

PROFESSIONAL.

F. L. Pedolin, M. D.,
Fleming Street,
NEWCASTLE

O. J. McCULLY, M. A., M. D.,
Graduate Royal College of Surgery London
England.

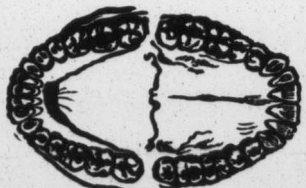
SPECIALIST
Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
Office of the late J. H. Morrison
St John N. B.

Davidson & Aitken
Attorneys,
NEWCASTLE.

T. H. Whalen B. C. L.
Attorney, &c.

All legal work promptly attended to.
Collecting a specialty
Fire, Accident and Life Insurance
Office:—Lonsbury Block.
House address:—Hotel Miramichi.
Office hours:—9 to 12.30; 2 to 5.
35-52

Dr. H. G. & J. Sprout.



Extra and without pain by the use of
trous. Gases or other Anesthetics.
Artificial teeth set in gold, rubber and
luloid. Teeth filled, crowned, etc. First
class work at reasonable rates.
Office, Lonsbury Block, Newcastle, N. B.
Hours 9 a. m. to 5.30 p. m. 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Dr. J. D. MacMillan,



Artificial Teeth at lowest prices. Teeth ex-
tracted without pain by the use of gas or local
anesthetics. Teeth filled, crowned, etc. First
class work at reasonable rates.
Office, Lonsbury Block, Newcastle, N. B.
Hours 9 a. m. to 5.30 p. m. 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

BOUQUETS MADE
in the Latest and Most Artistic Style.

H. S. CRUIKSHANK,
Florist,
159 Union St. St. John N. B.

F. F. Sherard & Son
Moncton, N. B.
IMPORTERS OF
Marble and Granite.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones and
other cemetery work.
Most modern machinery for polishing
marble and granite.
New lettering and carving machinery
run by compressed air.
Write for prices and estimates.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neu-
ralgia.

(L. S.)
To the Sheriff of the County of
Northumberland or any Con-
stable in the said County:—
GREETING,

Whereas John S. Pond, Adminis-
trator of the estate and effects
which were of Margaret Bubeat,
late of the Parish of Ludlow in
the County of Northumberland,
and province of New Brunswick,
widow, deceased, hath prayed that
he may appear to pass the ac-
counts of the said estate: You
are therefore required to cite the
heirs, next of kin, creditors and
any persons interested in the es-
tate of the deceased, to appear be-
fore the Judge of Probate for the
County of Northumberland at a
Probate court to be held in the
Council Chamber in the Town Hall
in the Town of Chatham, in the
said County, on Friday the eighth
day of November next at eleven
o'clock in the forenoon for the
purpose of showing cause, if any,
why the said accounts should not
be passed and the estate distrib-
uted as prayed for.

Given under my hand and seal
of the said Court, this Twenty-
ninth day of July, A. D., 1907.
(Signed)

R. A. LAWLOR,
Judge of Probate,
County of Northumberland.
(Signed)
G. D. FRASER,
Register of Probate
for said County.

No. 42-20.

With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Copyright, 1904, by HARPER & BROTHERS

He could not have done it better in
his keenest day. Guy Oscar was



"Ah—Mr. Oscar—how do you do?"
seated in the huge, roomy carriage be-
fore he had realized what had happened
to him.

"Your man will look after your traps.
I suppose?" said Sir John, hospitably
drawing the fur rug from the opposite
seat.

"Yes," replied Guy; "although he is
not my man. He is Jack's man Jo-
seph."

"Ah, of course! Excellent servant
too. Jack told me he had left him
with you."

Sir John leaned out of the window
and asked the footman whether he
knew his colleague Joseph, and upon
receiving an answer in the affirmative
he gave orders, acting as Guy's mouth-
piece, that the luggage was to be car-
ried to Russell square. While these
orders were being executed the two
men sat waiting in the carriage, and
Sir John lost no time.

"I am glad," he said, "to have this
opportunity of thanking you for all
your kindness to my son in this wild
expedition of yours."

"Yes," replied Oscar, with a trans-
parent reserve which rather puzzled
Sir John.

"You must excuse me," said the old
gentleman, sitting rather stiffly, "if I
appear to take a somewhat limited in-
terest in this great simlacine discovery,
of which there has been considerable
talk in some circles. The limit to my
interest is drawn by a lamentable
ignorance. I am afraid the business
details are rather unintelligible to me.
My son has endeavored, somewhat cur-
sorially perhaps, to explain the mat-
ter to me, but I have never mastered the
—er—commercial technicalities. How-
ever, I understand that you have made
quite a mint of money, which is the
chief consideration—nowadays."

He drew the rug more closely round
his knees and looked out of the win-
dow, deeply interested in a dispute be-
tween two cabmen.

"Yes—we have been very successful,"
said Oscar. "How is your son now?
When I last saw him he was in a very
bad way. Indeed, I hardly expected to
see him again."

Sir John was still interested in the
dispute which was not yet settled.
"He is well, thank you. You know
that he is going to be married."

"He told me that he was engaged,"
replied Oscar, "but I did not know
that anything definite was fixed."

"The most definite thing of all is
fixed—the date. It is tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes. You have not much time to
prepare your wedding garments."

"Oh," replied Oscar, with a laugh,
"I have not been bidden."

"I expect the invitation is awaiting
you at your house. No doubt my son
will want you to be present—the
would both like you to be there no
doubt. But come with me now; we
will call and see Jack. I know where
to find him. In fact, I have an appoint-
ment with him at a quarter to 5."

It may seem strange that Guy Os-
car should not have asked the name
of his friend's prospective bride, but
Sir John was ready for that. He gave
his companion no time. Whenever he
opened his lips Sir John turned Os-
car's thoughts aside.

What he had told him was strictly
true. He had an appointment with
Jack—an appointment of his own mak-
ing.

"Yes," he said, in pursuance of his
policy of choking questions, "he is
wonderfully well, as you will see for
yourself."

Oscar submitted silently to this
high handed arrangement. He had
not known Sir John well. Indeed,
all his intercourse with him has been
noted in these pages. He was rather
surprised to find him so talkative and
so very friendly. But Guy Oscar

was not a very deep person. He was
sublimely indifferent to the long
drawn motive. He presumed that Sir
John made friends of his son's friends,
and in his straightforward acceptance
of facts he was perfectly well aware
that by his timely rescue he had saved
Jack Meredith from the hands of the
tribes. The presumption was that Sir
John knew of this, and it was only
natural that he should be somewhat
exceptionally gracious to the man who
had saved his son's life.

It would seem that Sir John divined
these thoughts, for he presently spoke
of them.

"Owing to an unfortunate differ-
ence of opinion with my son we have
not been very communicative lately,"
he said, with that deliberation which
he knew how to assume when he de-
sired to be heard without interruption.

"I am therefore almost entirely ig-
norant of your African affairs, but I
imagine Jack owes more to your pluck
and promptness than has yet trans-
pired. I gathered as much from one or
two conversations I had with Miss
Gordon when she was in England. I
am one of Miss Gordon's many ad-
mirers."

"And I am another," said Oscar
frankly.

"Ah! Then you are happy enough
to be the object of a reciprocal feel-
ing which for myself I could scarcely
expect. She spoke of you in no mea-
sured language. I gathered from her
that if you intend to act with great
promptitude the—er—happy event of
tomorrow could not have taken place."

The old man paused, and Guy Oscar,
who looked somewhat distressed and
distinctly uncomfortable, could find no
graceful way of changing the conver-
sation.

"In a word," went on Sir John in a
very severe tone, "I owe you a great
debt. You saved my boy's life."

"Yes, but you see," argued Oscar,
sitting his tongue at last, "out there
things like that don't count for so
much."

"Oh, don't they?" There was the
suggestion of a smile beneath Sir John's
grim eyebrows.

"No," returned Oscar, rather lamely.
"It is a sort of thing that happens every
day out there."

Sir John turned suddenly, and with
the courtliness that was ever his in-
dulgence in a rare exhibition of feeling.
He laid his hand on Guy Oscar's stal-
wart knee.

"My dear Oscar," he said, and when
he chose he could render his voice very
soft and affectionate, "none of those
arguments apply to me because I am
not out there. I like you for trying to
make little of your exploit. Such con-
duct is worthy of you, worthy of a
gentleman; but you cannot disguise the
fact that Jack owes his life to you and
I owe you the same, which, between
you and me I may mention, is more
valuable to me than my own. I want
you to remember always that I am
your debtor, and if—if circumstances
should ever seem to indicate that the
debt I have for you is anything but
friendly and kind, do me the honor of
dismissing those indications. You un-
derstand?"

"Yes," replied Oscar untruthfully.

"Here we are at Lady Cantourne's,"
continued Sir John, "where, as it hap-
pens, I expect to meet Jack. Her lady-
ship is naturally interested in the affair
of tomorrow, and has kindly under-
taken to keep us up to date in our be-
havior. You will come in with me?"

Oscar remembered afterward that
he was rather puzzled, that there was
perhaps in his simple mind the faintest
tinge of suspicion. At the moment,
however, there was no time to do any-
thing but follow. The man had already
rung the bell and Lady Cantourne's
butler was holding the door open. There
was something in his attitude vaguely
suggestive of expectation. He never
took his eyes from Sir John Meredith's
face, as if on the alert for an unspoken
order.

Guy Oscar followed his companion
into the hall, and the very scent of
the house—for each house speaks to
more senses than one—made his heart
leap in his broad breast. It seemed
as if Millicent's presence was in the
very air. This was more than he
could have hoped. He had not in-
tended to call this afternoon, although
the visit was only to have been post-
poned for twenty-four hours.

Sir John Meredith's face was a mar-
vel to see. It was quite steady. He
was upright and alert, with all the in-
tegrity of his mind up in arms. There
was a light in his eyes, a gleam of
light from other days not yet burned
out.

He laid aside his gold headed cane
and threw back his shoulders.
"Is Mr. Meredith upstairs?" he said
to the butler.

"Yes, sir," the butler answered.
The man moved toward the stairs.

"You need not come!" said Sir John,
holding up his hand.

The butler stood aside and Sir John
led the way up to the drawing room.

At the door he paused for a moment.
Guy Oscar was at his heels. Then he
opened the door rather slowly and mo-
tioned gracefully with his left hand to
Oscar to pass in before him.

Oscar stopped forward. When he
had crossed the threshold Sir John

CHAPTER XXIII.

GUY OSCAR stood for a mo-
ment on the threshold. He
heard the door closed behind
him, and he took two steps
farther forward.

Jack Meredith and Millicent were at
the fireplace. There was a heap of
disordered paper and string upon the
table, and a few wedding presents
standing in the midst of their packing.

Millicent's pretty face was quite
white. She looked from Meredith to
Oscar with a sudden horror in her
eyes. For the first time in her life
she was at a loss, quite taken aback.

"Oh-h!" she whispered, and that was
all.

The silence that followed was tense,
as if something in the atmosphere was
about to snap, and in the midst of it
the wheels of Sir John's retreating car-
riage came to the ears of the three per-
sons in the drawing room.

It was only for a moment, but in
that moment the two men saw clearly
it was as if the veil from the girl's
mind had fallen—leaving her thoughts
confessed, bare before them. In the
same instant they both saw—they both
sped back in thought to their first meet-
ing, to the hundred links of the chain
that brought them to the present
moment—they knew; and Millicent felt
that they knew.

"Are you going to be married to-
morrow?" asked Guy Oscar deliberately.

He never was a man to whom a suc-
cessful appeal for the slightest mitiga-
tion of justice could have been made.
His dealings had ever been with men,
from whom he had exacted as scrupu-
lous an honor as he had given. He did
not know that women are different—
that honor is not their strong point.

Millicent did not answer. She looked
to Meredith to answer for her, but
Meredith was looking at Oscar, and in
his lazy eyes there glowed the singu-
lar affection and admiration which he
had bestowed long time before on this
simple gentleman—his married inferior.

"Are you going to be married to-
morrow?" repeated Oscar, standing quite
still, with a calmness that frightened
her.

"Yes," she answered, rather feebly.

She knew that she could explain it
all. She could have explained it to
either of them separately, but to both
together, somehow it was difficult.

Her mind was filled with clamorous
arguments and explanations and plau-
sible excuses, but she did not know
which to select first. None of them
seemed quite equal to this occasion.

These men required something deeper
and stronger and simpler than she had
to offer them.

Moreover, she was paralyzed by a
feeling that was quite new to her—a
horrid feeling that something had gone
from her. She had lost her strongest,
her single arm—her beauty. This
seemed to have fallen from her. It
seemed to count for nothing at this
time. This is a time that comes as
surely as death will come in the life
of every beautiful woman—a time
wherein she suddenly realizes how
trivial a thing her beauty is; how
limited, how useless, how ineffectual!

Millicent chyne made a little appeal-
ing movement toward Meredith, who
reluctantly stepped back. It was the
magic of the love that filled his heart
for Oscar. Had she wronged any
man in the world but Guy Oscar,
that little movement, full of love and
tenderness and sweet coquetry, might
have saved her. But it was Oscar's
heart that she had broken; for broken
they both knew it to be, and Jack
Meredith stepped back from her touch
as from pollution. His superficial, im-
agined love for her had been killed at
a single blow. Her beauty was no
more to him at that moment than the
beauty of a picture.

"Oh, Jack!" she gasped; and had
there been another woman in the room
that woman would have known that
Millicent loved him with the love that
comes once only. But men are not
very acute in such matters; they get
either led wrong or not at all.

"It is all a mistake," she said breath-
lessly, looking from one to the other.

"A most awkward mistake," sug-
gested Meredith, with a cruel smile
that made her wince.

"Mr. Oscar must have mistaken me
altogether," the girl went on, volubly
addressing herself to Meredith; she
wanted nothing from Oscar. "I may
have been silly, perhaps, or merely
ignorant and blind. How was I to
know that he meant what he said?"

"How, indeed?" agreed Meredith,
with a grave bow.

"Besides, he has no business to come
here bringing false accusations against
me. He has no right—it is cruel and
ungentlemanly. He cannot prove any-
thing; he cannot say that I ever dis-
tinctly gave him to understand—er—
anything—that I ever promised to be
engaged or anything like that."

She turned upon Oscar, whose de-
meanor was stolid, almost dense. He
looked very large and somewhat diffi-
cult to move.

"He has not attempted to do so yet,"
suggested Jack suavely, looking at his
friend.

"I do not see that it is quite a ques-
tion of proofs," said Oscar quietly in
a voice that did not sound like his at
all. "We are not in a court of jus-
tice, where ladies like to settle these
questions now. If we were I could
challenge you to produce my letters.
There is no doubt of my meaning in
them."

"There are also my poor contribu-
tions to your collection," chimed in
Jack Meredith. "A comparison must
have been interesting to you, by the
same mail presumably, under the same
postmark."

"I made no comparison," the girl
cried defiantly; "there was no question
of comparison."

She was it shamelessly, and it hurt
Meredith more than it hurt Guy Os-
car, for whom the sting was intended.

"Comparison or no comparison," said
Jack Meredith quickly, with the keen-
ness of a good fencer who has been
touched, "there can be no doubt of the
fact that you were engaged to us both
at the same time. You told us both
to go out and make a fortune where-
with to buy your affections. One can
only presume that the highest bidder—
the owner of the largest fortune—was
to be the happy man. Unfortunately,
we became partners, and—such was
the power of your fascination—we
made the fortune, but we share and
share alike in that. We are equal, so
far as the price is concerned. The
situation is interesting and rather
amusing. It is your turn to move. We
await your further instructions in con-
siderable suspense."

She stared at him with bloodless lips.
She did not seem to understand what
he was saying. At last she spoke, ig-
noring Guy Oscar's presence alto-
gether.

"Considering that we are to be mar-
ried tomorrow, I do not think that you
should speak to me like that," she
said, with a strange, concentrated ex-
pression.

"Pardon me, we are not going to be
married tomorrow."

Her brilliant teeth closed on her
lower lip with a snap, and she stood
looking at him, breathing so hard that
the sound was almost a sob.

"What do you mean?" she whispered
hoarsely.

He raised his shoulders in polite sur-
prise at her dullness of comprehension.

"In the unfortunate circumstances
in which you are placed," he explai-
ned, "it seems to me that the least one
can do is to offer every assistance in
one's power. Please consider me hors
de concours. In a word—I scratch."

She gasped like a swimmer swim-
ming for life. She was fighting for
that which some deem dearer than
life—namely, her love. For it is not
only the good women who love, though
these understand it best and see fur-
ther into it.

"Then you can never have cared for
me," she cried. "All that you have
told me"—and her eyes flashed tri-
umphantly across Oscar—"all that
you have promised and vowed was
utterly false if you turn against me at
the first word of a man who was car-
ried away by his own vanity into
thinking things that he had no busi-
ness to think."

If Guy Oscar was no great adept
at wordy warfare, he was at all events
strong in his reception of punishment.
He stood upright and quiescent, be-
traying by neither sign nor movement
that her words could hurt him.

"I beg to suggest again," said Jack
composedly, "that Oscar has not yet
brought any accusations against you.
You have brought them all yourself."

"You are both cruel and cowardly,"
she exclaimed, suddenly descending
to vituperation. "Two to one. Two
men—gentlemen—against one defense-
less girl. Of course I am not able to
argue with you. Of course you can
get the best of me. It is so easy to be
sarcastic."

"I do not imagine," retorted Jack,
"that anything that we can say or do
will have much permanent power of
hurting you. For the last two years
you have been engaged in an—intrigue
such as a thin skinned or sensitive
person would hardly of her own free
will undertake. You may be able to
explain it to yourself—no doubt you
are—but to our more limited compre-
hensions it must remain inexplicable.
We can only judge from appearances."

"And, of course, appearances go
against me. They always do against a
woman," she cried rather brokenly.

"You would have been wise to have
taken that peculiarity into considera-
tion sooner," replied Jack Meredith
coldly.

"I admit that I am puzzled. I
cannot quite get at your motive. Presu-
mably it is one of those sweet femi-
nine inconsistencies which are so
charming in books."

There was a little pause. Jack Mer-
edith waited politely to hear if she
had anything further to say. His clean cut
face was quite pallid. The suppressed
anger in his eyes was perhaps more
difficult to meet than open fury. The
man who never forgets himself before
a woman is likely to be an absolute
master of women.

"I think," he added, "that there is
nothing more to be said."

There was a dead silence. Millicent
Chyne glanced toward Guy Oscar. He
could have saved her yet by a simple
lie. Had he been an impossibly mag-
nanimous man, such as one meets in
books only, he could have explained
that the mistake was all his, that she
was quite right, that his own vanity
had blinded him into a great and un-
warranted presumption. But, un-
fortunately, he was only a human be-
ing, a man who was ready to give as
full a measure as he was exacted. The un-
fortunate mistake to which he clung
was that the same sense of justice, the
same code of honor, must serve for men
and women alike. So Millicent Chyne
looked in vain for that indulgence
which is so inconsistently offered to
women, merely because they are wo-
men, the indulgence which is some-
times given and sometimes withheld,
according to the softness of the mas-
culine heart and the beauty of the sup-
pliant feminine form. Guy Oscar was
quite sure of his own impressions. This
girl had allowed him to begin lov-
ing her, had encouraged him to go on,
had led him to believe that his love
was returned. And in his simple ig-
norance of the world he did not see why
these matters should be locked up
in his own breast from a mistaken sense
of chivalry to be accorded where no
chivalry was due.

"No," he answered. "There is nothing
more to be said."



When mother wishes "a bite
between meals"—when
father feels a bit hungry at
bedtime—how they all go
for the pail of

**Mooney's
Perfection
Cream Sodas.**



"Dearest" Flour is the flour
for home baking—for women
who take pride in their culinary
skill, and their ability to run
the house economically.

BEAVER FLOUR
is a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat
and Canada Fall Wheat.
It yields MOIST bread to the
batter than any other brand.

Order "Beaver" Flour next
time—and see how much more
inviting and toothsome is every-
thing you bake.

AT YOUR GROCER'S
Dealers, write for prices on all
kinds of Flours, Cakes, Grains and
Cereals. T. H. Taylor & Co., Limited,
Chatham.

"Baby's Own" Soap

—is made right with the
right ingredients for a
perfect soap.

It gives a rich creamy lather
beautifully foamy & fragrant;
—it improves the complexion;
—it cleanses and soothes
the skin;
—and protects it from hard
water, strong sun or wind.

"Baby's Own" is the best soap
for every toilet purpose.

Albert Soaps Ltd. Mfrs. - Montreal.
Beware of imitations and substitutions.

"SPRUCINE"

WIN Cure That Cough.

"SPRUCINE" is a definite
preparation of Spruce Gum,
Wild Cherry, Horehound and
Tar—in the form of an agreeable
elixir.

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Croup, Whooping Cough, Bron-
chitis, and other affections of the
throat and lungs—it is
invaluable.

25c a bottle. At all druggists.



SCOTCH MARINE BOILER.

Length 10 ft.,
Diameter, 8 ft., 6 in.
Built under government
inspection.

For sale by
I. MATHEWSON & CO., LTD.,
New Glasgow, N. S.