

"Very good, then," replied the Colonel; "and now, Mr. Slade, if you won't take any more wine, what do you say to a rubber and a cigar?"

"I should like it of all things," replied the other, rising.

Norman Slade, indeed, had astonished Her Majesty's —th Hussars not a little. Although Bertie had given a hint to the chief and some of his immediate chums that his uncle was not given to racing talk, they could not believe that a man who occupied such a leading position on the Turf should absolutely abstain from the slightest allusion to that sport, either in the past or the present; while Bertie, on his part, was just as much astonished at the extraordinary interest his uncle had suddenly developed in military matters.

"I can understand," said Bertie to one of his chums, "his not talking Turf; he never does. I can understand his preferring a dinner with us, and a rubber afterwards, to the solitude of the Black Swan; but his wanting to see the regiment out beats me altogether. I never knew my uncle before take the faintest interest in soldiering, and should have just as soon thought of asking him to the regimental ball as to a regimental field-day."

However, after a couple of *partis* at whist, Norman Slade rose to take his departure, simply remarking, "These early hours in the morning, Colonel, require correspondingly earlier hours at night." And then, thanking his host for a very pleasant evening, Norman Slade stepped into his fly and was driven back to his hotel.

The morning came, and seven o'clock saw the —th Hussars filing through the gate that led on to the Knavesmire. That passed, they formed up, and at once commenced the morning's drill. Bertie's servant, with a horse, was left at the gate, with instructions to await the arrival of Mr. Slade, who was to drive out from York in a fly. Soon the Hussars were skirmishing, charging, and going through all manner of evolutions, and more than once both the Colonel's and Bertie's eyes wandered about in search of their pleasant guest of the night before. But there was not a sign of Norman Slade; and, as they once more filed through the gate—their morning's work over—on their way back to barracks, Bertie's servant assured them that the gentleman had never put in an appearance.

It was incomprehensible. It seemed impossible that there could have been any mistake; and yet, what could have become of Norman Slade? He was apparently most anxious last night to see the regiment out in the morning; and yet, although a horse had been brought there expressly for him, although he had been told the exact time and everything else, he had never put in an appearance. Neither the Colonel nor Bertie could perceive how it was possible that a mistake could have occurred.

In the course of the morning a note was brought to Bertie, in which his uncle said that he was unfortunately prevented coming out to the Knavesmire that morning; and, more unlucky still, that business required him to leave York that morning for the North by the eleven train. "Make my apologies to the Colonel for not turning up this morning; and, if you can, meet me at the station a little before the train starts."

It was all very mysterious. However, Bertie at once determined that there was only one thing to be done, and that was to meet his uncle as suggested, and say good-bye to him.

At a quarter before eleven Bertie Slade made his appearance at the York station, where he found his uncle already pacing up and down the platform.

"Why, what on earth became of you, Uncle Norman, this morning? We were all on the look-out for you on the Knavesmire, and never saw you."

Norman Slade's eyes twinkled at his nephew's speech.

"No," he said, "you were a little late for me. I had gone home before you came."

"What on earth do you mean?" ejaculated the other speaker.

"I mean this," said Norman. "I had ascertained that you fellows were given to early drills on the Knavesmire, and I had the best of all possible reasons for wishing to know exactly when you would be there."

"I don't understand," said Bertie.

"Well, my dear boy, I tried *Belisarius* for the *Leger* this morning, and I didn't want the whole of Her Majesty's —th Hussars to be present at the trial. Do you understand now, Bertie?"

Bertie's answer was simply a roar of laughter, and then he exclaimed, "Sold us all, by Jove! I hope it was satisfactory?"

"I will say no more, but it is good enough for you to stand in a pony with me. They got at the man last time, but I will take deuced good care that they don't this."

"Yes, I heard something about this in London, and, what is more, happened to get at the names of the two principal winners over the defeat of *Belisarius*."

"What are their names?" inquired Slade, sharply.

"Major Kynaston and a Mr. Furzedon—both men I have met, and don't think much of. Didn't you hear a rumor that Bill Smith was given a glass of drugged wine in the Paddock after he got up?"

"Hear the rumor!" exclaimed Norman Slade, excitedly. "I saw it done, and, though I don't know him, could swear to the man that gave it. I know all about Kynaston, he is rather a sly card, but I don't think that he would go the length of hockussing a jockey; besides, I will swear he was not the man who handed that glass to Bill. As for Furzedon, I never saw him. But here is my train. We must have some more talk about this. Mind you come to Doncaster."

"All right, uncle, I will come up to see *Belisarius* have another shy. Furzedon will most likely be there, and, if so, I will point him out to you."

"Do," said Norman, "and if I can work the thing out I will bring the whole case before the Jockey Club. Once more good bye," and the two cordially shook hands.

(To be continued.)

To the Electors of Ward 5 CARD.

Having been requested by a number of the Rate-payers of Ward 5, and nominated by the Amalgamated Trades Union, as well as at the public meeting held in Temperance Hall, Cornwallis St., on March 8th, to allow myself to be their representative in the City Council, I have decided to place myself in the hands of the Electors of this important Ward, and I pledge myself, if elected, to serve them faithfully and independently.

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
P. F. MARTIN.

WARD THREE.

To the Electors of Ward III.

In acceding to the request of a large number of electors of Ward III, to offer as a candidate at the ensuing elections for the City Council, I beg to say that if elected, it will be my constant aim, by strict attention to the interests of Ward III and the City generally, to merit the confidence reposed in me.

WILLIAM DENNIS.

Halifax, March 27th.

HALIFAX, FEB. 28TH, 1888.

H. F. WOKRALL, Esq.,
Halifax, N. S.

SIR,—We, the undersigned, fully appreciate the personal sacrifices you have made in the discharge of your aldermanic duties in the past, and are fully convinced that the interest of the Ward will be best observed by your continuing to represent it in the City Council for another term.

We therefore request that you will become a candidate at the ensuing Civic Election for the representation of Ward Six.

In case you decide to accede to our request, we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure your re-election.

We are, Sir, Yours, etc.

A. W. West
J. A. Turnbull
Dan'l Rutherford
John Eckersley
James Hillis
Wm. Lithgow
Wm. Longard
Joseph Flemming
Loran Mosher
Jno. A. McDonald
E. O'Brien
Wm. Nisbet
R. J. Griffin
F. D. Hillis
Michael Kenny
J. Overy
A. C. Layton
John J. Bennett
Samuel G. Medley
Robert Heffer
A. W. Drysdale
Wm. Gunn
James Hurns
W. H. Tully
E. B. Richardson
And 200 other signers.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your numerous signed Requisition, and accede to your request.

Should I have the honor of being re-elected, I trust no action of mine will cause any of you to regret having again placed confidence in me.

I am, gentlemen,
Yours, obediently,
H. F. WOKRALL.

To R. McDonald, A. W. West, G. M. Connor, J. A. Turnbull, and the other signers of the Requisition.

TO THE ELECTORS OF WARD III.

GENTLEMEN,—Having been requested by a large number of the electors of Ward Three to become a candidate for your suffrages at the election for Alderman to be held on the 25th April next, I have concluded to offer myself as representative.

Interested as I am very largely in Real Estate in your ward, and feeling the necessity for increased and improved sewerage and other facilities in parts of this ward, and also the necessity for a wise and economic administration of Civic affairs, I shall, if elected, endeavor to carry out the well understood wishes of the electors on the subject above indicated.

E. W. O'DONNELL.

March 17, 1888.

To the Electors of Ward Two.

GENTLEMEN.—At the request of a majority of the Ratepayers of the Ward, to allow myself to be nominated as a Candidate for alderman, I now accede to the request, and, if elected, will do what lies in my power for the best interests of the ward and city.

W. D. HARRINGTON.

Halifax, March 21, 1888.

To the Electors of Ward 5.

Having been solicited by a number of influential residents of this portion of the city, and having been nominated at a public meeting called to select candidates to represent the Ward in the City Council, I accept the nomination so readily made without my knowledge. I beg to thank those gentlemen who so freely voted for the resolution naming me as their candidate; also beg to thank the electors who have so willingly supported me in past contests; and trust that my conduct in the past has been such as to merit your confidence in the approaching election.

Yours, very truly,
WILLIAM WOODILL.

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—ALSO—

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No. 33 Windsor Street, 6 rooms, with large garden and grounds, 150
Large House, Willow Park, with grounds, 100x200 feet, 150
No. 38 Macara Street, 9 rooms, 150
No. 58 Mainland Street (off street), suitable for two tenants.

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Halifax, March 15th, 1888.

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