

My lodge is beside the  
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Nature requires man to drink more liquids during summer weather. By using

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THE ADVERTISER, KENTVILLE

#### Praise for Canadians

Sir Wilfred Laurier has received from Lieut.-General F. T. Baden-Powell, inspector-general of the South African constabulary, a letter, in which the hero of Mafeking says some nice things about Canada. The letter, which was written from Zuurfontein, Transvaal, reads as follows:

"Will you forgive my writing you a short note to tender my gratitude for all that you have done in assisting the development of the force with whose organization I am charged? By your good offices the Canadian contingent has been added to our establishment and with the excellent material of which it is formed it will be a valuable addition to our strength I have learned in the recent campaign to admire and to appreciate the worth of the Canadians in the field, and am, therefore, truly glad to welcome your contingent to our corps. Comprising as it does, men from every one of our great colonies, as well as from the home country, the South African constabulary is par excellence an imperial corps, and as such I hope it will typify the empire itself as working honestly and harmoniously in the great work of bringing peace and prosperity over the territories now added to our rule. And in this good work the Canadians will have a prominent share. I trust the connection thus commenced between Canada and South Africa is but an angry of a close and profitable connection in the future."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.  
Dear Sirs,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get, and strongly recommend it.

GEO. HOUGH,  
Livery Stables, Quebec.

## A GIRL OF CRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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"But Captain Wood has gone. He has been carried off," I said.  
"Gone, yes," sneered the colonel, "but 'carried off.' How do we know that? It's not the first time a young gentleman has disappeared for four and twenty hours or more. Who knows all the ins and outs of Captain Wood's affairs and private movements?"  
At that moment Harris, the butler, came up with a card. "Gentleman asks if he can see you most particular. Same as came this afternoon—Mr. Snoozer—but he's got a dirty scrub of a boy with him."  
"Joe," I cried. "Show them up here, Harris. Yes, bring both of them, of course. We shall hear something new."  
Mr. Snoozer came up to the drawing room at a run, I'm sure. He was almost at Harris' heels. The boy Joe lagged a little behind and stood abashed at the door, and Roy, who by constitution hated all boys, especially ragged ones, took this hesitation as suspicious and gave an ugly growl, with a show of his fierce teeth. The collic, I should mention, had never left me since he was brought to Hill street.  
"Look yar. What did I tell you, miss?" began the detective, coming straight at me and talking rather excitedly. "I never thought to show myself here again, but, by thunder, it was too strong for me. I've got the pride of my business, and I wanted you to see I was right to believe in Joe. Now, speak out, young squirts."  
I must say I thought well of the boy from the very first. He was an apple cheeked, healthy looking, bullet headed urchin, with clear, china blue eyes, very wide open just then in astonishment, I think, not fear. He did not care one bit for the dog, but faced him sturdily, stooping as if to pick up a stone, with a "Would you—b-r-r, lie down, will you," that sent the collic, still growling, under the sofa.  
"How was it, Joe? Won't you sit down? Let's hear what happened," I said to encourage him, and he asked nothing better than to tell his story, and taking his seat at the very edge of a chair after dusting it he began:  
"It was this way, mum—miss. When he—Mr. Snoozer—set me on the mark, I mean watch, this morning, I held on to the job close for a matter of three hours and never say nothing. Won't no move at all in the house till about 11 o'clock, when a trap comes down the road and pulls up at the garden gate. The coachman he was in an old blue coat and silver buttons, had hat—half a crown an hour business—regular fly. But inside was a donna—a real lady, you understand, dressed up to the knocker. I saw her get out—"  
"Would you know her again?" we asked, all of us, in a breath.  
Joe nodded his head.  
"I couldn't see her face at first, she'd got a thick veil on. But afterward I got my chance, as I'll tell you directly. She was a snorter, too, real gal, and no mistake, a lady, like as I've seen at the music 'alls."  
"When did you see her face?" asked the colonel, rather disdainfully.  
"In the carriage, when I was a-set ting right opposite her. I'll come to that. But first of all I must tell you how it was. You see, the donna she wouldn't get right into the garden at first. She kept at the gate spying like, watching the house and doubting, as I fancied, she ought to go in. Then she made a dash forward for the front door, but before she reached the steps some one came down, a man—"  
"Would you know him again?"  
"Rather, in a thousand. He was a little black muzzled chap, with a skin like a peeled walnut, and he came out all in a hurry, as though he had been watching for her."  
"He waved her back, but she stuck to it, and they must have had words, for I see'd him take her by the wrist and pull her out toward the carriage."  
"I was crouched close under the wall, for I'd sneaked up at the back of the carriage to spot what I could, and I was just by the door when the small chap opened it and was forcing the donna to get in.  
"I will not go, Papir' (Pepe), she says, 'not until I have heard what you have done to him. There was to be no violence. You promised that, and I wish to be sure. I must know,' she says, 'that he ain't come to no harm,' she says."  
"With that the little fellow gives her a great shove. I think he'd 'a' struck her, but just then he caught sight of me.  
"Why, in the name of—some for-

ugh gibberish—where have you dropped from? What brings you 'angin' about 'ere?"  
"I tried to stall him off by axing him to buy a box of matches, but he cut up very rough and wanted to lay 'old of me, saying he'd call the police and give me in charge for loitering and all that. But I checked him and slipped through his fingers—'twasn't difficult—and ran up the road."  
"After I had been caught out," Joe went on, "for which I'm very sorry, sir, I judged I'd better keep off a bit if I was to do any more good."  
"It was time, too, now they'd dropped on to me, to send word to the office what was up; that they was a-makin' for the nearest postoffice to send a wire, when, from where I was, I saw the carriage drive straight into the garden.  
"The road was clear, so I crept back, keeping out of sight and scrouging inside the pillars of the next gate, where I'd got my eye on what went on. The carriage was nowhere to be seen. They must have took it right inside the stables, for the coachhouse doors was open."  
"That was to get Mr. Wood away," said the American detective.  
"How do you know that? You don't even know that he was there at all," sneered the colonel.  
"Hah! You wait. Guess you'll see," retorted Mr. Snoozer. "I believe the carriage came on purpose, or they were uneasy at seeing the boy. Suspected something; some one had got wind, some one was on the track and wanted to clear out."  
"All pure conjecture," said the colonel.  
"Anyway, they did remove him," argued Snoozer.  
"If he was ever there," retorted the colonel.  
"Well, well, go on, Joe. Did you see anything more of the brougham?" I asked.  
"Did I, mum? Of course I did. That's what I was waiting for. It was half an hour or more afore it come out again. And there was three chaps come'd out first, a-laughing and a-talkin'. I heard one of 'em say, 'Not much light about him now.' 'Other says, 'He went like a sheep.' 'A dead un,' says another. 'Mutton, you mean.'"  
"Oh! had they hurt him? Oh, Sir Charles! I burst in, finding great difficulty in restraining myself.  
"No, miss," put in the American very kindly. "I've told you they've no cause to hurt him as I look at it. He's too precious to them, besides. Fire ahead, Joe."  
"The carriage, it was druv out fast through the gate into the road and straight on for London. I had to settle what I'd do and quick too. You'd told me, sir, to watch the house and if any one come out to let you know. Well, I judged they'd all come out, so anyways I was bound to let you know, and I'd an idea that the carriage'd help me to the next move. If I follered it, I'd find where they'd all gone to."  
"So with that I scribbled a message on the gate, came you come'd down and missed me, and I started running all I knew to catch up the carriage. I picked it up long way this side of the bridge, although I was near baked and done brown. But I hitched on to the back part like as I've done a thousand times afore and rode like a gentleman all the way up the Ammersmith road right into Kensington."  
"There one of your blooming interfering coves wot sees me on my perch gives the office to the man a-driving, who rounds with his whip and gives

"But mum was the word with me. I wouldn't 'let on if he'd cut me to ribbons. 'Chuck it! I said, 'chuck it or call the coppers. If I've done wrong, it's for them to pick me up, not you. I'll answer to them.'"  
"He didn't much like the talk of the police. I could see that. They might want to know more about him than he chose to tell. That settled him, I think, for he dragged me up to the carriage door, opened it and shored me in. I saw the lady, the same donna, was there and by her side a big bundle of something, a figure of a man it might 'a' been, all wrapped up in rugs and blankets and things. Might 'a' been a dead un. Then the feller began talking foreign again to the donna, and she answered back the same, and there was a great shindy.  
"It was all about me. I guessed that. And the end was that the feller hoisted me on to the front seat and said to me mighty sharp:  
"You stick there. Don't move. If you try to get out, I shall see you from the box, and you won't get far even if you don't break your neck leaving the carriage. Watch him, Sussie. She's responsible for you, my lad, and she knows what I'll do to her if you play any tricks."  
"With that he left us, and we rolled  
To be continued

### Poisons in the Blood Bring Pain and Death

Uric Acid the Cause of Serious Organic Changes. Fatty Heart, Bright's Disease, Enlarged Liver, and Brain Diseases.  
Foul poisons left in the blood by defective kidneys form what is known as uric acid. Its presence may be detected by such ailments as dyspepsia, associated with irregular bowels and scanty, highly-colored urine. There are pains of a neuralgic nature in the back and in the joints, sleepless nights, dizziness, headache, depressed spirits and impaired memory.  
Fatty heart, dropsy, apoplexy and heart disease are the usual termination if uric acid is left in the blood. It is a serious matter to neglect these symptoms. The home treatment prescribed by Dr. A. W. Chase has proven successful in many thousands of cases.  
Mr. A. W. Parson, Martineville, Que., writes:—"I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for 15 years, and had a constant desire to urinate with its accompanying weakness. Medicine prescribed by a skillful physician only gave me temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times. I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto."

Capt. L. J. Weatherbe, medical officer, Paget's Horse, is mentioned by Lord Kitchener for valuable service rendered throughout the day and took out an ambulance twice under heavy fire.  
The Methodist ministers of St. John are after the Governor General red hot. At their weekly meeting held a few days ago they strongly condemned his excellency for travelling on Sunday. One would think the Governor General might arrange his trip so as to overcome the necessity of travelling on the Sabbath. The example he sets by so doing is a very bad one.

### Our King's new Title

This probably will be the new title that King Edward VII. may assume:—Edward the Seventh, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of British Dominions beyond the Sea, King, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India.

Doctor, on second visit to see a boy who had swallowed a copper cent:—  
How is the boy this time?  
Anxious Mother—No change yet.

### Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbor what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.  
**Dr. Chase's Ointment**

**BORN**  
At Hantsport, July 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. James Harvey, a daughter.  
At Bishopville, July 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Beckwith, a son.  
At Hantsport, July 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Frizzle, a son.

**MARRIED**  
Beckwith-Marchant—At Oak Bank, Belcher street, the residence of C. C. Cogswell, R. Allen Beckwith of Amherst, formerly of Woodville, Kings Co., to Miss Bessie Marchant of Brooklyn street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. McMillan of Kentville.

Minard's Liniment Cures D-ditharia.



It's you, is it? And this is the second time I've caught you spying."

STRICTLY SO  
READ AND DIGEST  
Our Own Country  
PRODUCE AGENTS

Prompt Returns satisfaction Guaranteed as to  
Apples and Cheese Constantly on hand  
WE MAKE A SPECIALTY  
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Well acquainted with all butchers  
Send for price list free on application.  
Headquarters for Strawberries.  
W. EATON & SON  
No. 269 Barrington St.  
Halifax, July 1899

### Perfection

In Raising Your  
BISCUITS  
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WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

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The Brooklyn Daily Eagle is the ideal Resort medium. It reaches the people you want to reach. Its circulation is the largest in the entire City of New York. Its name stands for excellence, quality, fairness and an unparalleled advertising reputation. Its resort rates are equitable; its monthly rate so low that you can afford to keep before the public every day.  
The Eagle maintains two free information Bureaus for Resorts—one in Brooklyn and one in the heart of the shopping district of Manhattan. They distribute your circulars, tell visitors about your house, and in every way further your interests. An advertisement in the Eagle supplemented by the free service of its bureaus, is almost a sure investment.  
Upon application listing blanks, rate cards and further details will be sent.  
**EAGLE INFORMATION BUREAU**  
Rooms 25 and 29  
Eagle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Crutches Discarded

Mrs. Wells, of Mochelle, Annapolis, Annapolis Co., writes:  
May 8th, 1900  
"I am an old woman, nearly eighty years of age. Sometime ago I fell and injured my hip. I was afterwards troubled with Sciatica; at times my sufferings were intense; I could not get about my room without the aid of a pair of crutches. I tried many remedies; none did me any good; some of them made me worse. At last I read of Egyptian Rheumatic Oil and tried that. I am happy to say that it has given me great relief, removing the pain and enabling me to move around much better than I could. I think Egyptian Rheumatic Oil a splendid liniment for use in cases of Rheumatism."

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