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VOLUME 101. [DAILY EDITION] HALIFAX, N. S., TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 6, 1913. No. 107.

Who are the Directors of The Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company?

Quite naturally and properly this question should be asked by any careful investor who contemplates purchasing a block of the

6 p. c. Perpetual Debenture Stock of that Company, now being offered at

98 and Accrued Interest

Even an industry with the brightest prospects may be ruined if not under the most careful, efficient and experienced management. The management is the most important feature regarding any concern. In this respect the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company is singularly fortunate.

Mr. Thomas Cantley, second vice-president and General Manager, entered the services of the Company in 1895 as sales agent, the capital then being less than $100,000. Four years later he became assistant manager. He was appointed commercial manager in 1900, and general manager a year later, becoming second vice-president in 1909. Thus he has been with the company in all the important stages of its growth, and its greatest progress has been attained since he assumed its management.

The present Board of Directors consists of the undermentioned widely and favorably known men:

ROBERT E. HARRIS, K. C., Halifax, N. S., - - - President
Director Bank of Nova Scotia.
President The Eastern Trust Company.

HON. JAMES D. McGREGOR, New Glasgow, N. S., - First Vice-President
Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.

THOMAS CANTLEY, New Glasgow, N. S., Second Vice-Pres. and General Manager
Halifax, N. S.

J. WALTER ALLISON, - - - - - - -
Director Bank of Nova Scotia.
Director Acadia Sugar Refining Company, etc.

HON. J. S. PITTS, C. M. G., - - - - St. John's, Nfld.
Senior member of firm of J. & W. Pitts, Merchants and Shipowners.

JAMES C. MacGREGOR, - - - - - New Glasgow, N. S.
Member of the firm of J. W. Carmichael & Co., Ltd., Steamship Owners.

HON. ROBERT JAFFRAY, - - - - - Toronto, Ontario.
President Globe Printing Company, Limited.
Director Imperial Bank of Canada, &c.

GEORGE P. McKAY, Capitalist, - - - New Glasgow, N. S.

ROBERT E. CHAMBERS, M. E., M. A., I. M. E., etc. - New Glasgow, N. S.
Ore Mines Manager of the Company.

W. D. ROSS, - - - - - - - - Toronto, Ontario
General Manager Metropolitan Bank.

FRANK W. ROSS, Capitalist, - - - - - Quebec, Que.

FRANK STANFIELD, M. L. A., - - - - - Truro, N. S.
Director Stanfield's, Limited.

G. S. CAMPBELL, - - - - - - - Halifax
Director Bank of Nova Scotia, etc.

WILLIAM H. CHASE, Merchant, - - - - Wolfville, N. S.

LORNE C. WEBSTER, Merchant, - - - - - Quebec, P. Q.

Prospectus giving a lot of information regarding the properties of the Company, Ore Deposits, Timber Lands, Freehold Lands, Manufacturing Plants, Earnings, Assets and legal opinion regarding the validity of the issue, together with application forms, will be supplied upon request to

F. B. McCURDY & CO.
Members Montreal Stock Exchange,
INVESTMENT BANKERS,
Halifax, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Sherbrooke,
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Buy it on Draught.

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A Nutritive Tonic.

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Among the many Malt Extracts on the market to-day, there are none that can approach MALT NUTRINE in quality. The materials used in its manufacture are specially selected and safeguarded. Only the choicest Barley-Malt and Saager Hops are used, and the finished product contains all of the soluable substances of these two materials.

Strengthening and Invigorating, containing less than 2 p. c. alcohol.

Prices quoted for "BUD" or Malt Nutrine by the barrel or case.

KELLEY & CLASSEY, Limited.
'Phone 230, Halifax, Box 760.

THE ANNUAL STATEMENT
THE FIDELITY & CASUALTY CO., OF NEW YORK,
Dec. 31st, 1912.

Shows the Assets to be - - - - - -	$11,148,389.89
Net Surplus (including Capital Stock) - -	3,281,284.04
Amount of Losses paid to Dec. 31st, 1912, - -	40,596,818.01

The following letter will show the public how claims are paid.

102 Windsor St.,
Halifax, Feb. 22, 1913.

W. B. HEBB, Esq.,
Mgr. for Nova Scotia,
The Fidelity and Casualty Co.

DEAR SIR:

I received the Company's cheque, through you to-day, in the amount of $62.50 for my sickness claim. As the claim papers only went in on the 18th inst., I was completely surprised by the promptness with which it was settled, and I feel that personally I am under an obligation to you for your activity in the matter. Certainly no other company could have been prompter, and it is doubtful if any other agent would have expedited matters as speedily.

I shall have much pleasure in recommending your excellent Company to my friends.

Yours very sincerely,
S. H. LAWRENCE, Teacher,
School for the deaf.

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Consumers have 4 selected Mines to choose from:

OLD SYDNEY MINE, Screened,
INVERNESS-IMPERIAL, "
SPRINGHILL, "
SYDNEY RESERVE, "

Prices Moderate, Quality Excellent, Delivery Prompt.

Delivered from box cars from Cotton Factory Siding, in any quantity.

Apply to
GEORGE P. HENRY,
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We show a very complete range in both Men's and Women's. Several entirely new styles, very practical and convenient, which will appeal to Autoists, who know the inconvenience and annoyance of getting dust in the eyes.

Several Styles, moderately priced, from

50 cts. to $3.50.

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Individuality.

You have often heard the expression "that reads like so and so's poetry or that looks like so and so's painting, or that sounds like so and so's voice." They may be bad or they may be good, the result is the same. It's the individuality that stands out. They can't get away from it, and they would not if they could. So it is with clothes. Why should one spot another? Why not be oneself? What's the use of going about in another's clothes?

If you want individuality in Clothes, you are looking for those built by

HAMILTON, Tailor of Taste,
147 Hollis Street.

WANTED AT ONCE — An experienced WAITRESS; also a GIRL for general housework. Apply to City Club. tf mar15

Investment News
Halifax, May 6, 1913.

INVESTMENT OFFERINGS

Ask for the May Issue which contains

Industrial Bonds—
Seven leading Industrial Bonds, secured by ample assets and large earning power—yielding from 5.50 p. c. up to 6½ p. c.

Public Service Bonds—
Three excellent Public Service Bonds, of proven security and stability of income — yielding from 5½ p. c. up to 6.70 p. c.

Industrial Stocks—
Five Preferred Stock issues of successfully operated industrial companies, affording good prospects of appreciation — yielding from 4.66 p.c. up to 7.30 p.c.

Public Service Stocks—
One Common and three Preferred Stock Issues of Public Service Corporations of recognized standing — yielding from 4.90 p. c. up to 6½ p. c.

Municipal Debentures—
Nineteen Municipal issues of conservative position and attractive pricing — yielding from 4½ p. c. up to 5½ p. c.

J. C. Mackintosh & Co.
Established 1873
Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
Direct Private Wires
Halifax, Montreal, St. John, New Glasgow, Fredericton.

Cottage Sets for your Summer Camp or Bungalow.

Everybody who is fortunate enough to own a Summer camp or bungalow is getting ready to move over. You are, no doubt, in this happy position. How is your supply of China? Do you need a dinner or tea set? Yes, well why don't you buy one of our combination dinner and tea sets?—cottage sets we call them.

We have made up a number of very useful sets and each contains ½ dozen Dinner Plates, Tea Plates, Soup Plates, Fruit Saucers, Tea Cups and Saucers, 2 Covered Vegetable Dishes, 2 Meat Dishes, 1 Gravy Boat, and 1 Pickle Dish. As they are open stock patterns you can buy whatever other articles you may wish.

Ten different dainty patterns are represented.

Their prices range from $4.90 and upwards for the 44 pieces.

Drop in and have a look at them and we will send out your set when you are ready.

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Early Harvest,
Beauty of Hebron,
Puritans.

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Argyle and Barrington Streets

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WHOLESALE
Fruit and Produce Dealers.
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INCLUDING:
Pineapple,
Peaches,
Pears,
Cherries,
Etc., Etc.,
—AT—
T. F. COURTNEY & CO'S.

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BEAUTIFULLY situated at the head of Chezzetcook, is now ready for the reception of guests—our seventh season. Lovers of trout fishing desiring comfort and good sport should write for complete information regarding fishing in this locality and accommodation at our Hotel.

Increased equipment enables us to accommodate a number of Summer Boarders.

Daily Coach to and from Halifax.

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Hubley's Commission Agency and Employment Bureau,
J. S. HUBLEY, Manager,
145 Agricola Street, Halifax, N. S.

WANTED HELP ALWAYS. We furnish Skilled and Unskilled Help at Short Notice. Particular attention paid to securing Labor for mills, lumber woods, wood-working factories, car works, foundries, machine shops, coal mines and railway construction, hotels and private families. MALE and FEMALE. Good references furnished. tf nov19

The Masquerader

By Katherine Cecil Thurston.
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

In his first glance he scarcely grasped the details of the scene, for the half drawn curtains kept the light dim, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity he gathered their significance.

The room had a close, jaded air—the room that under his own occupation had shown a rigid, almost monastic severity. The plain dressing table was littered with cigarette ends and marked with black and ta-way patches where the tobacco had been left to burn itself out. On one corner of the table a carafe of water and a whisky decanter rested one [illegible] of it, the other, as if for support, [illegible] other end an overturned tumbler lay in a pool of liquid. The whole effect was sickly and nauseating. His glance turned involuntarily to the bed and there halted.

On the hard, narrow mattress, from which the sheets and blankets had fallen in a disordered heap, lay Chilcote. He was fully dressed in a shabby tweed suit of Loder's; his collar was open, his tie and chin unshaven; one hand was limply grasping the pillow, while the other hung out over the side of the bed. His face, pale, almost earthy in hue, might have been a mask save for the slight convulsive spasms that crossed it from time to time and corresponded with the faint, shivering starts that passed at intervals over his whole body. To complete his repellent appearance, a lock of hair had fallen loose and lay black and damp across his forehead.

Loder stood for a space shocked and spellbound by the sight. Even in the ghastly disarray the likeness—the extraordinary, sinister likeness that had become the pivot upon which he himself revolved—struck him like a blow. The man who lay there was himself, bound to him by some subtle, inexplicable tie of similarity. As the idea touched him he turned aside and stepped quickly to the dressing table. There, with unnecessary energy, he flung back the curtains and threw the window wide. Then again he turned toward the bed. He had one dominant impulse, to waken Chilcote, to be free of the repulsive, inert presence that chilled him with so personal a horror. Leaning over the bed, he caught the shoulder nearest to him and shook it. It was not the moment for niceties, and his gesture was rough.

At his first touch Chilcote made no response—his brain, dulled by indulgence in his vice, had become a laggard in conveying sensations—but at last, as the pressure on his shoulder increased, his nervous system seemed suddenly to jar into consciousness. A long shudder shook him; he half lifted himself and then dropped back upon the pillow.

"Oh!" he exclaimed in a trembling breath. "Oh!" The sound seemed drawn from him by compulsion.

Its uncanny tone chilled Loder anew. "Wake up, man!" he said suddenly. "Wake up! It's I—Loder."

Again the other shuddered; then he turned quickly and nervously. "Loder?" he said doubtfully. "Loder?" Then with a sigh—"Good God," he exclaimed, "what a relief!"

The words were so intense, so spontaneous and unexpected that Loder took a step back.

Chilcote laughed discordantly and lifted a shaky hand to protect his eyes from the light.

"It's—it's all right, Loder! It's all right! It's only that I—that I had a beastly dream. But, for heaven's sake, shut that window!" He shivered involuntarily and pushed the lock of damp hair from his forehead with a weak touch of his old irritability.

In silence Loder moved back to the window and shut it. He was affected more than he would own even to himself by the obvious change in Chilcote. He had seen him moody, restless, nervously excited, but never before had he seen him entirely demoralized. With a dull feeling of impotence and disgust he stood by the closed window, looking unseeingly at the roofs of the opposite houses.

But Chilcote had followed his movements restlessly, and now as he watched him a flicker of excitement crossed his face. "God, Loder," he said again, "'twas a relief to see you! I dreamed I was in hell—a horrible hell, worse than the one they preach about." He laughed to reassure himself, but his voice shook pitiably.

Loder, who had come to fight, stood silent and inert.

"It was horrible—beastly," Chilcote went on. "There was no fire and brimstone, but there was something worse. It was a great ironic scheme of punishment by which every man was chained to his own vice—by which the thing he had gone to pieces over, instead of being denied him, was made compulsory. You can't imagine it." He shivered nervously and his voice rose. "Fancy being satiated beyond the limit of satiety, being driven and dogged by the thing you had run after all your life!"

He paused excitedly, and in the pause Loder found resolution. He shut his ears to the panic in Chilcote's voice, he closed his consciousness to the sight of his shaken face. With a surge of determination he rallied his theories. After all, he had himself and his own interests to claim his thought. At the moment Chilcote was a wreck, with no desire toward rehabilitation, but there was no guarantee that in an hour or two he might not have regained control over himself and with it the inclination that had prompted his letter of the day before. Nor he had himself to look to. The survival of the fittest was the true, the only principle. Chilcote had had intellect, education, opportunity, and Chilcote had deliberately cast them aside. Fortifying himself in the knowledge, he turned from the window and moved slowly back to the bed.

"Look here," he began, "you wrote for me last night." His voice was hard. He had come to fight.

Chilcote glanced up quickly. His mouth was drawn and there was a new anxiety in his eyes. "Loder!" he exclaimed quickly. "Loder, come here! Come nearer!"

Reluctantly Loder obeyed. Stepping closer to the side of the bed, he bent down.

The other put up his hand and caught his arm. His fingers trembled and jerked. "I say, Loder," he said suddenly, "I—I've had such a beastly night—my nerves, you know"—

With a quick, involuntary disgust Loder drew back. "Don't you think we might shove that aside?" he asked.

But Chilcote's gaze had wandered from his face and strayed to the dressing table; there it moved feverishly from one object to another.

"Loder," he exclaimed, "do you see—can you see if there's a tube of tabloids on the mantelshelf or on the dressing table?" He lifted himself nervously on his elbow, and his eyes wandered uneasily about the room. "I—I had a beastly night; my nerves are horribly jarred, and I thought—I think"— He stopped.

With his increasing consciousness his nervous collapse became more marked. At the first moment of waking the relief of an unexpected presence had surmounted everything else, but now, as one by one his faculties stirred, his wretched condition became patent. With a new sense of perturbation Loder made his next attack.

"Chilcote," he began sternly.

But again Chilcote caught his arm, plucking at the coat sleeve. "Where is it?" he said. "Where is the tube of tabloids—the sedatives? I'm—I'm obliged to take something when my nerves go wrong." In his weakness and nervous tremor he forgot that Loder was the sharer of his secret. Even in his extremity his fear of detection clung to him limply—the lies that had become second nature slipped from him without effort. Then suddenly a fresh panic seized him, his fingers tightened spasmodically, his eyes ceased to rove about the room and settled on his companion's face. "Can you see it, Loder?" he cried. "I can't; the light's in my eyes. Can you see it? Can you see the tube?" He lifted himself higher, an agony of apprehension in his face.

Loder pushed him back upon the pillow. He was striving hard to keep his own mind cool, to steer his own course straight through the chaos that confronted him. "Chilcote," he began once more, "you sent for me last night, and I came the first thing this morning to tell you"— But there he stopped short.

With an excitement that lent him strength, Chilcote pushed aside his hands. "God," he said suddenly, "suppose 'twas lost—suppose 'twas gone!" The imaginary possibility gripped him. He sat up, his face livid, drops of perspiration showing on his forehead, his whole shattered system trembling before his thought.

At the sight Loder set his lips. "The tube is on the mantelshelf," he said in a cold, abrupt voice.

A groan of relief fell from Chilcote, and the muscles of his face relaxed. For a moment he lay back with closed eyes, then the desire that tortured him stirred afresh. He lifted his eyelids and looked at his companion. "Hand it to me," he said quickly. "Give it to me. Give it to me, Loder, quick as you can! There's a glass on the table and some whisky and water. The tabloids dissolve, you know"— In his new excitement he held out his hand.

But Loder stayed motionless. He had come to fight, to demand, to plead, if need be, for the one hour for which he had lived—the hour that was to satisfy all labor, all endeavor, all ambition. With dogged persistence he made one more essay.

"Chilcote, you wrote last night to recall me"— Once again he paused, checked by a new interruption. Sitting up again, Chilcote struck out suddenly with his left hand in a rush of his old irritability.

"D—n you!" he cried suddenly. "What are you talking about? Look at me! Get me the stuff. I tell you it's imperative." In his excitement his breath failed, and he coughed. At the effort his whole frame was shaken.

Loder walked to the dressing table, then back to the bed. A deep agitation was at work in his mind.

Again Chilcote's lips parted. "Loder," he said faintly—"Loder, I must—I must have it. It's imperative." Once more he attempted to lift himself, but the effort was futile.

Again Loder turned away.

"Loder"—

With a fierce gesture the other turned on him. "Good heavens, man!" he began. Then unaccountably his voice changed. The suggestion that had been hovering in his mind took sudden and definite shape. "All right!" he said in a lower voice. "All right! Stay as you are."

He crossed to where the empty tumbler stood and hastily mixed the whisky and water, then crossing to the mantelpiece where lay the small glass tube containing the tightly packed

He dropped the five tabloids one after another into the glass.

tabloids he paused and glanced once more toward the bed. "How many?" he said laconically.

Chilcote lifted his head. His face was pitiably drawn, but the feverish brightness in his eyes had increased. "Five," he said sharply. "Five. Do you hear, Loder?"

"Five?" Involuntarily Loder lowered the hand that held the tube. From previous confidences of Chilcote's he knew the amount of morphia contained in each tabloid and realized that five tabloids, if not an absolutely dangerous was at least an excessive dose, even for one accustomed to the drug. For a moment his resolution failed. Then the dominant note of his nature—the unconscious, fundamental egotism on which his character was based—asserted itself beyond denial. It might be reprehensible, it might even be criminal to accede to such a request made by a man in such a condition of body and mind; yet the laws of the universe demanded self assertion—prompted every human mind to desire, to grasp and to hold. With a perception swifter than any he had experienced he realized the certain respite to be gained by yielding to his impulse. He looked at Chilcote with his haggard, anxious expression, his eager, restless eyes, and a vision of himself followed sharp upon his glance. A vision of the untiring labor of the past ten days, of the slowly kindling ambition, of the supremacy all but gained. Then, as the picture completed itself, he lifted his hand with an abrupt movement and dropped the five tabloids one after another into the glass.

(To be Continued).

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DROP IT.

If you have a habit bad,
Drop it.
Be a manly little lad—
Drop it.
Hard at first the task may be,
But to win the victory,
Be determined to be free:
Drop it.
Have you learned to smoke or swear?
Drop it.
If you answer, "I don't care,"
Drop it.
Do you truant like to play
Or your parents disobey?
Stop, before you farther stray—
Drop it.
Be it that or be it this,
Drop it;
Since you know that wrong it is,
Drop it.
Be a manly little lad,
Always pure and sweet and glad
If you have a habit bad,
Drop it.

Successful

in all the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion and elimination—certain to prevent suffering and to improve the general health—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

$16,000 Additional Capital.

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This winter he was graduated from the Maritime, and draws $75 per month.

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Stay away from Halifax until present difficulty is settled. The Carpenters of this City and Dartmouth are out for decent living conditions, and brothers from outside the city limits can help us win our battle by staying away.

By order.
JAS. ROSBOROUGH,
apr19—(apr4 tf) Secretary.

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BUTTON SHOES

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They are Bound to be Popular

Let us show you our large assortment in all leathers.

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Footwear Store,
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Ask for Pony Contest vote.

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I. C. R.	Depart.
Pictou and Sydney Express	7.00 a. m
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moncton for St. John and Boston,)	8.00 "
Truro Accommodation,	12.40 p. m
Maritime Express for Montreal,	3.10 "
Express for Sydney,	5.00 "
Suburban Express for Windsor Junction and Waverly,	6.30 "
Express for St. John and Boston (except Saturday,)	8.45 "
Suburban Express,	11.15 "
	Arrive.
Suburban Express from Windsor Junction,	7.55 a. m
Mixed Train from Truro,	8.45 "
Express from St. John and Boston (except Monday,)	8.55 "
Express from Sydney & Pictou,	11.55 "
Maritime Express from Montreal,	1.30 p. m.
Pictou and Sydney Express,	7.50 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	8.10 "
Express from Montreal, St. John and Boston,	10.00 "
Dartmouth Branch.	
	Depart.
Mixed train,	6.40 a. m.
Mixed train	12.20 "
Mixed train,	4.50 "
	Arrive
Mixed train,	8.40 a. m.
Mixed train,	2.55 p. m.
Mixed train,	7.55 p. m.
D. A. R.	Depart.
Express for Yarmouth,	7.30 a. m.
Annapolis Accommodation daily except Sunday, leaving Richmond	9.10 a. m
Express for Kentville,	2.55 p. m
	Arrive
Express from Kentville,	9.05 a. m.
Annapolis Accommodation	6.00 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth,	6.40 p. m.
K. & S. W. RY.	Depart.
Express or Yarmouth, Wednesday and Saturday,	9.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Yarmouth, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday,	7.25 a. m.
Accommodation for Liverpool daily),	2.20 p. m.
	Arrive.
Accommodation from Liverpool, (daily),	11.15 a. m.
Express from Yarmouth (daily),	7.45 p. m.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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For Your Verandah or Summer Home.

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In Red and White, Blue and White—30 cts. yard.

200 Pieces Fancy Linens.

This lot includes Runners, Shams and Centre Pieces, etc. Battenburg Drawn Work, Lace, etc., and to clear out we offer these goods at

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White Dimity Quilts.

Buy your Summer Quilts while our stock is at its best. For $1.50 we offer good White Dimity Quilts, splendid washing qualities, in large size.

Embroidered Quilts.

A handsome Summer Quilt, 70 x 90 inch, Embroidered $3.00.

Three Specials.

In White Cambric and Embroidery Underskirts.
White Skirts, deep flounce, 80c.
White Skirts, special, $1.10.
White Skirts, $1.45.

English Long Cloth.

A very fine quality, soft make with Madopolam finish, in pieces of 12 yards, each $1.25.

Ladies' Chamois Gloves.

In Natural and White, two clasp, 80 cts. pair.

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Pretty Kimonas, trimmed, $1.20.
Crepe Kimona, five designs, $1.50.
Bordered Crepe Kimonas, lace trimmed, $2.50.

We are the Agents for the New Idea Patterns.

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ALL COLORS AND SIZES.

3 pairs for $1.00.

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YOU WILL BE
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