

We like best to call
SCOTT'S EMULSION
a food because it stands so
emphatically for perfect nutrition.
And yet in the matter of restor-
ing appetite, of giving new
strength to the tissues, especially
to the nerves, its action is that
of a medicine.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont. and all druggists.

**BOILERS
SMOKE STACKS
AND ALL KINDS OF
SHEET STEEL WORK.**

MATHESON & CO. LTD.
NEW GLASSBORO

B. B. GENUINE.

White lead mixed with pure
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,
House Decorator and Sign Writer
Shop over Steam Laundry
Orders can be left at Steam Lau-
dry.

WATER ST.
Opposite I. C. R. Station.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that The Res-
tigue Boom Company has deposited in
the Office of the Minister of Public
Works, Ottawa, a Plan of their Boom
and description of the site thereof in
the Restigouche River; and that du-
plicates of said Plan and description
have been deposited in the Office of
the Registrar of Deeds in and for the
County of Restigouche in the Province
of New Brunswick, and in the Office
of the Registrar of Deeds in and for
the County of Bonaventure in the
Province of Quebec.

And further take notice that at the
expiration of one month from the date
of the first publication of this Notice,
application will be made to the Gov-
ernor in Council for approval of said
Plan and Site.

Dated this 1st day of June, A. D.,
1907

John McAllister,
Secretary-Treasurer
Restigouche Boom Co

NOTICE OF SALE

To Finton Hynes formerly of Eel
River Crossing, in the Parish of Dal-
housie, in the County of Restigouche
and province of New Brunswick,
Painter and Theresa his wife, now of
Oconto, in the State of Wisconsin
one of the United States of America,
and to all others whom it shall or may
concern.

Notice is hereby given that under
and by virtue of a power of Sale con-
tained in a certain Indenture of
mortgage bearing date the fifth day
of June, A. D., 1905, made between
the said Finton Hynes and Theresa
his wife of the one part and James
Martin of Upper Charlo in the Parish
of Coleborne, in the County of Resti-
gouche, farmer of the other part, and
which mortgage was duly registered
the seventh day of June, A. D., 1905
as No. 7542 on pages 60, 61, 62, 63
and 64 in Book "W" of the Records
of the County of Restigouche, there
will for the purpose of satisfying the
money secured thereby, default having
been made in the payment thereof, be
sold at Public auction on Saturday the
sixth day of July, A. D., 1907, at two
o'clock in the afternoon in front of the
undermentioned premises at Eel River
crossing aforesaid in said county—All
and singular that certain Lot of land
and premises, situate, lying and being
at Eel River Crossing in the Parish
of Dalhousie, in the county of Resti-
gouche, and bounded and described
as follows to wit:—Beginning at a
stake on the South side of the Forest-
ers Hall, situate a Eel River crossing
in the said parish of Dalhousie, on the
West side of the highway (thence
Southerly on said highway seventy feet
(70), thence Westerly at right angles
to said highway one hundred and ten
feet (110), thence Northerly parallel to
said highway seventy feet (70), and
thence easterly one hundred and ten
feet to the place of beginning.

Dated at Dalhousie, this thirtieth
day of April, A. D., 1907
Signed in the presence of
James S. Harquail
his
James x Martin
mark

31-2m

With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
Author of "The Sowers," "Bodley's Corner," "From
One Generation to Another," Etc.

Copyright, 1904, by HARPER & BROTHERS

Joseph followed Oscar, and with
him a certain number of the blacks,
but some stayed. Some went to Dur-
no and stood beside him. The slaves
spoke among themselves, and then
they all went over to Durno.

So that which the placid moon shone
down upon was the breakup of the
great simlacine scheme. Victor Dur-
no had not come off so badly. He
had the larger half of the men by his
side. He had all the finest crop the
trees had yet yielded, but he had yet
to reckon with high heaven!

CHAPTER XX.
SIR JOHN MEREDITH was sit-
ting stiffly in a straight backed
chair by his library fire. In
his young days men didn't loiter
in deep chairs, with their knees higher
than their heads. There were no such
chairs in this library, just as there
was no afternoon tea except for ladies.
Sir John had lately noticed an
other degeneration—namely, in the
quality of the London gas. So serious
was this falling off that he had
taken to a lamp in the evening, which
lamp stood on the table at his elbow.

There was nothing dismal or lonely
about this old man, sitting in evening
dress in a high backed chair, stiffly
reading a scientific book of the mod-
ern, cheap science tenor—not written
for scientists, but to step in when the
brain is weary of novels and afraid of
communing with itself. Oh, no! A
gentleman need never be dull. He
has his necessary occupations. If he is
a man of intellect he need never be
idle. It is an occupation to keep up
with the times.

He passed in the midst of a sci-
entific definition and looked up with
listening eyes. He had got into the
way of listening to the passing wheels
of Lady Cantourne sometimes called for
him on her way to a festivity, but it
was not that.

The wheels he heard had stopped.
Perhaps it was Lady Cantourne, but
he did not think so. She drove behind
a pair, and this was not a pair.

A few minutes later the butler sil-
ently threw open the door, and Jack
stood on the threshold. Sir John Mer-
edith's son had been given back to him
from the gates of death.

The son, like the father, was in im-
maculate evening dress. There was
a very subtle cynicism in the thought
of turning aside on such a return as
this to dress to the careful white
hair and brush imperceptibly ruffled
hair.

There was a little pause, and the
two tall men stood, half bowing, with
a marvelous similarity of attitude, gaz-
ing steadily into each other's eyes.
And one cannot help wondering whether
it was a mere accident that Jack Mer-
edith stood motionless on the
threshold until his father said "Come
in."

"Thomson," he continued to the but-
ler, with that pride of keeping up be-
fore all the world which was his, "bring
up coffee."

The butler closed the door behind
him. Sir John was holding on to the
back of his high chair in rather a con-
strained way—almost as if he were suf-
fering pain. They looked at each other
again, and there was a resemblance in
the very manner of raising the eyelids.
There was a stronger resemblance in

the grim, waiting silence which neither
of them would break.

At last Jack spoke, approaching the
fire and looking into it.
"You must excuse my taking you by
surprise at this—unusual hour." He
turned, saw the lamp, the book and the
eyeglasses, which seemed to break the
train of his thoughts. "I only landed
at Liverpool this afternoon," he went
on, with hopeless politeness. "I did
not trouble you with a telegram, know-
ing that you object to them."

The old man bowed gravely.
"I am always glad to see you," he
said simply. "Will you not sit down?"
And they had begun wrong.

"I suppose you have died," said Sir
John when they were seated, "or may
I offer you something?"
"Thanks, I dined on the way up, in a
twilight refreshment room, with one
waiter and a number of attendant
black beetles."

"Yes," he said conversationally, "for
speed combined with discomfort I sup-
pose we can hold our heads against any
country. Seeing that you are dressed,
I supposed that you had dined in
town."

"No. I drove straight to my rooms
and kept the cab while I dressed."
What an important matter this dress-
ing seemed to be! And there were fif-
teen months behind it—fifteen months
which had aged one of them and so-
bered the other.

Jack was sitting forward in his chair
with his immaculate dress shoes on
the fender, his knees apart, his el-
bows resting on them, his eyes still
fixed on the fire. Sir John looked
keenly at him beneath his frowning,
featureless lids. He saw the few gray
hairs over Jack's ears, the suggested
wrinkles, the drawn lines about his
mouth.

Joseph's letter had been laid away in
the top drawer of his writing table.
"Yes, I had rather a bad time, a se-
rious illness. My man nursed me
through it, however, with marked suc-
cess, and the Gordons, with whom I
was staying, were very kind."

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss
Gordon."

Jack's face was steady, suavely im-
penetrable.
Sir John moved a little and set his
empty cup upon the table.

"A charming girl," he added.
"Yes."

"You are fortunate in that man of
yours," Sir John said; "a first class
man."

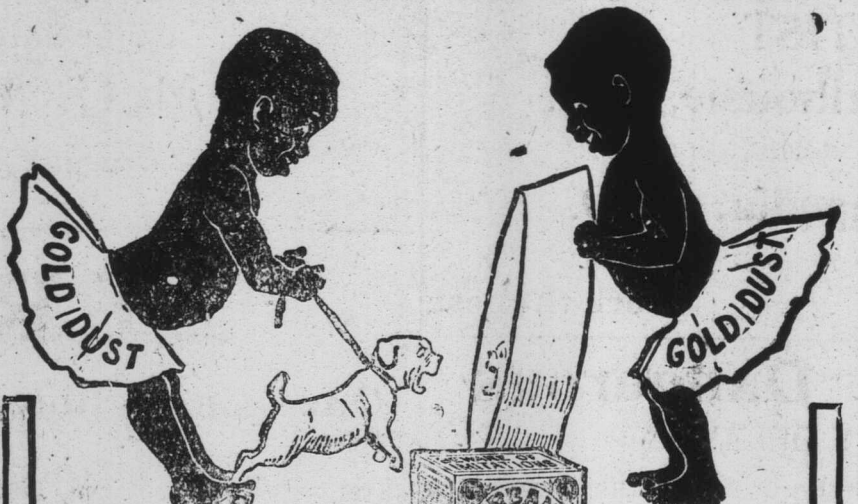
"If I may suggest it," he said rather
indistinctly, "I think it would be well
if we signified our appreciation of his
devotion in some substantial way. We
might well do something between us."

He paused and threw back his shoul-
ders.
"I should like to give him some sub-
stantial token of my gratitude."

Sir John was nothing if not just.
"Thank you," answered Jack quietly.
He turned his head a little and glanced
not at his father, but in his direction.
"He will appreciate it, I know."

"I should like to see him tomorrow."

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work!"



The Dog and The Shadow

You remember the fable of the
dog who dropped a real bone for
its shadow which he saw in the water. "Bear in mind that all is not
Gold Dust that glitters under the name of washing powder. Don't accept a
shadowy substitute; get the real

Gold Dust Washing Powder

with the Gold Dust Twins on the package."

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST

Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-
work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work,
cleaning kaila room pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. E. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

Jack whiffed, as if he had made a
mistake.

"He is not in England," he explained.
"I left him behind me in Africa. He
has gone back to the simlacine pla-
teau."

The old man's face dropped rather
piteously.
"I am sorry," he said, with one of
the sudden relapses into old age that
Lady Cantourne dreaded. "I may not
have a chance of seeing him to thank
him personally. A good servant is so
rare nowadays. These modern democ-
rats seem to think that it is a nobler
thing to be a bad servant than a good
one. As if we were not all servants!"

He was thirsting for details. There
were a thousand questions in his heart,
but not one on his lips.

He did so, and they sat in silence
until the butler had come and gone.
"We have been very successful with
the simlacine, our scheme," said Jack
suddenly. "I have brought home a con-
siderable sum, valued at £70,000."

Sir John's face never changed.
"And," he asked, with veiled sarcasm,
"do you carry out the—commercial
part of the scheme?"

"I shall begin to arrange for the sale
of the consignment tomorrow. I shall
have no difficulty, at least I anticipate
none. Yes, I do the commercial part
as well as the other. I held the plateau
against 2,000 natives for three months
with fifty-five men. But I do the com-
mercial part as well."

He was looking into the fire still.
Sir John stole a long comprehensive
glance at his son's face. His old eyes
lighted up with pride and something
else, possibly love. The clock on the
mantelpiece struck 11. Jack looked
at it thoughtfully, then he rose.

"I must not keep you any longer," he
said somewhat stiffly.
"I dare say you are tired; you need
rest. In some ways you look stronger.
In others you look fagged and pulled
keenly at him beneath his frowning,
featureless lids. He saw the few gray
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devotion in some substantial way. We
might well do something between us."

he was in the drawing room, leaving
him there waiting alone.

Presently the door opened and Mil-
licent hurried in. She threw her gloves
and whip—anywhere—on the floor and
ran to him.

"Oh, Jack," she cried.
It was very prettily done. In its way
it was a poem.

"And, Jack, do you know," she went
on, "all the newspapers have been full
of you. You are quite a celebrity.
And are you really as rich as they
say?"

"I think I can safely say that I am
not," he answered.
Lady Cantourne left them there for
nearly an hour, in which space of time
she probably reflected they could build
up as rosy a future as was good for

them to contemplate. Then she re-
turned to the drawing room, followed
by a full sized footman bearing tea.

She was too discreet a woman, too
deeply versed in the sudden changes of
the human mind and heart, to say any-
thing until one of them should give her
a distinct lead. They were not shy
and awkward children. Perhaps she
reflected that the generation to which
they belonged is not one heavily handi-
capped by too subtle a delicacy of
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(To be continued.)

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Suitable For All Seasons
HEWSON TWEEDS for Ladies' Suits have more
than beauty of style and coloring to commend them.
They are PURE wool—wear as only wool can—and
may be washed without injury.
Woven in a great variety of beautiful
patterns. Not expensive. Ask your dealer
to show you his newest styles in
HEWSON TWEEDS.

GOLDFIELD 5c.

The Hecla Goldfield M. & M. Combination is the best buy
in the mineral district. Place your order for our new map
of the Goldfield territory—the best map ever issued from the
district. We allow you to pay on the cash or five monthly
payment plan. Send in your reservation at once.

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Meet Winter Halfway

and you'll conquer when it arrives.
Have your heating arrangements put
in proper order now, so you will be
cozy and comfortable when the first
cold wave arrives. We are plumbers
if the highest abilities, and make a
specialty of steam fitting and heating
work.

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CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

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All contract work guaranteed satisfactory.
Heating by Hot Water and Steam a Specialty.

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draft farm machinery.
Driving and Work Harness, Woodcutters, Gasoline Engines,
Cream Separators, Churns, Washing Machines, Lawn Mowers, Bicycles,
Organs, Sewing Machines, etc.

Sole agents for MASON & RITCHIE AND NEWCOMBE PIANOS.

E. A. LeGALLAIS,
Phone No 100 Water St, Campbellton, N. B.

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Has just received one carload
WAGONS, STEEL AND RUBBER TIRE.
PRICES THE LOWEST.

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Harrows, Single and double, Lap Robes, Cream Separators, Refrigerators,
Sewing Machines, Pianos and Organs.
Fresh Water Ice and Wood delivered to any part of the town.
Trucking and Express Delivery.

If you need anything in my line ring up PHONE 191

T. ELLSWORTH Hugh Miller Building,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

Coal!

Hard Coal, Soft Coal and Blacksmith Coal
A large quantity always on hand Delivered
to any part of the town. Orders by mail
promptly attended to

Jos H Taylor