F. L. Pedolin, M. D.,

NEWCASTLB

J. McGULLY, M A., M. D

ste Royal College o. Surgery Lon-SPECIALISI4

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

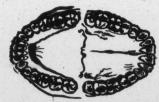
Davidson & Aitkee Attorneys, NEWCASTLE.

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

All legal work promptly attend

Collecting a specialty Fire, Accident and Life Insurance Office:-Lounsbury Block. House address :- Hotel Miramichi Office hours: -9 to 12.30; 2 to 5 35-52

Dr. H. G. & J. Sprou



Artificial testa set in gold, rubber an luloid. Testa filled, etc. ewcastle, office Quigley Block hatham, Benson Block.

Dr. J. D. MacMillan.



BRIDE ROSES FOR JUNE WEDDINGS.

BOUQUETS MADE # # in the Latest and most Artistic Style.

H. S. CRUIKSHANK. Florist,

159 Union St. St. John N. B.

I. F. Sherard & Son Moncton, N. B. IMPORTERS OF

Marble and Granite.

MANUFACTURERS OF

other cemetery work.

Most modern machinery for polishin marhle and granite.

New lettering and carving mana ne

run by compressed air. Write for prices and estimates

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat THOS. J. DURICK.

(L S.)

To the Sheriff of the County of Northumberland or any Constable in the said County: -GREETING, Whereas John S. Pond, Adminis-

trator 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 You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, creditors and persons interested in the estate of the deceased, to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Northumberland at Probate court to be held in 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 of 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 " mare.

No. 45-3m.

With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS

Guy Oscard was one of those decep-tive men who only do a few things and do those few very well. In forty-three days he deposited the twenty precious cases in Gordon's go-downs at Loango and paid off the porters, of whom he had not lost one. These duties per-formed, he turned his steps toward the bungalew. He had refused Gordon's invitation to stay with him until the next day, when the coasting steamer was expected. To tell the truth, he was not very much preposessed in Maurice's favor, and it was with a doubtrui mind that he turned his steps toward the little house in the forest be

tween Loango and the sea. "And when did you leave them?" asked Jocelyn, after her visitor had explained who he was.
"I left them forty-four days ago," he

"And were they well?" "Oh, yea," he replied. "You know Meredith?" "Yes," she said. "We know Mr.

The visitor did not speak at once, and she looked up at him over the

flowers, with grave politeness.

"Meredith," he said, "is one of the most remarkable men I have ever ally," she replied, with a kindly

"He is not the man I took him for. He is so wonderfully polite and gentle

and pleasant." "Are you going back to—them?"

"No, I leave tomorrow morning early by the Portuguese boat. I am going home to be married."
"Indeed! Then I suppose you will wash your hands of Africa forever?"

"Not quite," he replied. "I told Meredith that I would be prepared to go up to him in case of emergency, but not otherwise. I shall, of course, still be interested in the scheme. I take home the first consignment of simiacine; we have been very successful, you know. I shall have to stay ndon to sell that. I have a house

"Are you to be married at once?" inquired Jocelyn, with that frank interest which makes it so much easier for a man to talk of his own affairs woman than to one of his own

"As soon as I can arrange it," he answered, with a little laugh. "There is nothing to wait for. We are both orphans, and fortunately we are fairly He was fumbling in his breast pocket

and presently he rose, crossed the room and handed her, quite without afterthought or self con photograph in a morocco case. Explanation was unnecessary, and Jocelyn Gordon looked smilingly upon

a smiling, bright young face.
"She is very pretty," she said

Whereupon Guy Oscard grunted un-"Millicent," he said, after a little pause-"Millicent is her name."

"Millicent?" repeated Jocelyn. "Millicent what?" "Millicent Chyne."

Jocelyn folded the morocco case to gether and handed it back to him. "She is very pretty," she repeated slowly, as if her mind could only reproduce-it was incapable of creation. Oscard looked puzzled. Having risen, he did not sit down again, and presvinced that Jocelyn was about to faint.

When he was gone the girl sat wearily down. "Millicent Chyne," she whispered.

What is to be done?" "Nothing," she answered to herself after awhile. "Nothing. It is not my ousiness. I can do nothing."

She sat there aloné, as she had been all her life, until the short tropical twilight fell over the forest. Quite suddenly she burst into tears.

"It is my business," she sobbed. "It is no good pretending otherwise; but I can do nothing."

Four months elapsed and the excitement created in the small world of western Africa by the first dazzling success of the simiacine expedition began to subside. The thing took its believed and then they prophesied that it could not last. Finally the active period of envy, hatred and malice gave way to a sullen tolerance not unmixed with an indefinite grudge toward Fortune who had favored the brave once

Maurice Gordon was in daily expectation of news from that faroff favored spot they vaguely called the plateau. And Jocelyn did not pretend to conceal from herself the hope that filled her whole being, the hope that Jack Meredith might bring the news

Instead came Victor Durnovo. He came upon her one evening when she was walking slowly home from a mild fea party at the house of a missionary. Hearing footsteps on the sandy soil, she turned and found her-

self face to face with Durnovo.
"I was coming along to see you," he said, and there was a subtle offense in his tone.

Maurice was away for ten days. She felt that he knew that.

"When do you go back?" she asked

ost at once," in a tone that apologized for causing her necessary pain. "I must leave tomorrow or the next day. I do not like the idea of Meredith being left too long alone up there with a reduced number of men. Of course, I had to bring a pretty large escort. I brought down £60,000 worth of simiacine. "Have you had any more sickness

among the men?" she asked at once ne of half veiled sarcasm which made him wince. "No," he answered; "they have been

quite all right." 'What time do you start?" she asked. "There are letters for Mr. Meredith at the office. Maurice's head clerk will

give them to you."
She knew that these letters were from Millicent. She had actually had them in her hand. She had inhaled the faint, refined scent of the paper and

They had reached the gate of the oungalow garden. She turned and held out her hand in an undeniable manner He bade her goodby and went his way, wondering vaguely what had happened to them both. The conversation had taken a different turn from what he had expected and intended. But somehow it had got beyond his control. He had looked forward to a very different ending to the interview. And now he found himself returning somewhat dis-consolately to the wretched hotel in Loango—dismissed—sent back. The next day he actually left the little west African coast town, turning his face northward with bad grace. Even at that distance he feared Jack Meredith's half veiled sarcasm, Durnovo had only been allowed to come down to the coast under a promise, gracefully veiled, but distinct enough, that he should only remain twenty hours in

Jocelyn avoided seeing him again. Four days later she was riding through the native town of Loango, accom panied by a lady friend, when she met Victor Durnovo. The sight of him gave her a distinct shock. She knew that he had left Loango three days before with all his men. There was no doubt about that. Moreover, his air was distinctly furtive-almost scared. It was evident that the chance meeting was as undesired by him as it was surprising to

"I thought you had left," she said shortly, pulling up her horse with un-deniable decision.

"Yes, but I have come back for-for She knew he was lying, and he felt that she knew.
"Indeed!" she said. "You are not a

good starter." She turned her horse's head, nodded to her friend, bowed coldly to Durnovo

and trotted toward home. In the forest she applied the spur, and beneath the whispering trees, over the silent sand, the girl galloped home as fast

CHAPTER XV.

N nearing the bungalow Joce lyn turned aside into the for est where a little colony of huts nestled in a hollow of the sand dunes.

"Nala," she cried, "the paddlemaker. Ask him to come to me."

In a few moments a man emerged from a shed of banana leaves. He was a scraggy man, very lightly clad, and a violent squint handicapped him seriously in the matter of first im-

"I came to you," said Jocelyn, "be cause I know that you are an intelligent man and a great traveler."

"Where do you wish me to go?"
"To Msala, on the Ogowe river.

When can you leave?" "You can hire a dhow." she said.

"and on the river you may have as many rowers as you like. You must go very quickly to Msala. There you must ask about the Englishman's expedition. Some of the men are at Msala now. They were going up country to join the other Englishmen far away—near the mountains. They have stopped at Msala. Find out why they have not gone on, and come back very quickly to tell me." She gave him money and rode on

home. Before she reached the bunga-low the paddlemaker passed her at a trot, going toward the sea.

waited for three days, and then Victor Durnovo came again. Maurice was still away. There was an awful sense of impending danger in the very sense of impending units.

air, in the louenness or her position.

Yet she was not afraid of Durneyo.

Yet she was not afraid of Durneyo. She had left that fear behind. went to the drawing room to see him

full of resolution.
"I could not go away," he said after relinquishing her hand, "without com

ng to see you."

Jocelyn said nothing. The scared look which she had last seen in his face was no longer there, but the eyes were full

"Jocelyn," the man went on, "I sup pose you know that I love you. Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Because I not only do not care for you, but I despise and distrust you."

"Then," he said, "I will be candid with you. I intend you to marry me. I have intended it for a long time, I am not going down on my knees to ask you to do it. That is not my way. But if you drive me to it I will make your brother Maurice go down on his knees and beg you to marry me."

《西班牙》

and beg you to marry me." think that you will do that," answered the girl steadily. "Whatever your power over Maurice may be, it is not strong enough for that. You overrate it."

"Suppose," he said in a low, hiss voice, "that I possess knowledge that I have only to mention to one or two people to make this place too hot for Maurice Gordon. If he exceed the Maurice Gordon. If he escaped the fury of the natives it would be difficult to know where he could go. Eng-land would be too hot for him. They wouldn't have him there. I could see to that. He would be a ruined man, an outcast, execrated by all the civilized world."

"What is your knowledge?" asked Jocelyn in a coldly measured voice.

"If you will have it, your brother Maurice Gordon, is a slave trader." She drew back as she might have knew that he was not telling the truth. There might be extenuating circum stances. The real truth might have quite a different sound, spoken in different words, but there was enough of the truth in it as Victor Durnovo placed it before her to condem Maurice before the world.

"Now will you marry me?" he

sneered.
"Supposing," said Jocelyn, "for one moment that there was a grain of truth in your fabrication, who would believe you? Who on this coast would take your word against the word of an English gentleman? Even if the whole story were true, which it is not, could you prove it? You are a liar as well as a coward and traitor! Do you think that the very servants in the stable would believe you? Do you think that the incident of the smallpox at Msala is forgotten? Do you think that all Loango, even to the boatmen on the beach, ignores the fact that you are here in Loango now because you are afraid to go through a savage country to the simiacine plateau, as you are pledged to do? You were afraid of the smallpox once. There is something else that you are afraid of now. I do not Coward! Go! Leave the house at once, before I call in the stable boys to turn you out, and never dare to speak to me

He heard her close the window after him as he walked away beneath the

Jocelyn went out by the open window, and presently Nala came grinning toward her. He was evidently very much pleased with himself—held himself erect and squinted more violently

"I have been to Msala," he said, with considerable dignity of manner.

Nala squatted on the chunam floor and proceeded to unfold a leaf. The operation took some time. Within the uter covering there was a second envelope of paper, likewise secured by a string. Finally the man produced a small note, which showed signs of This he handed to Jocelyn with an absured air of importance.

She opened the paper and read:

To Marie, at Msala—Send at once to Mr. Durnovo, informing him that the Mr. Durnovo, informing him that the tribes have risen and are rapidly surrounding the plateau. He must return here at once with as large an armed force as he can raise, but the most important consideration is time. He must not wait for men from elsewhere, but must pick up as many as he can in Loango and on the way up to Msala. I reckon that we can hold out for three months without outside assistance, but after that period we shall be forced to surrender or try to cut our way through without the simiacine. With a larger force we could beat back the tribes and establish our hold on the plateau by force of arms. This must be forwarded to Mr. Durnovo at once, wherever he is. The letter is in duplicate, sent by two good messengers, who go by different routes.

JOHN MEREDITH.

When Joselyn looked up, dry lipped.

When Jocelyn looked up, dry lipped, breathless, Nala was standing before

her, beaming with self importance.
"Who gave you this?" "Marie, at Msala."

"Who is she?" "Oh, Mr. Durnovo's woman at Msala. She keeps his house." "But this letter is for Mr. Durnovo!"

cried Jocelyn, whose fear made her unreasonably angry. "Why has he

Nala came nearer, with upraised forefinger and explanatory palm.
"Marie tell me," he said, "that Mr.
Meredith sent two letters. Marie give Mr. Durnovo one. This—other letter."

Jocelyn Gordon rose to the occasion. "Can you go," she said after a mo-ment's thought, "to St. Paul de Loanda-

for me, at once—now?"
"Oh, yes," with a sigh.

Already Jocelyn was writing some-thing on a sheet of paper. "Take this," she said, "to the telegraph office at St. Paul de Loanda and send it off at once. Here is money. You understand? I will pay you when you bring back the receipt. If you have been very quick I will pay you

That same evening a second me ger started northward after Maurice come back at once to Loango.

Guy Oscard was dining alone in Russell square when a telegram was handed to him. He opened at and

surrounded and in danger, lise. Come at once. JOCELYN GORDON. 'In due time Guy Oscard landed on the beach at Lounda. He had the tele-

Joselyn greeted him with a rticulate cry of joy. "I did not think that you co

stily be here so soon," she said.
"What news have you?" he saked,
without pausing to explain. He was
one of those men who are silenced by

"That," she replied, handing him the ote written by Jack Meredith to Marie at Msala.

at Mana.
Guy Oscard read it carefully.
"Dated seven weeks last Monday;
nearly two months ago," he muttered
half to himself.

half to himself.
"But you will go?" she said, and something in her wice startled him.
""Of course I will go," he replied. He looked down into her face with a vague question in his quiet eyes, and who knows what he saw there? Perhaps she was off her guard. Perhaps she was off her guard. Perhaps she was off her guard. read this man aright and did not care. With a certain slow hesitation he laid his hand on her arm. There was semething almost paternal in his man-ner which was in keeping with his

"Moreover," he went on, "I will get there in time. I have an immense respect for Meredith. If he said that he could hold out for four months I should



"Le' go!" he gaspee say that he could hold out for six.

makes up his mind to take things It was not very well done, and sho probably saw through it. She probably knew that he was as anxious as she was herself. But his very presence was full of comfort. It somehow

rought a change to the moral atmos "Where is Durnovo?" Oscard asked

"I believe he is in Loango. It is not likely," she went on, "that he will come here. I—I rather lost my temper with him and said things which I imagine hurt his feelings."

"I'm rather afraid of doing that myself," he said; "only it will not be his

"I do not think," she replied, "that it would be at all expedient to say or do anything at present. He must go with you to the plateau. Afterward—per-

Oscard laughed quietly. "Ah," he said, "that sounds like one of Meredith's propositions. But he does not mean it any more than you do."

"I do mean it." replied Jocelyn quietmerciless, as the hatred of a woman loves. At such times women do not pause to give fair play. They make no llowance.

Guy Oscard smiled,
"I think I will go and look for him,"

he said. At dusk that same evening there was a singular incident in the barroom of

a singular incident in the barroom of the only hotel in Loango. Victor Durnovo was there, surrounded by a few friends of antecedents and blood similar to his own. They were having a convivial time of it, and the consumption of whisky was greater than might be deemed discreet in such

Durnovo was in the act of raising his glass to his lips when the open doorway was darkened and Guy Oscard stood before him. The half breed's jaw drop-ped; the glass was set down again rather unsteadily on the zinc cove

"I want you," said Oscard. There was a little pause, an ominous silence, and Victor Durnovo slowly fol-lowed Oscard out of the room, leaving

that ominous silence behind.

"I leave for Msala tonight," said Oscard when they were outside, "and you are coming with me."
"I'll see you cursed first!" replied Durnovo, with a courage born of Irish

Guy Oscard said nothing, but he stretched out his right hour. stretched out his right hand suddenly. His fingers closed in the collar of colored scion of two races found himself feebly trotting the one street of

"Le' go!" he gasped.
But the hand at his neck neither relinquished nor contracted. When they reached the beach the embarkation of the little army was going forward under Maurice Gordon's super-

nis hand, but he was too skillful to play it then. lo be continued.

vision. Victor looked at Gordon. Herefected over the trump card held in.

Food Value

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas are crisp squares of wholesome nourish They are the food that builds strength and muscle. They are as easily digested by the child and invalid as by the sturdy workman. They contain ALL the food properties of finest Canadian wheat flour, in a form that delights the appetite. Always fresh and crisp in the moisture-proof packages. At all grocers in popular lunch pails.

Entr

brot

perfo

unde

1(1

162

if th

the t

the 1

may

resid

land

of his

as to

of in

N.

of th

Paid

Frec

Exi

Th

route

Mond

Lea

every

o'clo

day,

at 2

be ex

retur

new

chiefs

Wrap

We

Ex

We

Lea

Lea

Six

(3

It's Nutritious

Beaver Flour contains all the nutriment all the blood, brain and muscle-building

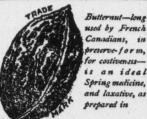
Beaver Flour

The grade of wheats selected for Bea Flour—being the finest grown in Canada—require no bleaching or electrical treatment. If electrical treatment. If you want ideal Bread, Cake and Pastry, just try Beaver Flour. Your grocer will supply you.



"Baby's Own" Soap —keeps its delicate fragance to the very last fragment, and it is so well made that it will wear to the thinnest wafer.

Albert Soaps Ltd. Mfrs., Montrea



Spring medicine. and laxative, as McGale's Butternut

Pills The curative extract is compounded with scientific exactness that makes it safe, gentle and effective for old and young—a perfect cure for containa-tion, indigestion, bad breath, bilious headaches, and that tired, depressed feeling.

It restores the ristural functions

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO. LTD.
SOLE PROPRIETORS
MONTREAL, CAN.

SCOTCH MARINE BOILER.

Built under government inspection. For sale by

Diameter, 8 ft., 6 in.

New Glasgow, N. S.

Length 10 ft.,

Three Barg The