

The Evening Recorder.

ADVERTISING RATES

As may be arranged at office, or by correspondence.

JOB PRINTING

Fully equipped for all work in this line.

Morning—Noon—Or Night.

KEITH'S INDIA PALE ALE.

Boord's Gins, World Wide Reputation.

Of the various brands of Gin on the market there is none older or better than that made by the old, reliable house of Boord & Son, Tooley Street, London.

Boord's Gin is a favorite with consumers the world over, possesses high medicinal value, acting gently on the kidneys.

The Leith House has specialized Boord's famous "Cat and Barrel Brand" as a family Gin for many years. Our regular Spring Import exp. "Shenandoah," has just been received including

Boord's Cordial Old Tom Gin.
Boord's London Dry.

Prices gladly furnished upon application.

KELLEY & GLASSEY, Limited.
HALIFAX.

ROYAL BLEND SCOTCH

WATSON'S No. 10

In Halifax, as well as in other parts of the world, men who know whisky, call for WATSON'S NO. 10.



During the Season of Spring Drink Our Specially Brewed Aged and Bottled India Pale Ale and Extra XXX Stout.

THEY HAVE GREAT BODY BUILDING POWER. PINT BOTTLES, 10c. PER DOZ., \$1.00; ALSO ON DRAUGHT.

A daily glass will build up sound nervous and muscular tissue.

A. MONAGHAN & CO., Importers and Dealers, 120-124 Barrington Street. Telephone 1051.

GLASS! GLASS! GLASS!

We are the largest Importers and dealers in Plate, Sheet and Fancy Glass in Nova Scotia.

We manufacture Art Glass in copper, zinc and lead setting. We also bevel, sand blast and blend glass.

We manufacture Mirrors and Silent Salesmen, and supply the largest dealers and contractors in Nova Scotia.

Our factory is on Starr Street and Poplar Grove.

DAVID ROCHE. Office and Retail Store, Argyle and Jacob Sts. HALIFAX, N. S.

Things that will make your Spring House-Cleaning easier:

Get armed for the annual campaign. Buy those things that will make it most decisive, that will make it easier, and that will be most effective. There is no need of our dwelling on the subject—you know well enough that the time has arrived when you will be on the warpath. By way of suggestion, we mention:

Broom, Store Brushes, Sweepers, Whitewash Brushes, Pails, Laundry Soap, Diamond Dyes, Dye.

A Special Offer—If you order for three Lines amounting to \$1.00 or over, we will give you a special discount of 10 c. off regular retail price.

WENTZELLS LIMITED.

OUR INDIAN POETESS.

The Late Pauline Johnson Was a Fascinating Figure.

Pauline Johnson, the well-known Canadian Indian poetess, who died in Vancouver, B.C., recently, was a picturesque and interesting personality. She was a princess of the Mohawk tribe of North America, near Brantford, Ont., March 10, 1862. Inheriting the love of outdoor life and the beauty of nature from her father's people, she received literary tendencies largely from her mother's family.

Through her English mother, Emily Howells, she was related to the well-known writer, William Dean Howells. There was real romance in the marriage of the Indian chief and the white girl, who visited the Mohawk reserve with her sister, the wife of a Church of England clergyman. The meeting between the handsome young chief and the young English girl ended in their falling in love. They were married and the little romance of the Mohawk reserve was over.

The young girl was carefully educated, and early in life began to write verse, but she first came into prominence as a poetess in 1892, when she appeared in Toronto and read selections from her own works. Her dramatic power and the singular force and beauty of her lines compelled her to retire. She visited England in 1894, and while there published a volume of poems called "The White Wampum." She again visited England in 1896 as an entertainer and was well received wherever she appeared. In 1897 her Legends of Vancouver appeared, a volume of short stories and local legends which Miss Johnson has published. Flint and Feather, Miss Johnson's last volume, was published only a few weeks ago.

Socially, Pauline Johnson was a delightful woman, possessed of a gracious dignity, charming cordiality and simplicity of manner and was a versatile conversationalist. She was equally at home in the realms of politics, literature or art. Her campaign song, written for the Dominion election of 1896, entitled the Good Old M. P., was the best of the kind that appeared. Most of all she loved to write about the history and legends of her own people and her poems on Indian subjects are full of life and fire. Nothing stronger than As Red Men Dies was ever published in Canada and nothing more sympathetic with nature or more artistic than In April.

Recently when His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cornwall, who is a Mohawk chief by adoption, was in the west, he visited Miss Johnson and talked with her family of former days. During the visit the poetess wrote about her throat a fine gold chain, from which was suspended a unique gold star presented to her by admirers in the west on her final visit to Vancouver as the premier lady canoeist of Canada. To her love of canoeing we owe the beautiful poem, The Song My Paddle Sings, which runs:

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west,
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west; we wait for you.
Blow! Blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow,
You rock your cradle like a lullaby,
But scorn to notice my white lute.
I stow the sail, I unship the mast;
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past.
My paddle will lull you into rest
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep! Sleep!
By your mountain sleep
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

Miss Johnson's legacy of verse is unfortunately slight in quantity, the collected volume numbering less than 100 poems. It will be treasured, however, for generations for its individuality, its vitality and for its complete expression of love for the red men and their free life, the grandeur of Canadian scenery and for various noble elements in our early civilization.

A Modest Politician
Robert John McCormick, M.P. for West Lambton, is an Irish, and consequently tells a good story and winks his eye, although he is slightly handicapped by deafness. But this is one on himself which has been floating about the corridors of the Parliament Buildings.

When Robert John was first elected a few years ago and came to Toronto to attend the session of the Legislature, it is said that it was his first appearance in this city. After alighting from the train at Union Station he was met by a crowd of reporters who were shouting the name "King Edward" and the porters representing the hotel.

It is Your Loss

when Fire or Lightning visits you, it is to your ruin to meliorate it. Every fireproof business man and every household should carry sufficient protection to cover his assets. No practical person should overlook the advantages of Fire Insurance.

Acadia Fire Policies can protect you.

In case of Loss by Fire or Lightning, they pay you in full on the Policies you hold without cash discount. Being non-levied in the Maritime Provinces, our rates and conditions are liberal.

You should insist always on an ACADIA POLICY—only sound institutions are able to provide the protection you pay for. In order to safeguard YOU, we are holding to a surplus of over half a million dollars.

The Acadia Fire Insurance Company.

Head Office Halifax, N. S.
R. K. ELLIOT, Secy-Treas.
Agencies throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

Investment News

Halifax, April 11, 1913.

Brown - Machine Coy's Report

Judging from the annual report of the Brown Machine Company, fresh from the press, investors in this progressive structural engineering corporation should be exceedingly gratified with the result of the Company's operations during 1912.

OUTPUT

The output of the works at New Glasgow was the largest in the Company's history, representing an increase of 25 per cent. over 1911. During the year a number of large contracts were satisfactorily completed for the Steel and Coal Companies of Nova Scotia.

EARNINGS

Net earnings were nearly THREE times the amount required for bond interest. It is believed that a 4 per cent. dividend on the capital stock will be declared at the annual meeting on April 15th.

PROSPECTS

Prospects for the present year are very promising, and sufficient work is now in progress to keep the shops busy for three or four months. We offer the 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds of this Company at 95 per cent. and interest, which price yields the excellent return of 4 1/2 per cent. Further details available.

J. C. Mackintosh & Co.

Established 1873

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

Direct Private Wires
Halifax, Montreal, St. John, New Glasgow, Fredericton.

Our Rates.

3-12 p. e. in our Savings Department either with or without our Home Bank repayable without notice.

1-12 p. e. DEBENTURE STOCK certificate running 7 months or nine months.

1-12 p. e. Debenture, running one year or from five to ten years.

3-4 p. e. Debenture, running two years.

5 p. e. Debenture, running three years to five years.

The Dominion Government authorizes us to issue One Million Dollars of above securities.

The Eastern Canada Savings and Loan Co., Ltd.

Oranges, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Bananas.

JUST ARRIVED:

ORANGES—Navel, leading counts, Valencia, 42 1/2 lbs. per box.

LEMONS—Palermo, 30 lbs. boxes, 42 1/2 lbs. per box.

GRAPE FRUIT—Florida, 10 lbs. boxes, 42 1/2 lbs. per box.

BANANAS—from the West Indies.

BANKS & WILLIAMS,

WHOLESALE Fruit and Produce Dealers.

PHONE 147.

LAUGH AND BE JOLLY.

Did you ever meet laugh-and-be-jolly?

If you haven't I wish that you had.

To look at his face in the gloomiest place

Will make any man smile.

He is chubby with rosy cheeks and laughter,

He is smiling with him, and he is

To say laugh-and-be-jolly

Is to do what nobody has done.

When the heavens are drizzling and drizzly,

It is a mercy to have him about.

For he chuckles away on the dreariest day

Till he looks like the sun coming out.

Know him down, he is up with a scintilla,

Ignore him, he smiles all the same;

Call him frisky or simple, he just shows a

Smile.

Take your grumps and your growls and your

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And carry them all this off!

He will show you his way, and make you

Some day

A Laugh-and-be-jolly, yourself!

The Masquerader

By Katherine Cecil Thurston.

Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

WITH the return of his mistress he took a long survey of the room. His glance brightened appreciatively as it traveled from the wall lined with well-things to the lamp on the table to the proper light, from the lamp to the desk fitted with every requirement. Nothing was lacking. All he had once possessed, all he had dreamed of, was here, but on a greater scale. To enjoy the luxuries of life a man must go long without them. Loder had lived long enough to know that until three weeks ago he had believed himself exempt from the temptations of luxury. Every temptation of the world had been spoken, and within him another voice had answered with a tone so clamorous and insistent that it had driven him to the verge of despair. That had been the voice of suppressed ambition, and now as he stood in the new atmosphere of a new world, he felt the voice of a new ambition.

The joy of material things was suddenly, overwhelmingly the last remnant of the philosophy he had once held. He saw all things in a fresh light, the numbers, the pleasant, unnecessary things that color the passing of life, the escape and of the wheels of life. This was power—power made manifest. The quiet harmony of one's life, the quiet harmony of one's surroundings, the gratifying difference of one's dependents—these were the visible, the outward signs, the things she had forgotten.

Crossing the room slowly, he lifted and looked at the different papers on the desk. They had a substantial feeling, an importance, an air of value. They were like the solemn keys to so many varied problems. Besides the papers were a heap of letters neatly arranged and as yet unopened. He turned them over one by one. They were all thick with interesting news. He smiled as he recalled his own scanty mail—envelopes long and bulky or narrow and thin, unwelcome manuscripts or very welcome checks. Having sorted the letters, he hesitated. It was his life task to open them, but he had a more important mission. He stood uncertain, weighing them in his hand. Then all at once a look of attention and surprise crossed his face, and he raised his head. Some one had unmistakably paused outside the door which Greening had left ajar.

There was a moment of apparent doubt, then a stir of skirts, a quick, uncertain knock, and the intruder entered.

For a couple of seconds she stood in the doorway; then as Loder made no effort to speak she moved into the room. She had apparently been returned from some entertainment, for though she had drawn off her long gloves, she was still wearing an evening dress of rich material and fur.

That she was Chilcote's wife Loder instinctively realized the moment she entered the room. But a disconcerting confusion of ideas was all that followed the knowledge. He stood by the desk, silent and awkward, trying to fit his expectations to his knowledge. Then, faced by the hopelessness of the task, he turned abruptly and looked at her again.

She had taken off her cloak and was standing by the fire. The completion of moving from life alone had set its seal upon her in a certain self-possession, a certain confidence of pose, yet her figure as Loder then saw it, backgrounded by the dark books and gilded in pale blue, had a suggestion of youthfulness that seemed a contradiction. The remembrance of Chilcote's epithet, "young man," came back to him with some thing like astonishment. He felt no uncertainty, no dread of discovery and humiliation in her presence as he had felt in the maid's, yet there was something in her face that made him feel that she was not comfortable, a look he could not name but which he had felt in the maid's, yet there was something in her face that made him feel that she was not comfortable, a look he could not name but which he had felt in the maid's.

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LAUGH AND BE JOLLY.

Did you ever meet laugh-and-be-jolly?

If you haven't I wish that you had.

To look at his face in the gloomiest place

Will make any man smile.

He is chubby with rosy cheeks and laughter,

He is smiling with him, and he is

To say laugh-and-be-jolly

Is to do what nobody has done.

When the heavens are drizzling and drizzly,

It is a mercy to have him about.

For he chuckles away on the dreariest day

Till he looks like the sun coming out.

Know him down, he is up with a scintilla,

Ignore him, he smiles all the same;

Call him frisky or simple, he just shows a

Smile.

Take your grumps and your growls and your

Grouches

And carry them all this off!

He will show you his way, and make you

Some day

A Laugh-and-be-jolly, yourself!

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