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## FORTUNES REALIZED IN A NIGHT

**\$10.00** invested in 100 shares  
of Pacific Prospecting  
and Promotion stock,  
may make you \$500 to \$1000.  
\$100 invested by one client in outfitting  
and grubstaking a prospector paid him  
**\$9000.00**  
back in six months.

The new PLACER GOLD FIELDS of  
Washington are extremely rich and offer  
exceptional advantages. Particulars free.  
Address:

British-Canadian Investment and  
Mining Syndicate.  
10-982 SPOKANE, WASH.  
A & O July 31



Write or telephone for prices.  
**WALSH BROS. HALIFAX**

## The Wyoming

Mrs. G. L. Ben-  
jamin, First Class  
Rooms \$1.00 and  
up per person. Special rates to parties.  
Guests wishing best Rooms should engage  
them in advance. The house is nicely fur-  
nished, all modern conveniences. Use of  
Bath. We are also situated in one of the  
most beautiful residence portions of the  
City. 15 minutes walk to Exposition  
Grounds. Nice Motel across the street  
reasonable.

36 North Norwood Ave. Buffalo, N.Y.  
Reference Columbia National Bank  
Directions—Take Elmwood Cars at Main  
St. to Pocomac Avenue and walk 2 blocks  
west. Convenient to Car Lines, for  
Theatres, Convention Hall, Business Center  
and Niagara Falls. Bicycles stored and  
kept in repair. A guide will meet parties  
if desired. Mention the Advertiser.

Take a glass of cold  
water, a little

## Sovereign Lime Juice

sugar to taste; mix and  
drink slowly. It will  
cool, refresh and de-  
light by its delicious  
flavor and thirst-  
quenching properties.

At all Grocers.

Simson Bros. & Co.  
Wholesale Druggists. HALIFAX, N.S.

## The Advertiser

## JOB DEPARTMENT

Our Work is Done Promptly  
and in the Neatest Style

Billheads Business Cards  
Booklets Visiting Cards  
Envelopes Memoranda  
Dodgers Post Cards  
Books Letterheads  
Posters Statements

We make a specialty of Wedding  
Invitations and Cards, Appeal Cards  
Church Work and Programs.

Get Our Prices

THE ADVERTISER, KENTVILLE

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## A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR  
ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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I got some little comfort, however,  
from my examination of the woman.  
Duchess or no duchess, accomplice and  
confederate or hapless tool, willing or  
constrained, I knew that within her,  
poor means she had been kind to  
Willie, and would have helped him if  
she could. She was not wholly bad, I  
felt sure. A handsome woman, un-  
doubtedly; very tall, with a fine figure  
and a beautiful face, although with a  
sad, worn, anxious expression—the  
face of one who had known some  
trouble. Was she vexed, harassed,  
tortured perchance, by a past that  
was irrevocable, at present hateful and  
intolerable, which she was power-  
less to mend? There could be but lit-  
tle sympathy between her and her hus-  
band. They hardly spoke to each  
other; when they did, the man seemed  
to snarl, and if she answered at all, it  
was only in sullen monosyllables.  
When the false Willie Wood addressed  
her, which he did from time to time  
with an air of easy familiarity, she  
disdained to reply at all. It was clear  
the conspirators were not a happy  
family.

While I sat looking intently at these  
people and engrossed with very serious  
thoughts, I was disturbed by Fan-  
shawe, my maid, who came up and  
said, in a very fretful, disappointed  
tone:  
"Please, Miss Frida, I'm worried to  
death with this tiresome dog. What-  
ever made you bring him is more than  
I can say. I can do nothing with him."  
Roy had been pretty good till now,  
and when we got on board the tender  
I handed him over to Fanshawe. He  
had followed her very obediently from  
the train to the quayside, but when  
once embarked had shown the most  
unaccountable restlessness. He began  
questioning about the deck, dragging Fan-  
shawe after him, for he had great  
strength and, besides, he growled so  
threateningly that she was forced to  
give in to him. When I took him in  
hand he displayed the same restles-  
sness. At last, in despair, she appealed  
to me.

I again took the leash out of her  
hand and tried to pacify him. As a  
berth, and soon had no further concern  
with mundane affairs, or the passage  
of time. My only recollections of the  
next three days are a confused  
memory of acute discomfort. We were  
all wretchedly ill—mother, poor dear!  
Fanshawe, of course, and I, although  
hitherto I had liked the sea.

My own collapse was, no doubt, the  
reaction from the keen anxieties that  
had oppressed me before departure.  
They were as keen as ever now; but  
when I roused myself from the stupor  
of sickness, and crawled up on  
deck to breathe the magnificent oceanic  
air of the Atlantic, I felt revived  
and more fit to face them.

Some one helped me to my deck  
chair. It was my friend Mr. Rossiter.  
Some one had placed it in a sheltered  
corner—Mr. Rossiter. Some one got  
wraps for me, and a novel, and a deck  
steward with a cup of invigorating  
tea; this same some one left me in  
peace to recover health and strength—  
always Mr. Rossiter. I blessed the  
kindly, considerate chivalry of Ameri-  
can men.

Now, as I lounged there lazily, I be-  
gan to look into things a little more  
closely, and to consider how far I had  
advanced matters or served the cause  
by this escapade of mine.

I had failed in the very first task I  
had set myself, that of keeping a watch  
upon the conspirators. I had seen  
nothing of them for three days. I  
knew no more about them than when I  
had come on board, and I had no clear  
notion how I should act when I arrived  
in New York, what would be best, or  
what would come of anything I did.

Despair and despondency seized me;  
I felt utterly helpless, useless, and was  
full of self reproach. Yet daylight was  
nearer than I thought. I now saw Mr.  
Rossiter approaching and leading Roy  
by his chain.

"Here's some one you may be glad to  
see," he said pleasantly. "I got leave  
to give him a short run."

"Your dog? What a handsome creature!"  
said a lady seated by my side,  
and, turning, I saw to my surprise it  
was the Duchess of Tierra Sagrada.

Roy, who was a lump of conceit, per-  
fectly understood the compliment. It  
was one of his well behaved days. He  
sat there, solemn and self satisfied, giv-  
ing a paw and doing all his little tricks  
almost without asking, while the  
duchess petted and made much of him  
without the least protest on his part.

Then with a quick motion of not un-  
natural curiosity the duchess looked  
at his collar. It was no doubt a civil  
way of finding out who I was, but the



When I took him in hand he displayed the  
same restlessness.

man, with rough black beard and great,  
bare, hairy arms.  
"That's me. Who wants Sam Mc-  
Killop? Will it be you, mem?"  
"It's about my dog, Mr. McKillop," I  
said sweetly. "A golden collie; an-  
swers to the name of Roy."

"I mind him. But did you say you,  
mem? I was thinking another person  
owned him—him as brocht him to me."  
"I don't know who that could be.  
But I am in charge of him, and I want  
you to be kind to him"—I handed over  
a sovereign—"and to bear with him,  
for he has a queer temper sometimes.  
I hope he will give you no trouble."

"Be certie he'll give no trouble. I'm  
no' fashed for that. He's docile and  
quiet enouch, I'm thinking. Cam' here  
like a wee lamme trotting at the heels  
of the chap that brocht him."

"Was it some one who caught him,  
do you think? I should like to know."

"Mayhap. But I thoct he owned  
him, the beast! Heppened to him so kind-  
ly, and he lay down just at a word, as  
though from an old friend."

"Found out his mistake like a sensi-  
ble creature, I suppose, and thought it  
best to settle down till he found me.  
Will you take me to see him, Mr. Mc-  
Killop, please?"

"He's yonder, in the hutch under the  
bulkhead; snug in his straw, and mak-  
ing the best of it—a lesson to mair con-  
trary Christians!"

I followed the indication, and there  
was Roy lying at ease in his rude ken-  
nel; his beautiful head rested on his  
two fore paws, and he looked perfectly  
contented and happy. At my approach  
he barely lifted his large, sleepy eyes,  
but there was something like a wink  
of recognition in them, accompanied by  
a rustle in the straw from the wagging  
of his ponderous tail.

This complete change in his demean-  
or was a pleasant surprise. I did not  
seek to explain it to myself, but speak-  
ing a few words of encouragement, I  
left him. More pressing matters called  
me aft. The steamer was already be-  
yond the shelter of the land, and the  
sea had risen under a fast freshening  
summer gale.

I was not sorry to get back to my  
berth, and soon had no further concern  
with mundane affairs, or the passage  
of time. My only recollections of the  
next three days are a confused  
memory of acute discomfort. We were  
all wretchedly ill—mother, poor dear!  
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without the least protest on his part.

Then with a quick motion of not un-  
natural curiosity the duchess looked  
at his collar. It was no doubt a civil  
way of finding out who I was, but the

result was something of a shock to us  
both. For when she started back in  
surprise that had terror in it, I remem-  
bered that his collar still bore his mas-  
ter's name and regiment, "Captain W.  
A. Wood, —th regiment."

"Who are you? What does this?"  
she began hurriedly, but recovered her-  
self and said, with great self-control:  
"You know a Captain Wood, then? We  
have one on board too. I wonder if  
they are related. You must allow me to  
introduce you. He is traveling with us."

Before I could answer a man stood  
over us and a harsh voice called her by  
name, but in a language I did not un-  
derstand. She got up with prompt  
obedience, that I set down to anxiety to  
tell her husband (of course it was the  
duke) what she had discovered. But as  
they walked away together he did all  
the talking, and from the infection I  
felt sure he was taking her sharply to  
task.

"Yes, he's rating her soundly," re-  
marked Mr. Rossiter. "Reckon not stand  
that sort of talk from their husbands.  
He's rating her she ought not to have  
taken up with you—that he had ex-  
pressly ordered her to make no chance  
acquaintances. It's a queer game  
about that dog."

"What do you know about the dog?"  
I asked, quite frightened.

To be continued

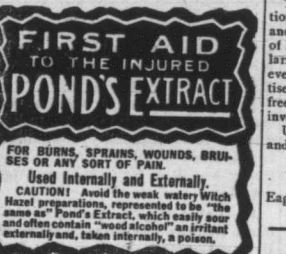
## Three Operations Failed to Cure Itching Piles.

News of a Marvellous Cure Piles  
Across the Continent—Father and  
Son Late in Praising Dr. Chase's  
Ointment.

Some cures effected by Dr. Chase's  
Ointment seem like miracles. Here is  
a case where doctors labored in vain  
and operations failed to cure.  
Mr. Donald McLeod, Tarbolton, U.  
S. writes:

"I received the sample box of  
Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it has done  
me a considerable amount of good. I  
am now enclosing payment for a large  
box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which  
you will please send to my address.  
I have had itching piles for four  
years and did not know of any medi-  
cine that would relieve me until last  
fall, when I received a letter from my  
son in Winnipeg, who said that three  
doctors treated him and operated for  
piles, but failed to cure him. He now  
thanks God and Dr. Chase's Oint-  
ment for a perfect cure. He had piles  
in the worst form, and suffered terribly.  
He is now working hard every day,  
and does not feel any symptoms of  
piles returning. You are at liberty to  
use my letter for the benefit of others."  
There is little use trying to cure piles  
unless you use Dr. Chase's Oint-  
ment. It is certain to afford quick  
relief and ultimately thorough cure.  
60 cts a box, at all dealers or Edman-  
son Bates & Co., Toronto.

An English syndicate is looking for a  
place in eastern Canada to build a paper  
mill. A region is wanted with 1,000  
square miles of forest, and a water power  
of some 20,000 or 30,000 horse power.  
The output is to be 300 tons a day. A  
representative is now in this Province.



Her Point of View

What, queried the very young man,  
can be worse than taking a kiss with-  
out asking for it?

Asking for a kiss without taking it,  
replied the young woman who was  
doing her third season.—Chicago  
Daily News.

## Vigorous Womanhood

Made Perfect by Dr. Chase's Nerve  
Food—A Common Sense Treat-  
ment which Does Exactly What  
is Claimed for it.

The happiness of every home depends  
very largely on the health of the wife  
and mother. If she is nervous, peevish  
and irritable, worried by the little  
cares of every day life, and tormented  
by pains and irregularities that are  
sure to accompany a rundown system,  
there can be no happiness in the home  
for husband and children.

Too many women are victims of ner-  
vous exhaustion, and do not know it.  
They suffer from indigestion and dys-  
pepsia, nervous headache and sleep-  
lessness, and drag themselves about  
the house feeling languid and tired out.  
You can be healthy and vigorous if  
you follow the advice of Dr. Chase, the  
famous Receipt Book author. His  
Nerve Food is intended for just such  
cases as are here described. By supply-  
ing to the thin, watery blood and weak,  
exhausted nerves the very materials of  
which nature constructs new nerve  
cells and new bodily tissue it gradual-  
ly and certainly reconstructs and re-  
vitalizes the weakened and debilitated  
nervous system, cures nervous head-  
aches and dyspepsia, and permanently  
overcomes weakness and irregularities.  
50 cts a box, all dealers, or Edman-  
son Bates & Co., Toronto.

## STRICTLY SO READ AND DIGEST

Our Own Country

## PRODUCE AGENTS

Prompt Returns Satisfaction Guar-  
anteed as to Quality and Quantity

## Apples and Cheese Con-

stantly on hand

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY

## In Selling Live Stock, Sheep and Fat Cattle

Well acquainted with all butchers  
Send for price list free on application.  
Headquarters for Strawberries.

**W. EATON & SON**  
No. 269 Barrington St.  
Halifax, July 1899

## Perfection

In Raising Your

## BISCUITS CAKES PASTRY

Is secured by using

## WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

## SUMMER BOARDERS SECURE

How Judicious and Inexpen-  
sive Advertisements can be  
Made to Pay by Using  
a Selected Medium

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle is the ideal  
Resort medium. It reaches the people you  
want to reach. Its circulation is the largest  
in the entire City of New York. Its name  
stands for excellence, quality, fairness and  
an unparalleled advertising reputation. Its  
resort rates are equitable; its monthly rate  
so low that you can afford to keep before  
the public every day.

The Eagle maintains two free infor-  
mation Bureaus for Resorts—one in Brooklyn  
and one in the heart of the shopping district  
of Manhattan. They distribute your cir-  
culars, tell visitors about your house, and in  
every way further your interests. An adver-  
tisement in the Eagle supplemented by the  
free service of its bureaus, is almost a sure  
investment.

Upon application listing blanks, rate cards  
and further details will be sent.

## EAGLE INFORMATION BUREAU

Room 28 and 29  
Eagle Building, Brooklyn N. Y.

## Crutches Discarded

Mrs. Wells, of Mochelle, Annapolis,  
Annapolis Co., writes:

May 8th, 1900

"I am an old woman, nearly eighty  
years of age. Sometime ago I fell  
and injured my hip. I was after-  
wards troubled with Sciatica; at  
times my sufferings were intense; I  
could not get about my room without  
the aid of a pair of crutches. I tried  
many remedies; none did me any  
good; some of them made me worse.  
At last I read of Egyptian Rheuma-  
tic Oil and tried that. I am happy  
to say that it has given me great re-  
lief, removing the pain and enabling  
me to move around much better than  
I could. I think Egyptian Rheuma-  
tic Oil a splendid liniment for use in  
cases of Rheumatism.

## Egyptian Rheumatic Oil

For sale by  
**ALL DEALERS**

## Nuggets of Gold

are now being panned out in the newly dis-  
covered PLACER GOLD FIELDS of  
Washington. Immensely rich. Paying  
\$50 to \$750 per day. Secure an interest.  
Particulars free.

British-Canadian Investment and M. Syn.  
Box 982 Spokane, Wash.  
A & O July 31

The public a