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VOL. XXXV.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUN

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DAVISON BROS., tion price is \$1 00 a year in If sent to the United States,

ADVERTISING RATES.

per square (2 inches) for first in
25 cents for each subsequent in

two and a half cents per line first

This paper is mailed regularly to sub-nibers until a definite order to discon-nue is received and all arrears are pair

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THE HAUNTE PORTRAIT

The Baker homestend stood on a and alone. It was a bleak look place in winter and after David Bake death was suffered to fall into see decay. David Baker's nephew. Edwa went there occasionally in the autur to use the place for a hunting box. One autumn he persuaded his rie James Laidlaw to go there wish hi There was a portrait of Nicholas Bah hanging on the wall, and during evening, after a hunt, the followic conversation occurred between the r

to sell your uncle's potrait?" asket Ladidaw incredulously.
"Yes," returned Baker shortly.
"One doesn't usually sell family por traits," hinted his friend.
Baker lighted another cigar and push ed the box toward Laidfaw.
"Of course I would not dream of such a thing," he apologised, "but"—He glanced quickly at the great of painting over the mantelplece.
"But?" prompted Laidfaw.
"The confounded thing has got or my nerves!"
"How?"

ered.
"Better close the place and go away."
"I did isst spring, but. I haven't been
able to keep even a caretaker here, and
then, you know, came that series of
robberles in the neighborhood, and so
I'm rather sticking around to keep an
eye on my own property."
"You say you can't keep any servants? You mean they believe the place
is haunted?"

out of the ordinary?" asted Laidaw
"Nothing except the eyes."
Laidlaw glanced up at the portra
of Nicholas Baker. It represented th
head and shoulders of a mild eyed of
gentleman dressed correctly in black
in the dimming light of the library
the snowy shirt front and collar and
the abundant white heir and whisters
stood out sharply.
The gray eyes graced benignly upon
the two men.
"I can't broad".

The gray eyes sized benignly apen the two men.

"I can't imagine your mild uncle. Nicholas. looking derce," amiled Laidlaw. looking at Ned Baker.

Baker was staring fixedly at the portrait. "Look now!" he muttered be tween clinched testh.

Laidlaw looked.

"Good heavens!" he gasped in aston ishment.

Nicholas Baker's face still wore that expression of benevolent pity, but the system was no longer gray and mild.

They were fercely rolling in their sockets—black, black as night. Baker switched on the electric lamp, but the yes remained the same, flashing an grily from one man to another.

"What do you make of that" demanded Baker, poking the fire into a blaze.

Laidlaw studied the glowing send of

"What do you make of that?" demanded Baker, poking the fire into a
blaze.

Laidlaw studied the glowing end of
ble cigar. His hand shook a little, and
he was angry with himself for feeling
that thrill of borror.

He looked up at the portrait, intending to stare it out of countenance, but
what be saw was a pair of kindly
gray eyes regarding him fixedly.

"The deuce" he exploded, leaping
to his feet. "What alis the thing?"
Baker smiled wearily.

"It's got you, too, eh?"
Laidlaw sank back in his chair and
stared at the fire.

"You thought of selling the portrait,"
he said at last. "Would you feel bad
if anything happened to it?"
"Something will happen to it, and
soon!" growled Baker.

"I've an idea," nurmured Laidlaw.
Baker laughed harshly, "You need?"
whisper," he gibed. "It bart likely his
ears are on duty as well as his eyes."
Laidlaw smiled quietly,

"We are dining out, I believe," he
said, with a quick change of topic.

"Yee, and, Jove, it's time to dress."
Ned Baker jumped up and rung a belt,
After a long while a woman poted
her head in the door. She wore a har
and cloak.

"Where is Ames, Nora?" asked Baker
in a displeased tone.

"Pleuse, sir, he's left, and Hannah
and Mary and I'm going this minute.

"Please, sir, he's left, and Hannah and Mary and I'm going this minute

As more as they had left the gntes of the estate Laidlaw spoke:

"Put out your lights, run the machine into the field yonder, in the shadow of the trees, then beat it back to the house by the shortest cut. You'll see something."

"And the dinner engagement?" was Baker's only objection.

"Can go han,"

Five minutes later they stole through the grape arbor and reached the kitchen door.

"It's open," whispered Baker, "though

"Now!" breathed Laidlaw, and instantly the room was flooded with light. Baker's amazed eyes asw his friend crouched forward, a revolver in each hand. The blue noses of these weapness were covering two men, who stared in absurd dismay while they reluctantly put up their hands at arms' length above their heads. They were shirty eyed, evil faced fellows, with lithe, slender forms and small hands and feet.

"They were shirty eyed, evil faced fellows, with lithe, slender forms and small hands and feet.

"They cursed bitterly as Baker searched them and deprived them of their weapons as well as two complete sets of burglars' tools.

The black eyed man rolled his eyes fercely als Baker nearly tied his wrists and ankles with curtain cords. When the same thing had been done for his companion Laidlaw lowered his guns and moved to the telephone.

"I'll just call up the nearest police station—that will be New Lorimerand tell them to come over and get his preclous pair. I guess it's the end of these neighborhood robberles."

It was aimost dawn when they returned to the house and faced each of the same than the same than the complete should be a small cupboard, with a bookshelf in the back.

They searched and found the spring mentioned by Beebe, the burglar, and when the bookcase had opened and disclosed a narrow statrease winding up they mounted the stairs until they were directly behind Mr. Nicholas Dane's portrait, and an ingenious little contrivance, of which the cleves Beebe unlendy admitted himself the inventor, enabled one to pull a string, where-pon the partially cut out eyeballs of the picture dapped hisde and enabled Mr. Jim Beebe to roll his will black eyes at Ned Baker or any other intruder in the library.

It appeared that Beebe had an accompile of the house in the person of Ames. Baker's butler. It was Ames who had discovered the secret stairway which led to an unsuspected room in the middle of the attic. This room is the middle of the attic. This room is the middle of the attic. This room is the middle of the a

other, and he added in a low tone, Whence Cometh My Help. Edith Cavell and Woman's Sing a Song of Winter.

tected?"
"Ill switch on all the lights and turn
Hero loose. It would be a desperate
burgiar who would tackle a buildog
with his reputation."
"Or a clever one," added Laidlaw
dryls.

dryly.

As they left the front hall to enter
the motorcar which Baker had brought
around to the dior Laidhaw switched
off the lights from the whole house.

"What"— began Baker, when Laid-

'So Shall It Be Unto You."

a hiding place for the seated than she began counting slow-life existence was not ly on her fingers. One, two, three and continued to repeat the words at abort iniervals

the course of time Ames was caped and, with his confederates, ising a term in the pententiary.

Baker has no trouble in keeping at time under the hospitable root, restored portrait of Unica Nichhas been returned to its place over untel, and now the gray eyes de hange celor. Nor will they even untel, and now the gray eyes do hange celor. Nor will they even untel, and now the gray eyes do hange celor. Nor will they even untel, and now the gray eyes do hange celor. Nor will they even untel, and now the gray eyes do hange celor. Nor will they great the woman, but one could easily see that some grave event was the causer of her behaviour. At last the man could contain himself no longer, and he addressed the girls; lengthing when you leare that my wife has lost three soms at the front. I am now taking her to an asylum.' A sinster attliness at once made itself let in the compartment.'

She—What do you think? Alice has gone to work in a place where they make rifles. He—Some girls at the woman could contain himself no longer, and he addressed the girls; lengthing when you leare that my wife has lost three soms at the front. I am now taking her to an asylum.' A she was gone to work in a place where they make rifles. He—Some girls and like to have arms around them that they will do any thing.

Lady Troubridge, writing in the London Daily Chromicle, on how women have come into their own during the war says:

"Yes, it's a traism to say so, for it is universally acknowledged; but the say so, the say so,

"Yes, it's a truism to say so, for it is universally acknowledged; but I wonder if they realize it themselves. I think not. They have not had time to think of it at all. They are too bnay doing their duty, and how they do it; short of fighting site by side the highest the parts there is the state of the mothing fley do not do Can you of rit glide upon the let would be like the play of "Haulet" side by side, skating without Haulet, Iunglie our sol

Soltie, God bless him! There is another grave near, of a Prussian Guard, and the cross on that grave bears the words:

"So shall it be meted unto you."

8 Boxes Cured Psoriasis.
Mrs. Nettie Massey, Consecon, Ontweller: Three doctors described my trouble as psoriasis, and one said I could never be cured. The disease apread all dift Cavel, the poor solitare nurse bears this Ontment enough."

A Pathetic Story.

The following pathetic story is from an English paper:

"It the compartment which she centered were two young girls, and afterward an ama came in, accompaning to the hittereas has passed for bear watered the said of water work in the two has a pose of good luck."

The Only Child

Bring "an Only Child

Bring "an Only Child

Bring "an Only Child

Bring "an only child" is usefully regarded as a piece of good luck and their nearly is grained and their nearly is grained and their organical and their organical and the investigations show (n.e. it is just the opposite of marry 300 conflicts at the street, while the name of both and the fresh part from the knowledge with most of them only triend steeling her fainting heart from the knowledge and either because they praise this Ontment enough."

A Pathetic Story.

The following pathetic story is from an English paper:

"It the compartment which she centered were two young girls, and afterward and man came in, and any came in, accompanied to be also to he for fathers and mithers rather the water of the bear in the dust of grain and their on the dust of counties.

The Only Child

Bring "and the regarded as a piece of good luck regarded as a piece of good luck regarded as a piece of good luck and their name of with the investing the investigations of grain and their name of grain and their name of grain and their name of the investigations of

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