

## Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION  
SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NUTRIMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,  
Toronto, Ont. and all druggists.

## BOILERS.

SMOKE STACKS  
AND ALL KINDS OF  
SHEET STEEL WORK.

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## 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 Laundry.

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

T. F. Sherrard, & Son  
MONCTON, N. B.

Importers of  
**MARBLE & GRANITE**

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Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones  
and all other cemetery work.

Most modern machinery for polishing  
marble and granite.

New lettering and carving machinery  
run by compressed air.

Write us for prices and estimates.

## Notice.

We hereby give notice that we will prosecute all persons selling, holding, defacing or destroying any lumber belonging to us. All logs, ties or telegraph poles marked in the bark or on the end with "K" or any of its combinations, "M R" or "R M", or spruce, pine or fir logs only with "P", are our property, and to anybody picking them up, we will pay the customary salvage for them, and anybody found with them in their possession after the publication of this notice will be prosecuted.

Shives Lumber Company, Ltd.  
35-4

## Notice

Notice is hereby given that The Restigouche 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 duplicates of the said Plan and description have been deposited in the Office of the Registrar of deeds 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 Second Registration Division of 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 Governor 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

36-5

## Tenders.

Contractors are invited to tender for the various Artizan works required in the erection of a hall for the Loyal Orange Lodge No 64 in Campbellton. Plans and specifications will be on view at the office of the architect, J. A. Proudfoot Bulman from the 13th until the 20th of June, 1907.

Sealed tenders properly endorsed are to be sent to the Chairman of the building committee, Mr James Haines on or before 12 am of June 21st. The lowest of any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. H. WALLACE  
Contractor & Builder

Concrete work in all Branches.  
a specialty. Moving and raising  
Buildings.  
Campbellton, N. B. P O Box 484  
Phone 91

## With Edged Tools

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

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"And I think that Mr. Osgood will be looking for you."

"And he won't need to look long, sir. I should like to see you safe on board the boat; then I'm ready to go."

"Right. We can both leave by Thursday's boat, and we'll get the captain to drop you and your men at Lopez. We can get things ready by then, I think."

"Easy, sir."

The question thus settled, there seemed to be no necessity to prolong the interview. But Joseph did not move. Meredith waited patiently.

"I'll go up, sir, to the platter," said the servant at length, "and I'll place myself under Mr. Osgood's orders; but before I go I want to give you notice of resignation. I resign my partnership in this 'ere simlacine at six months from today. It's a bit too hot, sir, that's the truth. It's all very well for gentlemen like yourself and Mr. Osgood, with fortunes and fine houses, and as sayin' goes, a wife apiece waiting for you at home—it's all very well for you to go about in this blamed country with yer life in yer hand, and not a tight grip at that. But for a poor soldier man like myself, what has smelt the regulation powder all 'is life, and hasn't got nothing to love and do gal waiting for him at home—well, it isn't good enough. That's what I say, sir, with respects."

He added the last two words by way of apology for having banged a very solid fist on the table.

Joseph rubbed his hands slowly together and departed, leaving his master to begin a long letter to Guy Osgood.

And at the other end of the passage, in her room with the door locked, Jocelyn Gordon was sobbing in a wild burst of grief because she had probably saved the life of Jack Meredith, and in doing so had only succeeded in sending him away from her.

When Jack Meredith said that there was not another man in Africa who could make his way from Loango to the simlacine plateau he spoke no more than the truth. There were only four men in all the world who knew the way, and two of them were isolated on the summit of a lost mountain in the interior. Meredith himself was unfit for the journey. There remained Joseph.

In coming down to Loango Joseph had had the recently made track of Osgood's rescuing party to guide him day by day. He knew that this was now completely overgrown. The simlacine plateau was once more lost to all human knowledge.

And up there, alone amid the clouds, Guy Osgood was, as he himself tersely put it, "sticking to it." He had stuck to it to such good effect that the supply of fresh young simlacine was daily increasing in bulk. Again Victor Durnovo seemed to have regained his better self. He was like a full blooded horse—tractable enough if kept hard at work. He was a different man up on the plateau from what he was down at Loango. There are some men who deteriorate in the wilds, while others are better, stronger, finer creatures away from the luxury of civilization and the softening influence of female society.

Of these latter was Victor Durnovo.

One thing Guy Osgood soon became aware—namely, that no one could make the men work as could Durnovo. He had merely to walk to the door of his tent to make every picker on the little plateau bend over his tree with

renewed attention. And while above all was eagerness and hurry, below, in the valley, this man's name insured peace.

The trees were now beginning to show the good result of pruning and a regular irrigation. Never had the leaves been so vigorous, never had the simlacine trees borne such a bushy, luxuriant growth since the dim, dark days of the flood.

Osgood relapsed into his old hunting ways. Day after day he tranquilly shouldered his rifle, and alone of people in the forest only to emerge therefrom at sunset. What he saw there he never spoke of. Sure it was that he must have seen strange things, for no prying white man had set foot in these wilds before him; no book has ever been written of that country that lies around the simlacine plateau.

Osgood was thinking of Millicent Chyne one misty morning while he walked slowly backward and forward before his tent. His knowledge of the country told him that the mist was nothing but the night's accumulation of moisture round the summit of the mountain, that down in the valleys it was clear and that half an hour's sunshine would disperse all. He was waiting for this result when he heard a rifle shot far away in the haze beneath him and he knew that it was Joseph, probably making one of those marvelous long shots of his which roused a sudden sigh of envy in the heart of this mighty hunter whenever he witnessed them.

Osgood immediately went to his tent and came out with his short barreled,

He shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, turned by the sound of angry voices behind the native camp. He turned naturally toward Durnovo's tent, and saw that he was absent. The voices accompanying roar of sound, which Osgood never remembered having heard before. It was the protesting voice of a mass of men—and there is no sound like it—no sound so disquieting. Osgood listened attentively and suddenly he was thrown upon his feet by a pistol shot.

At the same moment Joseph emerged from behind the tent, dragging some one by the collar. The victim of Joseph's violence was off his feet, but still struggling and kicking.

Guy Osgood saw the flash of a second shot, apparently within a few inches of Joseph's face, but he came on, dragging the man with him, whom from his clothing Osgood saw to be Durnovo.

Joseph was spitting out wadding and burned powder.

"Shoot me, would yer, yer skulking chocolate bird? I'll teach yer!" I'll twist that brown neck of yours."

He shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, and seemed to shake things off him—among others a revolver which described a circle in the air and fell heavily on the ground, where the concussion discharged a cartridge.

"Ere, sir," cried Joseph, literally throwing Durnovo down on the ground at Osgood's feet, "that man has just shot one o' them poor niggers, so 'elp me God!"

Durnovo rose slowly to his feet, as if the shaking had disturbed his faculties.

"Oh, don't make a fool of yourself," he said in a hissing voice; "you don't understand these natives at all. The man raised his hand to me. He would have killed me if he had had the chance. Shooting was the only thing left to do. You can only hold these men by fear. They expect it."

"Of course they expect it," shouted Joseph in his face; "of course they expect it, Mr. Durnovo."

"Why?"

"Because they're slaves. Think I don't know that?"

He turned to Osgood.

"This man, Mr. Osgood," he said, "is a slave owner. Them forty that joined at Masla was slaves. He's shot two of 'em now; this is his second. And what does he care? They're his slaves. Oh, shame on yer!" turning again to Durnovo. I wonder God let yer stand there. I can only think that he doesn't want to dirty his hand by strikin' yer down."

Osgood had taken his pipe from his lips. He looked bigger, somehow, than ever. His brown face was turning to an ashen color and there was a dull, steel-like gleam in his blue eyes. The terrible, slow kindling anger of this northerner made Durnovo catch his breath. It was so different from the sudden passion of his own countrymen.

"Is this true?" he asked.

"It's a lie, of course," answered Durnovo, with a sneer at the shoulder.

Osgood looked down in his sailow, powerful face. He was not quick at such things, but at that moment he felt strangely certain that Victor Durnovo was hoping that Meredith was dead.

"I hope it isn't," he answered, and without another word he strode away down the little pathway from the summit into the clouds, loading his rifle as he went.

Durnovo and his men, working among the simlacine bushes, heard from time to time a signal shot as the two Englishmen groped their way toward each other through the everlasting night of the African forest.

It was midday before the newcomers were espied making their way painfully up the slope, and Joseph's welcome was not so much in Durnovo's handshake, in Guy Osgood's silent approval, as in the row of grinning, good natured black faces behind Durnovo's back.

Joseph's arrival with ten new men seemed to give a fresh zest to the work, and the carefully packed cases of simlacine began to fill Osgood's tent to some inconvenience. Thus things went on for two tranquil weeks.

"First," Osgood had said, "let us get the crop in, and then we can arrange what is to be done about the future."

So the crop received due attention, but the two leaders of the men—who led by fear and he who commanded by love—were watching each other.

One evening when the work was done Osgood's meditations were dis-

He moved away as if he were going to his tent, but Osgood's arm reached out. His large brown hand fell heavily on the half breed's shoulder.

"Stay," he said; "we are going to get to the bottom of this."

"Good," muttered Joseph, rubbing his hands slowly together; "this is prime."

"Go on," said Osgood to him.

"Where's the wages you and Mr. Meredith has paid him for those forty men?" pursued Joseph. "Where's the advance you made him for those men at Masla? Not one ha'penny of it have they fingered. And why? Cos they're slaves! Fifteen months at £50—let them as can reckon tot it up for themselves. That's his first swindle—and there's others, sir! Oh, there's more behind. That man's just a hot-bed o' crime. But this 'ere slave owning is enough to settle his hash, I take it."

"Let us have these men here; we will hear what they have to say," said Osgood in the same dull tone that frightened Victor Durnovo.

"Not you!" he went on, laying his hand on Durnovo's shoulder again; "Joseph will fetch them, thank you."

So the forty—or the thirty-seven survivors, for one had died on the journey up and two had been murdered—were brought. They were peaceful, timorous men, whose manhood seemed to have been crushed out of them; and slowly, word by word, their grim story was got out of them. Joseph knew a little of their language, and one of the head-digging men knew a little more and spoke a dialect known to Osgood. They were slaves, they said at once, but only on Osgood's promise that Durnovo should not be allowed to shoot them. They had been brought from the north by a victorious chief who in turn had handed them over to Victor Durnovo in payment of an outstanding debt for ammunition supplied.

"I leave this place at sunrise tomorrow," said Guy Osgood to them all. "I never want to see it again. I will not touch one penny of the money that has been made. I speak for Mr. Meredith and myself."

"Likewise me," put in Joseph.

"I speak as Mr. Meredith himself would have spoken," said Joseph. "The simlacine. You can have it. I won't touch it. And now who is going with me—who leaves with me tomorrow morning?"

He moved away from Durnovo.

"And who stays with me," cried the half breed, "to share and share alike in the simlacine?"

(To be continued.)

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