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No. 166.

HALIFAX. N. S., WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1913.

The Honor of the Big Snows.

IAMES OLIVER CURWOOD, Author of "The Danger Trail."

the forest chained him more than ever after this. He did not go back to Oxford Honse in the spring, but sold his turn to a passing halfbreed and wandered through all of that apring and summer in the country to the west. It was annary when he returned to his cabin, when the snows

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MORE NOLAN STORIES,

The West Has Many Tales To Telliof the Late Patrick J. On one occasion, a number of years ago, when Southern Alberta was more of a ranching country than it is today, cattle "rustlers" or thieves were numerous along the border, and the Mounted Police of the Macleod District decided to clean them out. A dozen or more persons, some caught red-handed, some of whose guilt there was little doubt, though positive proof was lacking, and others merely sus-pected, were arrested and brought to Macleod for trial. The prosecutor was Mr. M. Mackenzie, now Provincial Tressurer of Alberts, while the de-tance in the case of most of the prig. fence, in the case of most of the pris-oners, was in the hands of the late P. J. Nolan, the widely-known Cal-

oners, was in the hands of the late P. J. Nolan, the widely-known Calgary lawyer.

"Paddy" fought valiantly for his clients, but the evidence against them was overwhelming. One by one, eight of them, men and women, were convicted and sentenced to terms in the Stoney Mountain Penitentiary, some for stealing cattle, others for perluy. Two more, defended by another lawyer, were placed on trial and quickly convicted. "Paddy" was in court, and when the judge paused before passing sentence, he asked leave to speak. "Is your lordship sware," he asked, "that you can obtain better terms from the railroad and save money for the country if you can make up a party of ten for the little Manitoba town?"

It was in the same court that Mr. Nolan asked that the witnesses of the opposing side be excluded during examination. Among the witnesses was a very small man, clerk to the opposing counsel. He had taken an important part in preparing the case, and his exploited withdow here he is the description.

ing counsel. He had taken an important part in preparing the case, and his principal wished to have his assistance. He therefore asked the judge to allow his clerk to remain. The judge referred the matter to Mr. Nolan. "Paddy" had the clerk stand up. For a moment his eyes traveled from the head to the feet of the little man and back again. Then he turned to the bench.

man and back again. Then he turned to the bench.

"My lord," he said, "it is a well-known maxim that the law takes no notice of small things. The young man may remain."

A story of Mr. Nolan's prowess at the Bar is told in Edmonton. It seems that one of the parties to a horse trade had become dissatisfied with his bargain, and sought through the courts to recover the horse he had bartered away. "Paddy" was engaged as counsel for the defence. The chief witness for the plaintiff was a "horse doctor" who went into the witness box and swore that the animal the plaintiff had received was suffering from all manner of diseases and had little if any value.

"Paddy" cross-questioned carefully on the symptoms of the various diseases which the witness had mentioned. Then he suggested a disease himself, drawling out a formidable Greek word, "Leptosporangium."

Yee, the witness knew it perfectly

self, drawling out a formidable Greek word, "Lephosporangium."
Yee, the witness knew it perfectly, and he proceeded to describe the symptoms with great circumstantiality. He made it out a dreadful disease, contagious, deadly to man and beast. "Paddy" led him on and on suggesting symptoms and having the witness accept or reject them. At length, when the "horse doctor" was quite hopelessly lost in the mase he had himself created at the lawyer's bidding, "Paddy" draggel him forth, a discrediated witness, explaining to the court that the horrible malady which had been described to them with such detail was a harmless, common fern.

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Investment News Halifax, July 16th, 1913.

Guide To July Investments.

THOSE having funds available will find our July "IN-VESTMENT OFFERINGS" a convenient guide to safe and pro fitable investment. This circular fitable investment. This circular briefly describes a representative variety of Municipal Debentures yielding from 4½ p. c. to 5½ p. c. —of Public Service Bonds and Stocks yielding from 5½ p. c. to 7 p. c. —and of Industrial Bonds and Stocks yielding from 5.45 p. c. to 7 p. c. With this guide before: you selection is made easy of the securities meeting your requirements. If desired, further information may be had before purchasing by applying at any

purchasing by applying at any of our offices, or requesting the me by mail,

we are emphatically of the opinion that the present is the time for discriminating investors, with the courage of their convictions, to acquire higher account to most advantageous terms. The attractive prices in our circular bear out this contention. Mail the coupon for a copy.

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For Sale. DRY CORD WOOD AND KINDLING. in any length desired. Prompt del in any length desired. Prompt delivery.

HART & NELSON,
mar23—tf Liverpool Wharf. Phone 346, were deepest, and three days later he set out to outlit at the Hudson's bay post on God's take special of at Oxford flouse. It was while they were crossing a part of the lake that Kazan leaped aside for an instant in his traces and snapped at something in Jan anw the movement, but gave no

Jan saw the movement, but gave no strention to it until a little later when Kasan stopped and fell upon his belly, biting at the barness and winding in nain. The thought of Kazan's sudden uses at the move time to him then like a bails shoust and with a low cry of horror and fear he fell upon his trees tested the Gos. Kazan whimpered, and his burdy tall swept the snow as Jan lifted his great wolfish head between his two hands. No other sound came from Jan's lips now, and slowly he drew the dog up to him until he held him in his arms as he might he beld him in his arms as he might have held a child. Kazan stilled the whimpering sounds in his throat. His one eye rested on his master's face, faithful, watching for some sign, for some language there, even as the burnno fires of a strange torture gnawed at his life, and in that eye Jan saw the deepening reddish film which he had seen a hundred times before in the eyes of foxes and wolves killed by poison

of foxes and wolves killed by poison balt.

A mean of anguish burst from Jan's lips, and he held his face close down against Kazan's head and sobbed new like a chifd, while Kazan rubbed his bot muzzle against his cheek and his muscles hardened in a last desire to give battle to whatever was giving his master grief. It was a long fime before Jan lifted his face from the shaggy head, and when he did he knew that the last of all leve, of all companionship, of all that bound him to flesh and blood in his louely world, was gone. Kazan was dord.

From the sledge he took a blanket and wrapped Kazan in it and carried him a hundred yards back from the trail. With bowed head he came behind his four dogs into God's House. Half an hour later he turned back into the wilderness with his supplies. It was dark when he returned to where he had left Kazan. He piaced him upon the sledge, and the four huskles whined as they drugged on their burden, from which the smell of death came to them. They stopped in the four of the stop of the seen forests hexman the lake, and Jan

came to them. They stopped in the feep forests beyond the lake, and Jan

deep forests beyond the lake, and Jan built a fire.

This night, as on all nights in his lonely life, Jan drew Kazan close to him, and he shivered as the other dogs slunk back from him suspiciously and the fire and the spruce tops broke the stillness of the forest. He looked at the crackling flames, at the fifful shadows which they set dancing and grimmeng about him, and I seemed to him now that they was no longer friends, but were funnting him—gloating in Kabut were taunting him—gloating in Kazan's death and teiling him that he was alone, alone, alone. He let the fire die down, stirring it into life only in purchasing a building lot.
Buy now while prices are low and sit back with a smile and watch your property increase

the de down, stirring it into life only when the cold stiffened him, and when at last he fell into an unquiet slumber it was still to hear the spruce tops whispering to him that Kazan was fead and that in dying he had broken the last fragile link between Jan Thoreau and Melisse.

CHAPTER XVL

The Music Again, AN went on at dawn, with Kazan wrapped in his blanket on the sledge. He planned to reach his cabin that night, and the next day he would bury his old comrade It was dark when he came to the nar-row plain that lay between him and the river. The sky was brilliant with stars when he slowly climbed the big barren ridge at the foot of which was his home. At the summit he stopped and seated trimself on the edge of a rock, with nothing but a thousand miles of space between him and the pale glow of the northern lights. At his feet lay the forest, black and silent, and he looked down to where he knew his cabin was waiting for him

black and silent too.

For the first time it came upon him that this was home-that the forest and the silence and the little cabin hidden under the spruce tops below beld a deeper meaning for him than a few hours before, when Kazan was a leaping, living comrade at his side. Kazan was dead. Down there he would bury him. And he had loved Kazan. He knew now as he clutched his hands to his aching breast, that he would have fought for Kazan—giv-en up his life for him—as he would have done for a brother. Hot tears blinded Jan's eyes, and he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as he had sobbed years before, when in the southern wilderness word came

o him that Melisse was dying.
"Melisse-Melisse"— He monned her name aloud, and stared through the hot ilm in his eyes away into the north, nim in his eyes away into the north, sobbing to her, calling to her in his grief, and looking through that thousand miles of starilt space as though from out of the sweet face would come to him once more. And as he ralled there seemed to come to him from out of that space a sound, so sweet and low and tender that his heart stood will, and he stood will. eart stood still, and he stood up straight and stretched his arms up to heaven, for Jan Thoreau knew that it was the sound of a violin that came to him from out of the north-that Me-

tisse, an infinity away, had heard his call, his prayer, and was playing for him and Kazani And suddenly as he listened his arms fell to his sides, and there shot into his syes all of the concentrated light of the stars, for the music came nearer and nearer and still nearer to him, un ill be caught Kasan in his arms and ran with him down the side of the mountain. It died now in the forest, then rose again, softer and more dis-lant it seemed to him, turing him on but the forest gloom. For a few mo-ments consciousness of all else but that jound remained with him only in a sed, half real way, and as John Cum-ns had called upon the angels at

Lee Bain many years ago when he, too, had gone out into the night to HEAD Are you sleepless, nervous?

Two horrors crowded into one life—the product of poor digestion and a poisoned system. There is just one cure for this terrible condition—plenty of food—but mind you, food properly digested; that's the difficulty, to improve the digestive power of the stomach. Get rich nutritions blood, strengthen the system and drive out poisons,—then comes vitality, endurance, power. Ferrosone does all this and more, it makes alok people well, west people strong, thanges "nervee" and insomnia late robust health. Take Ferrosone and health is yours. 50c. at all dealers. ir goodness does not be a little pills valu-try them will find these little pills valu-many ways that they will not be wil-without them. But after all sick head Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our greet boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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Try very control of the carter o

- Pan Yan Pickles, Pin Money Pickle Pan Yan Sauce etc. at T. F. Co

THE ILLS OF YESTERDAY.

Repented of, remembering them no more; and shall not we who have been born again and by hile wondrous grace to him brought ni Hold fast the good, and let the cyll die f

by the subcommissioner at Prince Al-bert, to whom I told Jan's story when

I followed his trail down there—the let-ter which says that the other woman died before the man who was to be

Jan Thoreau's father married the wom-an who was to be his mother. And now do you understand why I did not tell Melisse of this letter? It was to

prove to that fool of a Jan Thoreas that she loved him whatever he was. Now what do you think of Jean de

Gravols, you daughter of a princess, you—you"—
"Wite of the greatest man in the world," laughed lowaks softly. "Come, my foolish Jean, we cannot stand out forever. I am growing cold, and, besides, do you not suppose that Jean

ides, do you not suppose that Jan

would like to see me?"
"Foolish, foolish, foolish," murmured
Jean as they walked hand in hand

through the starlight "She, my lows ka, my beloved, says that I am foolish and after this! What can a man do be

make himself great in the eyes of his

THE INDEPENDENT

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that the date of the Picnic is THURSDAY, JULY 24TH.

Make it a banner day.

jy15-(mar19 tf)

meet this wonderful music, so Jan Thoreau's soul cried to them new as be clutched his dead dog, Kasan, to him and stumbled on. Then suddenly be same upon the cabin, and in the tabin there was a light!

Gently he laid Kasan down upon the smow, and for a full minute he stood and listened and heard, lower and sweeter still, the gentle music of the violin. Some one was in his cabin—living hands were playing! After all, if ing hands were playing! After all, it was not the spirit of Melisse that had come to him in the hour of his deepest grief, and a sob rose in his throat. He went on, step by step, and at the door he stopped again, wondering if he was mad, if the spirits of the forest were

taunting him still, if—if— One step more— The great God, he heard it now—the low, sweet music of the old Cree love low, sweet music of the old cree love song, played in the old, old way, with all of its old sadness, its whispering joy, its weeping song of life, of death, of love! With a great cry he flung spen the door and leaped in, with his arms reaching out, his eyes blinded for a moment by the sudden light—and with a cry as a hercing as his away some. or a moment by the sudden ngne—and with a cry as piercing as his own something ran through that light to meet him—Meilsse, the old, glorious Malisse, crushing her arms about his neck, solution his name, pleading with him is her eld, sweet voice to like her, kiss her, kiss her—while Jan Thoreau for the first time in his life felt sweeping are him a resistless weakness, and in over him a resistless weakness, and in this vision he knew that Jean de Gra vois came to him, too, and held him in his arms and that as the light faded away from about him he still heard Melisse calling to him, felt her arms about him, her face crushed to his own. and as the deep gloom enveloped him more densely and he felt himself slip-ping down through it he whispered to the faces which he could no longer see: "Kazan-died-tonight"-

For a long time Jan fought to throw off the darkness, and when he suc-reeded and opened his eyes again, he tnew that it was Melisse who was sit ting beside him, and that it was Melisse who flung her arms about him when he awoke from his strange sleep when he awoke from his strange sleep and held his wild head pressed against her bosom—Melisse, with her glorious har flowing about her as he had loved t in their old days, and with the old love shining in her eyes, only more glorious now, as he heard her voice. "Jan—Jan—we have been hunting for you-so long," she cried softly. "We have been searching—ever since you left Lac Bain. Jan, dear Jan, I loved you so, and you almost broke my heart you so, and you almost broke my heart. Dear, dear Jan," she sobbed, stroking his face now, "I know why you ran away—I know, and I love you so that—that I will die if—you go away again."

"You know," breathed Jan. He was in his cot and raised himself, clasping her heartful face, between his two

her beautiful face between his two hands, staring at her with the old hor-ror in his eyes. "You know—and you ome-to me!"

"I love you," said Melisse. She slip-ped up to him and laid her face upon his breast, and, with her fingers clutched in his long hair, she leaned over to him and kissed him. "I love you!" Jan's arms closed about her, and he bowed his face so that it was smothered in her hair, and he felt against it the joyous tremble of her bosom.
"I love you," she whispered again.
And under her cloud of hair their lips



"I love you!"

met, and she whispered again, with her sweet breath still upon his lips, "I love you Outside Jean de Gravois was dancing

up and down in the starlit edge of the forest, and Iowaka was looking at him.
"And now what do you think of your Jean de Gravois?" cried Jean for the bundredth time at least. "Now what do you think of him, my beautiful one?" And he caught Iowaka's head in his arms for the hundredth time, too, and kissed her until she pushed him away. "Was it not right for me to break my oath to the Blessed Virgin and tell Mellsse why Jan Thoreau had gone mad? Was it not right, I say? And did not Melisse do as I told that fool of a Jan that she would do? And didn't she bate the Englishman all of the time? Eh? Can you not speak

my raven haired angel?"

He hugged Iowaka again in his arms, and this time he did not let her go, but turned her face so that the starlight fell upon it.
"And now what if Jan Thoreau still

CURE

SICK

CARTERS

leels that the curse is upon him?" he asked softly. "Ho, bo, we have fixed that you, my sweet lowaks, and your husband Jenn de Gravoisi I have i

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D. A. R. Express for Yarmouth, Accommodation for Annapolis, leave Richmond, Bluenose for Yarmouth, Express for Middleton (through to Annapolis on Saturday), 7.30 a. m 8.30 10.45 ugh), 2.55 p. n Express from Middleton (from Annapolis on Monday's 9.05 a, m. Bluenose from Yarmouth, 4.55 p, m. Accommodation from Annapolis, 6.15 p, m. Express from Yarmouth, 6.42 p, m. Arrive

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