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NOTICE

All Owners and Harborers of Dogs within the Town of Campbellton are hereby notified to pay their Dog Taxes to the Town Treasurer on or before the 1st day of June next, under the provisions of a bye-law of the Town Council imposing a tax on the Owners and Harborers of Dogs in the said town.

S. H. Lingiv, Town Treasurer, Campbellton, May 17/07

Notice

Notice is hereby given that The Restigouche Boom Company has deposited in the Office of the Minister of Public Works, Ottawa, a Plan of their Booms and description of the site thereof in the Restigouche River; and that duplicates of the said Plan and description have been deposited in the Office of the Registrar of deeds in and for the County of Restigouche in the Province of New Brunswick, and in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the Second Registration Division of the County of Bonaventure in the Province of Quebec.

And further take notice that at the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication of this Notice, application will be made to the Governor in Council for approval of said Plan and Site.

Dated this 8th day of May, A. D., 1907

John McAllister, Secretary-Treasurer, Restigouche Boom Co

32-5

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With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Author of "The Sowers," "Roder's Corner," "From One Generation to Another," Etc.

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"To-ee," he said slowly, "but it does not seem to dirty black hands as it does white. They know no better."

"Lord!" ejaculated Durnovo. "Don't let us begin the old arguments all over again. I thought we settled that the trade was there. We couldn't prevent it, and therefore the best thing is to make hay while the sun shines and then clear out of the country."

"But suppose Meredith finds out?" reiterated Maurice Gordon, with the lamentable hesitation that precedes loss.

"If Meredith finds out it will be the worse for him."

A certain concentration of tone aroused Maurice Gordon's attention, and he glanced uneasily at his companion.

"No one knows what goes on in the heart of Africa," said Durnovo darkly. "But we will not trouble about that. Meredith won't find out."

"Where is he now?"

"With your sister at the bungalow. A lady's maid—that is what he is."

On hearing that Jack was at the bungalow with Jocelyn, Maurice Gordon glanced at the clock and wondered how he could get away from his present visitor. The atmosphere of Jack Meredith's presence was preferable to that diffused by Victor Durnovo. There was a feeling of personal safety and dignity in the very sound of his voice which set a weak and easily led man upon his feet.

But Victor Durnovo had something to say to Gordon, which circumstances had brought to a crisis.

"Look here," he said, leaning forward and throwing away the cigarette he had been smoking. "This simlacine scheme is going to be the biggest thing that has ever been run on this coast."

"Yes," said Gordon, with the indifference that comes from nonparticipation.

"And I'm the only business man in it," significantly.

Gordon nodded his head, awaiting further developments.

"Which means that I could work another man into it. I might find out that we could not get on without him."

The black eyes seemed to probe the good natured, sensual face of Maurice Gordon, so keen, so searching was their glance.

"And I would be willing to do it, to make that man's fortune, provided that he was my brother-in-law."

"What the devil do you mean?" asked Gordon, setting down the glass that was half raised to his lips.

"I mean that I want to marry Jocelyn."

And the modern school of realistic, markwisely foul novelists, who hold that love excesses all, would have taken delight in the passionate rendering of the girl's name.

"Want to marry Jocelyn, do you?" answered Maurice, with a derisive little laugh. On the first impulse of the moment he gave no thought to himself or his own interests and spoke with undisguised contempt. He might have been speaking to a beggar on the roadside.

Durnovo's eyes flashed dangerously and his tobacco stained teeth clinched for a moment over his lower lip.

"That is my desire and intention."



"Besides," he said, "I may succeed without any of that—eh?"

It seems only natural that she should marry the man who is her brother's partner in many a little speculation.

Maurice Gordon, sitting there staring hopelessly into the half breed's face, saw it all. He went back in a flash of recollection to many passing details which had been unnoted at the time; details which now fitted into each other like links of a chain, and that chain was around him. He leaped forward in a momentary opening of the future, and saw himself ruined, disgraced, held up to the execration of the whole civilized world. He was utterly in this man's power, bound hand and foot. He could not say him no, and least of all could he say no to this demand, which had roused all the latest chivalry, gentleness, brotherly love that was in him. Maurice Gordon knew that Victor Durnovo possessed knowledge which Jocelyn would consider cheap at the price of her person.

"I don't think," said Durnovo, who seemed to be following Gordon's thoughts, "that the idea will be so repellent to your sister as you seem to think."

And a sudden ray of hope shot athwart the future into which his listener was staring. It might be so. One can never tell with women.

"I don't want you to do anything now," he went on more gently. "It was wonderful how well he knew Maurice Gordon. The suggested delay appealed to one side of his nature, the softened tone to another. "There is time enough. When I come back I will speak of it again. Your sister is very fond of you, and I think I have one or two arguments to put forward which she would recognize as uncommonly strong. I would not bring forward those arguments except as a last resource. I would first point out the advantages. A fourth share in the simlacine scheme would make you a rich man—above suspicion—independent of the gossip of the market place."

"Maurice Gordon winced visibly, and his eyes wavered as if he were about to give way to panic.

"You could retire and go home to England—to a cooler climate. This country might get too hot for your constitution. See?"

Durnovo came back into the center of the room and stood by the writing table. His attitude was that of a man holding a whip over a cowering dog.

He took up his hat and riding whip with a satisfied little laugh, as if the dog had cringingly done his bidding.

"Besides," he said, with a certain defiance of manner, "I may succeed without any of that—eh?"

"Yes," Gordon was obliged to admit, with a gulp, as if he were swallowing his pride. And he knew that in saying the word he was degrading his sister—throwing her at this man's feet as the price of his own honor.

With a half contemptuous nod, Victor Durnovo turned and went away to keep his appointment with Meredith.

Guy Osgard was sitting on the natural terrace in front of Durnovo's house at Misala, and Marie attended to his simple wants with that patient dignity which suggested the recollection of better times and appealed strongly to the manhood of her fellow servant Joseph and her white master.

"I hear the sound of paddles," she said.

"My ears are not so sharp as yours," said Osgard.

He listened, and after a moment heard the regular glug-glug of the paddles stealing over the waters of the still tropic river, covering a wonderful distance.

"Yes," he said, "I hear. Mr. Meredith said he would be back tonight."

She gave a strange little low laugh—almost the laugh of a happy woman.

Victor Durnovo reached the spot where the simlacine could be relieved.

An advance column, commanded by Meredith and Durnovo, was selected to push on to the plateau, while Osgard and Joseph followed more leisurely with the baggage and the slower travelers.

Victor Durnovo never knew rest now until he reached the spot where the simlacine should be. If the trees were there, growing, as he said, in solitary state and order, strangely suggestive of human handiwork, then Victor Durnovo was saved: if no such spot was found, madness and death could only follow.

To save his companion's reason Meredith more than once drugged his food, but when the land began to rise beneath their feet in slight billowlike inequalities—the deposit of the glacial age—Durnovo refused to stop for the preparation of food. Eating dry biscuits and stringy tinned meat as they went along, the four men—three blacks and one white—followed in the footsteps of their mad pilot.

"We're getting to the mountains, we're getting to the mountains! We shall be there tonight! Think of that, Meredith—tonight!" he kept repeating with a sickening monotony. And all the while he stumbled on. The perspiration ran down his face in one copious stream; at times he paused to wipe it from his eyes with the back of his hands, and, as these were torn and bleeding, there were smears of blood across his cheeks.

The night fell. The moon rose, red and glorious, and the beasts of this untroudden forest paused in their search for food to watch with wondering, fearless eyes that strange, unknown



"Yes," he cried, "it's simlacine!"

It was Durnovo who, climbing wildly, first saw the break in the trees ahead. He gave a muffled cry of delight, and in a few minutes they were all rushing, like men possessed, up a bare slope of broken shale.

Durnovo reached the summit first. A faint pleasant odor was wafted into their faces. They stood on the edge of a vast tableland melting away in the yellow moonlight. Studded all over, like sheep in a meadow, were a number of little bushes and no other vegetation.

Victor Durnovo stooped over one of these. He buried his face among the leaves of it, and suddenly he toppled over.

"Yes," he cried as he fell; "it's simlacine!"

And he turned over, with a groan of satisfaction, and lay like a dead man.

(To be continued.)



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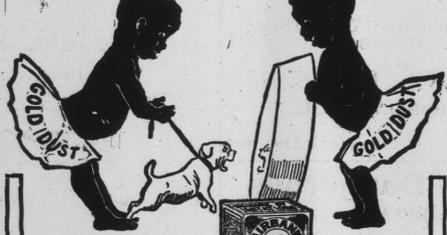
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