"Because if he could he would have

noney-now."
"Money you stole!" the inspector re-

"Oh, dear, no!" Mary cried with a

fine show of virtuous indignation.
"What about the \$30,000 you got on

morning."
"It can't be done, inspector."

'Mary opened a drawer of the desk and took out the document obtained that morning from Harris and held it forth."

"What's this?" Burke stormed, but he took the paper.

Demarest looked over the inspector's shoulder, and his eyes grew larger as he read. When he was at an end of

the reading he regarded the passive woman at the desk with a new respect. "What's this?" Burke repeated help-lessly. Mary was kind enough to make

suggested pleasantly, "as to whether or not it can be done. The gambling houses can do it and so keep on break-

ing the law. The race track men car

crook appealing to the law!"

the document clear to him.

Burke.

DAILY EDITION

HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, 1914.

No. 16.



PLEASE MENTION "ACADIAN RECORDER."

Tempting prices on tempting clothes.

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Est. 1818.

K. & G. Old Family Specials.

The brands bearing the K & G. label require no intro-duction to the people of Nova Scotia. They are almost house-hold 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.

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Note Our Whiskey Prices

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

Pure Malt Scotch, \$5.50. Scotch, \$3.50 to \$6.00.

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Old Kentucky, \$4.50 to \$5.00.

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MARTIN'S Apol and Steel Pills FOR LADIES.

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. Southampton, Hug.

RECEIVING DAILY Direct from the Farm. Consignments of Dressed Hogs

brae,
To her hame in the auld kirkyaird,
And I sit alane this weary day—
Alane wi'my grief unshared. I ha'e seen her laid in her cauld, cauld bed. And now the driftin' snaw. Phrows a white glistenin' pall on a grave no And F count the years since we two we And the lang years roll away, I see her a bride many the roses rod On one sweet morn of May.

hey've ta'en her away up the steep

In her wistful een the love light gleams Through a mist of April tears, and they hold in their depth the And hopes of the coming years. ut the bonnie een, and the sunny she

the love we pledged that sweet mornOh, that love was leal and true !
And the years that left us tired and worn
Our hearts the closer drew.
And mem'ry stire dead hope and fears
As I dream of bygone days—
Of a baby face with its smiles and tears,
And gree where laughter plays; And of that dark day when sorrow chi And left in its weary train An empty cot and a childless hame And hearts with an sching pain.

But now she lies by her child again,
And still through the darkening day,
The driftin snow whitens hill and plain
And a grave on yonder brae. And I long for the touch of her gentle hand And my heart is wearyin' sair, But pray I that soon in that far-off land Our life ance mair we'll share.

Monday, Jan. 5th, 1914 All Goods in our Young Men's Depar

10 p. c. discount.

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sound insurance insurance suggested and provided by the first the

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except Sunday,
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moneton for St.
John and Boston) Jaily,
Ocean Limited, daily,
Truro Accommodation, daily except Sunday,
Maritime Express for Montreal,
daily except Sunday,
Andreweent Sunday,
3,10

daily except Sunday,
Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday,
Express for Pictou, daily except
Sunday,
Suburban for Bedford, daily except
Sunday,
Staller 3.10 " Sunday, press for Truro (daily) Stellar-ton, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Am-herst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday),

dixed train from Truro (daily except Sunday), apress—Truro (daily, St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys (daily except Sunday), stress from Pictou daily (except Sunday), aritime Express from Montreal; Sunday) from Montreal; Sunday) from Montreal; Sydneys from Sydney (except Sunday), 7,50 and Alighted from Sydney (except Sunday), 7,50 and Sydney (except Sunday), 8,45 and 1,50 and

day), an Limited from Montreal ally, 10.00 ess from St. John daily, 10.00 D. A. R.

press for Yarmouth¹
commodation for Annapolis,
leave Richmond,
spress for Kentville (through
to Annapolis on Saturday), 2.55 p. m. Express from Kentville (from
Annapolis on Monday's) 9,05 a.m.
Accommodation from Annapolis, 5,45 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth, 6,42 p. m.

xpress to Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturday,
coommodation to Yarmouth—
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday
and Friday,
coommodation for Liverpool—
daily, except Sunday,
2.30 p. m.

commodation from Liverpool
—daily, except Sunday, 11.30 a. m.
press from Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturdays, 7.45 p. m.
ecommodation from Yarmouth
—Monday, Tuesday, Thuraday and Friday, 8.20 SUBURBAN SERVICE

mentioned.

DEFART FROM HALIFAX.
Express for Sydney.
Express for Sydney.
Express for Sydney.
Express for Sydney.
Express for Yamouth.
Accommodation for Annapolis
leaves Richmond (Hagged at Rocky lake).
Mixel for Truco.
Express for Middleton (Hagged at Lakeylew).
Suburban for Bedford.
Express for Fictou.
Express for Fictou.
Express for Fictou.
Express for Fictou.
Express for Truro (atop when signalled at Rockingham and
Bedford) daily.
Suburban for Windsor Junction, II.15.

ABRIVE AT HALIFAX.

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

7.55 a.m 8.40 "

sited the astonishment of the police

Beef, Lamb, Mutton, But ter, Eggs, Poultry and Rab bits, selling at lowest prices H. H. BANKS, Wholesale Fruit and Produce, 78 and 80 Bedford Row.

By MARVIN DANA. FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER.

Without Doubt The Greatest New paper Serial Ever Offered. CHAPTER IX-(Continued.)

"Wed," urged Green, "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."

table with a force that made the glassest flagte.

"You're on," he said, strongly.

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

"Get nothing?" Garnon interrupted.

"Til get my own men. Chicago Red is
in town. So is Dacay, with perhaps a
couple of others of the right sort. I'll
get them and we'll turn the trick tomorrow night." "That's the stuff," Griggs agreed, greatly pleased.
But a sudden shadow fell on the face

greatly pleased.

But a sudden shadow fell on the face of Garson. He bent closer to his companion and spoke with a fierce intensity 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 trip abroad—which would never occur—or the like. Af 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 seeing the woman who had so indiscreetly married him.

Yet somehow Mary could not believe that her husband would yield to such paternal coercion. Rather, she was sure that he would prove loyal to her whom he leved through every trouble. At the thought a certain wistfulness pervaded her and a polgmant regret that this particular man should have been the one chosen of fate to be en-

pervaded her and a polgnant regret that this particular man should have been the one chosen of fate to be entangled within her mesh of revenge. There throbbed in her a heart tormenting realization that there were in life possibilities infinitely more aplended than the loy of vengence. She would not confess the truth even to her most soul, but is from was there are not be a few most soul, but is from was there set her attempte with vague it. She had slept, perhaps, a hair hour when Fannie awakened her.

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

plained 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 in spector, was enough to startle her out 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—to the vio-

leat 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. "Yes, inspector," Mary replied pleasantly, as she advanced into the room. She gave a glance toward the other visitor, who was of a slenderer form, with a thin, keen face, and recognized him instantly as Demarest, who had taken part against her as the lawyer 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.

"How do you do, Mr. Demarest?" she said evenly. "It's four years since we met, and they've made you district attorney since then. Allow me to congratulate you."

Demarest's keen face took on an expression of perplexity.

"I'm nuzzled" he confessed "There

it almost unfamiliar to himself. "You can't go through with this. There's always a weak link in the chain somewhere. It's up to me to find it, and I wilh."

"Now," she said, and there was respect in the clause, and why, sue said, and there was respect in the glance she gave the stal-wart man, "now you really sound dangerous."

Fannie appeared at the door, "Mr. Edward Gilder wishes to see you, Miss Turner," she said, "Shall I show him in?"

Demarest's keen face took on an ex-pression of perplexity.

"I'm puzzled," he confessed. "There is something familiar, somehow, about you, and yet"—

"Can't you guess?" Mary questioned, "Search your memory, Mr. Demarest," The face of the district attorney lightened. intened. "Why!" he exclaimed, "you are if "Oh, certainly," Mary answered, with an admirable pretense of indifference, while Burke glared at Demarest, and the district attorney appeared ill at

"Whys" he exclaimed, "you are it can't be yes you're the Mary Turner whom I on, 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 asid, peramptorily, "the Twentieth Century limited leaves Grand Central station at 4 o'clock. It arrives in Chicago at 8:55 tomorrow morning." He pulled a massive gold watch from his waist-coat pocket, glanced at it, thrust is ABSOLUTE

coat pocket, glanced at it, thrust is back, and concluded ponderously: "You will just about have time to catch that train."

will just about have time to catch that train."

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

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

"Sut why? I'm not going away."

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

"Oh, dear, no?"

"I say yea?" The answer was a bellow. "I'm giving you your orders. You will either go to Chicago or you'll go up the river."

"If you can convict me. Peay, notice that little word '12."

The district attorney interposed very suavaly:

Breaktood CARTERS

ELECTRO-PLATING. Makes old plated ware new. We do in Gold, Nickel, Copper or Brass. J. A. DUNN, LIMITED. 124 Hollis Street. Tel. 361 THE LAND WHERE OUR DREAMS

"Burke exclaimed gruffly."
"The seen them go up pretty easy."
"The seen them go up pretty easy."
"The poor ones; not those that have money. I have money, plenty of

The heart-broken widow she hails it with joy,
'Tis the land of her comfort and rest.
There's a sweetness about it that never can cloy
'For she seeks the one she loves best. Tis a land that her lonely soul longs for, A land known the long years through. Her sorrow, she knows, will exist no more, "In the land where our dreams come true,

Tis the land that is ringing with laughter Showing pictures that no mortals drew; Tis the land that cometh hereafter— "The land where our dreams come true."

CHAPTER XI. Gilder Meets Bride.

"What about the \$30,000 you got on that partnership swindle? I s'pose you didn't steat that?"
"Certainty not," was the ready reply. "The man advertised for a partner in a business sure to bring big and safe returns. We formed a partnership with a capital of \$60,000. We paid the money into the bank, and then at once I drew it out. It was legal for me to draw that moneywasn't it, Mr. Demarest?"
The district attorney admitted the truth of her contention.
"Well, anyhow," Burke shouted, "you may stay inside the law, but you've got to get outside the city. Or the level, now, do you think you could get away with that young Gilder scheme you're been planning?"
"What young Gilder scheme?"
"Oh, I'm wise—I'm wise!" the inspector cried roughly. "The answer is, once for all, leave town this after noon or you'll be in the Tombs in the morning."
"It can't he done inspector." Gilder Meets Bride.

THERE entered the erect, heavy figure of the man whom Mary had hated through the years. He stopped abruptly just with-In the room, gave a glance at the two men, then his eyes went to Mary, sitting at her desk, with her face lifted inquiringly. He did not pause to take in the beauty of that face, only its strength. He stared at her silently for a moment. Then he spoke, a little tremulous from anxiety.

"Are you the woman?" he said. There was something simple and prim-There was something simple and primitive, something of dignity beyond the usual conventions, in his direct address.

Mary's acknowledgment was as plain

as his own question.
"I am the woman. What do "My son."

Mary guessed that his coming was altogether of his own volition, and not the result of his son's information, as at first she had supposed.

"Have you seen him recently?"

"it's a temporary restraining order from the subreme court instructing you to let me alone until you have le-gal proof that I have broken the law."
"But it can't be done," shouted "Then, why did you come?"
"Because I intend to save my boy from a great folly. I am informed that he is infatuated with you, and "You might ask Mr. Demarest," Mary Inspector Burke tells me-why-he tells me-why-he tells me"— He paused, unable for a mement to continue from an excess of emotion. Inspector Burke filled the halting do it and laugh at the law. The rall-road can do it to restrain its employees from striking. So why shouldn't I get "I told you she had been an ex-co

"Yes," Gilder said, after he had re one too? You see, I have money. I can buy all the law I want. And gained his self control. He stared at her pleadingly. "Tell me, is this true?" Here, then, was the moment for which she had longed through Weary there's nothing you can't do with the law if you have money enough. Ask Mr. Demarest. He knows." "Can you beat that?" Burke rum-bled. He regarded Mary with a stare of almost reverential wonder. "A days, through weary years. Here was the man whom she hated, suppliant before her to know the truth. Her heart quickened. Truty, vengennce is sweet to one who has suffered un-

"Well, gentlemen, what are you go-ing to do about it?"
"Miss Turner," the district attorney justly.
"Is this true?" the man repeate "Miss Turner," the district attorney said, with an appearance of sincerity, "I'm going to appeal to your sense of fair play."

"That was killed four years ago."
But Demarest persisted. Influence had been brought to bear on him. It was for her own sake now that he with something of borror in his voice,
"It is," Mary said quietly.
For a little, there was silence in th oom. At last, Gilder spoke with th

Mary laughed again.

Atther sent me away for three years for something I didn't do. Well, he's got to pen for it."

By this time, Burke, a man of su-By this time, Burke, a man of superior intelligence, as one must be to reach such a position of authority, had come to realize that here was a case not to be carried through by blustering, by intimidation, by the rough ruses familiar to the force.

"Don't fool yourself, my girl," he said in his huge voice, which was



Carter's

Little Liver Pills

"How much?" he asked, baidly.
Mary smiled an inscrutable smile.
"Oh, I don't need money," she said, carelessly. "Inspector Burke will tell you how easy it is for me to get it." "Do you want my son to learn what you are?" he said,
"Why not? I'm ready to tell him Then Gilder showed his true hear in which love for his boy

all elsa.

"But I don't want him to know," he stammered. "Why, I've spared the boy all his life. If he really loves you—it. At that moment, the son himself entered hurriedly. In his eagerness he saw no one save the woman he loved. At his entrance, Mary rose and moved backward a step involuntarily, in sheer surprise over his coming.

The young man went swiftly to her, while the other three men stood silent. Dick took Mary's hand in a warm

ess of a man of wealth, confiden

clasp, pressed it tenderly.
"I didn't see father," he said happily,
"but I left a note on his desk at the

Then, somehow, the surcharged atmosphere penetrated his consciousness, and he looked around, to see his father standing grimity opposite him. But there was no change in his expression beyond a more radiant smile.

"Hello, dad!" he criad, joyously. "Then you got my hote?"

"No, Dick, I haven't had any note."

The young man spoke with simple pride. "Dad we're married. Mary and I "pad we're married. Mary and I were married this morning."

Mary kept, her eyes steadfast on the father. There was triumph in her gaze. This was the vengence for which she had lotted, the vengence she had at last achieved. Here was her fruition, the period of her supremacy.

Glider seemed dazed by the brief sentence.

"Say that again," he commanded.
"Dad, Mary and I were married this

"Dad, Mary and I were married this morning."

"I married your son this morning."

"I married him. Do you quite understand, Mr. Gilder! I married him."

In that insistence lay ber ultimate compensation for untold misery. The father stood there wordless, unable to find apeach against this calamity that had befallen him.

REMARKABLE

Are The Values Given In Our Men's Department.

The Great January Clearance Sale which is raging throughout every department of this establishment, seems to centre in the Men's Store. Reductions anywhere from 10 p. c. to 50 p. c., are given on our stocks, including Winter Clothing for Men and Boys.

A complete list was published in Saturday Night's papers.

You will be well repaid for a visit to

Sale opened January 19th, and continues one week.

George Street,

LISTEN:

We are offering our entire stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats at bigger discounts than we ver attempted before. We have just got to move them.

Men's Overcoats......20 p. c. off

Suits, from 20 to 33 1-3 p. c. off " all ages, " " " "

" Overcoats, 20 to 33 1-3 p. c. off You know our Goods-you know we always do as we dvertise, so come early while the picking is the best,

"The Toggery,

JOHNSTON & SCRIVEN.

OUR ANNUAL January Sale

Starts Monday Morning, Jan. 5th. We intend offering many exceptional low prices. Everything must go to make room for our Spring stock and alterations.

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Asparagus Tips, 1 lb. tins, 25c. each. Per doz. \$2.55. Mammoth Green Aspara gus Tips, 1 lb. tins, 30c. each. Per doz. \$2.85. Mammoth Green Asparagus, 2½ lb. tins, 35c. each. Per doz. \$3.30.

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