BLACKADAR BROS. ************

VOLUME 101.

IDAILY EDITION

HALIFAX, N. S., TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7, 1913.

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FARQUHAR BROS., LTD.

Sultan of Morocco Was a British Soldier, But Sought Fortune Else-

The announcement of the engagement of Kaid Sir Harry Aubrey Mac-Lean to Miss Elia Prendergast, V.O., recalls the exploits of the Scottish chieftain in the Moorish Empire. chieftain in the Moorish Empire. Soldier of fortune and adventurer of the best type, his career has been as spectacular as it has been glorious. Forty years ago Harry Aubrey de Vere MacLean was an officer in her Majesty's Sirtyshinh Regiment of Foot, poor, but with the best blood of Scotland in his veins. He was too poor to 50 the pace with his brother officers, so eventually he resigned his commission and west to Tangier. He went to see the Sultan of Morocco, Moulai Hasan, a grim old warrior, strong lenough for himself, but worried about the succession of



heir, a puny, weak boy. There is pretenders to the throne who waiting for the old Sultan to die MacLean proposed hims. If to Moulai Hassan as commander and military instructor for the imperial bodyguard, who should be equipped with modern weapons. His proposal was accepted and MacLean soon knocked this thousand fighting men into good shape.

next few years in putting down brig-ands and preserving order. Then the Sultan died, and there was an insurrection when the weak son Mulai Abdel-Aziz, was put on the throne. MacLean put this down sharply, as he did several subsequent

uprisings.

Meanwhile Raisuli and his bandits had been ravaging the northern sec-Meanwhile Raisuli and his bandits had been ravaging the northern section of Morocco, and in 1907 MacLean attempted to stop him. Raisuli had become world-famous in 4904, when he captured Ion Perdicaris, a wealthy American, and held him for ransom. Morocco, prodded by the United States, finally raised \$55,000 to free Perdicaris. Raisuli captured other foreigners and held them, and MacLean sent word to him that he would meet him in the desert alone. MacLean went alone, but Raisuli took some of his men, land made MacLean a prisoner. The bandit demanded \$200,000 for MacLean's freedom. He dropped this price several times, but no one would pay it, and after MacLean had been held prisoner for seven months he was turned free.

er for seven months he was turned free.

It was not long after this that MacLean returned to England and took a country home in Norfolk. MacLean's first wife was Miss Catherine Coe. He married her in 1832, and her social position was such that none of the European women at either Gibraltar of Tangier would consent to any social intercourse with her, in spite of her husband's influence and power. Sir Harry continued to live with her until 1905, when matters got so bad that he sued for a divorce.

The Ordeal by Touch.

Major Robert Le Mesurier Willoughby, who died at Ghéltenham, Eng., recently. was an excellent story-teller, and a favorite tale of his concerned his barrack-room days. A soldier, so the story ran/had several times complained of thefts of articles from his kit, but the culprit could not be detected. It was therefore decided to subject the men in barracks to an ordeal by touch, and the corporal in charge of the affair explained to the assembled soldiers that on the floor of the mess room he had placed the barracks cat beneath an inverted tin dish. The cat, he assured them, would mew at the touch of the thief. After the lights had been lowered the men filed past to fouch the dish. The cat did not mew, but when the lights were turned up it was found it, tevery man who touched the dish had blackened his hand with soot which had been placed on it. Only one man had failed to soil his hand. A subsequent search of his possessions revealed the stolen articles. Major Willoughby got his commission in the 4th Dragoon Guards after ten years service in the ranks. The Ordest by Touch.

Healthy City Folk

Healthy City Folk.

Life in a great city does not necessarlly lead to physical degeneration. There died a London fish hawker about four years ago who could trace his family back 200 years and had never heard of an addition of country blood. Ke died within a few weeks of his golden wedding and left twenty-one children, seventy-one grandehildren. None of the children married out of the London district in which they lived, except a soldier son who emigrated. The old man plied his trade until within two days of his death and "could pull fiis barrow twenty miles. He had sinews like a young 'un and not a corn on his feet."

Thin as a Rail, are you? Every day spending as much energy as you make—if the balace goes a little fur-ther, well, you get thinner. On the danger

Minards' Liniment Lumberman's Frie

Canadian Liberal Monthly MOSUED BY

THE INFORMATION OFFICE

CANADIAN LIBERAL PARTY.

OPE CHAMBERS, Sparks St., OTTAWA, ONT ption Rate, \$1.00 per a lingle copies, 10 cents. \$1.00 per Bezen Copies.

Special Rates to Clubs and Associate Seconts per ammum on five

Commencing with the October issue, Mr. Harry F. deadsby, one of Canada's most brilliant writers, will contribute a series of character sketches on the Borden Min-istry, beginning with the Prime Minister.

Catholic Truth Society. orts presented at the annual me

The annual meeting of the Catholi Truth Society was held Sunday afternoon in St, Mary's Parish Hall, His Grace Arch NOUNCED TO MARRY AGAIN.

In St, Mary's Parish Hall, His Grace Archbishop McCarthy presiding. There was a good attendance of elergy and latty.

The reports of the treasurer and secretary show the society to be in a flourishing condition. The receipts for the third year of operation showed a total of \$1,083.34 made up as follows: Balance on hand from previous year, \$165.55; donations, \$374.00; sales of literature, \$490.33, profit on sale of newspapers, 51.43. The payments were \$604.71 for literature and \$44.38 for sundry expenses, leaving a balance on hand of \$432.55.

15,849 copies of Catholic newspapers were distributed at the shurch door during the year, and the sales of literature were constantly increasing, showing that the people were generally interested in

Patron—His Grace the Archbishop. President—Sir M. B. Daly, K. C. M. G. Vice-President—Rey, W. Foley, D. D.

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-and think so highly of them from our intimate knowledge of their worthi ness that we can conscien tiously recommend them to our clients and to prospective investors.

You will find brief details of them on the first page of our October "In-vestment Offerings," Their titles follow: Maritime Telegraph Sixes-Trinidad Electric Fives—Porto Rico Telephone Sevens. At our present prices the first present prices the first yields 5½ p. c., the second 5.70 p. c., and the third 6.76 p. c.

All three may be bought outright or on our easy-tostart monthly payment plan. Of which do you want particulars?

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o Be Rented Furnished or Unfurnished. Lanford Cottage, PRINCE'S LODGE.

It contains on 1st floor—Large pudlaing room, library, kitchen and pa Open fire place in each room.

This house was built by W. F. McCoy, Req., as a home for Winter and Summer, and no expense was spared to make it comfortable in every respect. From the veranda there is an unobstructed view of Bedford Basin. Five cent train fare to and from the city.

C. W. HAYWARD

Phone 1072J.

yelling your lungs out around the house?"
"He told me to wait," she said sim-

4-Specials-4 Save up trying to timine and new for Stark's saloon, reasoning that where one was the other must be near, and there would surely be some word of Necia. He burst through the door. A quick glame over the place showed it ampty of those he sought; but, spying Poleon Doret, he dragged him outside, inquiring breathlessiv:

"Have you seen Stark? Has he hee about?
"Yes; wan hour, mebbe two, hour ago. Wy? Wat for you ask?"
"There's the devil to pay. Those two have come together, and Necia is Jun Metal Laced Boots lea-ther lined, waterproof soles We give you better value than the other reliow. "Necia gone!" the Canadian jerked

out. "Wat you mean by dat? W'ere she's gone to?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. Heaven! I'm shaking like a leaf."

"Bah! She's feel purty bad. She's go out by hersef!. Dat's all right."

"I tell you something has happened to her! There's h—l to pay! I found her clothes at the house torn to ribbons and all muddy and wet."

Poleon cried out at this.
"We've got to find her and Gale, and we haven't a minute to lose." WALLACE BROS. FOOTWEAR, Barrington St

JUST DO YOUR BEST. My doctorn is to lay aside.

Contentions, and he assisted;
Jest do your best, and grains ar blame
That follers that, counts jest the same.

I've alina noticed great success
is intred with troubles more or less.
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

AUGUST IN METIS, 1913. The suaset glory of the year unfolding, The golden-rod their tuffed tassels toss; The summer's pleasures still their joys

hus, like the fisme, we store the glad brigh mirthful happy days by the seashor mem'ries grand of gierious Summe

Don't Put Off seeking relief from the illnesses caused by defective action of the or-gans of digestion. Most serious sick-nesses get their start in troubles of the stomach, liver, bowels—troubles quickly, safely, surely relieved by

-d fool I've been!"

By REX BEACH.

CHAPTER XVL JOHN GALF'S HOUR. was a heathenish time of night

to arouse the girl, thought Burrell as he left the barracks, but he must allay these fears that were besetting him; he must see Necla at once. The low, drifting clouds obscured what star glow there was in the heavens, and he stepped back to light a lantern.
A few moments later he stood above the squaw, who crouched on the trad-er's doorstep, wailing her death song

into the night. "What's wrong? Where is Necia? Where is she?" he demanded and at last seized her roughly, facing her to the light, but Alluna only blinked owl-

"Gone away," she anally informed him and began to weave again in her despair, but he held her fiercely. "Where has she gone? When did she go?" He shook her to quicken her re-

ply.
"I don't know; I don't know. Long
time she's gone now." She trailed off
into Indian words he could not comprehend, so he pushed past her into the house to see for himself and with-out knocking flung Necia's door open and stepped into her chamber. Before he had swept the unfamiliar room with his eyes he knew that she had indeed gone, and gone hurriedly, for the signs of disorder betrayed a reckless haste. "When did she go, Alluna? For God's sake, what does this mean?" he

"Where's Gale? He'll know. He's

gone after her, eh?"

The upward glow of the lantern heightened the young man's pallor, and again the squaw broke into her sad lament.
"John Gale—he's gone away with the knife of my father. I am afraid; I am

knife of my father. I am afraid; I am afraid."
"Did be come back here just now?"
"No. He went to the jail house, and he would not let me follow. He don' come back no more."

This was confusing, and Meade cried angrily:
"Why didn't you give the alarm? Why didn't you come to me instead of the state of the Why didn't you come to me instead of

ply.
"Go find Poleon, quick!"
"He told me to walt," she repeated stoically, and Burrell knew he was powerless to move her. He saw the image of a great terror in the woman's face. The night suddenly became heavy with the hint of unspeakable things, and he grew fearful, suspecting now that Gale had told him but a part of his story, that all the time he thew Stark's Mentity and that his quarry was at hand, ready for the kill, us, if not, he had learned enough while standing behind that partition. Where stoically, and Burrell knew he was

was he now? Where was Necia? What part did she play in this? He gave up trying to think and fied for Stork's saleon research that when the asisted: "Didn't you?" At this Stark fiamed up definantly. "Well, I guess I had cause enough. No woman except her was ever untrue

o me-wife or sweetheart." "You didn't really think"—
"Think h—!! I thought so then, and
I think so now. She denied it, but"—
"And you knew her so well too. I
guess you've had some bad nights
yourself, Bennett, with that always on
your mind" our mind"—
"I swore I'd have"—

—"and so you put her blood on my head and made me an outlaw." After an instant, "Why did you tell me this, myhow?"
"It's our last talk, and I wanted you to know how well my hate worked."
"Well, I guess that's all," said Gale.
So far they had watched each other

His blade sickered in the light.

straining at the leash and taut in every nerve. Now, however, the trader's fingers tightened on the knife handle,

and his knuckles whitened with the grip, at which Stark's right hand swept to his waist, and simultaneous-ly Gale lunged across the table. His blade flickered in the light, and a gun

spoke—once, twice, again and again.
A cry arose outside the cabin; then
some heavy thing crashed in through

the door, bringing light with it, for with his first leap Gale had carried the lamp and the table with him, and the two had clinched in the dark.

(To be Continued).

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Sunday, 2.30 p. m. Express for Liverpool (Saturday only), 2.30 p. m.

Express from Liverpool (Monday 9.15 a, m

only), only), only), 9.15 a, m. (commodation from Liverpool daily, except Sunday and Monday, 11.30 a, m. (appress from Yarmouth daily, except Sunday, 6.55 p. m.

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Regular suburban trains stop at al stations. Other trains as below stop at Bedford and Rockingham. Trains rur daily except Sunday, unless otherwise mantioned.

DEPART FROM HALIFAX.

TOYS

DOLLS,

"W'ere have you look?" "I've been to the house, but Alluna s crazy and says Gale has gone to till Stark, as near as I can make out Both of them were at my quarters onight, and I'm afraid the squaw "But w'ere is Necia?"

out. "W'at you mean by dat? W'ere

"We don't know. Maybe Stark has The Frenchman cursed horribly. Have you try hees cabane?"

larted away, and the neutenant sped after him through the deserted of log houses.

Burrell gripped his companion's arm

with fingers of steel, and together they crept up to the door. But even before they had gained it they heard a voice within. It was Stark's. The walls of the house were of moss chinked logs that deadened every sound, but the door itself was of thin whipsawed pine boards with ample cracks at top and bottom, and they heard plainly. The lieutenant leaned forward, then with difficulty smothred an exclamation, for he heard another voice now—the voice of John Gale. The words came to him muf-fied, but distinct, and he raised his

hand to knock when suddenly he seize Poleon, hissing into his ear:
"Listen! For God's sake, listen!"
For the first time in his tempestuous life Ben Stark lost the fron composur that had made his name a byword it the west, and at sight of his bitteres nemy seated in the dark of his own house waiting for him he became an ordinary, nervous, frightened man. I was the utter unexpectedness of the thing that shook him, and before h could regain his balance Gale spoke:
"I've come to settle, Bennett."
"What are you doing here?" the

gambler stammered. CROWE'S "I was up at the soldier's place just now and heard you. I didn't want any interruptions, so I came here, GREEN BRICK STORE where we can be alone." He pause and when Stark made no answer con tinued, "Well, let's get at it." Bu still the other made no move. "You've had all the best of it for twenty years," Gale went on in his level yolce, "but tonight I get even. I've lived for this!"

"That shot in Lee's cabin?" recalled Stark, with the light of new standing. "You knew me then?"
"Yes."

ROBERT STANFORD, Stark took a deep breath. "What a "Your devil's magic saved you that ime, but it won't stop this." The trader rose slowly, with the knife in "You'll hang for this!" said the gam-

"Ha!" exclaimed the trader exulting

Pictou and Sydney Express, daily cocept Sunday, Express for Montreal (with connections at Monoton for St. John and Boston) Jaily, 8,20 "Cocan Limited, daily, 8,20 "Truro Accommodation, daily except Sunday, 12,40 p.m Maritime Express for Montreal, daily except Sunday, 3,10 "Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday, 5,00 "Control of the Standay, 10,00 "Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday, With an effort Stark began to asser You saddled your dirty work on me Ben Stark, and I've carried it for fifteen years, but tonight I put you out the way you put her out. An eye for an eye!"
"I didn't kill her," said the man.

cept Sunday, 5.00
Express for Pictou, daily except
Sunday, 5.40 "So? The yellow is showing up at last. I knew you were a coward, but I didn't think you'd be afraid to own it Sunday, Express for Truro (daily) Stellar-ton, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Am-herst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday) "Look here." said Stark curiously do you really think I killed Merridy?"
"I know it. A man who would strike

Mixed Train from Truro (dally except Sunday), 8.40 "

Express—Truro (dally), St. John (dally except Monday); Sydneys (dally except Sunday), 11,55 "

Express from Pictou dally (except Sunday), 11,55 "

Marttime Express (dally except Sunday), 13,00 pm.

Express from Sydney (except Sunday), 7,50 " Stark had now mastered himself an "My hate worked better than thought. Well, well, that made it hard for you, didn't it?" he chuckled. "I supposed, of course, you knew." "Knew?" Gale's face showed eme

woman would kill her-if he had the

day), can Limited from Montreal daily, threes from St. John daily, His hands were quivering slightly. D. A. R. "She killed herself." Express for Yarmouth, 7.30 a. m Accommodation for Annapolis, 8.30 " leave Richmond, 10.00 " Express for Middleton (through to Annapolis on Saturday), 2.55 p. m "So help you God?"
"So help me God!"
There was a long pause. "Why?"

"Say, it's kind of funny our stand ing here talking about that thing, isn't it? Well, if you want to know, I came home early that night. I guess you home early that night. I guess you hadn't been gone two hours. And the surprise did it more than anything else, I suppose. She hadn't prepared a story. I got suspictous, named you at random and hit the nail on the

Gale's face was like chalk, and his voice sounded thin and dry as he said:
"You beat her; that's why she did



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Is the bane of so many lives that have is when
we make our great-boost. Our pills care it while
Curier's Little Liver Pills are very small and
very cany to take. One or two pills make a does.
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is prepared to accept Pupils in Voice Production at his DEPART FROM HALIFAX.

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Express for Picton, 5.40 "
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ecomber, 1913.
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