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VOLUME 101. DAILY EDITION HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 30, 1913. No. 152.

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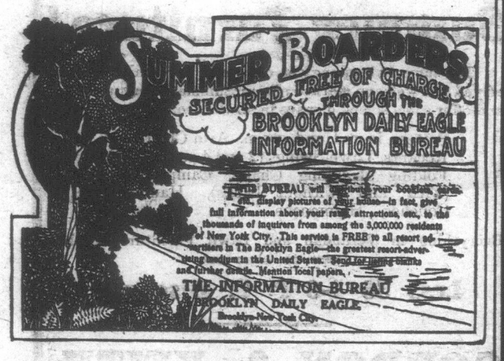

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je14—(apr9 6m)

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...Secy.-Treas.

Agencies throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

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Dividend No. 174.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of fourteen per cent. per annum on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending June 30th and that the same will be payable on and after WEDNESDAY the second day of JULY next, at any of the offices of the Bank.

The Stock Transfer Book will be closed from the 16th to the 30th proximo, inclusive.

By order of the Board,
H. A. RICHARDSON,
General Manager.

Halifax, N. S., May 16th, 1913.

Investment News

Halifax, June 30, 1913.

How To Use Your July Funds

Whatever funds you will have available for investment in July can be very profitably employed in a purchase of the 7 p. c. Cumulative Preferred Stock of the Maritime Nail Company.

By conservative appraisal there are assets (exclusive of good will) covering the comparatively small amount of bonds outstanding, all of the Preferred Stock issued, and margin sufficient to give the Common Stock a a book value of nearly $30 a share. One-half share of this Common Stock is included as a bonus with each share of Preferred at par.

This prosperous Maritime industry is now entering upon a new era of progress as the result of having recently obtained an independent source of supply, and because of extensive improvements to its St. John plant.

We will gladly send you a circular describing the desirable features of this attractive industrial and the convenient plans of payment.

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The genuine bear the signature of Wm. MARTIN (registered) without which none are genuine. No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

MARTIN, Pharm Chemist, Southampton, Eng

...-tf

NOTICE!

After Monday, the 23rd inst., the Buckingham St. Branch of the

Royal Bank of Canada

will be located temporily in

The Simson Building,

Buckingham Street Entrance, while work of remodelling of their premises at the Corner of Buckingham and Barrington Streets is going on.

je21—f1

Holiday Footwear..

Specials For Saturday and Monday.

Ladies' Pumps and Oxfords. White Canvas, $1.50. Patent and Gun Metal, $2.00.

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JOIN While The Joining IS GOOD. WHAT? The I. O. F.

What does I. O. F. mean?

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je20—(mar19 tf)

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Wanted—CANDIDATES for the Nurses Training School. For full particulars, apply to E. V. SCRIBNER, M. D., State Hospital, Worcester, Mass., Box 57. 1m je3

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Royal Society Rope,
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133 Barrington St.

may5

R. R. TIME TABLES.

I. C. R. — **Depart.**

Pictou and Sydney Express, daily except Sunday, 7.00 a.m.
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moncton for St. John and Boston) daily, 8.00 "
Ocean 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 "
Express for Pictou, daily except Sunday, 5.40 "
Express for Truro (daily) Stellarton, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Amherst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday) 8.45 "

Arrive.

Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday), 8.40 "
Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys (daily except Sunday), 8.55 "
Express from Pictou daily (except Sunday), 11.55 "
Maritime Express (daily except Sunday) from Montreal, 1.30 p m.
Express from Sydney (except Sunday), 7.50 "
Ocean Limited from Montreal daily, 10.00 "
Express from St. John daily, 10.20 "

D. A. R. — **Depart.**

Express for Yarmouth, 7.30 a. m.
Accommodation for Annapolis, leave Richmond, 8.30 "
Bluenose for Yarmouth, 10.45 "
Express for Middleton (through to Annapolis on Saturday), 2.55 p. m.

Arrive

Express from Middleton (from Annapolis on Monday's 9.05 a. m.
Bluenose from Yarmouth, 4.55 a. m.
Accommodation from Annapolis, 6.15 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth, 6.42 p. m.
All the above are daily except Sunday.

H. & S. W. RY. — **Depart.**

Express for Yarmouth daily, except Sunday, 7.10 a. m.
Accommodation for Liverpool daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 2.30 p. m.
Express for Liverpool (Saturday only), 2.30 p. m.

Arrive.

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

SUBURBAN SERVICE.

Regular suburban trains stop at all stations. Other trains as below stop at Bedford and Rockingham. Trains run daily except Sunday, unless otherwise mentioned.

DEPART FROM HALIFAX.

Express for Sydney, 7.00 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth, 7.30 "
Accommodation for Annapolis leaves Richmond (flagged at Rocky lake), 8.30 a. m.
Mixed for Truro, 12.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction, 1.30 p.m.
Express for Middleton (flagged at Lakeview), 2.55 p. m.
Suburban for Bedford, 5.00 "
Express for Pictou, 5.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction, 6.20 "
Express for Truro (stop when signalled at Rockingham and Bedford) daily, 8.45 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction, 11.15 "

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Suburban from Windsor Junction, 7.55 a.m.
Mixed from Truro, 8.40 "
Express from St. John (stops at Bedford only) daily, 8.55 "
Express from Middleton, 9.05 "
Express from Pictou, 11.55 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction, 2.55 p.m.
Bluenose stops at Bedford and Rockingham if flagged, 4.55 "
Suburban from Bedford, 5.55 "
Accommodation from Annapolis, 6.15 "
Express from Yarmouth (Lakeview Flag Station), 6.42 "
Express from Sydney, 7.50 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction, 9.45 ';

The Honor of the Big Snows.

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.
Author of "The Danger Trail."

CHAPTER V.
For Her.

THE malemute leader flung open his jaws in a deep baying triumph, and with a savage yell Jean cracked his caribou whip over his back. He saw the man ahead of him lean over the end of his sledge as he urged his dogs, but the huskies went no faster, and then he caught a glitter of something that flashed for a moment in the sun.

"Ah!" said Jean softly as a bullet sang over his head. "He fires at Jean de Gravois!" He dropped his whip, and there was a warm glow of happiness in his little dark face as he leveled his rifle over the backs of his malemutes. "He fires at Jean de Gravois, and it is Jean who can hamstring a caribou at 300 yards on the run!"

For an instant, at the crack of his rifle there was no movement ahead, then something rolled from the sledge and lay doubled up in the snow. A hundred yards beyond it the huskies stopped in a rabble and turned to look at the approaching strangers.

Beside it Jean stopped, and when he saw the face that stared up at him, he clutched his thin hands in his long black hair and cried out in shrill amazement and horror:

"The saints in heaven, it is the missioner from Churchill!"

He turned the man over and found where his bullet had entered under one arm and come out from under the other. There was no spark of life left. The missioner was already dead.

"The missioner from Churchill!" he moaned again.

He looked up at the warm sun and kicked the melting snow under his moccasined feet.

"It will thaw very soon," he said to himself, looking again at the dead man, "and then he will go into the lake."

He headed his malemutes back to the forest. Then he ran out and cut the traces of the exhausted huskies, and with his whip scattered them in freedom over the ice.

"Go to the wolves!" he shouted in Cree. "Hide yourselves from the post, or Jean de Gravois will cut out your tongues and take your skins off alive!"

When he came back to the top of the mountain Jean found Iowaka making hot coffee, while Jan was bundled up in furs near the fire.

"It is as I said," she called. "He is alive!"

Thus it happened that the return of Jean de Gravois to the post was even more dramatic than he had schemed it to be, for he brought back with him not only a beautiful wife from Churchill, but also the half dead Jan Thoreau from the scene of battle on the mountain. And in the mystery of it all he reveled for two days, for Jean de Gravois said not a word about the dead man on the lake beyond the forest, nor did the huskies come back into their bondage to give a hint of the missing missionary.

* * * * * * * *

From the day after the caribou roast the fur gatherers began scattering. The Eskimos left the next morning. On the second day Mukee's people from the west set off along the edge of the Barrens. Most of the others left by ones and twos into the wilderness to the south and east.

Less than a dozen still put off their return to the late spring trapping, and among these were Jean de Gravois and his wife. Jean waited until the third day. Then he went to see Jan. The boy was bolstered up in his cot, with Cummins balancing the little Melisse on the edge of the bed when he came in.

For a time Jean sat and watched them in silence. Then he made a sign to Cummins, who joined him at the door.

"I am going the Athabasca way today," he said. "I wish to talk with the boy before I go. I have a word to say to him which no ears should hear but his own. Will it be right?"

"Talk to him as long as you like," said Cummins, "but don't worry him about the missionary. You'll not get a word from him."

Jan's eyes spoke with a devotion greater than words as Jean de Gravois came and sat close beside him. He knew that it was Jean who had brought him alive into the post.

"Ah, it was wan be-a-u-tiful fight," he said softly. "You are a brave boy, Jan Thoreau!"

"You did not see it?" asked Jan.

Unconsciously the words came from him in French. Jean caught one of his thin hands and laughed joyfully, for the spirit of him was French to the bottom of his soul.

"I see it? No, neither I nor Iowaka, but there it was in the snow, as plain as the eyes in your face. And did I not follow the trail that staggered down the mountain, while Iowaka brought you back to life? And when I came to the lake did I not see something black out upon it, like a charred log? And when I came to it was it not the dead body of the missioner from Churchill? Eh, Jan Thoreau!"

Jan sat up in his bed, with a sharp cry.

"The thaw will open up the lake in a few days. Then he will go down in the first slush." And Jean looked about him cautiously again and whispered low—"if you see anything about the dead missioner that you do not understand think of Jean de Gravois."

He rose to his feet and bent over Jan's white face.

"I am going the Athabasca way today," he finished. "Perhaps, Jan Thoreau, you will hear after a time that it would be best for Jean de Gravois never to return again to this Post Lac Bain. If so you will find him between Fond du Lac and the Beaver river." He passed out.

When Cummins returned he found Jan's cheeks flushed and the boy in a fever.

"Devil take that Gravois!" he growled.

"He has been a brother to me," said Jan simply. "I love him."

On the second day after the Frenchman's departure Jan rose free of the fever which had threatened him for a time, and in the afternoon he harnessed Cummins' dogs. The last of the trappers had started from the post that morning, their sledges and dogs sinking heavily in the deepening slush, and Jan set off over the smooth toboggan trail made by the company's agent in his return to Fort Churchill.

This trail followed close along the base of the ridge upon which he had fought the missionary, joining that of Jean de Gravois miles beyond. Jan climbed the ridge. From where he had made his attack he followed the almost obliterated trail of the Frenchman and his malemutes until he came to the lake, and then he knew that Jean de Gravois had spoken the truth, for he found the missionary with his face half buried in the slush, stark dead.

He no longer had to guess at the meaning of Jean's words. The bullet hole under the dead man's arms was too large to escape eyes like Jan's. Into the little hidden world which he treasured in his heart there came another face, to remain always with him—the face of the courageous little forest dandy who was hurrying with his bride back into the country of the Athabasca.

From that night Jan's eyes were no longer filled with the nervous, glittering flashes which at times had given him an appearance almost of madness. In place of their searching suspicions, there was a warmer and more companionable glow, and Cummins felt the effect of the change.

A Cree trapper had found Jan's violin in the snow and had brought it to Mabalia. Before Cummins finished his supper the boy began to play, and he continued to play until the lights at the post went out and both the man and the child were deep in sleep. Then Jan stopped. There was the fire of a keen wakefulness in his eyes as he carefully unfastened the strings of his instrument and held it close to the oil lamp, so that he could peer down through the narrow aperture in the box.

He looked again at Cummins. The man was sleeping with his face to the wall. With the hooked wire which he used for cleaning his revolver Jan fished gently at the very end of the box, and after three or four efforts the wire caught in something soft, which he pulled toward him. Through the bulge in the "F" hole he dragged forth a small, tightly rolled cylinder of faded red cloth.

For a few moments he sat watching the deep breathing of Cummins, unrolling the cloth as he watched, until he had spread out upon the table before him a number of closely written pages of paper. He weighted them at one end with his violin and held them down at the other with his hands. The writing was in French. Several of the pages were in a heavy masculine hand, the words running one upon another so closely that in places they seemed to be connected, and from them Jan took his fingers, so that they rolled up like a spring. Over the others he bent his head, and there came from him a low, sobbing breath.

On these pages the writing was that of a woman, and from the paper there still rose a faint, sweet scent of heliotrope. For half an hour Jan gazed upon them, reading the words slowly until he came to the last page.

A new and strange longing crept into his heart. He stretched out his arms, with the papers and his violin clutched in his hands, as if a wonderful spirit was calling to him.

For the first time in his lonely life it came to him—this call of the great world beyond the wilderness—and suddenly he crushed the woman's letter to his lips, and his voice burst from him in whispering, thrilling eagerness:

"I will come to you—some day—w'en ze leetle Melisse come too."

He rolled the written pages together, wrapped them in the faded red cloth and concealed them again in the box of his violin before he re-entered the cabin.

The next morning Cummins stood in the door and said:

"How warm the sun is! The snow and ice are going, Jan. It's spring. We'll house the sledges today and begin feeding the dogs on fish."

Each day thereafter the sun rose earlier, the day was longer and the air was warmer, and with the warmth there now came the sweet scents of the budding earth and the myriad sounds of the deep, unseen life of the forest awakening from its long slumber in its bed of snow.

The post fell back into its old ways. Now and then a visitor came in from out of the forest, but he remained for only a day or two, taking back into the solitude with him a few of the necessaries of life. Williams was busy preparing his books for the coming of the company's chief agent from London, and Cummins, who was helping the factor, had a good deal of extra time on his hands.

Before the last of the snow was gone he and Jan began dragging in logs for an addition which they planned for the little cabin. Basking out in the sun, with a huge bearskin for a door, Melisse looked upon the new home building with wonderful demonstrations of interest. Cummins' face glowed with pleasure as she kicked and scrambled on the bearskin and gave shrill voiced approval of their efforts.

Jan was the happiest youth in the world. It was certain that the little Melisse, nearly six months old, understood what they were doing.

As the weather grew warmer and spring changed into summer Jan took Melisse upon short excursions with him into the forests, and he picked for her great armfuls of flowers and arctic ferns. The grave was never without fresh offerings, and the cabin, with its new addition complete, was always filled with the beautiful things that spring up out of the earth.

Jan and Melisse were happy, and in the joys of these two there was pleasure for the others of the post, as there had been happiness in the presence of the woman. Only upon Cummins had there settled a deep grief. The changes of spring and summer, bringing with them all that this desolate world held of warmth and beauty, filled him with the excruciating pain of his great grief, as if the woman had died but yesterday.

At last, his gaunt frame thinned by sleepless nights and days of mental torture, he said that the company's business was calling him to Churchill, and early in August he left for the bay. He left Melisse in care of Jan, and the child seemed to recognize the guardianship.

When Cummins came back from Fort Churchill in the autumn he brought with him a pack full of things for Melisse, including new books and papers, for which he had spent a share of his season's earnings. As he was freeing these treasures from their wrapping of soft caribou skin, with Jan and Melisse both looking on, he stopped suddenly and glanced from his knees up at the boy.

"They're wondering over at Churchill what became of the missionary who left with the mail, Jan. They say he was last seen at the Etawney."

"And not here?" replied Jan quickly.

"Not that they know of," said Cummins, still keeping his eyes on the boy. "The man who drove him never got back to Churchill. They're wondering where the driver went too. A company officer has gone up to the Etawney, and it is possible he may come over to Lac Bain. I don't believe he'll find the missionary."

"Neither do I," said Jan quite coolly. "He is probably dead, and the wolves and foxes have eaten him before this—or mebby ze feesh!"

Cummins resumed his task of unpacking, and among the books which he brought forth there were two which he gave to Jan.

"The supply ship from London came in while I was at Churchill, and those came with it," he explained. "They're schoolbooks. There's going to be a school at Churchill next winter, and the winter after that it will be at York factory, down on the Hayes." He settled back on his heels and looked at Jan. "It's the first school that has ever come nearer than 400 miles of us. That's at Prince Albert."

For many succeeding days Jan took long walks alone in the forest trails and silently thrashed out the two problems which Cummins had brought back from Churchill for him. Should he warn Jean de Gravois that a company officer was investigating the disappearance of the missionary?

At first his impulse was to go at once into Jean's haunts beyond Fond du Lac and give him the news, but even if the officer did come to Post Lac Bain how would he know that the missionary was at the bottom of the lake and that Jean de Gravois was accountable for it? So in the end Jan decided that it would be folly to stir up the little hunter's fears, and he thought no more of the company's investigator who had gone up to the Etawney.

CHAPTER VI.
The Red Terror.

CUMMINS' word of the school at Churchill had put a new and thrilling thought into Jan's head, and always with that thought he coupled visions of the growing Melisse. This year the school would be at Churchill and the next at York factory, and after that it might be gone forever, so that when Melisse grew up there would be none nearer than what Jan looked upon as the other end of the world. Why could not he go to school for Melisse and store up treasures which in time he might turn over to her?

The scheme was a colossal one, by all odds the largest that had ever entered into his dreams of what life held for him. It was not until the first cold chills of approaching winter crept down from the north and east that he told Cummins of his intention.

Once his mind was settled Jan lost no time in putting his plans into action. Mukee knew the trail to Churchill and agreed to leave with him on the third day, which gave Williams' wife time to make him a new coat of caribou skin.

On the second evening he played for the last time in the little cabin, and after Melisse had fallen asleep he took her up gently in his arms and held her there for a long time, while Cummins looked on in silence. When he replaced her in the little bed against the wall Cummins put one of his long arms about the boy's shoulders and led him to the door, where they stood looking out upon the grim desolation of the forest that rose black and silent against the starlit background of the sky.

"Boy, won't you tell me who you are and why you came that night?"

"I will tell you now that I come from ze Great Bear," whispered Jan. "I am only Jan Thoreau, an' ze great God made me come that night because"—his heart throbbed with sudden inspiration as he looked up into his companion's face—"because ze leetle Melisse was here," he finished.

For a time Cummins made no move or sound; then he drew the boy back into the cabin, and from the little gingham covered box in the corner he took a buckskin bag.

"You are going to Churchill for Melisse and for her," he said in a voice pitched low that it might not awaken the baby. "Take this."

(To be Continued).

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Two-piece Outing Suits, in Flannel and Light Tweeds—$7.50, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00, 15.00.

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White Duck Pants---$1.25, 1.50, 2.00.

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2-Piece Suits—In Flannel, Serges, Homespuns. $9.00, 10.00, 12.00 to 16.00.

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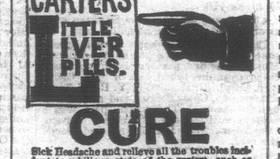

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

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