



ite or telephone for
WALSH BROS. — HALIFAX

The Wyoming

Mrs. G. L. L. then
Rooms \$1.00 and
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 Meals across the street
reasonable.

36 North Norwood Ave. Buffalo, N.Y.
Reference Columbia National Bank

Directions—Take Elmwood Cars at Main
St. to Poconos Avenue and walk a block
west. Convenient to all Lines for
Theatres, Convention Hall, Business Center
and Niagara Falls. Bicycles stored and
kept in repair. A guide will meet parties
if so desired. Mention the Advertiser.

Lime Juice

One of nature's gifts, is
becoming more and more
a drink for all seasons.
To get a good article is
to get one of the most
delicious drinks imagin-
able.

Sovereign Lime Juice

will please, it is pure;
strong, and has all the
delicate flavor of the fruit.

SINMON 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

HE ADVERTISER, KENTVILLE

But, why, we asked of Price Chun,
do you object to knocking your head
against the floor of the Kaiser's
throne room?

Well, you see, he explained. I am
afraid that some barbarian will notice
the act and say, 'Wouldn't that hurt
you?'

Piles

To prove to you that Dr.
Chase's Ointment is a certain
and absolute cure for such
and every form of itching,
bleeding and protruding piles,
the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See the
testimonials in the daily press and ask your neigh-
bors 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 realized as I heard the anchor rat-
tle down at the chains that we had en-
tered some quiet haven where we
might lie free from interference and
prying eyes.

For the rest of the day I experienced
all a captive's emotions when escape
seems near. I alternated between high
spirits and the depths of despair, the
latter predominating as the hours crept
slowly on to nightfall. I had all but
given up hope, believing either that
Lawford had sold me or could not see
his way to help, when something tick-
ed lightly against my portfolio, and I
saw a small parcel pendant outside.
Opening the deadlight eagerly, I fished
in the parcel, which was wrapped
around with paper and contained a
key. There were also a few brief lines
from Lawford:

"This will let you out. It is the key
of your cabin. Beware of the black
and wait till after dinner, when we are
on deck and the darky forward. Slip
out through the stern ports. The
dingy is astern, if you can only reach
her. Cut adrift and paddle your own
canoe. That's about the best I can
do."

I did the rest easier than I thought.
(The movements of the dingy have
already been told, and the events that
followed the escape.)

I was quite lost, at first, when I got
on shore; but I did not care, so long as
I was free. I was in France, I knew
that much, and after climbing a steep
path I soon hit on a road gleaming
white and dusty in the darkness. I
stood for a moment debating which
way I should turn, eastward or west-
ward, my object being to reach some
town or place on a line of railway,
whether by walking to it or taking
vehicle. As soon as I came upon a
milestone I struck a match and read
the legend. In the direction I was
going Lamballe was distant 15 kilo-
meters, and behind me the road led
to Brest, 100.

It was clearly to Lamballe, not
Brest, that I must make my way, some
eight miles in all, and I reached it be-
fore 11 p. m. People were still up as
I passed along the narrow streets,
seated at the cafe doors, and I took
my place at one of the tables, calling
for a "bock" and a railway guide. I
was not long in arranging my plan.
Fortunately I had money, plenty of
money, in my pockets, and that made
everything easy. I found that a train
left at 6:30 a. m. for Paris, the longest,
yet the quickest, route to Southamp-
ton. I could catch the night express
for Havre, and be in Southampton at
daylight. By this I should have a
couple of hours and more in Paris,
enough to buy necessities and make
a considerable change in my appear-
ance; for I was resolved to take pas-
sage incognito, and in the fore cabin,
where I should attract no attention.

CHAPTER XI. MEETINGS.

All fell out as I had planned, except
that, to my extreme surprise, at South-
ampton, when embarking, I tumbled
on friends, the dearest, most faithful
friends, and the unfailing instinct of
one of them was not to be denied. I
met both my love and my dog. The
first, I felt certain, was making this
voyage on my behalf, and I hungered
to speak to her, yet dared not make
myself known to her. I was nearly
betrayed, however, for Roy, clever
brute, soon penetrated my disguise and
was not to be shaken off. Only when
I had seen him comfortably stowed
away in the fore part of the ship near
where my own quarters were would he
settle down.

I had no opportunity of meeting
Frida, nor was I able to advance my
other business, until the voyage was
half over. There is a wide gulf set be-
tween first and second cabin passen-
gers. My range was strictly limited.
I could not go near the hurricane deck
nor enter the principal smoking room,
the music room or saloon, although I
hung about constantly and became at
last an object of suspicion to the offi-
cers, stewards and quartermasters and
met sometimes with rough rebuffs.

The second day out I once more be-
came conscious that I was being watch-
ed wherever I went. Recent events
had left me very sensitive of espionage.
I was no longer disposed to make
little of it, but still my feeling was
more of resentment than alarm, so
much so that I turned sharply on my
follower, who was a saloon passenger
and quite out of place on the fore deck,
our territory, and I challenged him to
explain his conduct.

"I am a friend, Captain Wood," he
said in a whisper as he took me aside.

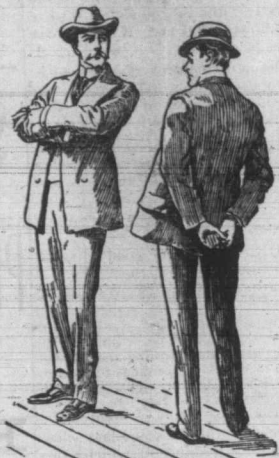
"Rosier is my name, and I represent
Saraband and Snuyzer, who could not
sail with us. He went after you, fol-
lowing the Fleur-de-Lis. How in thun-
der are you here?"

As soon as I was satisfied of his
good faith—and he proved it by his
knowledge of every circumstance of
the case—I told him my story.

"Miss Fairholme will be real glad, I
tell you, sir. She knows nothing yet,
although I made you out from the
first through the dog, sir; besides
which, I had your description and your
photograph. Snuyzer is great, sir, and
misses no point of detail. I have had
no chance of speaking to her. This is
her first day on deck."

"She must be told at once. I must
speak to her myself. You must man-
age that, please, now, directly."

"Why, certainly, sir. I will bring
you together, and at the earliest possi-
ble moment after dark. It won't do



I turned sharply on my follower.

For that young lady to be seen con-
sulting too openly with a second class
passenger. It might spoil the game."

"And that is?"

"Grand, sir, grand, now you're
aboard. We'll let them have rope, and
just when things look rosierest produce
you. These ladies will identify you;
Sarabande have all the threads of the
conspiracy, and we'll land the lot in
state prison, whenever it suits us.
Yes, sir, they're about fixed."

"You say Sarabande have all the
threads. I haven't. What does it all
mean?"

"I got an outline from Snuyzer. The
plot originated with one McQuane."

"I know him. I have reason to do
so."

"Well, he was in with Bully Mc-
Faught, the testator; had some of his
secrets, and was the first to hear the
money was going to you. So he joined
in with the Spaniard, who is no duke,
and the pair brought over a clerk once
in Quinala's law office. That's the
larrikin who's personating you on
board. But it will all come right now,
and you may trust that to Sarabande."

"There's one thing I cannot leave to
them," and I proceeded to tell my new
friend about the missing papers. "I
must recover them before we arrive
in port. If all else fails, we must have
the villains arrested on board; but that
I'd rather not do, for it might expose
the contents of documents that are of
absolutely the most secret and confi-
dential nature."

"Don't you suppose this crook will
have taken them by heart long ago?"

"They are so strange that no one
could believe him on oath unless he
could back them up by the papers
themselves. I don't mind telling you
that much."

"Then I guess you must have them,
only I don't see a way short of lifting
them from the man's stateroom, and
that sort of thing has an ugly name—if
it's found out."

"It would be theft—for you, not me.
They are mine or my employer's, and I
tell you I should not hesitate to take
them openly or secretly, to fight over
them if I could get anywhere within
reach."

"Reckon, captain, you'll be likely to
qualify, too, for state's prison," said
Mr. Rosier, laughing.

I had been promised news of Frida
by my new friend Rosier. But day
followed day, and yet he had nothing
to tell me. It was always the same
story: "Missy's still under the weather,
like the rest of the women folk. Not
able to leave her stateroom. Stev-
ardest thinks she'll be laid by till we
make Sandy Hook. But I'll let you
know soon as I hear."

At last, on the fourth day at sea, a
superb day, fresh and sunny, my dear
girl made her appearance on deck, and,
as I was ever on the watch, I saw her
from my distant second class station
long before Rosier came with his re-
port. Indeed he was too busy, good
pool, in seeing to her wants and dan-
cing attendance upon her to think very
much of me. When he did appear, it
was only to get Roy. "Missy was mad
to see the dog." There was not a word
about me.

When he returned, it was with rather
a scared face.

"All the fat is in the fire! The duch-
ess has read your name on the dog's
collar!"

"And guesses I am on board?"

"I don't say that, not yet anyway,
but they're likely to ferret it out pretty
sleek unless you cache down below for
the rest of the run."

"I shall not hide, my friend, not till
I've seen and talked with Miss Fair-
holme, and that I'm going to do with
or without your help or leave."

"Right now?"

"Right now, over there on the poop
deck, in the face of them all. I can
pay for a first class passage, and I'll do
it under another name."

"So as to call attention to yourself
and bring those toughs on top of you
again—spoil all your hand."

"What can they do to me? And if
they chose to try I'm man enough to
meet them. I'm not afraid of anything
straight and aboveboard."

"That's just what it wouldn't be. If
you come out now, you will be playing
their game—will put them on their
guard anyhow. Don't be wrong head-
ed, captain, and wait, won't you?"

"How long? This is the fourth day
out—Wednesday. We shall make port
by Saturday, at latest, and then what
am I to do?"

"See here, captain. I'll bring Miss
Fairholme to you my own self this
very evening about dusk, or you to her.
How's that for high? There's a snug
spot right aft over the steering gear—
just room for two, if they're fond of
each other."

To be continued

Feeble, Wasted Nerves Aroused to New Life.

A Sufferer For Years From Weak
Heart, Exhausted Nerves and
Sleeplessness Cured by Five
Boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Whether weakened and wasted by
overwork, worry or disease, the re-
sult of exhausted nerves is felt in
neuritic pains, nervous headache and
dyspepsia, serious functional derange-
ments and ultimately in paralysis, epi-
lepsy, locomotor ataxia, prostration or
insanity, the remedy is found in Dr.
Chase's Nerve Food, as is proven in
the case referred to below:

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pleasanton, Que.,
writes:—"For years I have been a
great sufferer with my heart and
nerves. I would take sleeping pills and
a dizzy swimming feeling would come
over me. Night after night I would
never close my eyes, and my head
would ache as though it would burst.
At last I had to keep to my bed, and
though my doctor attended me from
1898 to 1900, his medicine did not
help me."

"I have now taken five boxes of
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has
done me more good than I ever believed
a medicine could do. Words fail to ex-
press my gratitude for the wonderful
cure brought about by this treatment."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a
box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or
Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

De man dat owns to bein'

Goof an' lazy, works de best,

Pervidin he is willin'

To work hard an' earn his rest.

HEALTHY BABIES

Watchful Mothers Can Keep Their
Babies Healthy, Rosy-cheeked and
Happy.

Nothing in the world is such a com-
fort and joy as a healthy, hearty,
rosy cheeked, happy baby.

Babies can be kept in perfect health
only by having at hand and adminis-
tering when needed some purely veg-
etable, harmless remedy, and of all
this class of medicines Baby's Own
Tablets are conceded to be the best.

For constipation, colic, diarrhoea,
simple fevers, sour stomachs, teeth-
ing babies, indigestion and sleepless-
ness, these tablets are a really won-
derful cure. You can give them to
the smallest baby without the slight-
est fear. Dissolved in water, they
will be taken readily. They contain
absolutely not a particle of opiate or
other injurious drugs. They are small,
sweet lozenges that any baby will
take without objection, and their ac-
tion is prompt and pleasant. They
will tone up the whole system and
makes the little one as hearty and free
from infantile disorders as any moth-
er could wish.

Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que.,
says:—"I have never used any medi-
cine for baby that did him so much
good as Baby's Own Tablets. I
would not be without them." This
is the verdict of all mothers who have
used these tablets.

They cost 25 cents a box. All
druggists sell them or they may be
secured by sending the price direct
and the tablets will be forwarded pre-
paid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine
Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

Times when a man is sick his wife
wonders how she will look in mourning.

STOP THIEF!

would be a justifiable cry directed
against the countless humbugs that offer
a cure for Catarrh. There is only one
scientific method of treatment for
Catarrh. Make the air you breathe the
carrier of healing, balsamic, curative
agents. It bathes every inch of mucous
membranes with its healing, soothing
properties. That's Catarrhzone. Your
druggist or doctor will tell you it's the
only effective method of treatment and
that is the cure—prompt—permanent.
Remember the name Catarrhzone.
All dealers, 25c. and \$1.00.

STRICTLY SO

READ AND DIGEST

Our Own Country

PRODUCE AGENTS

Prompt Returns (satisfaction Guar-
anteed as for anta men can do so)

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 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.

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

Rooms 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

Hon. F. W. Borden fractured a
small bone in his right ankle in the
accident on the steamer Frontenac
last week at Quebec.

Mr. Howard Russell brother of
Benjamin Russell of P. F., for Hants
was drowned last week while bath-
ing at Dartmouth, N. S.