BLACKADAR BROS

"It is the music of my people the

"Play," he breathed.
"Ah, the white angel is seek ver seek," murmured Jan, and he drew his bow gently across the strings of his

From the instrument there came something so soft and sweet that John Cummins closed his eyes as he held the woman against his breast and lis-

the woman against his breast and lis-tened. Not until he opened them again and felt a strange chill against his cheek did he know that his beloved's soul had gone from him on the gentle music of Jan Thoracu's ylolin. For many minutes after the last gen-tle breath had passed from the wom-

"Ah, the white angel is seek-ver seek,"

an's lips Jan Thoreau played softly

upon his violin. It was the great, heartbroken sob of John Cummins that

stopped him. In the dim light of the

cabin their eyes met. It was then that Jan Thoreau knew what had happen-

ed. He forgot his starvation. He

crushed his violin closer and whispered

Cummins rose from the bedside slow

y, like a man who had suddenly grown

old. His moccasined feet dragged as he went to the door. They stumbled

when he went out into the pale star

Jan followed, swaying weakly, for the last of his strength had gone in the

playing of the violin. Midway in the cabin he paused, and his eyes glowed

with a wild, strange grief as he gazed down upon the still face of Cummins'

wife, beautiful in death as it had been

in life and with the sweet softness of

life still lingering there. Some time, ages and ages ago, he had known such a face and had felt the great clutching

Cummins had partly closed the door

after him, but watchers had seen the opening of it. A door opened here and

another there, and paths of yellow

light flashed over the hard trodden

snow as shadowy life came forth to greet what message he brought from

the little cabin. When the word came to them at last and passed from lip to lip and from one grim, tense face to another the doors closed again and the

lights went out one by one, until there

remained only the yellow eye of the factor's office and the faint glow from

the little cabin in which John Cum-

mins knelt with his sobbing face

rushed close to that of his dead.

There was no one who noticed Jan

Thoreau when he came through the

door of the factor's office. His coat of

caribou skin was in tatters. His feet thrust themselves from the toes of his

moccasins. His face was so thin and

white that it shone with the pallor of

hair. His eyes gleamed like black dia

An hour before death had been grip

ping at his throat when he stumbled upon the lights of the post. That night he would have died in the deep

nows. Wrapped in its thick coat of

bear skin he clutched his violin to his

breast and sank down in a ragged heap beside the hot stove. His eres traveled about him in fierce demand.

There is no beggary among these

trong sorted men of the far north, and Jan's lips did not beg. He un-wrapped the bear skin and whispered:

For the museek of the violon-some

He played even as the words fell

rom him, but only for a moment, for

rip and his head sank forward upon

is breast.
In the half Cree's eyes there was

something of the wild beaute that

gleamed in Jan's. For an instant those eyes had met in the savage rec-organition of blood, and when Jan's need fell weakly and his violin slipped

to the floor Mukee lifted him in his strong arms and carried him to the shack in the edge of the spruce and

And there was no one who noticed

Jan the next day, except Mukee. He was fed. His frozen blood grew warm. As life returned he felt more

and more the pall of gloom that had settled over this spark of life in the heart of the wilderness. He had seen the woman in life and in death, and

he, too, loved her and grieved that she was no more. He said nothing; he asked nothing. But he saw the spirit of adoration in the sad, tense faces of

he men. It was not hard for Jan to under-

stand, for he, too, worshiped the memory of a white, sweet face like the one that he had seen in the cabin. He knew that this worship at Lac Bain was a pure worship, for the henor of the his moves and a next of his care.

the big snows was a part of his sou

It was his religion and the religion of these others who lived 400 miles or more from a southern settlement. (To be Commune).

How to gain in weight.

he bow slipped from his nerveless

nonds. The madness of hunger was

to himself:
"The white angel ees—gone!

glow of the night.

**** *****************

VOLUME 101.

[DAILY EDITION]

N. S., TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, 1913.

Every time you pick

up your paper

You read of some merchant who has had his store completely destroyed by fire, on which he carried very little, if ary itsurance. With what fain regrets he remembers how persistently he refused insurance protection. Now there is nothing but blackaged ruins of all that was once a flurishing business. Take are ental picture of this condition; should misfortune place you in such a position, very little sympathy would be shown you for in this age of efficient business methods your action is unwarranted and inexcusable.

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Halifax, June 24, 1913,

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OLD FAMILY PEWS.

Toronto Cathedral Has Names a Century Old on Register.

tury Old on Register.

A hundred years is a long space of time in the life of a modern city, such as Toronto is. Nevertheless, there are plenty of families in Toronto which have continuously held pews in St. James' Cathedral for more than a century. The magnificent pile, which we know to-day, is not, of course, the original building, nor was the latter called a cathedral. The first Anglican church, built between the years 1903 and 1807, was constructed of wood, and was, in fact, little more than a "meeting house." But it stood on almost the same site as the present St. James' Cathedral, though, unlike that edifice, which faces north and south, it faced east and west—a location more conformable with Anglican traditions as to the building of churches. This primitive church was opened for public worship in the year 1807, and in March of that year the pews were sold by public suction, sub-

churches. This primitive church was opened for public worship in the year 1807, and in March of that year the pews were sold by public auction, subject to the ground rents of four dollars a year for a double, and two dollars a year for a double, and two dollars a year for a single, pew. The sum received in pew rents for the first year appears to have amounted to about a hundred and forty-five dollars. Among the earliest pew-holders—none of whom, of course, survive—are many names held in high honor and esteem in Toronto. Some of these good old families are extinct. The members of some of them worship at other churches — like the Robinson family, who to-day attend \$1. George's. But, in spite of all vicissitudes—the first church, after reconstruction, was replaced by a stone building (the first cathedral), which was destroyed by fire, as was also in its turn, its successor (the second cathedral)—there are still to-day plenty of Torontonians worshipping in the present fourth church and third cathedral, called \$1. James, whose ancestors were among the original pewholders in the original wooden church, and in whose families the pews have remained swar sance.

Boulton, Heward, Macdonell, Ridout, Stanton, Jarvis, Denison, Cawithra are among the names which appear in the century-old registers, and which are still there to-day.

The way, in which a person desirons of acquiring a pew, bought one was by paying a lump sum—either a hundred, or two hundred, or two hundred and fitty dollars, according to its size and location—for the pew as a property. In addition to such lump sum he had to pey an annual ground rent of either six, or ten, or twelve, dollars (as the case might be), and these ground rents were subject to revision by the vestry, and, in fact, have been revised in recent years.

rent of either six, or win, or dollars (as the case might be), and these ground rents were subject to revision by the vestry, and, in fact, have been revised in recent years.

As may be gathered from some of the names that have been mentioned previously—the congregation of early days contained a very large percentage of members who were in sympathy with "Family Compact" ideas. Moreover, there was a decidedly English atmosphere about it, and not a little longing, on the part of many of its members, for a privileged position for the Anglican Church in Canada such as it possesses to this day in England. The system of giving a legal title to a pew was brought over from England. And, even in comparatively recent days, a parish school, of the kind so familiar in the Old Country, was conducted, in connection with

An Official Blunder

"Pa, where is Easy street?" "It eads off Hard Work avenue, my son."

Just the medicine you need.

Your color is bad, tongue is furred, ey

Your color is bad, tongue is furred, eyes are dull, appetite is poor, your stomach needs tone, your liver needs awakening. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In just one night you'll notice a difference, for Dr. Hamilton's Pills search out every trace of trouble. You'll eat, sleep, digest and feel a whole lot better. You will gain in strength, have a clear complexion, experience the joy of robust health. To tone, purify and enliven system there is nothing like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c, at all dealers.

While The Joining

IS GOOD.

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What does I. O. F. mean?

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IVIDENDS are 7 p. c. and comulative. The excellent earlings record of the issuing Company, in the past, and its enhanced prospects for the future, as the result of recent improvements reducing costs 73 p. c., altogether furnish satisfactory assurance of these dividend requirements being met. was conducted, in connection the church, on the spot where present Parish House now stands HE Common Stock Bonus of 50 p. c., now included with cach share of Preferred at par, is therefore an addition inducement making a purchase of the Preferred one of the most attractive investments offered in the Maritime Provinces for some time. Ask for the circular which tells the whole story, Ontario's Library.

Ontario's new legislative library, now occupied and all but complete, is the only one in the world built on the new central stack plan.

Under the old system, whereby the bookstacks were placed around the outside, with reading rooms inside, the books were exposed to the glare of the sunlight, to damage by the bursting of steam pipes and waterpipes, and to dust leaking through the windows, while the stacks obstructed the light, leaving the reading rooms in semi-darkness. In the Legislative Library these conditions do not exist; the reading and administrative Ontario's Library.

J. C. Mackintosh & Co. rooms are airy and bright, the book stacks form one compact central block, and the shelves are even better lighted by electricity than by exist: the reading and a Established 1873 Members Montreal Stock Exchange. block, and the shelves are even better lighted by electricity than by sunlight, as in older buildings.

The unit principle of construction was adhered to in the installation of the stacks. In other libraries having steel stacks, the whole of the stacks, story upon story, are built in and riveted together, so that, once installed, alteration is impossible. Here, each stack in a separate erection, so that if it ever should become necessary to remove the library the task will be a comparatively easy one. Direct Private Wires Halifax, Montreal, St. John, New Glasgow, Fredericton

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Most of the ways of walking around
the world without means of subsistence have been tried already, but a
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vegetable, as opposed to meat foods.
The bridegroom is to have a strictly
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of the

Royal Bank of Canada will be located temporily in

Buckingham Street Entrance, their premises at the Corner of Buckingham and Barrington Streets is going on.

Big Snows.

PROLOGUE. Up in the "Big Snows," near the dome of the earth, lies the cene of this story of real men and real women, who have all of the virtues of their hardening environment and few of the failings of their more civilized relatives. This is a tale for reading when one is tired of the artificialities of civilization—of at any other time when a good story is appre-ciated. You will find in it romance and adventure and mystery mixed in such skillful manner and in such proportion that no ingredient interferes with another. Yet all go to make fine reading for women who like to hear of brave deeds and sacrifica for love's sake and for men with even a drop of the spirit of adventure in their veins. And one thing more—the author has lived among the people whose lives he de ecribes, and he knews how to tell

CHAPTER & The Music.

ISTEN, John. I hear music?"

The words came in a gentle whisper from the woman's lips. One white, thin hand lifted itself weakly to the rough face of the man who was kneeling beside her bed, and the great dark eyes from which he had hidden his own grew luminously bright for a moment as she whispered again:

winspered again:
"Join, I hear music?"
A sigh fluttered from her lips. The man's head drooped until it rested very near to her boson. He felt the quiver of her hand against he cheek, and in its buch there was something which yeld John Cumming that the end of all told John Cummins that the end of all life had come for him and for her in this world of snow and ice and for-est very near to the dome of the earth. His heart best flercely, and his great shoulders shook with the agony that was eating at his soul.
"Yes, it is the pretty music, my Me-

lisse," he murmured softly, choking back his sobs. "It is the pretty music in the skies." The hand pressed more tightly

gainst his face.
"It's not the music in the skies, John. It is real-real music that I hear.' "It's the sky music, my sweet Me-lisse. Shall I open the door so that we can hear it better?" When he looked again at the wo

man her eyes were open, and there glowed in them still the feeble fire of a great love. Her lips, too, pleaded with him in their old, sweet way, which always meant that he was to kiss them and stroke her hair and tell her again that she was the most beautiful thing in the whole world. "My Melissel" He crushed his face to her, his sob-

bing breath smothering itself in the soft masses of her hair, while her arms rose weakly and fell around his neck. He heard the quick, gasping struggle

s-the-music-of-my-people? "It is the music of the angels in the skies, my sweet Melisse. It is our mu-sic. I will open the door."

The arms had slipped from his shoulders. Gently he ran his rough fingers through the loose glory of the woman's hair and stroked her face as softly as he might have caressed the

cheek of a sleeping child.
"I will open the door, Melisse."
His moccasined feet made no sound as he moved across the little room which was their home. At the door he paused and listened. Then he open ed it, and the floods of the white night poured in upon him as he stood with his eyes turned to where the cold, pale flashes of the aurora were playing

It was an hour past midnight at the post, which had the barren lands at its back door. It was the bour of deep slumber for its people. But tonight there was no sleep for any of them. Lights burned dimiy in the few rough log homes. The company's store was aglow, and the factor's office, a haven of the men of the wilderness, shot one gleaming yellow eye out into the white gloom. The post was awake. It was

waiting. It was listening. It was watching. As the woman's door opened, wide and brimful of light, a door of one of the log houses opened and then anoth-er, and out into the night, like dim shadows, trod the moccasined men from the factor's office and stood there waiting for the word of life or death from John Cummins. In their own fashion these men, who without knowing it lived very near to the ways of God, sent mute prayers into the starry beavens that the most beautiful thing in the world might yet be

spared to them.

It was just two summers before that this beautiful thing had come into Cummins' life and into the life of the post. Cummins, red headed, lithe as a cat, big souled as the eternal mountain of the Crees and the best of the

Why liquid catarrh remedies fail Why liquid catarrh remedies fail
They go direct to the stomach, have
very little effect on the linings of the nose
and throat, and entirely fall to cure. Only
by cleansing the air passages, by relieving
the inflammation and killing the germs is
cure possible. No combination of Antisepties is so successful as Catarrhozone,
In breathing it, you send the richest pine
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all dealers.

- Pure Grape Juice In pint Bottle, 25 centa at T. F. Courtney & Co's. Monday, 11.30 a. m., cents at I. s. Courtney access. press from Yarmouth daily, 6.55 p. m. Ask for Minard's and take no other except Sunday,

And the jealousy and the strife and the Summer comes and

Dut 'tie neither the love nor the gair

rain, That brings happiness at last.

it is only the love of God, Filling wide the heart of man; It is only the lips that gently speak In the praise of all His plan.

gain,
Are there without striving at all.

it is only an uplifted face And a hand that is stretched to all— But somehow the love, and the youth, and

Always Reliable

Relief from the ailments caused by disordered stomach, torpid liver, irregular bowels is given —quickly, safely, and assur-edly—by the tried and reliable

BEECHAM'S

And some would give their kingdom for love And some their kingdom for gain; And some would give their earthly all Just to be young again.

wanes, And the sum of it all is Life.

After Monday, the 23rd inst. the Buckingham St. Branch

The Simson Building while work of remodelling of

The Honor of the

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD. Author of "The Danger Trail."

> mnany's hunters, had brought Me lisse thither as his bride. Seventeen rough hearts had welcomed her. They had assembled about that little cabin in which the light was shining now, speechless in their adoration of this woman who had come among them, their caps in their hands, their faces shining, their eyes shifting before the glorious ones that looked at them and iled at them as the woman shook their hands, one by one.

Perhaps she was not strictly beautiful as most people judge, but she was beautiful here, 400 miles beyond civ llization. Mukee, the half Cree, had never seen a white woman, for ever the factor's wife was part Chippeway-an, and no one of the others went down to the edge of the southern wilderness more than once each twelve month or so.

The girl—she was scarce more than

budding into womanhood-fell happily into the ways of her new life. She did nothing that was elementally unusual nothing more than any pure woman reared in the love of God and of a home would have done. In her spare hours she began to teach the half doz en wild little children about the post and every Sunday she told them won-derful stories out of the Bible. She ministered to the sick, for that was a part of her code of life. Everywher she carried her glad smile, her cheery greeting, her wistful earnestness, to brighten what seemed to her the sad and lonely lives of these silent men of

And she succeeded, not because she was unlike other millions of her kind. but because of the difference between the fortieth degree and the sixtleth, the difference in the viewpoint of men who fought themselves into moral shreds in the big game of life and those who lived a thousand miles nearer to the dome of the earth.

A few days before there had come a wonderful event in the history of the company's post. A new life was born into the little cabin of Cummins and his wife. Then had come the sudden change, and the gloom, that brought with it the shadow of death, fell like a pall upon the post, stifling its life and bringing with it a grief that who lived there had never known be fore.

Cummins now. He stood for a mo-ment before his lighted door and then went back, and the word passed softly from one to another that the most beautiful thing in the world was still Hwing her sweet life in that little cabin

t the end of the clearing.
"You hear the music in the skiesnow, my Melisse?" whispered the man kneeling beside her again. "It is very pretty tonight!"
"It was not that," repeated the wo-

She att mpted to stroke his face but Cumr ins saw nothing of the ef-fort, for the hand lay all but motion-He saw nothing of the fading softness that glowed in the big, loving eyes, for his own eyes were blinded by a hot film. And the woman saw nothing of the hot film, so torture was saved them both. But suddenly the woman quivered, and Cumming heard a thrilling sound.

"It is the music," she panted. "John, John, it is—the music—of—my—peo-The man straightened himself, his face turned to the open door. He heard it now. Was it the blessed angels coming for his Melisse? He rose, a sob-bing note in his throat, and went, his

arms stretched out, to meet them. He had never heard a sound like that— never in all his life in this endless wil-"My Melisse, my Melisse!" he sob-A figure came from the shadows, and

with the figure came the music, sweet and soft and low. John Cummins stopped and turned his face straight up to the sky. His beart died within

The music ceased, and when he look - Preserved Tamarinds, Tamarind Syrup Gauva Jelly, Grape Jelly, Quince Jelly Black and Red Currant Jelly, etc., at T. F.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills

Must Bear Signature of heat Good

See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below 7 small and as oney te take as sugan, CARTERS FOR WEADLERS.
FOR BILLIOUSNESS.
FOR BILLIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIYER, FOR CONSTIPATION

FOR SALLOW SKIN!
FOR THE COMPLEXION Piles Purely Vogetable, Jacotton

ed again the figure was close to him, staggering as it walked, and a face white and thin and starved came with it. It was a boy's face. "For the museek of the violon—some-Another Week of Price-Cutting. "For the musesk of the vision—some-fing to eat?" he heard, and the thin figure swayed and fell almost into his arms. The voice came week again, "These is Jan—Jan Thogeau—and his

Seasonable goods offered at decisive reductions right in the beginning of the season. Thrifty shoppers of violon."

The woman's bloodless face and her great staring, dark eyes greated them as they entered the cabin. As the man knet beside her again and lifted her bead against his breast she whispered Halifax will avail themselves of these exceptional values.

36 in. Linen Suitings, 32c. The newest Crash Suitings. Shades of Tan, Pink, Blue and Cream.

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If you belong to this class of investors we shall be glad to furnish you with a list of preferred shares which we have for sale at the present time. All of the Companies have passed the experimental stage, however. F. B. McCURDY & CO.,

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In the winter months when all the markets are cold and the dust ir not so prevalent on the streets, cleanliness is not so difficult to secure as during the summer months. It's about now that particular people look more carefully into the matter of cleanliness and decide where they are going to buy their meats during the summer months.

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