



SCHWARTZ'S
"PEERLESS"
ABSOLUTELY PURE
SPICES
HALIFAX, N.S.

GIRLS, GET AFTER THESE BOYS AND WIN A PRIZE.

First Prize—TEN DOLLARS
Second Prize—FIVE DOLLARS

TO THE SCHOOL GIRLS who will mail to our address the largest number of **PEERLESS LABELS**

Taken from any of our packages Absolutely Pure—SPICES, COFFEES, COCOAS and CREAM TARTAR.

Competition Closes 1st day of February, 1914.



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"PEERLESS"
ABSOLUTELY PURE
COCOAS
HALIFAX, N.S.

By all First-Class Grocers.
W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS,
HALIFAX.
PLEASE MENTION "ACADIAN RECORDER."



Tempting prices on tempting clothes.

The price is the only part that is out of the ordinary in our clothing. The fabrics, the trimmings, the tailoring and the style and fit are, in every respect, of the highest quality. We are now offering a special sale of our winter coats, suits and trousers. The prices are so low that you can't believe them. Come in and see for yourself.

HALIFAX, Tailor of Taste,
147 Hollis Street.

K. & G. Old Family Specials.

The brands bearing the K & G. label require no introduction to the people of Nova Scotia. They are almost household words, and to-day are more popular than ever. Here is the strong quartette:

Cock O' The North,
Royal Scotch,
Bermudian Milk Punch,
Rock and Rye.

PRICES UPON APPLICATION.

KELLEY & GLASSEY, Ltd.
HALIFAX.

Note Our Whiskey Prices.

We make a special feature of Draft Whiskies, and in doing so, have secured and retained the patronage of a class of customers who appreciate a good thing. Here are our Draft Whiskey prices, per gallon:

Pure Malt Scotch, \$5.50. Scotch, \$3.50 to \$6.00.
Strong Scotch, \$1.50 to \$6.00. Irish, \$3.50 to \$6.00.
Rye, \$2.25 to \$3.50. Golden Rye, \$3.50.
Old Kentucky, \$4.50 to \$5.00.

Remember, WE SELL BY THE GALLON OR GALLON. Let us have your order and we guarantee to please you.

A. MONAGHAN & CO., Importers and Dealers in Wines and Liquors
120-124 Barrington St., Halifax, Phone 1051.

For Sale or To Let.

THREE STORY BRICK BUILDING, Corner Granville and Sackville Streets, formerly occupied by McAlpine Publishing Company, Limited. Situated in the heart of the downtown business district. This corner will appeal to those wishing to place their money where security is the first consideration, and at the same time, enjoy the increased value which property in this section will be sure to attain in the near future. If not sold immediately, will be let for a term of years.

For prices, etc., apply to

Royal Print and Litho. LIMITED,
57-59 Sackville Street,
HALIFAX.

SLEIGH BELLS.

Chimes, Team, and Body Straps.

A Choice Assortment.

Wholesale and Retail Prices.

CROWELL BROS.

Footwear Bargains.

Men's Patent Leather Boots—Sale price, \$3.00.
50 pairs Men's Box Calf Boots—Sale price, \$2.50.
Ladies' Patent Leather Cloth Top Boots, lace and button—Sale price, \$3.00.
75 pairs Patent Leather Tan and Box Calf Boots—Sale price, \$2.50.

WALLACE BROS'.
Annual Sale.

171 Barrington St.

We Enlarge Pictures in Crayon and Water Colors.

We also make Frames and Print and Develop and Print Films for amateurs.

For Special Prices, Call at

The H. P. BAZAAR,
34 Gittington Street, Halifax.

Agents for Nova Scotia

FOR

California

Magi Water.

Comes direct to your table from the Springs at California, Ontario. It's purity and healthfulness places it entirely apart from all other waters, and physicians everywhere recommend it as regular use at all times.

Keep a supply of MAGI WATER in your house.

T. F. COURTNEY & CO.,
HALIFAX.

MARTIN'S

Apol and Steel Pills

FOR LADIES.

The genuine bear the signature of W. F. Martin registered without. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist,
Southampton, Eng.

RECEIVING DAILY

Consignments of Dressed Hogs, Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Rabbits, selling at lowest prices.

H. H. BANKS,
Wholesale Fruit and Produce,
75 and 80 Bedford Row,
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Within The Law

By MARVIN DANA,
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER.

Without Doubt The Greatest Newspaper Serial Ever Offered.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Well, what do you say?"

"How would we split it?"

"Three ways would be right," Griggs answered. "One to me, one to you and one to be divided up among the others."

Garrison brought his flat down on the table with a force that made the glasses rattle.

"Fine!" Griggs declared, and the two men shook hands. "Now, I'll get—"

"Get nothing!" Garrison interrupted. "I'll get my own man. Chicago Red is in town. He is a bad one, with a couple of others of the right sort. I'll get them and we'll turn the trick to-morrow night."

"The stuff," Griggs agreed, gruffly pleased.

But a sudden shadow fell on the face of Garrison. He bent closer to his companion and spoke in a low, intense whisper that brooked no denial.

"She must never know."

Griggs nodded understandingly.

Mary had gone to her bedroom for a nap. She was not in the least surprised that Dick had not yet returned, though he had mentioned half an hour, at the best, there were many things that might detain him—his father's absence from the office, difficulties in making arrangements for his projected honeymoon, and so on.

At the worst there was a chance of finding his father promptly, and of that father as promptly taking steps to prevent the son from ever again meeting the woman who had so indiscreetly married him.

Yet somehow Mary could not believe that her father would be so quick to act. She was sure that he would prove loyal to her whom he loved through every trouble.

At the thought a certain selfishness pervaded her and a poignant regret that this particular man should have been the one chosen of fate to be entangled within her mesh.

There throbbled in her a heart torn by the realization that there were in life possibilities infinitely more splendid than the joy of vengeance. She would not confess the truth even to herself.

But she had slept, perhaps, a half hour when Fannie awakened her.

"It's a man named Burke," she explained as her mistress lay blinking.

"And there's another man with him. They said they must see you."

By this time Mary was wide awake, for the name of Burke, the police inspector, was enough to startle her out of drovings.

She got up, slipped into a towel, bathed her eyes in cologne, dressed her hair a little and went into the drawing room, where the two men had been waiting for something more than a quarter of an hour—the violent indignation of both.

"Oh, here you are, at last!" the big, burly man cried as she entered.

"Yes, inspector," Mary replied pleasantly, as she advanced into the room.

She gave a glance toward the other visitor, who was of a slender form, with a thin, keen face, and recognized him instantly as Demarest, who had taken part against her in the lawyer's for the store at the time of her trial, and who was now district attorney.

She went to the chair at the desk and seated herself in a leisurely fashion that increased the indignation of the fuming inspector. She did not ask her self invited guests to sit.

"To whom do I owe the pleasure of this visit, inspector?" she remarked coolly. "It was noticeable that she said whom and not what, as if she understood perfectly that the influence of some person brought him."

"I have come to have a few quiet words with you," the inspector declared. Mary disregarded him, and turned to the other man.

"Do you do, Mr. Demarest?" she asked evenly. "It's four years since we met, and yet you're here to see me, and they've made me district attorney since then. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Don't you go on," Mary questioned. "Search your memory, Mr. Demarest. The face of the district attorney lightened."

"Why?" he exclaimed, "you are it—can't be—yes—you are the girl, you're the Mary Turner whom I—oh, I know you now."

"I'm the girl you mean, Mr. Demarest, but for the rest, you don't know me—not at all!"

"Young woman," Burke said, perceptibly, "the Twentieth Century Limited leaves Grand Central station at 4 o'clock. It arrives in Chicago at 8:45 tomorrow morning. He pulled a massive gold watch from his waistcoat pocket, glanced at it, thrust it back, and concluded pompously: 'You will get about here time to catch that train.'"

"Working for the New York Central now?" Mary asked blandly.

"You'd better be packing your trunk," the inspector rumbled.

"On the Twentieth Century Limited this afternoon," the inspector declared in a voice of growing wrath.

"Oh, dear, no!"

"May I say, the answer was a below 'You're giving your orders. You will either go to Chicago or you'll go up the river.'"

"If you can convict me, say, no, but that little work!"

The district attorney interposed very suavely:

"I did once, I remember."

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