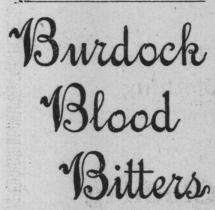
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ing their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it cure; all blood humors and diseases, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence, renders it unequalled for all diseases of the skin. Mr. Robert Parton, Millbank, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with boils and pimples, which kept break-ing out constantly. After taking two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am sompletely cured."



"I hoped," he said, "when I ran against you in the woods that that was why you had come back. Nothing could have given me greater happiness. Hang it, I am glad, old chap!" They sat far into the night arranging their lives. Jack was nervously anxious to get back to England. He could not rid his mind of the picture he had seen as he left his father's presence to go and take his passage to Africa-the picture of an old man sitting in a stiff backed chair before a dying fire. Moreover, he was afraid of Africa. The irritability of Africa had laid its hand upon him almost as soon as he had set his foot upon its torrid strand. He was afraid of the climate for Jocelyn; he was afraid of it for himself. The happiness that comes late must be firmly held to. Nothing must

be forgotten to secure it or else it may slip between the fingers at the last to do moment. Those who have snatched happiness late in life can tell of a thousand details carefully attended to, a whole existence laid out in preparation for it, of health fostered, small pleasures re-

linquished, days carefully spent. Jack Meredith was nervously apprehensive that his happiness might even now slip through his fingers. Truly, climatic influence is a strange and wonderful thing. It was Africa that had done this, and he was conscious of it. He remembered Victor Durnovo's strange outburst on their first e prices then-the Floridy va meeting a few miles below Msala on

Reef By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH Copyright, 1906, by George E. Walsh INCOMENDATION OF THE OWNER OF THE DEAD animal ain't giner'lly

wurth more'n what his pelt will bring in the open market, minus the fees an' com-

missions of them rascally agents who come down here to swap trade with us an' get the lion's share, an' the jackass', too-me an' the rest of the hunters down here bein' mostly the 'jackasses-but a live animal is an onsartain commodity that has what Captain Kennelly calls "possibilities." I'm meanin' by that that an old diamond back rattler's skin an' teeth an' rattles ain't wurth much more'n \$5 down here, but a live rattler shipped up north in a cage may bring \$25, an', ag'in, it may be knocked down for an even hundred. So Captain Kennelly ain't never been in the killin' bisness. An' I was brung up by Captain Kennelly! "Live an' let live," that's been our motto, an' we've waxed fat-the captain weighs 200, an' I ain't far behind-an' wealthy, not millionaires exactly, but middlin' well

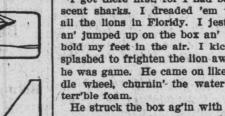
We ain't never regretted bein' kind an' consid'rate to the animals an' birds -never except enct, an' then the captain said 'twas my fault. I ain't disputin' him in that, but there is room for a diffence of opinion.

We'd been up the Caloosahatchie one winter tryin' to bag snakes, birds an' other creepin', crawlin' an' flyin' critters when we got wind of a mighty big, sassy mountain lion rendoovooin' up near Wadin' Landin'. The captain de cided at onct that we'd bag the critter. Mountain lions was bringing pretty

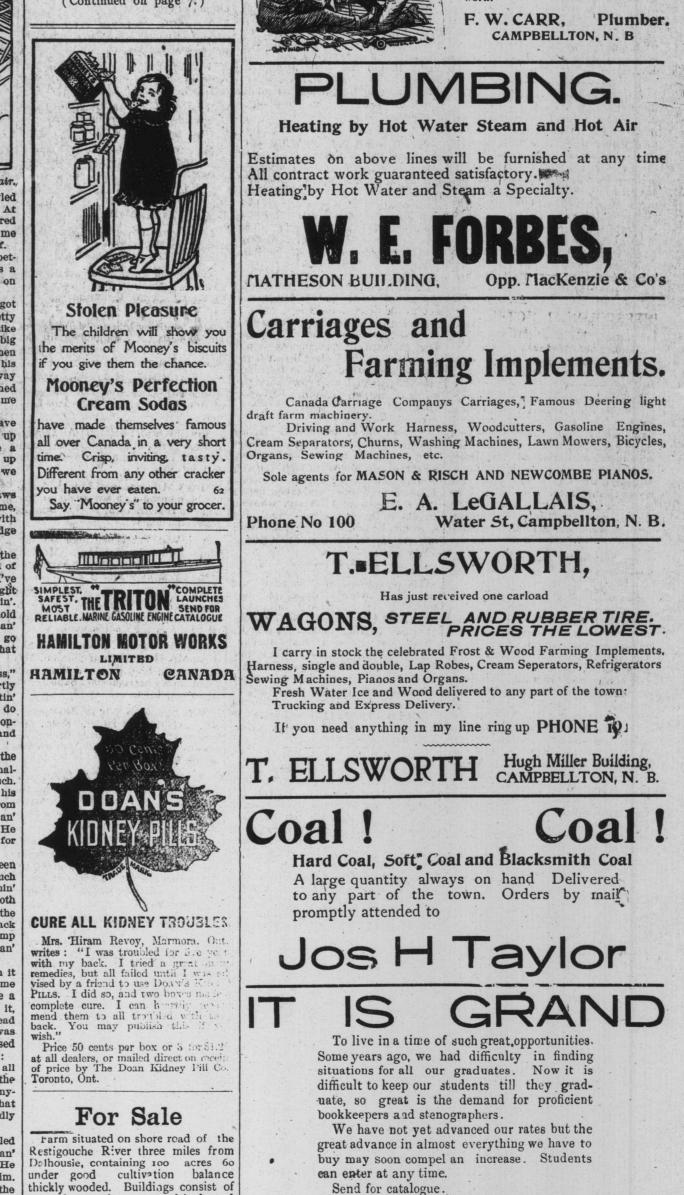
life I furned back to the reef. I could see the bare back of it jest shinin' above the gulf not more'n ten yards away. I ain't much of a swimmer, but I made double quick time to that reef. I hadn't thought much 'bout that lion all this time, so excited was I over the loss of the Marthy Ann, but now I jest gasped for breath an' hove a sigh of relief. If I'd lost the Marthy Ann, I'd saved the lion. There he was crawlin' out of the water upon the reef as limp an' frightened as a water rat with a dog on his trail. His big cage was floatin' away with the tide, runnin' a close race for shore with the capsized boat.

I saw how things had happened The Marthy Ann had dumped the cage an' lion on the reef, an' the blow had bust open the slats, an' there you are! The lion was free to go an' come. When I swam to the reef he had full possession, but he was so wet an' frightened that he jest sat there an' shivered an' roared.

"You great, big onery coward," I says, shakin' my fist at him. "You ain't got away yet, an' I'll keep you here until the captain comes for us." The reef warn't more than fifty feet long and twenty wide, but there was



The lion was there ahead of me, an' he was gettin' on to the game. The (Continued on page 7.)



(THE

STJOHN

Thursday, August 29 1907





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Loanda. It was addressed to Sir John Meredith, London, and signed "Mere-dith, Loango." The text of it was: I bring Jocelyn home by first boat. • • • • • • **B. B. GENUINE.** And the last words, like the first, nust be of an old man in London. We White lead mixed with pure found him in the midst of a brilliant as-

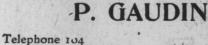
linseed oil cannot be beat for the outside of your house. I have that stock on hand, and if you are going to paint give, me a call, a house painted with that under my supervision will stay painted. Geo. H. Metzler.

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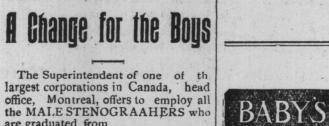
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riety bein' a little underpriced, for they the Ogowe river, and the remembrance ain't no bigger'n a good size dog. only made him the more anxious that The captain an' I sailed up the Ca-Jocelyn and he should turn their backs loosahatchie an' went campin' on that upon the accursed west coast forever. big fellow's trail, an' before a fort-Before they went to bed that night night we had him clip an' clean aboard it was all arranged. Jack Meredith had carried his point. Maurice and the Marthy Ann, tied toe an' nail an' a-roarin' in a box on deck as though Jocelyn were to sail with him for Enghe'd like to eat us alive. We was land by the first boat. Jocelyn and he mighty tickled at our prize, an' we figcompiled a telegram to be sent off first gered on a couple of hundred apiece thing by a native boat to St. Paul de

when we landed him north. The Marthy Ann warn't much of a sailboat, but she was a lubberin' old craft that did dooty for us for well nigh a dozen years. When we set sail down the Caloosahatchie the captain says:

"Steve, can't you take the Marthy Ann to Charlotte Harbor alone? You can hand the critter over to the railroad people there an' get a receipt for him. I want to get off at Fort Myers an' run up a spell to see Cousin Obadiah. He's real sick, they say.". I warn't goin' to stand in the way of the captain's seein' his sick cousin, so

I answered with affermashun an' said I'd run back to Fort Myers in a couple of days an' pick him up. The captain was mighty pleased, but when I landed him at Fort Myers he sort of suspishioned somethin' an' said: "You think you can manage it alone all right, Steve?"

"I'll land this old patriarch in Charlotte Harbor before night or I'll drown him in the gulf tryin' it," I answered promptly. I didn't know that I was makin' a pretty sure guess of what I'd be doin'

before sundown. I jest hove off from the dock an' turned the Marthy Ann's nose toward the gulf. I ain't much of a deep water sailor, but I knew the coast up to Charlotte Harbor tol'rably well an' I didn't have no misgivin's. That lion was mighty quiet-like at first, but when we got away from the land an' he began to sniff the salt air of the guif he sort of got oneasy. He was gettin' out of his element, an' he felt sort of homesick. Mebbe it was seasickness, I dunno which. Anyhow, he roared an' whined an' scratched to beat the band. He jest kept me com-pany with his noise, an' I didn't have no time to get lonesome. Onct or twice four post bed, with his keen, proud he got so scratchy that I took a look at his cage to see if 'twas all right.' Barton's reef is jest ten miles sou'west of Charlotte Harbor-a nasty lit-

tle, treach'rous shoal that sticks out of water at low tide an' keeps out of sight at flood. 'Tain't charted, an' sometimes a ship trips up on it an' jest nachurally rips herself to pieces tryin' I don't know what made me forget

Barton's reef, for I'd been round it a dozen times, an', come to think of it now, I'd been nigh wrecked on it onct or twice. I ain't got no excuse to make except that lion must have made me forgetful by his everlastin' roarin'. First thing I knowed a puff of wind ceeled the Marthy Ann over, an' before I could ketch her up ag'in we struck somethin'. It was only sand an' mud, but the keel stuck there, an' the next wind slambanged the old lubberin' craft clean over on her side. I wasn't lookin' for the shoek an' pitched headforemost through the air an' landed bout twenty feet away. When I went down into the water I

expected to find bottom somewhere less than a mile or two, but the sudden way in which I stopped showed me that I was on Barton's reef. I was standin' on my head in 'bout a foot of water. There was some mud, an' that made sticky standin', but when I finally got my head out of it an' the water cleaned out of nose an' mouth the Marthy Ann had drifted away in deep water.

I ran after her, but she was holdin' her own so tantalizin'-like that I couldn't gain an inch. I swam roun' Focket.



I witched headforemost through the air room enough for both of us. I crawled up an' tried to dry my clothes. At first the lion noticed nothin', but roared for help. Then he got a sight of me an' slunk to the other end of the reef. "You keep there," I says, feelin' better by talkin' to him as if he was a human bein', "an' don't you come on

my end." We both felt better after we got dried off a bit. The sun was pretty hot an' it scorched the water up like a hot iron. First thing, then, that big critter began to lick himself, an' then he eyed me out of the corners of his eyes. I didn't partic'lar like the way he did it. It seemed as if he grinned an' then shook his head to show me that he warn't hurt.

Well, I suppose nothin' would have happened # the tide hadn't come up an' made Barton's reef look like a turtle's back. The water jest rose up higher an' higher, an' every minit we had to move closer together. The iton didn't like gettin' his paws

wet an' was for retreatin' toward me, an' I didn't fancy closer quarters with him an' jest stayed as near my edge of the reef as I dared.

Now, as I have remarked, the Fleridy mountain lion ain't no kind of a fighter, but when he's cornered I've some respect for him. I saw right away that trouble was a-brewin'. When the reef got too small to hold both of us one or t'other had to git, an' I didn't fancy bein' the one to go a-floatin' adrift on the gulf in that latitude.

"Now, you great big yellow cuss," I said, addressin' his lionship, partly to keep up my courage, "I ain't huntin' for trouble, but if you seek it I'll do my best to make things mighty onpleasant for you on this little sand speck."

Right then a change come over the critter. He seemed to accept the challenge an' began to growl and crouch. I jest faced him an' got ready for his spring. But the tide comin' up from behind lapped a wave over his tail an made him turn roun' like a shot. He cuept an inch closer an' watched for things to develop.

We hadn't more'n five feet between us, an' I was tremblin' most as much as that big brute when somethin' bobbed up near the reef. We both looked at it, an' when I saw it was the lion's old wooden cage floatin' back ag'in I jest made up my mind to jump for it. It was a pretty hefty box an' big enough to carry me.

I edged away toward it, an' when it was as nigh as I thought it would come I waded out in the water an' made a grab for it. By lyin' slantwise on it, with my feet in the water an' my head bout three feet above it, I was tol'rably comfortable, an' I addressed myself to the marooned critter ag'in: "Now you kin have the reef an' all

that goes with it. I'm off for the Floridy coast or a trip to sea. Any-thing's better'n bein' drowned on that reef or bein' chewed up by a cowardly

lion.' I guess my words sort of startled him, for he growled an' whined an' seemed anxious to accompany me. He was sort of sorry at my desertin' him. At any rate he crouched down on the large house, barn, woodshed and wagonshed, all of which are new. reef, his tail in the water an' his head mighty close to the other edge of the reef, an' then I saw him spring an'

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