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(L. S.)

To the Sheriff of the County of Northumberland or any Constable in the said County: -GREETING,

Whereas John S. Pond, Administrator of the estate and effects which were of Margaret Bubear, 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 accounts of the said estate: You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, creditors and any persons interested in the estate of the deceased, to appear before 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 distributed as prayed for.

Given under my hand and seal the said Court, this Twentyninth day of July, A. D., 1907.

(Signed) R. A. LAWLOR, Judge of Probate, County of Northumberland,

(Signed) G. B. FRASER, Registrar of Probate for said County.

With Edged Tools

BY MERRY SETON MERRIMAN "The County" "Seture Circuit" "Then " One Controlles to Another" Cla

Sepretate 1804. by MARPER & BROTHERS

For Jack Meredith life was at this time nothing but a constant, never ceasing fatigue. When Oscard helped him into the rough litter they had constructed for his comfort, he laid his head on the pillow, overcome with a dead sleep.

"Goodby, old chap," said Oscard, pat-

ting him on the shoulder.
"G'by," and Jack Meredith turned over on his side as if he were in bed, drew up the blanket and closed his eyes. He did not seem to know where he was, and, what was worse, he did he was, and, what was worse, he did not seem to care. Oscard gave the signal to the bearers, and the march began. There is something in the spring of human muscles unlike any other motive power; the power of thought may be felt even on the pole of a litter, and one thing that modern invention can never equal is the comfort of being carried on the human shoulder. The slow, swinging movement came to

The slow, swinging movement came to be part of Jack Meredith's life—indeed, life itself seemed to be nothing but a huge journey thus peacefully accomplished. Through the fiapping curtains an endless procession of trees passed before his half closed eyes. The unintelligible gabble of the light hearted bearers of his litter was all that reached his ears. And ever at his side was Joseph, cheerful, indefatigable, resourceful. There was in his mind one of the greathappinesses of life—the sense of ething satisfactorily accomplished the peacefulness that comes when the necessity for effort is past and left be-

hind—that lying down to rest which must surely be something like death in its kindest form.

The awe inspired by Victor Dur-nevo's name went before the little car-

avan like a moral convoy and cleared their path. Thus, guarded by the name of a man whom he hated, Jack Mere-dith was enabled to pass through a savage country literally cast upon a bed of sickness.

In due course the river was reached and the gentle swing of the litter was changed for the smoother motion of the cance. And it was at this period of the journey, in the forced restfulness of body entailed, that Joseph's mind soared to higher things and he determined to write a letter to Sir John. He was, he admitted to himself, no

great penman, and his epistolary style tended, perhaps, more to the forcible than to the finished.

"Somethin'," he reflected, "that'll just curl his back hair for 'im; that's what I'll write 'im." Msala had been devastated, and i

was within the roofless walls of Dur-novo's house that Joseph finally wrote out laboriously the projected capillary invigorator.

Honored Sir [he wrote] — Trusting you will excuse the liberty, I take up my pen to advise you respectfully—while writing this word Joseph closed his left eye—that my master is taken seriously worse. Having been on the sick list now for a matter of five weeks, he just lies on his bed as weak as a newborn babe, as the saying is, and doesn't take no notice of nothing. I have succeeded in bringing him down to the coast, which we hope to reach tomorrow, and when we get to Loango—a poor sort of place—I shall at once obtain the best advice obtainable—that is to be had. However, I may have to send for it, but, money being no object to either master or me, respectfully I beg to say that every care will be took. Master having kind friends at Loango, I have no anxiety as to the future, but, honored sir, it has been a near touch in the past—just touch and go, so to speak. Not being in a position to form a estimate of what is the matter with master, I can only respectfully mention that I take it to be a general kerlapse of the system, brought on, no doubt, by too long a-living in the unhealthy platters of central Africa. When I gets him to Loango I shall go straight to the house of Mr. and Miss Gordon, where we stayed before, and with as fear but mast we win he receives with every kindness and the greatest hospitality. Thank God, honored sir, I've kept my health and strength wonderful and am therefore more able to look after master. When we reach Loango I shall ask Miss Gordon kindly to write to you, sir, seeing as I have no great facility with my pen. I am, honored sir, your respectful servant to command, JOSEPH ATKINSON, Lale Corporal Two Hundred and Sevenmy master is taken seriously worse. Hav-ing been on the sick list now for a matter of five weeks, he just lies on his bed as

to command,
JOSEPH ATKINSON,
Late Corporal Two Hundred and Seve

With a feeling of considerable satisfaction Joseph approached the bunga-low at Loango three days later. The short sea voyage had somewhat re-vived Meredith, who had been desirous of walking up from the beach, but pelled to enter the spring cart which Joseph had secured. Joseph walked by the side of this cart

with an erect carriage and a suppressed importance suggestive of ambulance

duty in the old days.

As the somewhat melancholy cortege approached the house, Meredith drew the dusky brown holland curtain and looked anxiously out. Nor were Joseph's eyes devoid of expectation. He thought that Jocelyn would presently emerge from the flower trellis of the veranda, and he had re hearsed over and over again a neat, respectful speech, explanatory of his action in bringing a sick man to the

But the hanging fronds of flower and leaf remained motionless, and the cart drove unchallenged round to the prin-

A black servant—a stranger—held the handle and stood back invitingly. Supported by Joseph's arm, Jack Mere-dith entered. The servant threw open the drawing room door; they passed in. The room was emr table lay

two letters, one addressed to Guy Os-card, the other to Jack Meredith. Jack Meredith fumbled rather feebly at his letter. It was distinctly an ef-

fort to him to tear the paper. My Dear Meredith—Just a line to tell you that the bungalow and its contents are at your service. Jocelyn and I are off home for two months' change of air. I have been a bit seedy. I leave this at the bungalow, and we shall feel hurt ff you do not make the house your home whenever you happen to come down to Loango. I have left a similar note for Oscard, in whose expedition to your relief I have all faith. Tours ever. MAURICE GORDON.

"Here," said Meredith to his servant; "you may as well read it for yourself."
He handed the letter to Joseph and leaned back with a strange rapidity of movement on the sofa. As he lay there with his eyes closed he looked remarkably like a dead man. arkably like a dead man.

At that moment Marie came into the room, dignified, gentle, self possessed. "Ah, missis," said Joseph, "I'm glad to see you. You're wanted badly, and all well."

Marie bowed gravely. She went to Meredith's side and looked at him with a smile that was at once critical and a sinis that was at once critical and encouraging. Nestorius, holding on her skirt, looked up to her face, and, seeing the smile, smiled too. He went fur-ther. He turned round and smiled at Joseph as if to make things pleasant

Marie stooped over the sofa, and her clever dusky fingers moved the cush-

"You will be better in bed," she said. "I will get Mr. Gordon's room made ready for you—yes?" Then she turned to Joseph with that soft, natural way seems to run through the negro blood however much it may be di-

"Help Mr. Meredith." she said, "to and see that the bed is got ready."

By daybreak next morning Joseph was at sea again, steaming south in a coasting boat toward St. Paul de Loanda. He sent off a telegram to Maurice Gordon in England, announcing the success of the relief expedition, and

then proceeded to secure the entire services of a medical man. With this youthful disciple of Æsculapius he re-turned forthwith to Loango and settled down with characteristic energy to nurse his master. Meredith's progress was lamentably

slow, but still it was progress and in the right direction. The doctor, who was wise in the strange maladies of the west coast, stayed for two days and promised to return once a week. He left full instructions, and particularly impressed upon the two nurses the fact that the recovery would necessarily be so slow that their unpracticed eyes could hardly expect to trace its progress.

at this time have had no better nurse than Joseph. There was a military discipline about the man's method which was worth more than much feminine persuasion.

"Do y' know what I would like, he asked briskly of Marie one

"Well, I'd like to clap my eyes on Miss Gordon just a-stepping in at that open door; that's what we want. That sawbones feller is right when he says the progress will be slow. Slow! Slow! ain't quite the word. No more ain't progress the word; that's my opinion. He don't take no interest in nothin', least of all in his victuals, and a man's in a bad way when he takes no in terest in his victuals."

CHAPTER XVIII. BY the way, dear," said Lady Cantourne to her niece one fine day, "I have asked a Miss Gordon to come to tea fine day, "I have asked a Miss Gordon to come to tea this afternoon. I met her last night at the Fitzmannering's. She lives in Loango and knows Jack. I thought you might like to know her. She is exceptionally ladylike and rather pretty.' And straightway Miss Millicent Chyne went upstairs to put on her best

We men cannot expect to understand these small matters, these exigencies, as it were, of female life. But we may be permitted to note feebly en passant through existence that there are occasions when women put on their best clothes without the desire to please. And, while Millicent Chyne was actu-ally attiring herself, Jocelyn Gordon, in another house not so far away, was busy with that beautiful hair of hers, patting here, drawing out there, pinning, poking, pressing with all the cunning that her fingers possessed.

When they met a little later in Lady

Cantourne's uncompromisingly solid and old fashioned drawing room, one

and old fashioned drawing room, one may be certain that nothing was lost.
"My aunt tells me," began Millicent at once, with that degage treatment of certain topics hitherto held sacred which obtains among young folks today, "that you know Loango."

"Oh, yes. I live there."
"And you know Mr. Meredith?"
"Yes, and Mr. Oscard also."

ly. That was her strong point, blush-ing in the right place, but not in the

wrong "Mr. Oscard." He is associated with Mr. Meredith, is he not, in this harebrained scheme?"

"I believe they are together in it. The simiscine, you mean?" said Jose

lya.

"Yes; the simiacine, Such a singular name, is it not? I always say they will run themselves suddenly. People always do, don't they? But what do you think of tt? I should like to know."

"I think they certainly will make a fortune," replied Jocelyn—and she noted the light in Millicent's eyes with a sudden feeling of dislike—"unless the risks prove too great and they are forced to abandon it."

ed to abandon it."

forced to abandon it."

"What risks?" asked Millicent, quits forgetting to modulate her voice.

"Well, of course, the Ogowe river is most herribly unhealthy, and there are other risks. The natives in the plains surrounding the simiacine plateau are antagonistic. Indeed, the plateau was surrounded and quite besieged when we left Africa."

"But," cried Millicent, "of course something was done. They could never leave Mr. Meredith unprotected."

"Yes," answered Jocelyn quietly, "Mr. Oscard went up and rescued him,

"Mr. Oscard went up and rescued him, My brother heard yesterday that the relief had been effected," Millicent smiled again in her light earted way.

"That is all right," she said. "What a good thing we did not know! Just think, auntie dear, what a lot of anxlety we have been spared!"
"In the height of the season, toe!"

said Jocelyn. "Yes-es," replied Millicent, rather

Lady Cantourne was puzzled. The was something going on which she did not understand. Within the sound of the pleasant conversation there was the cliquetis of the foil; behind the steel. She was rather relieved to turn edith entering the room with his usual courtly bow. He always entere drawing room like that. Ah, that little secret of a mutual respect! Some peo-ple who are very young now will wish, before they have grown old, that they had known it.

He shook hands with Lady Castourne and with Millicent. Then he stood with a deferential half bow, waiting for the introduction to the girl who was young enough to be his daugh-ter—almost to be his granddaughter. There was something pathetic and yet proud in this old man's unco ing adherence to the lessons of his

"Sir John Meredith-Miss Gordon." The beginning—the thin end of the wedge, as the homely saying has it every day of our lives, little suspect ing to what it may broaden out.

"I had the pleasure of seeing you last night," said Sir John at once, "at Lady Fitzmannering's evening party, or 'at home,' I believe we call the nowadays. Some of the guests read the invitation too much au pied de la lettre for my taste. They were so much at home that I, fearing to intrude, left rather early."

He was beginning to wonder why he

had been invited—nay, almost commanded—to come, by an imperious lit-tle note. And of late whenever Sir John began to wonder he began also

At that moment the door opened and there entered a complex odor of hair wash and perfumery-a collar which must have been nearly related to a cuff, and a pair of tight patent leather boots, all attached to and somewhat overpowering a young man.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Grubb," said Lady Cantourne, "how good of you to call so soon! You will have some tea. Millicent, give Mr. Grubb some

Then Lady Cantourne went to the conservatory and left Sir John and Jocelyn at the end of the long room together. There is nothing like a woman's instinct. Jocelyn spoke at once.
"Lady Cantourne," she said, "kindly

asked me to meet you today on pur-pose. I live at Loango; I know your son, Mr. Meredith, and we thought you might like to hear about him and

"Yes," he said, with a strange hesitation, "yes, you are kind. Of course I am interested. I wonder," he went on, with a sudden change of manner-"I wonder how much you know."

"I know," she answered, "that you

have had a difference of opinion no one else knows! You must no think that Mr. Meredith has spoken of his private affairs to any one else. The circumstances were exceptional, and Mr. Meredith thought that it was due to me to give me an explanation. Sir John looked a little puszled, and Jocelyn went on rather hastily to ex-

"My brother and Mr. Meredith were at Eton together. They met some-where up the coast and my brother asked Mr. Meredith to come and stay. It happened that Maurice was away when Mr. Meredith arrived, and I did not know who he was, so he ex-

"I see," said Sir John; "and you and your brother have been kind to my boy. And I dare say," he added, with a somewhat lame attempt at cynicism, "that you have heard ne good of me?"
But Jocelyn would have none of that. She was no child to be abashed

that. She was no child to be abashed by sarcasm, but a woman, completed and perfected by her love. "Excuse me," she said sharply, "but that is not the truth, and you know it. You know as well as I do that your son would never say a word against you."

Bir John was looking at her keenly, his hard blue eyes like steel between the lashless lids.

"You disquiet me," he said. "I have a sort of feeling that you have had

"No," she answered, "not exactly. But it seems to me that no one realiza-what he is doing out in Africa—what risks he is running."
"Tell me," he said, drawing in his

chair. "I will not interrupt you. Tell me all you know from beginning to end. I am naturally somewhat inter-ested."

sted."

So Jocelyn told him. And what she said was only a recapitulation of facts known to such as have followed these pages to this point. Suddenly he broke into the narrative. He saw, keen old worldling that he was, a discrepancy.

"But," he said, "there was no one in Loange connected with the scheme who"—he paused, touching her sieeve with a bony finger—"who sent the telegram home to young Oscard; the telegram calling him out to Jack's relief?"

"Oh," she explained lightly, "I did. My brother was away, so there was no one else to do it, you see."

"Yes, I see."

And perhaps he did.

And perhaps he did. Sir John took his leave. He bowed ever Jocelyn's hand, and Millicent, watching them keenly, could see noth-ing-no gleam of a mutual understand-ing in the politely smiling eyes. "Perhaps," he said, "I may have the

leasure of meeting you again?"
"I am afraid it is doubtful," she answered, with something that sounded singularly like exultation in her voice. We are going back to Africa almost

Cantourne.

One afternoon Joseph had his wish. Moreover, he had it given to him even as he desired, which does not usually happen. We are given a part, or the whole, so distorted that we fall to recognize it.

ph looked up from his work and saw Jocelyn coming into the bungalow

He went out to meet her, putting en his coat as he went.

"How is Mr. Meredith?" she asked
at once. Her eyes were very bright

and there was a sort of breathlessness in her manner which Joseph did not "He is a bit better, miss, thank you kindly. But he don't make the prog-ress I should like. It's the weakness that follows the malarial attack that

the doctor has to fight against." "Where is he?" asked Jocelyn. "Well, miss, at the moment he is in the drawing room. We bring him down there for the change of air in the afternoon. Likely as not, he's

And presently Jack Meredith, lying comfortably somnolent on the outskirts of life, heard light footsteps, but hardly beeded them. He knew that some one came into the room and stood silently by his couch for some seconds. He lazily unclosed his eyelids for a moment, not in order to see who was there, but with a view of intimating that he was not asleep. But he was not wholly conscious. To men accus tomed to an active, energetic life a

long illness is nothing but a period of complete rest, In his more active thought that this rest of his was extending into a dangerously long period but he was too weak to feel anxiety about anything.

Jocelyn moved away and busied herself noiselessly with one or two of those small duties of the sickroom which nore. But she could not keep away. She came back and stood over him with a silent sense of possession which made that moment one of the happiest of her life. She re-membered it in after years, and the complex feelings of utter happi complete misery that filled it.

At last a fluttering moth gave the ex-cuse her heart louged for, and her fingers rested for a moment, light as the moth itself, upon his hair. There was something in the touch which made

him open his eyes, uncomprehending at first, and then filled with a sudden life.

"Ah!" he said, "you—you at last!"
He took her hand in both of his. He
was weakened by illness and a great fatigue. Perhaps he was off his guard

or only half awake. "I never should have got better if you had not come," he said. Then sud-denly he seemed to recall himself, and with an effort from his recur

"I do not know," he said with a re-turn of his old half humorous manner, "whether to thank you first for your spitality or to beg your pardon for making such unscrupulous use of it."
"Sit down," she said quietly. "You are not strong enough to stand about."
He obeyed her with a little laugh.
"You do not know," he said, "how

pleasant it is to see you, fresh and English looking. It is like a tenic. Where is Maurice?"
"He will be here soon," she replied.
"He is attending to the landing of the

stores. We will soon make you strong and well, for we have come laden with cases of delicacies for your special de-lectation. Your father chose them him-

"We did not expect you for another ten days," said Meredith after a little pause, as if anxious to change the sub-ject. "Marie said that your brother's leave was not up until the week after next."

'We do not always take our full term," said she vaguely.
And he never saw it.
"As a matter of fact," she said

lightly, "I suppose that you loathe all food?"

all food?"

"Loathe it," he replied. He was still looking at her, as if in enjoyment of the Englishness and freshness of which he had spoken. "Simply loathe it. All Joseph's tact and patience are required to make me eat even eleven meals in the day. He would like thirteen."

MTo be continued.)

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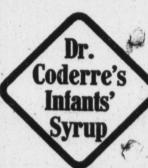


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