

MISERABLE AND ALWAYS IN PAIN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a Dependable Help for Mothers

Port Greville, Nova Scotia.—"I took your medicine for a terrible pain in my side and for weakness and headache. I seemed to float all over, too, and my feet and hands were the worst. I am the mother of four children and I am missing my baby—the first one of four I could nurse. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before the baby's birth, so you can see how much it helped me. I cannot praise it too highly for what it has done for me. I took all kinds of medicine, but the Vegetable Compound is the only one that has helped me for any length of time. I recommend it to any one with troubles like mine and you may see my real testimonial."—Mrs. ROBERT McCULLAR, Port Greville, Nova Scotia.

Before and "twelve" the mother will find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a blessing.

Many, many letters are received giving the same sort of experience as is given in this letter. Not only is the mother benefited, but these good results pass on to the child.

No harmful drugs are used in the preparation of this medicine—just roots and herbs—and it can be taken in safety by the nursing mother.

86 out of every 100 women reported benefit from its use in a recent canvass among women users of this medicine. C

FLOOR SCRAPING MACHINE

I have purchased a "Universal Floor Scraping Machine" (one of the best on the market) and am now prepared to scrape hardwood floors of every description in a thoroughly first-class manner at most moderate prices.

RATES ON APPLICATION
THOS. R. MCKENZIE
Phone 271 - Campbellton
Sept. 4-11.

OXYGEN CARRIERS

Millions of red-blood cells, oxygen carriers, are born in a healthy body every day. The ability of nature to enrich the blood depends upon how well you are nourished.

Scott's Emulsion

brings to the body rich vitamin-nourishment that is easily absorbed by the blood-making organs to build strength. Scott's Emulsion nourishes and strengthens wonderfully well.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made by The Restigouche Log Driving and Boom Company to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof, for the passage of an Act to authorize the company to issue bonds in a sum not exceeding \$150,000 to bear interest at six per centum per annum, and to be denominated "renewal bonds," to replace bonds issued by the said company under the authority of the 155th of the Statutes of Canada, 1910, (hereinafter called "old bonds") now, in part, matured and paid; and, as and when the old bonds now outstanding may become matured and paid by the company; and to provide that any such renewal bonds so issued to replace any old bond or bonds which have heretofore been paid by the company or which shall hereafter be paid by the company shall be distributed pro rata to and among all those persons, firms and corporations who, as members of the company in the fiscal year in which any old bond or bonds have been or shall be paid, have contributed or shall contribute by tolls, or assessments, toward the payment of each of such old bonds and that such renewal bonds shall be distributed to such persons, firms and corporations, in the proportion that the amount paid by each such person, firm or corporation to the company for tolls or assessments, in such fiscal year, bears to the total amount received by the company from its members, in such year; and that such person, firm or corporation to whom any such renewal bond or bonds are so distributed shall receive the same as compensation to such person, firm or corporation for the money so contributed toward the redemption of such old bond or bonds.

Dated at Campbellton in the Province of New Brunswick this twenty-seventh day of January, A. D. 1925.
M. ALONZO KELLY,
Solicitor for Applicant.

Feb. 3-10.

ASTHMA HEAD AND BRONCHIAL

At the corner of George and Front Streets, Campbellton, N.B.

Respiratory ailments, such as colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs, are cured by the use of the "Raz-Mah" medicine.

It is a powerful expectorant and soothes the inflamed membrane of the throat and lungs, and is a most reliable remedy for all the above ailments.

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A Romance of the Spanish Main CAPTAIN BLOOD By RAFAEL SABATINI

SYNOPSIS

Peter Blood, a young Irish physician, who had been wrongfully condemned as a slave to the Barbadoes under King James, falls in love with Arabella, niece of the military commander, Sir Bridgeman. He aids his fellow rebels in an attack on a Spanish ship which had laid the city low and captures it. He sails for Tortuga, the rendezvous of the pirates of the Spanish Main. He accepts command of a buccaner fleet, with Levasseur, a Frenchman and his ship, under him. Mademoiselle d'Ogeron, the daughter of the friendly Dutch governor of Tortuga, is fascinated by Levasseur. Levasseur breaks faith with Blood and captures him, but Blood, under his Mademoiselle d'Ogeron, on which is Madelon and her brother, Blood lands at the island where Levasseur proposes to hold the girl as a hostage. Levasseur, however, draws and Captain Blood runs him through. Chastise, his aide, enlists with Blood, who makes Madelon and her brother his guests on board his ship.

CHAPTER XV—Continued

That affair of Mademoiselle d'Ogeron bore its natural fruit in improvement in the already cordial relations between Captain Blood and the Governor of Tortuga. It was not difficult then for Captain Blood to recruit able crews, and he might have increased the number of his ships as well, but he decided to hold to the three vessels which were his—the Arabella, the La Foudre and the Santiago, which he had rechristened the Elizabeth.

It was with this fleet that he carried out the enterprise against Maracaybo, an enterprise in which Peter Blood's daring was only surpassed by the almost unbroken success which he achieved against him and his men over to the tender mercies of his implacable enemy, Don Miguel de Esquivel. The Admiral of Spain, Captain Blood had landed at Maracaybo and had found the town empty. Too soon he learned of the trap. Esquivel had put into the narrow neck of the bay with his ships and had bottled the buccaner in the bay. A sloop, captured by Captain Blood, was loaded with gunpowder and was sailed directly at the Spaniard until the grapples held the two like a vice. Then it was set afloat. The Admiral's flagship burst into flame, and fine seamanship and hard fighting with his three ships made Captain Blood master of Maracaybo. But, when the Spaniards turned tail for shore and he gave chase, the force that guarded the bay and which had seemed deserted poured down a raking fire upon him and drove him in mortification and despair to take refuge in the town. The Spaniards secured themselves in the fort.

With a devil's luck and clear-headed thinking Captain Blood feinted with preparations for a land attack after he had managed to acquire a large ransom in gold from the Governor of Maracaybo, and, opening a broadside, put the fort in flames. Captain Blood sailed for Tortuga. Don Miguel was left to chew the bitter cup of lost opportunity.

CHAPTER XVI THE MILAGROSA

In Tortuga, during the months he spent there refitting the three ships he had captured from the fleet that he had set out to destroy him, he found himself almost an object of worship in the eyes of the wild brethren of the Coast, all of whom now clamored for the honor of serving under him. It placed him in the rare position of being able to pick and choose the crews for his augmented fleet, and he chose judiciously. Women next he sailed away it was with a fleet of five fine ships in which went something over a thousand men. Thus you behold him not merely famous, but rich and formidable. Three captured Spanish vessels he had renamed with a certain scholarly humor for "Cloth," "Achilles," and "Atreus," a grimly facetious name of conveying to the world that he made them the arbiters of the fate of any Spaniards he should hereafter encounter upon the seas.

And meanwhile the Spanish Admiral Don Miguel de Esquivel went racing up and down the Caribbean seeking his enemy, and in the meantime, as an hors-d'oeuvre to his vindictive appetite, he fell upon any ship of England or of France that loomed above his horizon. This "fluctuating" sea-captain and great gentleman of the world that he made them the arbiters of the fate of any Spaniards he should hereafter encounter upon the seas.

On the 15th September of the year 1688—a memorable year in the annals of England—three ships were affixed to the Caribbean, which in their combine contrivances were to work out the fortunes of several persons. The first of these was Captain Blood's flagship the Arabella, which had been separated from the buccaner fleet in a hurricane off the Lesser Antilles. She was heading up for the Windward Passage homing for Tortuga, the natural rendezvous of the dispersed vessels.

The second ship was the "Cloth," accompanied by the smaller frigate "Achilles," which had been separated from the buccaner fleet in a hurricane off the Lesser Antilles. She was heading up for the Windward Passage homing for Tortuga, the natural rendezvous of the dispersed vessels.

The third ship was the "Atreus," which had been separated from the buccaner fleet in a hurricane off the Lesser Antilles. She was heading up for the Windward Passage homing for Tortuga, the natural rendezvous of the dispersed vessels.

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Lord Julius Wade aboard the Royal Mary

Lord Julius hailed her advent with satisfaction. His lordship was one of your gallants to whom existence is not so much a stagnation and Miss Arabella Bishop was a young woman and a lady; and in the latitude into which Lord Julius had strayed this was a phenomenon sufficiently rare to command attention. On his side, however, he was attracted to each other before the Royal Mary was warped out of St. Nicholas. Each could tell the other much upon which the other desired information. Considering his mind was obsessed with the business of his mission, it is not wonderful that he should have come to talk to her of Captain Blood. Indeed, there was a circumstance that directly led to it.

"I wonder now," he said, as they were sauntering on the poop, "if you ever saw the fellow Blood who was at one time on your uncle's plantation as a slave."

"I saw him often. I knew him very well."

"You don't say," and came to lean beside her. "And what manner of man did you find him?"

"In those days I esteemed him for an unfortunate gentleman."

"You were acquainted with his story?"

"He told me. That is why I esteemed him—for the calm fortitude with which he bore adversity. Since I have seen him, I have come to doubt if what he told me of himself was true."

"If you mean the wrongs he suffered at the hands of the Royal Company, there's little doubt that it would be true enough. He was never out with Monmouth; that is certain. He was convicted on a point of law which he may well have been ignorant when he committed what was construed to treason. But, faith, he had his revenge, after a fashion."

"That," she said in a small voice, "is the unforgettable thing. It has destroyed him—deservingly."

"Destroyed him?" His lordship laughed a little. "Be none so sure of that. He has grown rich, I hear. He has translated, so it is said, his Spanish spoils into French gold, which is being treasured up for him in France. His future father-in-law, Mr. d'Ogeron, has seen to that."

"His future father-in-law?" said she, and stared at him round-eyed, with parted lips. Then added: "Mr. d'Ogeron? The Governor of Tortuga?"

"The same. You didn't know?"

"She shook her head without replying. After a moment she spoke, her voice steady and perfectly controlled.

"But surely, if this were true, there would have been an end to his piracy by now. If he had loved a woman and was betrothed, and was also rich as you say, surely he would have abandoned this desperate life."

"Why, so I thought," his lordship interrupted, "until I had the explanation, d'Ogeron is avaricious of money for his child. And as for the girl, I'm told she's a wild piece, fit mate for such a man as Blood. Almost I marvel that he doesn't marry her and take her a roving with him. It would be no new experience for her. And I marvel, too, at Blood's patience. He killed

the captain's cabin, under the poop, to which Miss Bishop had been conducted for safety. Lord Julius was seeking to comfort and encourage her.

"Don't be a fool," he said in his own tongue, "or you'll come by a fool's end. Your ship is sinking. Come, all of you, aboard my ship. Don Miguel invited them, and strode out."

As for the survivors in that ghastly chamber that had been the Royal Mary, they were abandoned by the Spaniards to their own resources. Let them take to the boats, and if those did not suffice them, let them swim or drown. If Lord Julius and Miss Bishop were retained, it was because Don Miguel perceived their obvious value. He received them in his cabin.

Lord Julius commanded himself with difficulty to supply them. Then he turned to face him. She was pale, the name of their aggressor eyes were blazing, as she cut into his apologies for Blood.

"They must, indeed, if his other associates allowed him to live after that."

"On the thing was done in fair fight," he told her.

"A man who sailed with them, a Frenchman named Chastise, whom I found in a water-side tavern in Nicholas. He was Levasseur's lieutenant, and he was present on the island where the thing happened, and when Levasseur was killed."

"And the girl?" Did he say the girl was present, too?"

"Yes. She was a witness of the encounter. Blood carried her off when he had disposed of his brother-buccaner."

"And the dead man's followers allowed it?" He caught the note of incredulity in her voice, but missed the hint of relief with which it was bleated. "Oh, I don't believe the tale. I won't believe it!"

"It strained my own belief that men should be so callous, until this Chastise afforded me the explanation. Blood was pale to the lips, and her hand to carry the girl off. He paid them in pearls that were worth more than twenty thousand pieces of eight."

"A handsome price!"

"Your Chastise seems to have been accurate enough. Alas!"

"You are sorry, then?"

"As we are sorry to hear of the death of one we have esteemed. Once I held him in regard for an unfortunate but worthy gentleman. Now—"

"Such a man is best forgotten."

"And upon that she passed at once to speak of other things. The friendship which it was her gift to command in all she met grew steadily between those two in the little time remaining, until the event befell that married what was promised."

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Is your baking asked for?

At every gathering where home baking is served, some housewife's cooking is always in demand. Why is this? Because she bakes with Quaker Flour, the dependable flour that never varies in quality.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same—Always the Best

Deal with the dealer who sells Quaker Flour. If you do not know his name, write us and we will direct you.

A Product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

DISTRIBUTORS CAMPBELLTON

BAIRD AND PETERS AND ALL

LEADING RETAIL STORES.

ing to be the pleasant stage of his lordship's voyage.

The marplot was the mad-dog Spanish admiral, whom they encountered on the second day out, when half way across the Gulf of Gonaves. A shot from the Milagrosa got among some powder stored in the Royal Mary's fore-castle and blew up half the ship almost before the fight had started.

Before the men of the Royal Mary had recovered from their consternation, their captain killed and a third of their number destroyed with him, the ship, yawning and rocking helplessly in a crippled state, the Spaniards boarded her.

In the captain's cabin, under the poop, to which Miss Bishop had been conducted for safety, Lord Julius was seeking to comfort and encourage her with assurances that all would yet be well, at the very moment when Don Miguel was stepping aboard. Fortunately, Miss Bishop did not appear to be in desperate need of the poor comfort he was in case to offer.

The cabin door flew open and Don Miguel strode in. Lord Julius sprang round to face him and clapped a hand to his sword.

The Spaniard was brisk and to the point. "Don't be a fool," he said in his own tongue, "or you'll come by a fool's end. Your ship is sinking. Come, all of you, aboard my ship. Don Miguel invited them, and strode out."

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