THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1909.

can't get over that. It must 'a' been

somethin' powerful strong to make you do it, John." When the old man

vouchsafed no more than a nod to a

"Where's Poleon? I've got news for

"I don't know. Why?" "His laymen have give up. They've

crosscut his ground, and the pay ain't

"Worse'n that-three of them. The creek is spotteder than a leopard.

Runnion's men, for instance, are into

It bigger than a house, while Poleon's

people can't raise a color. I call it tough luck-yes, worse'n tough. It's

hard biled and pickled. To them as

has shall it be given and to them as

hasn't shall be took even what they

ain't got, as the poet says. Look at

Necia! She'll be richer than a cream

"She's gone," said the trader wearily.

turning his haggard face from the

"Up river with Runnion. They got

ply, "Let's go and git her, John."

waiting-waiting-waiting for

you and me bring her back?"

The trader looked at him queerly.

I'm eating my heart out hour by hour

kind of a craft to come, and so is Bur-

some

puff. Guess I'll step around and see

, so they've quit work for good."

uestion the prospector inquired:

him from the creek."

ber.'

prospector.

ment in me."

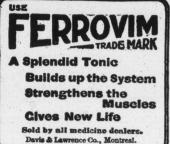
handed.

and careless.

Gone! Where?"

"He drew a blank, eh?"

Tapanese Menthol is unequalled as a pain relieving agent. Applied in the "D. & L." Menthol Plaster it is the most effective (remedy known for Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatic Aches and Pains. Try a "D. & L." Menthol Plaster the next time you are suffering from any one of these complaints and be convinced. 25c. each at druggists.



OTTAWA. SCULPTURAL COMPETITION OF DESIGN

FOR TWO MONUMENTS

FOR TWO MONUMENTS 1. Competitive designs are invited for two monuments, one to the mem-ory of the late Hon. George Brown and the other to the memory of the late Hon. Themas D'Arcy McGeet, 2. Each monument is not when com-pleted and in position, to cost more than the thousand dollars, including redes: from the level of the grouzd. 3. The competition is open only to artists are ident in Canada, and artists of Canadas o birth residing elsewhere. 4. The second the a point in the Government of constructions, to be hereafter 6 and a second the form of d.
d. be in the form of plaster, made a uni-nd one-half inches
***ption of the design as ach model. No
** descinctive de-tac to the models or
The competition shall 5. Design sketch mode form scale of to the foot. A.. shall accompany a name, motto or sa vice is to be attac description. The send his name in a

to the models or competitor shall caled envelope without distinctive north the tereon. 6. The author of the best designs will be warded the commission of the work, the second best, 500.00 and the

third best \$300.00. 7. The models and all communica-The models and all comfaulted-tions regarding this matter shall be addressed to Advisory Art Council, Care of Dept, of Public Works, Ottawa, Canada.

The designs must be delivered before The designs must beddelicered hefore? the 1st day of Feb. 1910. They will be kept from public view until the reward has been made. All expenses of deliv-ering the sketch-models and accom-parying descriptions shall be paid to the competitors. Sketch-models will, after the award at the expense of the department be returned upon the request of competitors, but at the risk of the competitors. Notice of the award will be sent to

Notice of the award will be sent to Notice of the award will be sent to each competitor. The award will only be binding pro-vided the successful competitor is prepared to furnish satisfactory evi-dence, with scenity if demanded, that he can execute the work for the sum mentioned above.

B. order, NAPOLEON TESSIER,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Aug. 17, 1900, Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they inset it without authority from the Department.



noon they came in sight of, a little stern wheeled craft that puffed and pattered manfully against the sweeping current, hiding behind the points and bars and following the slackest water.

"It's the mission boat!" cried Necia. "It's the mission boat! Father Barnum will be aboard."

She waved her arms madly and mingled her voice with Poleon's until a black robed figure appeared beside the

"Father, Barnum!" she screamed, and, ecognizing her, he signaled back. Soon they were alongside, and a pair of Siwash deck hands lifted Necia aboard, Doret following after, the painter of the Peterborough in his teeth. He dragged both canoes out of the boiling tide and laid them bottom up on the forward deck, then climbed the narrow little stairs to find Necia in the arms of a benignant, white haired priest, the best beloved man on

the Yukon, who broke away from the girl to greet the Frenchman, his kind face alight with astonishment. "What is all this I hear? Slowly,

Doret, slowly! My little girl is talking foo furiously for these poor old wits to follow. I can't understand. 1 am.amazed. What is this tale?" Together they told him, while his blue eyes now opened wide with wonder, now grew soft with pity, then blazed with indignation When they had finished he laid his hand upon

Doret's shoulder. "My son, I thank God for your good body and your clean heart. You saved our Necia, and you will be rewarded. As to this-this-man Runnion, we nust find him, and he must be sent out of the country."

It required some pressure to per-suade the Frenchman, but at last he onsented, and as the afternoon drew o a close the little steamboat came squattering and wheezing up to the bar where Runnion had built his fire that morning, and a long, shrill blast summoned him from the point above When he did not appear the priest tools Poleon and his round faced, silent crew of two and went up the bank, at they found no sigh of the crip ded man-only a few rags, a trampled oatch of brush at the forest's edge, and that was all. The springy moss howed no trail. The thicket gave no swer to their cries, although they ent an hour in a scattered search al sounded the steamboat's whistle min and again

bi Doret, "Mebbe he ain' hurt so

You must be right," said Father "We will keep the steamer ese to this shore, so that he can hall when we evertable him." (this so they resumed their toilsome

but mile after mile fell behind a mil still to volce came from the ets to druge helled them. Doret, tutable and shent, jounged against pil those scioking incumerable sites which he rolled from squares rewiseper, his been eyes apparbet when hight fell at last the large faced from sight he

the net buil overboard, smilled but the darknessennel went he-

has to run with the current to move." "We can't use her," Gale gave in reluctantly. "She'd only lose time for us. We've got to wait for one of the A. C. boats." "Wait!" cried Burrell. "We've done nothing but wait, wait, wait! Let's do

something!" "You go back yonder and set down." commanded Lee. "We'll have a boat before long."

The arrival of the tiny mission steamer was never of sufficient importance to draw a crowd to the river



her away from me last night." "Sufferin' snakes!" ejaculated Lee. 'So that's why!" Then be added sim-· hay "Maybe I won't-on the first boat!

'I bring her back to you, m'sicu'!"

nk, so the impatient men at the post "What's he got to do with it?" said relaxed interest in her as she cam the one eyed miner jealously. "Can't reeping up abreast of the town. It was little Johnny Gale who first say "He'll marry her! God, won't there never be a boat?" Necia and Poleon on board, for he had ecognized Father Barnum's craft at a For the hundredth time that morn tance and stationed himself at the ing he went to the door of the post ank hand in hand with Molly to bid and strained his eyes downstream. "Well, well! Them two goin' to be good, kind old man welcome. The men inside the house did not

married," said Lee. "Stark licked, and Necia goin' to be married-all at once. ar the boy crying Necia's name, for his voice was small, and they had gone hate to see it. John. He ain't good o the rear of the store. enough. She could 'a' done a heap bet-

"Understand? You leave Runnion ter. There's a lot of reg'lar men around me," Purrell was saying. "No mai uere, and she could 'a' had her pick. Of shall lay hands on him except me. course; always bein' broke like a dog Ilis voice trailed away. He rose slow myself. I ain't kept up my personal apy to his feet, a strange light on his pearance like I ought, but I've got some The others turned to see what new clothes now, and you wouldn't know me. I bought 'em off a tenderhad drawn his eyes. In the pealog, all splendid with the colder foot with cold feet, but they're the sunlight, stood Necla and Poleon Doret, goods, and you'd see a big improvewho had her by the hand, and she was smiling.

"He's a good man," said Gale, "bet-Gale uttered a great cry and went to meet them, but the soldier could ter than you or me, and he's all torn up over this. I never saw a man act move nothing save his lips and stood dazed and disbelieving. He saw them so. When he learned about it I thought he'd go mad. He's haunted the river dimly coming toward him and heard Poleon's voice as if at a great distance; bank ever since, raging about for some means of following her, and if I hadn't saw that the Frenchman's eves were upon him and that his words were directed to him. "I bring her back to you, m'sieu'!" While they were talking Burrell came in, and "No Creek" saw that the

Doret laid Necia's hand in that of her lover, and Burrell saw her smiling shyly up at him. Something griped him chokingly, and he could utter no sound. There was nothing to say. She was here, safe, smiling; that was all. And the girl, beholding the glory in his eyes, understood. Gale caught her away from him then uniform hung upon him loose, unkempt

and buried her in his arms. A woman came running into the

store and, seeing the group, paused at the door-a shapeles, silent, shawled figure in silhouette against the day. The trader brought the girl to her

understanding.

"I had a long conversation with my little girl, for she is like a daughter to me, and I discovered the depth of her love for you. Do you love her as much as you should?"

"As much as I can. They don't make words or numbers big enough to tell you how dear she is to me." "Then why delay? Tomorrow 1 leave

again, and one never knows what a day may bring forth." "But Stark?" the young man cried.

"He's her father, you know. He's like a madman, and she's still under age." "I know very little of law outside of the church," the father observed; "but, as I understand it, if she marries before he forbids her the law will hold him powerless. Now, he has never made himself known to her, he has never forbidden her anything, and, although my conclusion may not be cor-rect, 1 believe it is, and you have a chance if you make haste. At your age, my boy, I never needed a spur." "A spur? Good Lord! I'm from Kentucky!" "Once she is yours before God your

hold will be stronger in the eyes of men. If I am wrong and he takes her from you-well, may some other priest

rewed you two. I shan't." "Don't worry," laughed Burrell, ablaze at the thought. "You're the only preacher who'll kiss my bride, for I'm a jealous man, and all the Starks and all the fathers in the world won't get her away from me. Do you think she'll do it?"

"A woman in love will do anything." Burrell seized the little man by the hand. "If I had known more law you needn't have given me this hint.' Together they went into the trader's house

Back in the store there was silence after the priest and the soldier went out, which Gale broke at last:

"This forgiveness talk is all right, 1 suppose, but I want Runnion." "We'll git him, too," growled Lec. at which Poleon uttered a curt exclamation:

"No!" "Why not?" said the miner.

"Waal," the Canadian drawled slowly, then paused to light the cigarette he had rolled in a bit of wrapping paper, inhaled the smoke deeply to the bottom of his lungs, held it there a moment and blew it out through mouth and nostrils before adding, "you'll jus" be wastin' tam'!" Gale looked up from beneath his

thatch of brow and asked quietly: "Why?"

"You 'member story I tol' you wan day two, t'ree mont' ago." Poleon remarked, with apparent evasion, "'bout Johnny Platt w'at I ketch on de Porcupine all et up by skeeter bugs?" "I do," answered Gale. "Waal"-he met their eyes square

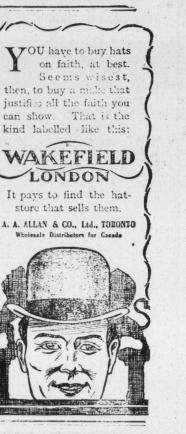
ly, then drew another long breath from his cigarette-"I'm jus' hopit nobody don' pick it up dis Runnis feller de same way. Mebbe dev tin

hees han's tie' behin' 'im wit' piece of beeu snirt." "Good God." cried the trader, start-

Ing to his feet. "You-you"-"Of course I'm jus' s'posin'. He was feel purty good wen 1 lef'. He was feel so good I tak' hees coat for keepin' off dem bugs from me, biccause lef' it my own shirt on de canoe. He's nice feller dat way. He give up easy, Ba gosh, I never see worse place for skeeters!"

Gale fell silent, and "No Creek" Lee began to swear in little, useless, ineffective oaths, which were but two ways of showing similar emotions. Then the former stepped up and laid a big hand upon Poleon's shoulder "That saves us quite a trip," he said. Father Baraum found the three still talking in the store when he had fin Ished an hour's counsel with Necia, so

came straight to the point. It was work that delighted his soul, for he loved the girl and had formed a strong admiration for Eurrell. The priest returned to Necia after iving directions about the wedding, eaving the trader and Poleon alone "I s'pose it's best." said the former LAT LOW CALVES "Yes."



6

I.R.C. TIME TABLE

The I.R.C. change of time table will go into effect next Sunday, June 27th. The departure of trains from Newcastle will be as feloss:

DEPARTURE_NORTH

Night freight, No. 39,	4.05
Maritime, No. 33	24.00
Ocean Limited, No. 190,	16.25
Fast freight, No. 75.	18.20
Local express, No. 35,	14.10
Way freight, No. 37,	12:00
DEPARTURE-SOUTH	
Maritime, No. 34.	5.10
Way freight, No. 38,	14.40
Fast freight, No. 76,	. 11.45
Local express, No. 36,	10.45
Ocean Limited, No. 200;	12.45
Night freight, No. 40,	2.10
INDIANTOWN BRAY	NCH
Leave Indiant wn.	8.55
Arrive at Newcastle,	10.20
Leave Newcast e.	16.35

The splendid reputation the FREDERICTON

Arrive at Indianto n.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

17.55

r if all among lusiness great deel to the young Westairs who secures

numbers will be entering in it vou cannot come Address.

W. J. Osborne. Fredericton, N. B.

CASTORIA She Kuna Yett Have Always Bought

We have a number of lines that are selling below cost to make room for Goods now on the way.

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MEN'S SHIRTS & BOYS' OVERALLS at 45c. each.

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John O'Brien Morrissy Block, Newcastle.

We Expect **A**s a matter of course

*

Our usual rush the first of September. No need of waiting till then. There is no better time for entering than just now. A seat in our rooms these hot days is a positive luxury. Call, or send for Cata-logue containing terms and courses of study.

11



CHAPTER XVIII. THE SINGING PROPLE OCREEK" LEE came int - th trading jost on the follow the rules and found Gale at tending store as if nothing that accurred.

What's this about you and i lager you had a horrible run 'your mine." that you split him up the back

had a row," admitted the trad-"it's been a long time working "no ast night it came to a head."

Lord cel And to think of Bon him.

ry, bein' ficked! Why, the whole op's talkin' about it! They say he piled two six sheaters at you, but been account, and when you did der! I saw smoke!

t to nith you last carved your ini-te on him like he was a basswood Søy, John, he's a goner, sure."

Do yeu mean be's-passing out?" "Wait."

what I bear, though he won't let dy come near him except old Doe, he's lost a battle, and that ends Don't you suvvy? Whenever a ller quits second best it breaks his bodoo. Why, there's been men layin' or him these twenty years from here to the Rio Grande, and every feller he ever bested will hear of this and begin to grease his holster; then the first shave tail desperado that meets him will spit in his eye just to make a name for himself. No, sir! He's a spent shell. He's got to fight all his

battles over again, and this time the other feller will open the ball, Oh. I've seen it happen before. You tilled him last night; just as sure as if you'd hung up his hide to dry, and he knows it."

"The a peaceable man," said Gale on the defensive. "Linad to do it." "I know! I know! There was wit-nesses. "This dressmaker at the fort securit so I there." seen it, so I hear." The other acquiesced silently. "Well, welli Ben Stark heiged! I pratie to her engines." Lee ex-particul. "She's at down river heat

V Starting . . .

1

n comes to me, Gale! You un derstand he's mine, don't you?" The old man nodded. "Yes; you can take him." "Well, who do I git?" asked Lee.

"You can't come along," the tradef said. "We may have to follow the hound clean to the States. Think of "To blazes with the mine" exploded

fairly held him he'd have set out single

night had affected the youth even me

than it had Gale, or at least he showed

the marks more plainly, for his face

was drawn, his eyes were sunken as if

from hunger, and his whole body

seemed to have fallen away till his

"I can't wait much longer." said Bur-

tell and sank wearily into a seat. Al-

most the next instant he was on his

feet again, saying to the trader, as he

had said it a score of times already:

the shaggy prospector. "I reckon I'm kind of a daddy to your gal, and I'm goin' to be in at the finish."

Suddenly the lieutenant uttered a cry, and with a bound Gale was beside

"Look! Over the point! Down you-

The three stared at the distant forest fringe that masked the bend of the river until their eves ached.

"You're tired, my boy," said Gale.

He obeyed and finally over the tree tops saw a faint streamer of black "It is! It is!" cried the soldier. "I'm going for my war bag." And before the steamboat had hove into sight he was back with his scanty bundle of baggage, behaving like one daft, talking and laughing and running here and there. Lee watched him closely, then went behind the bar

and poured out a stiff glass of whisky, which he made Burrell drink. To Gale he whispered a moment later: "Keep your eye on him, John. He'll

go mad at this rate." They waited, it seemed interminably, until at last a white hull slowly rounded the point, then shaped a course

across the ourrent toward the other bank, where the water was less swift. As it came fully into sight Gale swore

aland in despair: "It's the mission boat!" "Well, "What of that?" said Burrell. "We'll hire it-buy it-take it!"" "It's up too. She ain't got but three

er mother, who began to talk in her own tongue with a rapidity none of them had ever heard before, her voice s tender as some wild bird's song Then the two women went away to gether around the store into the house. Poleon had told Necia all the amazing story that had come to him that dire-ful night, all that he had overheard, all that he knew and much that he guessed.

The priest came into the store short ly, and the men fell upon him for in formation, for nothing was to be gained from Poleon, who seemed strangely fagged and weary and who had said but little.

"Yes, yes, yes!" laughed Father Bar-num. "I'll tell you all I know, of course, but first I must meet Lieutenant Burrell and take him by the hand." The story did not lose in his telling particularly when he came to describ the fight on the gravel bar which no man had seen and of which Poleon had told him little, but the good priest was of a militant turn, and his blue eyes glittered and flashed like an old ader's.

"It was a wondrous combat," he declared, with all the spirit of a specta-tor, "for Poleon advanced barehanded and beat him down even as the man fired into his face."

The Frenchman moved uneasily. "Waal, I don' know. He ain' fight so hard."

"You couldn't find no trace of him?" said Lee.

"No trace whatever," Father Barum replied, "but he will surely reach me place of refuge where we can pick him up, for the days are still mild and, the woods full of berries." "The on the lookdut for him," said

the lieutenant grimly. When the voluble old priest had at ast exhausted his narrative he re-prested of Barrell the privilege of a

few words and drew him apart from the others. His face was want with

"Beats the deuce, though, how things work out, don't it?" "I'm glad for see dis day," said the

Frenchman, "He's good man, an' he ain' never goin' to hurt her none," He paused, "Dere's jus' wan t'ing I want for ask it of you, John. You 'member dat day we stop on de birch grove an' you spik 'bout her an' tol' me dose story 'bout her modar. Waal, I was dreamin' dat tam', so I'm goin' ask it you now don' never tell her w'at I said."

"Doesn't she know, my boy?" "No. I ain' never spoke 'bout love. She t'inks I'm broder wit' her, an'-dat's w'at I am, ba gar!" He could not hold his voice even-it broke with him-but he avoided the old man's gaze. Gale took him by the shoulders. "There ain't nothing so cruel in the world as a gentlewoman," said he, "but she wouldn't hurt you for all the world, Poleon; only the blaze of this other thing has blinded her. She can't see nothing for the light of this new love of hers."

"I know! Dat's w'y-nobody onderstan's but you an' me." Gale looked out through the open

door, past the sunlit river which came from a land of mystery and vanished into a valley of forgetfulness, past the forest and the hills, in his deep set eyes the light of a wondrous love that had lived with h'm these many weary gars, and said:

'Nebody' else can understand but me. I know how it is. I had even a barder thing to hear, for you'll know Ruppy at least, while I"- Bis' treached, but offer a parse he-Cotto " Dhey ? differnet the





SSIGNMENT.

Q CO.

TAILORS.

L. JUHN, N.

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