



Amatite ROOFING

Most roofings are made of only one layer, but Amatite is made in five layers. The bottom layer is wool felt, the next is real Coal Tar Pitch, the third is wool felt, the fourth is pitch again, into which is embedded the fifth layer, namely, the mineral surface.

It is easy to see why Amatite lasts so long when you realize how it is made. That mineral surface requires no painting or coating whatever, and will take the brunt of the weather without renewal or attention or care. Send for a sample of Amatite. It's free.

The Garritte-Patterson Mfg. Company, Ltd.
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.



Swiftly he made his preparations. A madman was upon him now, and he took no pains to check or analyze the reasons for his decision. The thought of her loveliness in his arms once more far up among the perfumed wooded heights as the silent darkness stole upon them stirred in him such a fret to be gone that it was like a fever. He slipped away to the barracks with instructions for his corporal, but was back again in a moment. Finally he took up his burden of blanket and food, then said to her:

"Well, are you ready, little one?"

"Yes, Meade," she answered simply.

"And you are sure you won't regret it?"

"Not while you love me."

He kissed her again before they stepped out on the river trail that wound along the bank.

Two hours later they paused where the foaming waters of Black Bear creek rioted down across a gravelled bar and into the silent, sweeping river, standing at the entrance to a wooded, grass grown valley, with rolling hills and domes displayed at its head, while back of them lay the town, six miles away, its low, squat buildings tides and toylike, but distinctly silhouetted against the evening sky.

"Is it not time to rest?" said the soldier laughingly, yet with a look of yearning in his misty eyes as he took the girl's figure in his arms. But she only smiled up at him and, releasing his hand, led the way into the forest.

creek, and there ain't a half dozen men ever been up to the head of that stream, much less over the divide, so I don't allow there's any use to fret ourselves."

They went on their way, traveling leisurely until late evening, when they camped at the mouth of the valley up which the miner's cabin lay. Camp had been made early at Gale's suggestion instead of pushing on a few miles farther, as Lee had intended, and now, when the cool evening fell and the draft quickened, it became possible to lay off gloves and headgear, so they sat about the fire, talking, smoking and rubbing their tired feet.

It is at such hours and in the smoke of such fires that men hark backward and bring forth the sacred, time worn memories they have treasured to turn them over fondly by the glow of dying embers.

"No Creek" Lee, the one eyed miner who had made this lucky strike, told in simple words of his long and solitary quest, when ill luck had risen with him at the dawn and misfortune

from its fleeting unreality. They talked and laughed and sang with a rush of spirits as untamed as the waters in the course they followed. They wandered hand in hand into a land of illusions, where there was nothing real but love and nothing tangible but joy.

They held to the bed of the stream, for its volume was low and enabled them to ford it from bar to bar.

They had become so intimate by now as to fall into a whimsical mode of speech, and Necia reverted to a childish habit in her talk that brought many a smile to the youth's face. It had been her fancy as a little girl to speak in adjectives, ignoring many of her nouns, and its quaintness had so amused her father that on rare occasions, when the humor was on him, he also took it up. She now addressed herself to Burrell in the same manner.

"I think we are very smart to come so far," she said.

"You travel like a deer," he declared admiringly. "Why, you have tired me down." Removing his pack, he stretched his arms and shook out the ache in his shoulders.

He built a fire, then fetched a bucket of water from a rill that trickled down among the rocks near by. He made up if to prepare their meal, but she would have none of it.

"Bigs should never cook," she declared. "That work belongs to litters," then forced him to vacate her domain and turn himself to the manlier duties of chopping wood and boughs.

First, however, she showed him how to place two green foot logs upon which the teapot and the frying pan would sit without upsetting and how long she wished the sticks of cooking wood. Then she banished him, as it were, and he built a wickup of spruce tops, under the shelter of which he piled thick, fragrant billows of "Yukon feathers."

He filled his chest deeply and leaned on his ax, for he found himself shivering as if under the spell of some great expectancy.

"Your supper is getting cold," she called to him.

He took a seat beside her on a pile of boughs where the smoke was little troublesome. He had chosen a spot that was sheltered by a lichen covered ledge, and this low wall behind, with the wickup joining it, formed an enclosure that lent them a certain air of privacy. They ate ravenously and drank deep cups of the unadorned tea. By the time they were finished the night had fallen, and the air was just cool enough to make the dog agreeable. Burrell heaped on more wood and stretched out beside her.

"This day has been so wonderful," said the girl, "that I shall never go to sleep. I can't bear to end it."

"But you must be weary, little maid," he said gently. "I am."

"Wait. Let me see." She stretched her limbs and moved slightly to try her muscles. "Yes, I am very tired, but not the kind of tired that makes you want to go to bed. I want to talk, talk, talk, and not about ourselves either, but about sensible. Tell me about your people—your sister."



"Well, if Lee hasn't brought Runnon along!"

had stalked beside him as he drifted and drank from camp to camp, while the gloom of a settled pessimism soured him, and men began to shun him because of the evil that seemed to follow in his steps.

"I've been rainbow chasin' forty years," he said, "and never caught nothin' but cramps and epidemics and inflammations. I'm the only miner in Alaska that never made a discovery of gold and never had a creek named after him."

"Is that how you got your name?" asked Runnon.

"It is. I never was no good to myself nor nobody else. I just occupied space."

Finally Gale arose, remarking sleepily that it was time to turn in. If they wished to get any rest before the mosquitoes got bad again, then sauntered away from the fire and spread his blanket. The rest followed and made down their beds, then, drawing on gloves and hat nets and rolling themselves up in their coverings, fell to snoring—all except the trader, who lay for hours on his back staring up at the stars, as if trying to solve some riddle that baffled him.

They awoke early and in half an hour had eaten, remade their packs and were ready to resume their march. As they were about to start Gale said: "I reckon we'd better settle right now who has the choice of locations when we get up yonder. I've been on stampedes where it saved a heap of hard feeling."

"I'm agreeable," said Stark. "Then there won't be any misunderstanding." The others, being likewise old at the game, acquiesced. They knew that in such cases grave trouble has often occurred when two men have cast eyes on the same claim and have felt the miner's causeless "hunch" that gold lies here or there or that the ground one of them covets is wanted by the other.

"I'll hold the straws," said Lee, "and every feller will have an even break." Turning his back on the others, he cut four splinters of varying lengths, and, arranging them so that the ends peeped evenly from his big hand, he held them out.

"The longest one has the first choice, and so on," he said, presenting them to Gale, who promptly drew the longest of the four. He turned to Doret, but the Frenchman waved him courteously to Stark, and when both he and Runnon had made their choice Lee handed him the remaining one, which was next in length to that of the trader. Stark and Runnon qualified in the order they drew, the latter cursing his evil luck.

"Never min', ole man," laughed Poleon; "de las' shot she's de sure wan."

They took up their burdens again and filed toward the narrow valley.

"I suppose so. She ain't the kind to stay single."

"Dat's right too. Mebbe you don't care if she does get marry, eh?"

"Not if she gets a man that will treat her right."

"Waal, waal! Dere's no trouble 'bout dat," exclaimed Doret fervently. "No man w'at's livin' could treat her bad. She's too good an' too purty for have bad husband."

"She is, is she?" Gale turned on him with a strange glare in his eyes. "Them's the kind that get the he devil. There's something about a good girl that attracts a bad man, particularly if she's pretty, and it goes double too. The good men get the hellions. A fellow can't get so tough but what he can catch a good woman, and a decent man usually draws a critter that looks like a sled and acts like a timber wolf."

"Necia wouldn't marry on no bad man," said Doret positively.

Neither man had ever spoken thus openly to the other about Necia before, and, although their language was indirect, each knew the other's thought. But there was no time for further talk now, for the others were close upon them. As they came into view Gale exclaimed:

"Well, if Lee hasn't brought Runnon along!"

"Humph!" granted Doret. "I don't 'tink much of dat feller."

The three new arrivals dropped down upon the moss to rest, for the up trail was heavy. Lee was the first to speak.

"Did you get away without bein' seen?" he asked.

"Sure," answered Gale. "Poleon has been here two hours."

"That's good. I don't want nobody taggin' along."

Runnon volunteered nothing except oaths at the mosquitoes and at his pack straps, which were new and cut him already. As no explanation of his presence was offered, neither the trader nor Doret made any comment then, but it came out later, when the old miner dropped far enough behind the others to render conversation possible.

"You decided to take in another one, eh?" Gale asked Lee.

"It wasn't exactly my doin'," replied the miner. "Stark asked me to let Runnon come 'long, bein' as he had grub staked him, and he seemed so set on it that I acquiesced. You see, it's the first chance I ever had to pay him back for a favor he done me in the Cassiar country. There's plenty of land to go around."

It was Lee's affair, thought the trader, and he might tell whom he liked, so he said no more, but fell to studying the back of the man next in front, who happened to be Stark, observing every move and trick of him and during the frequent pauses making a point of listening and watching him guardedly.

All through the afternoon the five men wound up the valley, following one another's footsteps, emerging from spongy thickets of fir to boulder across wide pastures of "sagger heads" that wobbled and wriggled and bowed beneath their feet until, at cost of much effort and profanity, they gained the firmer footing of the forest. At one point Stark, hot and irritable, remarked:

"There must be a shorter cut than this, Lee?"

"I reckon there is," the miner replied, "but I've always had a pack to carry, so I chose level ground rather than climb the divides."

"Spose dose people at camp hear 'bout dis strike an' beat us in?" suggested Poleon.

"It wouldn't be easy going for them after they got there," Stark said sourly. "I for one wouldn't stand for it."

"Nor I," agreed Runnon.

"I don't see how you'd help yourself," the trader remarked. "One man's got as good a right as another."

"I guess I'd help myself, all right," Stark laughed significantly, as did Runnon, who added:

"Lee is entitled to put in anybody he wants on his own discovery, and if anybody tries to get ahead of us there's liable to be trouble."

"I reckon if I don't know no short cut nobody else does," Lee remarked, whereupon Doret spoke up reassuringly:

"Dere's no use gettin' scare' lak dat, because nobody knows w'ere Lee's creek she's locate' but John an' me, an' dere's nobody w'at knows he mak' de strike but us four."

"That's right," said Gale. "The only other way across is by Black Bear

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES



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The only regret that accompanies a box of Moir's Chocolates occurs when the last one has vanished. Every ingredient the purest and best. Every bonbon the highest quality. Every box spiced with the charm of wide variety.

MOIRS, Limited, Halifax, N. S.

New Brunswick Representative: W. J. WELSH, St. John, N. B.

CHAPTER V. A STORY IS TOLD.

It's funny 'tong how two brown eyes was changin' everyting—De cloud she's no more on de sky, An' winter's jus' lak spring, De day mak' my pack so very light, De trail she's not so long— I'd walk it forty mile tonight For hear her sing w'ere song. But w'ere I'm been, de trader An' w'ere she's tole me yare, dat's soon, Burrell! I'm own de w'ort!

POLEON DORET sang gayly as the trader came toward him through the open grove of birch, for he was happy this afternoon, and, being much of a dreamer, this fresh enterprise awoke in him a boyish pleasure. Had not this discovery of "No Creek" Lee's been providentially arranged for his own especial benefit? A fool could see that this was a mark of celestial approbation, and none but a fool would question the wisdom of the gods. Had he not watched Necia grow from a slip of thirteen and spoken never a word of his love? Had he not served and guarded her with all the gentle chivalry of an olden knight? Of course! And here was his reward, a gift of wealth to crown his service, all for her.

"Waw," said Gale, slipping out of his pack straps, "the skeeters is bad!"

"You bet your gum boots," said Poleon. "Dey're mos' so 't'ick as de sun-"



Poleon Doret sang gayly as the trader came toward him.

mer day kill Johnnie Platt on de Porcupine." Both men were gauntleted gloves of caribou skin and head harnesses of mosquito netting stretched over globelike frames of thin steel bands, which they slipped on over their hats.

"Let's see. It was you that found him, wasn't it?" said Gale.

"Sure 'ting! I'm comin' down for grub in my canoe w'en I see dis feller on de bank walkin' lak he's in beeg goin' so fast he'll meet dese' comin' home! Den he turn 'roun' an' go tearin' back, wavin' hees arms lak he's callin' me, till he fall down. W'en I piddle close up I don't know 'im no more—dan stranger, an' m' an' Johnnie Platt is trap together wan winter. W'at you 'tink of dat?"

"I saw a fellow killed that way at Holy Cross," interpolated the trader.

"Hello! I say. W'at's de matter? An' den I see some'ing 'bout 'im dat look familiar. Hees face she's all swell' up an' bleedin' lak raw meat." The Frenchman curled his upper lip back from his teeth and shook his head at the remembrance.

"Jesu, dat's horrible sight! Dem dey

driven 'im crazy. Hees nose an' ears is look lak holes in beeg red sponge, an' hees eye are close up tight."

"He died before you got him in, didn't he?"

"Yes. He was good man too."

"I guess you been purty glad for havin' Necia home again, eh?" ventured Poleon after a while, unable to avoid any longer the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Yes. I'm glad she's through with her schooling."

"She's gettin' purty beeg gal now."

"That's right."

"By an' by she's goin' marry on some feller—w'at?"

"I suppose so. She ain't the kind to stay single."

"Dat's right too. Mebbe you don't care if she does get marry, eh?"

"Not if she gets a man that will treat her right."

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No. 38—tf. NEWCASTLE, N. B.

MR. N. HOWARD MAKES HIS WILL.

Left \$10,000 to Girl Who Scorned His Love

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.—Being of sound mind and body, I give and bequeath all my property, real and personal, to Elizabeth Croskey, 3325 Rowland avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., with a life interest of \$3,000 a year to my father—William N. Howard.

Such is the brief will which William Nixon Howard wrote, in a fairly firm hand, before he committed suicide in his home, 1602 Master street, June 4, last.

The chief beneficiary Howard named in his will is a young woman with whom he was deeply infatuated, daughter of Dr. John Welsh Croskey. She denied, when Howard killed himself, that she had engaged herself to marry him and a few days after his death she married. The value of his bequest to her is \$10,000.

Howard's father, Daniel W. Howard has begun a contest of the will, filing a caveat against probating it, alleging that his son was of unsound mind.

Howard's friends say that he was erratic, unrequited love for the then Miss Croskey having unbalanced his mind. His relatives insist that excessive smoking of cigarettes was one of the causes of his mental vagary.

The night before he killed himself young Howard called Miss Croskey on the telephone and said:

"I hear you have said I gave you headaches and made you sick. I'm going to do something now that will give you good cause to feel bad."

Lever Brothers, Toronto, will send you free a cake of their famous Piantoi toilet soap, if you mention this paper.

Bible Society Meetings.

Mr. Thomas Bennett is now on a trip to various Bay Chaleur points and will deliver lectures in the interest of the Bible Society of which he is district secretary. His subject will be "The Wonderful Story of Love" illustrated with fifty beautiful stereopticon views.

The places and dates to be visited are as follows:

Gaspe, Friday, July 9.

Haldimand, Sunday, July 11.

L'Anse aux Gascons, Sunday, July 11.

Roseville, Monday, July 12.

The Peninsula, Tuesday, July 13.

Grand Greve, Wednesday, July 14.

Port Daniel, Friday, July 16.

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Shigawake, Sunday, July 18.

Hopetown, Sunday, July 18.

Stew Charles, Sunday, July 18.

Hopetown, Monday, July 19.

Papineau, Tuesday, July 20.

New Carlisle, Wednesday, July 21.

Black Camp, Thursday, July 22.

Stew Richmond, Friday, July 23.

Grand Caspédia, Sunday, July 25.

Escommaac, Monday, July 26.

Point a la Garde, Tuesday, July 27.

Oak Bay, Wednesday, July 28.

Broadway, Thursday, July 29.

Schlarville, Friday, July 30.

Metegonia, Sunday, August 1.

Man's Settlement Monday August 2.

Of course, it would be an outrage for a man to slap the face of a woman. That's civility. But it seems to be quite right for a suffragette to chastise a policeman who is endeavoring to enforce the law. That women's rights.

(To be continued.)

PROFESIONAL.

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