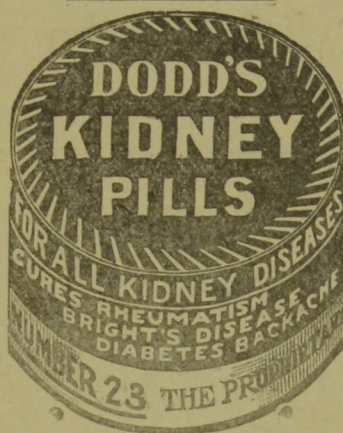
"Detectives?" gasped Theodora.

"More than probably, madame,
since the mysterious event of the
night before last—the most daring
burglary at Dunbury." He chuckled
silently, and she looked at him with
blank amazement, not unmixed with
alarm. What on earth did he know
of that? How on earth could he know
anything at all?

"But, m'sieur, you know nothing of
that," she exclaimed. "No one does.
It is being kept quiet—quite quiet. It
has not been made public. Why, even
the police know but very little, and
Sir Glare has not informed the Press.
He made a special point of it."

"Possibly, dear lady," answered Van
Ost, "but, all the same, I happen to
know of it, and I also happen to know
that, although the matter has not been
made public property, Sir Glare has
informed the police, and the police
have very good reason to subject me
to a most annoying espionage."

(To be continued.)



"Good bye
and Good Luck!"

"Thank you for the wishes and for

WRIGLEY'S
The Flavour Lasts

This great little pick-me-up
is full of vigour and vim for
the jaded soldier. Quenches
thirst, allays fatigue, gives
new life to enervated spirits.

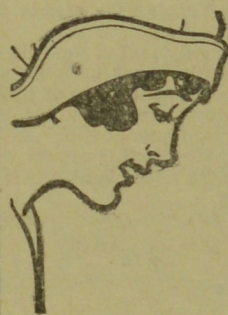
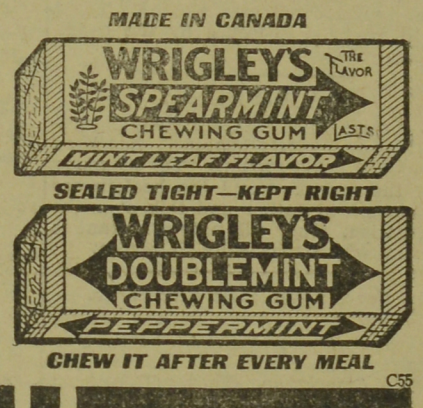
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Every letter or parcel
for your soldier friend
should contain a few
bars. Appetite, diges-
tion and spirits are
the better for it.

Sold Everywhere

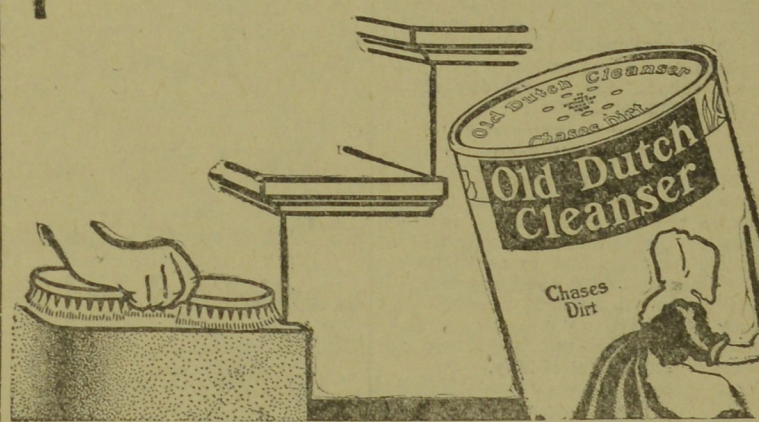
Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd.,
Wrigley Bldg., Toronto

The Flavour Lasts!



Cleaning the steps, either
wood or stone, is a lot
easier if you use

Old Dutch



Mail Ads Will

Bring You Results

We now have on sale a large quantity of

REMNANTS
of Last Seasons Wall Paper

These goods are made up into room lots, just enough
of each for one room, so be sure to measure your room
before you come.

They are selling at from 25 to 50 per cent less than
last years prices.

Buy early, as they will sell out quickly.

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

Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins. Cures Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despon-
dency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the
Heart, Fading Memory. Price \$1 per box, six
for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)