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Is the pure, refined juice of West India Lime Fruit, obtained by us from reputable planters; filtered, sterilized and bottled. It is a delightfully refreshing drink for all seasons.

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THE ADVERTISER, KENTVILLE

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Lavor's Island near Halifax, though
some of them are light.

A Builder—Are You Losing
Weight?—The D. & L. Emulsion
will always help and build you
up. Restores proper digestion and
brings back health. Manufactured
by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

It is estimated that the men of Great
Britain spend 250,000 pounds a year on
silk hats.

Piles
To prove to you that Dr.
Chase's Ointment is a certain
and absolute cure for each
and every form of itching,
bleeding and protruding piles,
testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors
what they think of it. You can use it and
get your money back if not cured. See a box at
all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR
ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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I did not know whether to be angry with him or not, but I began to see the force of his argument, and I agreed eventually to wait, as he advised. "Have you told her I am here? If not, I think you will understand—I should prefer—"

"A nod's as good as a wink, captain. Never a word has she got from me as to your being on board, and she hasn't. Whether she has any suspicion of it or not I cannot say. But I don't know why she should, and if she did, cart ropes wouldn't hold her, I reckon. But maybe I am making too free."

I am not ashamed to confess that for the rest of that day, so long as Frida kept the deck. I staid in the place from which I could best see her, and I borrowed a pair of glasses from Rossiter to spy the better on her beautiful face. I saw that many emotions agitated it in turn. It was wistful, expectant, sad, downcast, now flushing bright with some vague hope, now tender with soft memories, with thoughts of me, as I was concealed enough to believe, and rightly, to judge by the glad welcome she gave me when I was once more by her side.

How the time passed I cannot say. We sat there hand in hand gazing out across the long track of the steamer as it sparkled and foamed under the moonlight and taking no thought of it, of why we were there, what might be in store for us or what I should do next. We should have sat on far into the night, I believe, perfectly unconscious and unconcerned, except with ourselves, had not a tall figure suddenly thrown its shadow over us, and we were addressed in a low, nervous female voice:

"Pardon me, but I knew I could not be mistaken. It's Captain Wood!"

The Duchess of Tierra Sagrada! "I could not rest still I had spoken to you," she went on hurriedly. "Yet I felt de trop. I did not like to disturb you, to interrupt you. May I ask one word? You escaped?"

"As you see, duchess—uninjured, too, except for the discomfort and rough handling. You shall hear the whole story some day."

"I would gladly have spared you this suffering from the very first. I tried hard, I did indeed, even that first night in the opera box, and afterward I would have warned you, but I dared not be more precise. Again, in that terrible house I was on your side."

"Indeed, duchess," broke in Frida, "you have made us your friends. We are grateful, and we will show it yet, I hope."

"But why are you here?" went on the other woman impatiently. "How did you come? I have never seen you during the voyage nor have the others. It is fortunate. They would certainly try to do you an injury."

"They have done so already—an injury that may be irreparable. They have robbed me."

"Yes, yes, that I know," she said, "but it will be a small matter, and you would have your revenge. You could protect yourself against worse, now you are free. If you were only careful. I cannot think why you should risk so much now. You are within their reach again."

I laughed. "That has never weighed with me, nor do I care for the money. It is my honor that is at stake, duchess. I must recover certain papers that you—your people have stolen or I shall be eternally disgraced."

"Papers? Are they yours? I have heard of them. State papers, belonging to your government and worth a fortune to any one who will give them to ours. You are concerned?"

"Closely. I would give a large sum—any sum—to get them back."

"I need no bribes, Captain Wood." She spoke with dignity. "You cannot mean to offer me money surely! I have not fallen so low as that, I hope. I am ready to make restitution. It is the least I can do for you. You shall have the papers. I will fetch them."

"You are a good woman. I feel for you, indeed I do," Frida said as she staid her for a moment with a gesture as though to kiss her, but the duchess brushed past and hurried away.

"You are a good woman. I feel for you, indeed I do," Frida said as she staid her for a moment with a gesture as though to kiss her, but the duchess brushed past and hurried away.

"I do not quite see why she is so much interested in you, and I shall want to know more about that."

But why need I set down in words the gleeful badinage of a pair of silly lovers? And it was ended abruptly when the duchess returned.

"Here, take them, if they are yours."

I leave that to your honor. I know where he kept them, and I have secured them—no matter how."

A single glance under the nearest electric light satisfied me that these were the missing papers. They were still in their official "jacket," a broad band of bright green paper, on which was printed the label, "Strictly confidential."

"Be on your guard, I implore you," she went on. "There may be trouble about them. If your identity is discovered, they will suspect you, and it will be another reason to attack you. Put them by. Lock them up securely."

"Let us have them," interposed Frida. "No one would think of mixing me up with the business, and I'm not afraid of anything they can do to me."

"You shall run no such risk, Frida," I protested. "It is entirely my affair. I came for them, I have got them, and I will keep them against all comers. In the last resort I would throw them overboard. They are of no actual value except in the wrong hands. We have copies of them."

It was so settled, and the party broke up. I was the last to leave the stern, having given my dear girl a rendezvous in the same place at the same time the next evening. But as I passed along the now deserted deck, making for the companion ladder that led to my second class quarters, I was met by a quartermaster in the full light of an electric lamp, who hailed me roughly.

"Hello, my hearty! Vast heaving and run alongside. What brings you

view with Captain Sherborne. Instead of staid into the second cabin he sent for me, and I was led before him very much like a malefactor, with a steward on one side of me and a quartermaster, my friend of the previous night, on the other. I had the papers on me in an inner breast pocket.

I was not taken to his own cabin on the poop deck, but to the purser's in a central part of the ship, half cabin, half office, and that officer was also in attendance. The captain was a square set, weather beaten sailor man, very bluff and cheery, no doubt, when it so pleased him, but his mottled red face in its fringe of white whiskers could shine fierce and forbidding as a lightning through a fog, and it did so just now.

"You are the person calling yourself Hardcastle who has been breaking the ship's rules by trespassing on the first saloon accommodation? I saw you myself."

"I admit it. What is the penalty? To pay first cabin fare, I presume? Then, Mr. Purser, take the necessary amount and give me a receipt. I won't change my cabin."

I tossed a couple of fivers on to the little table in front of which the skipper sat, and the purser, a little, old, spare gentleman with a long white beard, took the money up, but looked at the captain doubtfully.

"Stay, stay, my little fellow. It's not going to end like that. The trespass is only the smallest part. There has been a robbery on board. It has been reported to me this morning, and, and—" "You suspect me?" He nodded. "On what grounds, may I ask? I am entitled to be told that."

To be continued

Two Extreme Cases
of Itching Piles

That Were Positively and Thoroughly Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment—The Only Actual Cure For Every Form of Piles.

Mr. F. Stokes, 116 Dunlop street, Barrie, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with blind, itching piles for years, and could get nothing to stop the constant itching. I was always in pain, until a friend of mine told me of the wonderful cures Dr. Chase's Ointment had made among his acquaintances. I only used one box, and am entirely cured. In gratitude for this marvelous cure, and for the benefit of others suffering as I did, I send you this record of my case."

Amos P. Plaster of Somerset, Ky., writes:—"I am a commercial traveler, well-known throughout the Province. I was troubled with the above malady for twelve years, and suffered extreme agony at times. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment, I am completely cured, and would recommend it with fullest confidence to all suffering from the torture of this terrible disease." Of course, a box of all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Agents wanted for Dr. Chase's last and complete Receipt Book.

She met him at the door, all breathless with excitement.

John, she cried, baby's cut a tooth. He retorted angrily, and we should soon have fallen to blows, but a sharp voice interposed, that of the captain himself, for the altercation had occurred just outside his cabin.

"What's this, quartermaster—quarrelling with the passengers? And who are you, sir, who talk so big?"

The seaman answered, while I hesitated, doubtful how to act.

"A second class, sir, who's been a-trespassing up here constant, and I'd my orders, sir, from the chief officer to watch him."

"What do you call yourself?" "Hardcastle is my name on the list, but—"

"A purser's name, eh? Fishy on the face of it. However, this is no time for discussion. I'll see you tomorrow forward in the second cabin. Take him there, quartermaster, and tell the steward to have an eye to him; not that he can get very far."

"Aye, aye, sir. Now, heaven ahead, will you, or must I make you?" No doubt he felt annoyed by the support of the "old man." Now I had recovered my temper I did not resent his tone. I had had time to consider that for the present I had better lie low.

So I went straight to my cabin and to bed. I was doubled up with two others, both ocean "drummers," men who crossed every month or two, and they were already sound asleep. But before turning out my light I climbed up into the privacy of my own little bunk, where I quickly ran through the papers and saw with delight that everything was intact. Then I placed the precious packet under my pillow and felt that I had spent a profitable day.

CHAPTER XIII
A SECOND VICTORY.

By next morning I had resolved to take the captain of the Chattahoochee directly I saw him into my confidence. He was an Englishman. The liner, although it had an American name, sailed under English colors. On her deck I was on English ground, and I thought I might count on his protection. I was taking too much for granted, as I soon found. The plainest truth does not always prosper when it is contradicted seemingly by a well substantiated lie.

I had not long to wait for my inter-

view with Captain Sherborne. Instead of staid into the second cabin he sent for me, and I was led before him very much like a malefactor, with a steward on one side of me and a quartermaster, my friend of the previous night, on the other. I had the papers on me in an inner breast pocket.

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To be continued

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Apples and Cheese Constantly on hand

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The Brooklyn Daily Eagle is the ideal Resort medium. It reaches the people you want to reach. Its circulation is the largest in Brooklyn, and goes into the best homes 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.

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

EAGLE INFORMATION BUREAU

Room 23 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 afterwards 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 Rheumatic Oil and tried that. I am happy to say that it has given me great relief, removing the pain and enabling me to move around much better than I could. I think Egyptian Rheumatic Oil a splendid liniment for use in cases of Rheumatism."

Egyptian Rheumatic Oil

For sale by

ALL DEALERS

The story is started in London that when the war in South Africa is over King Edward and Queen Alexandra intend to visit the colonies and India, and that while in India His Majesty will be crowned Emperor of India.