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The above Company is now ready for busi-
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FIRE and LIGHTNING on all classes of
property at equitable rates.

D. C. EDWARDS,
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Halifax, N. S., September 20th, 1889.

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Motors from one-quarter horse to fifty horse
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This power can be satisfactorily utilized
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which a Steam or Gas Engine could be util-
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original cost or operating.

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Offer for sale the following stock of first-class
Wines and Liquors:—
115 cases CHAMPAGNE, pints and quarts—
Perrier, Jout & Co's, B. & E. Perrier's, Perinet,
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5 cases half pints ditto—highly recommended for
the sick and convalescent.
350 cases, pints and quarts, CLARETS, from
the light table wine to the finest grades.
60 cases HOCK, MOSELLE and SAUTERNE.
400 cases very old Scotch and Irish WHISKIES,
distinguished for age, flavor and "boquet."
250 cases Holland, Plymouth, and London
"Old Tom" GIN.
75 cases choice Old Jamaica RUM.
120 dozen very old Rye and Bourbon WHISKEY.
200 fine old Port, Sherry and Marsala WINES—
choice brands and vintage.
250 cases Hennessy's fine old BRANDIES.
500 dozen, pints and quarts, Bass's and Young-
er's finest PALE ALE.
250 dozen, pints and quarts, Guinness's STOUT.
100 dozen Dublin and Belfast GINGER ALE, a
fine sparkling summer drink.
100 dozen Apollinaris Water, Wine Bitters,
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Batteries yet invented.

Preparations are being made to enter into
the manufacture of same on a large scale in
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Estimates, prices and catalogues will be
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Office, No. 126 Granville Street,
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A GIRL'S HEROISM.

"We are lost!"

A startling exclamation; a wild, exciting scene.

Above, the tempest-tossed heavens; below, the mad, foaming sea.

Night had already set in—a night of fearful gloom—and, save from the
dazzling glare of the lightning's constant flash, darkness covered alike the
brave ship and the surf-lashed rocks, the mad sea and the stormy sky; while
on, on dashed the *Sea Spray*, commanded by Captain Lord Edgar Vane,
now off the rock-bound coast of Slyn Head, without a pilot, drifting at the
mercy of storm and wind.

That day Captain Vane had obtained the services of the coast-renowned
pilot, Casper Sturm, for the purpose of entering the little harbor of Wild-
more, that was accessible only through the crooked and dangerous passage
known as the "Pass of Death," hoping to reach port before nightfall; but,
retarded by a strong head-wind, he failed to reach his destination at the
expected time; and as the day drew to a close, great inky-black clouds rose
on the western horizon, when a coast storm suddenly burst upon them in all
its terrible fury.

Still, with an efficient pilot, haven might be safely reached. But, as if
to fill the measure of their misfortunes, and sign their doom as well, old
Casper, who had acted strangely all day, when the storm approached grew
restless and uneasy, and as it broke upon them, became wilder and fiercer,
rushing furiously to and fro as the elements increased in fury, shouting,
shrieking with maniacal glee, tearing his long, tangled hair down over his
then livid face, and frothing at the mouth—a raving madman.

With some difficulty the maniac was seized and lashed to the ship's
rigging, when the *Sea-Spray* was without a pilot, dashing madly on to cer-
tain destruction in the "Pass of Death." The storm all the while growing
wilder and fiercer; lurid flashes of lightning shot athwart the sky in rapid
succession, followed by deafening peals of thunder that seemed to rend the
very heavens; and the foam-crested waves lashed in wild fury the surf-
bound rocks and reefs; while the wind, with its giant power, swept the ill-
fated brig down upon the hidden crags and towering cliffs, where breakers
dashed and roared in frightful, tempestuous madness, with fearful speed.

All in vain were the efforts of the gallant crew to obey the wild orders
of their commander to lay the brig to the wind, for not a sail would hold an
instant, until they succeeded in getting up a storm stay-sail, when the ship
bore up nobly against the tempest-lashed sea. But even then the power of
the in-setting waves was fast driving her upon the rock-bound shore. Soon
would she be hurled upon the breakers—a floating wreck!

"Good God! we are lost!"

"Is there anyone here who knows the passage?" almost gasped the
second officer, as the light on Wildmore's Cliff suddenly shone in sight, and
a vivid flash of lightning displayed, with startling distinctness, the awful
danger of their perilous situation.

"A thousand pounds to the man who will pilot us safe into Wildmore
Harbor!" cried Captain Vane.

A moment, and no man had accepted the offer—that offer upon which
not only wealth, but life was depending. None in all that hardy crew knew
the secret windings of that perilous passage through the jaws of death to a
haven of safety.

As if mocking their distress the tempest rose higher and higher. Hope
was—hold! almost drowned by the storm's tumultuous roar, sounding low
and timid, yet, with womanly sharpness in it, a voice exclaimed:—

"If you please, sir!"

A flash of lightning quickly followed, when the wondering gaze of the
brig's crew saw a girlish form standing near the gangway. It was the old
pilot's daughter, who had accompanied him upon this trip. Paralyzed with
grief for her father, she had kept aloof from the crew; and they, in the
excitement of their danger, had forgotten her. But, hearing Captain
Vane's appeal for help, and realizing then for the first time, the peril of the
situation, she had stifled her sorrow and come forward—perhaps to save.

"If you please, sir," she repeated, as soon as the storm would permit, "I
know the passage which leads to the harbor. I'm called 'The Storm-Child.'
Many and many's the time I've been through Wildmore's passage with poor
father, in worse nights than this. I can pilot the ship there to-night."

"Do it, and the thousand pounds shall be yours, ay treble that, my
child."

The vessel was speedily put before the wind, when with lightning-like
rapidity, it shot through the mad water—on, past rugged cliffs and half-bri-
den rocks; now barely grazing a high crag, then trembling fore and aft, as
its keel scraped a hidden ledge; while the storm-tossed sea swept the deck.

With pallid faces the crew secured themselves to the rigging to keep
from being washed overboard, and silently awaited the crisis, knowing only
too well that the fate of all lay in the hands of the brave girl-pilot.

"Starboard—quick!" came in a clear, ringing tone.

"Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Hard a port!"

"Ay, ay, hard a port it is!"

"Steady—so!"

"Steady—"

Sudden and startling, high over the storm's surge and roar, rung out
shrill, maniacal laugh—louder, fiercer, and more terrible in its import than
had been any of the frantic ravings of the madman, whose wild cries had
blended so fearfully with the tempest's howling din. Then, by a dazzling
flash of lightning, the startled men saw that the maniac had suddenly
from his fastenings, and the blood went curdling through their veins, as they
saw him, his madness increased by his freedom, bound forward towards