

CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

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" 37. Mixed for Campbellton, 12.45
" 35. Express for Campbellton, 14.00
" 33. Maritime Express for Quebec and Montreal, 24.42

GOING SOUTH.

No. 40. Mixed for Moncton, 2.25
" 34. Maritime Express for St. John, Halifax and the Sydney, 8.05

" 36. Express for Moncton, St. John and Halifax, 11.25
" 38. Mixed for Moncton, 14.25
" 40. Mixed for Derby Junction, 16.00

All trains run on Atlantic Standard time south of Campbellton, twenty-four hour notation; twenty-four o'clock is midnight. Moncton, Oct. 10th, 1906—46

TROUT
Mezzowork

The undersigned have received from Mr. Nash of Maine the agency for New Brunswick for his famous trout mezzowork. A trout mezzowork is one half the fish as mounted upon a convex elliptical panel as to stand the fish out in bold relief, giving the effect of an oil painting or a sculpture in stone. The process of preserving fish in this artistic way was discovered by Mr. Nash in 1903, and is a patentable invention.

EWACK BROS.
Leading Taxidermists,
Fredericton, N. B.

The Adventurers

By E. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

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He certainly showed no signs of fatigue or faintness in his handling of the oars, but rowed like a sailor—a little stiffly, but with plenty of force, and we cut the water at a fine pace. Presently Sheppard, who had taken Sercombe's place in the bows, tapped me on the shoulder.

"Here's the Ray, Ned," said he. "So much for the first stage then," said Sercombe, who heard him, and he leaned on his oars. The current took us with a gentle wash into the bosom of the larger stream. The clouds congregated solemnly and, to my fancy, with an aspect of sullenness. The air was still, and the sweat broke out on the rowers. We changed again, and under the fresh impulse the tub ran down the Ray.

"We may pick them up any moment now," remarked Sercombe, and I observed him, in the stern, loosen his coat and feel in his pockets.

"The boat's leaking," said Montgomery in my ears. I stopped rowing and repeated his words to the others.

Here was a dilemma. Sercombe paid no heed. He was staring, as I could just perceive—staring out upon the river over our heads.

"Do you see anything?" he asked. No one answered him.

"Stay on your oars!" he commanded, and I no longer recognized the soft voice of our old enemy, but something stronger and imperious. It sounded of Chile and Peru. We ceased rowing.

"What do you hear?" he inquired. "Nothing," came from Montgomery.

"I'll trust your ears, lad," said Sercombe. "Drive on."

The river opened wider, and the banks fell away on either side, sloping softly up to great black heights, and now a current from the sea came humming over the river bar and met us, striking the tub's bow with a dull splash. She swung and twisted, groaning in her sides.

"That's the estuary," said Montgomery. Sercombe leaned forward. "And we've not caught 'em," he said muttering. "Hood must have had a notion. Well, you see, he was bound to push on."

Our changes had taken place with punctuality, and now I lay across the bows and had my ear to the channel.

The wind came up and blew gently about my face. "Good," sighed Sercombe, "that's refreshing. I thought I should stifle."

Sheppard, who was a yachtsman, cast a glance over his shoulders at the black horizon, but he said nothing. The current throbbed under the belly of the boat, and she rose and fell upon the waves.

"I suppose we're out now?" asked Sercombe.

Darkness environed us, and I could see nothing forward or upon the left. A gloomy mass of shadow lay upon the right bank.

"We're hugging the right bank," I said. "I think we're in the estuary. I can see nothing."

"Well, keep her in close," said Sercombe, jerking his rudder. "That wind's coming up a bit."

A flaw sailed out of the night and played upon us sharply. With that current drawing below her and under the stress of the gust she reeled and hung. Then she began slowly to creep along the water. Sercombe jammed the boat close to the shore. Then out of the abyssal darkness the wind brought a new sound to my ears.

I turned to the others. "They're in front!" I murmured.

"What's that?" called Sercombe from the stern.

I spoke louder.

"Give me the sculls," said Sheppard. "Confound your hulking form, man! She'll fill if we give her the hap'orth of a chance. Keep under the lee of the shore, and we'll run her along."

"Go double, boys," urged Sercombe. They bent to their work with zest, and the boat spun along in a full of the wind. The sound of oars dipping in water grew clearer.

Sheppard dropped his scull. "It's all right," he declared. "We can catch them. I've no doubt of that. Let's think. What are we going to do?"

"Why, catch 'em!" cried Montgomery.

"We must strike somewhere and some time," said I. "The question is shall we do it now?"

Sercombe sat considering, and I think we all unconsciously were awaiting his decision. He pulled the rudder strings suddenly with resolution.

"We'll get a bit nearer anyhow," he remarked, "and the wind will keep our news from them. But I fancy this has got to be settled on terra firma."

"I agree with you," I assented.

"Pull on, then," he replied and himself prepared for action.

As Sheppard and Montgomery dipped their oars a swell of the tide struck her on the broadside, whither she had fallen away. Simultaneously a capful of wind darted upon us. The tub rolled over and kicked till the gunwale lay under the water. We flung ourselves to the further side, and saw righted, the sea pouring in a cataract across her bows. Her nose sank deeply in the trough, and I felt the boards slant away from me toward the stern.

"She is sinking!" said Montgomery.



The dingy sank slowly.

"Give way! Give way!" called Sheppard sharply. "Put her head up!" And the two drove the sculls through the masses of foaming water. The dingy took a jump forward, broadside on to the water, and under the brisk strokes of the rowers leaped a second time. Then her bows went down, and, rolling her head to one side like a wounded porpoise, she sank slowly with a gurgling and a churning of water.

When I saw that a wreck was inevitable I dropped into the sea and struck out for the shore. Three or four strokes brought me into my depth, and I stood waist deep in the tossing waves and looked for the others. I called to them loudly, and one by one they emerged out of the darkness of the foam. We stood together dripping on the flat shore.

"This is a good thing," was the first thing Sercombe said as he wrung out the wet from his coat. "I said we should have to fight it out ashore. You see, we haven't risked the treasure as yet."

There was sense in this, but it struck me comically at the time.

"They'll certainly never make for open water in that boat tonight," said Sheppard.

"We'll catch 'em at Portagee," remarked Montgomery cheerfully.

"Well, we all seem agreed that we are in luck and that nothing better could have happened to us," I said, with a laugh.

"There's one thing I'm going to do before I go a yard farther," said Sercombe, "and that is to clean my pistol and put in a fresh cartridge."

"Amen," said Montgomery.

We followed the example, and then we all set out along the margin of the estuary, running at the first to make up for lost time. But Hood had the tide and the wind against him, and he made way slowly, so that we soon came near enough to the boat for our purposes. The night was so thick that we could discern very little, but no one doubted that we were within striking distance of our enemy. So we kept along the shore until the lights of Portagee came into sight.

It was by now somewhere near 2 in the morning, and the village, which was a collection of poor cottages on that barren and exposed shore, was wrapped in sleep. Only a lamp or two shone from the windows of the houses and some lights of the little craft riding in the road. Waste land, scattered with furze and low growing bushes, lay at the back of the village, and here we halted to decide upon our action.

"We have got to find out what Hood's after," I said. "He'll be in Portagee shortly. We must watch him."

"That's the only course," agreed Sercombe. "We can do nothing till we know that. And see here, this is no business for a party, but for a picket. I'll take that job myself. Give me half an hour, and I'll engage to fix the business."

To that we agreed, and the captain departed, moving cautiously toward the village, while we three threw ourselves upon the ground in our damp clothes and waited with what patience we might summon.

It must have been fully half an hour later when I perceived Sercombe approaching. He walked quickly and as one under excitement.

"Well?" we asked in a breath.

"I've done it," he said, "though I take back my words about terra firma. Hood's going to sea."

(To be continued.)

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