

## Makes the Dish

With fresh or stewed fruit of all kinds Freeman's Custard Powder makes a course equal, if not superior, to fruit and cream.

## FREEMAN'S CUSTARD POWDER.

One of Freeman's English Foods.

## 'Love in the Wilds'

—OR—

### The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XXXII  
THE WATCHER.

Laurence's face darkened and his lips tightened, but he said nothing—the look was eloquent enough.

Mr. Stewart then opened the door and, putting in his head, said, cheerily:

"Hello, Cecil! Hard at the books?" Cecil rose from the desk and turned a pair of eyes that looked mournful and woe-begone.

"No," he said; "I can't work, for I feel as if something was going to happen."

The settler grinned. "Most like there is, lad," he said. Cecil turned pale.

Laurence, who understood him better than the settler, went up to him and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Cecil, lad," he said, "you're no coward, I know. There'll be need of a little spirit and a little courage to-night, perhaps—show us that you have them both."

"I will, Laury; I will!" he said, fervently; then, added, tremulously: "At least, I will try, if you will give me something to do—something to help you, I mean. It's dreadful to sit here waiting for it to come and doing nothing."

Laurence looked around. "Can he not be loading the weapons?" he asked. "It is as well to be prepared."

"The very thing!" said Mr. Stewart. And Laurence laid out the guns and revolvers for Cecil to load.

"Keep as quiet as you can," he said; "and do not let them see what you are at about. They must not guess that we are suspicious."

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
THE ATTACK.

Now put your shields before your hearts and fight with hearts more proof than shields. SHAKESPEARE.

Supper-time drew near, and Mr. Stewart grew anxious.

"I don't know what's the best thing to do," he said to Laury; "whether to let them come in as usual, or to shut the door and throw off the mask at once. Perhaps if they get in they'll make a rush for the stairs, seize the armory, and settle us off without any further to do."

Laurence was of the same opinion, so it was decided that the door should be shut, the barricade got perfectly in trim for lowering at a moment's notice, and that, when the runners came up, Mr. Stewart should demand that Tim be handed over before they came in to supper.

Of course, if they gave Tim up it would be evident that they had no sinister intention on the farm; they could come in to supper; and all would be considered as blown over; but Mr. Stewart knew they would urge upon Tim's surrender as a pretext and set to work at once; and Laurence, remembering the reception in the stables, could not but agree with him.

Meanwhile supper was laid, the two old women carried in the dishes, the negroes bustled, chattering, in and out, the pickaninies tumbled and rolled on the glass as if nothing was the matter, and Cecil upstairs was busy loading and arranging the weapons for the defense.

When everything was ready Laurence went upstairs and set the barricade ready for descent, and Mr. Stewart stationed himself beside the door awaiting the malcontents' arrival.

Presently they came slouching up from the knot of trees, all silent and sullen, Tim in the lead.

When they came to the door Mr. Stewart shut the lower wicket and, with his hand upon the upper, ready to swing it at a moment's notice, said: "Wait a minute, boys."

They all stopped and looked at him, their eyes twinkling wickedly in the rapidly falling darkness.

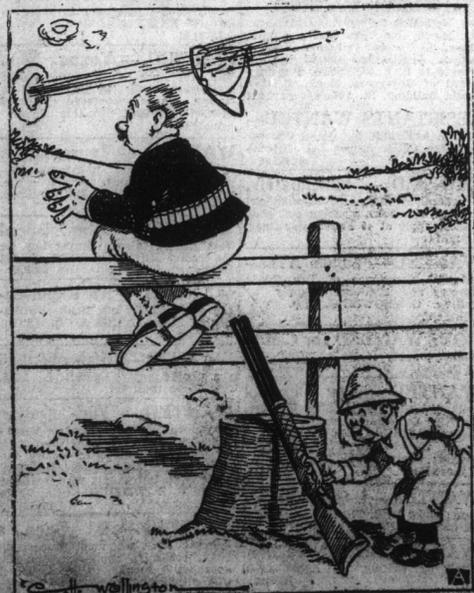
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### And the Worst is Yet to Come—



"Well, what is it, guv'nor?" growled one of them, a big burly fellow called Sam.

"I've got a word to say to one or two of you," said Mr. Stewart, slowly and decisively. "But, first of all, I want that thief, Tim, there."

"Who calls me a thief?" snarled Tim, pushing himself forward and coming toward the door.

"I do," said Mr. Stewart, the red blood rushing to his face; "I do, as I'd call any man who comes sneaking after my firearms."

The men looked at each other. Tim blustered out an oath. "Ho! that's the game, is it, guv'nor? Well, you've showed yer hand open enough. Sneaking after yer firearms, eh? Who says I was sneakin' arter 'em?"

"One who saw you—the lad," retorted Mr. Stewart, keeping a sharp lookout upon the ruffian's hand, which was lying lovingly about his revolver.

"You thieving sneak!" roared Mr. Stewart, utterly out of patience and enraged. "You've let it out yourself! Who said it was a revolver, eh? Stand out of my way, or I'll shoot you clean through!"

And he raised his revolver threateningly. Tim ducked and the next moment, as the bullet whizzed over his head, there was a rush at the door. But Mr. Stewart had closed it with a bang, and shooting the thick bolts leaped to the stairs.

In another minute all was confusion and uproar. Yelling like madmen and shouting the most terrible oaths of vengeance, the gang threw themselves at the door and battered at it with the heavy stocks of their revolvers.

At the fearful din every negro-man, woman and child—set up a shriek of terror and alarm, and every dog about the place commenced to bark.

Laurence, at the top of the stairs, clinched his teeth and drew his revolver.

Mr. Stewart paused half-way up, gasping for breath. "Stop!" he said. "Don't let it down yet. We'll wait here till the door goes and give them a reception half-way."

Laurence nodded acquiescence and stopped for a moment to open the door of the armory, and Cecil, with an encouraging smile, stepped onto the stairs, and with revolver pointed, waited for the giving way of the door.

Suddenly the hammering ceased. "They have gone to the back," said Laurence, turning his revolver that way.

Mr. Stewart shook his head. "No, no!" he said; "they know they're three doors to get through that way. They've gone for their hatches."

"Ay, ay!" said Laurence. And the next moment the sharp blows of the hatches rang through the wall.

"I'll stand five minutes of that," Mr. Stewart, coolly; but so fierce did the ruffians work that before half that time Tim's savage shout rose above the crash of the wood, and the two men on the stairs knew that the stout door had given way.

One or two more blows and then, with a fearful yell, they burst into the pass.

Laurence felt his heart beat wildly, and pushed out the foremost man he fired his revolver.

With a yell of rage and agony the fellow sprang up high into the air and fell dead at the feet of his companions, the torch he carried in his hand being swung half a dozen yards.

Almost at the same moment Mr. Stewart's shot rang out, and a second man tumbled over.

Then the remainder saw their mistake. They had imagined the defenders would make for their barricade at once, and had not given them credit for the courage they had displayed in waiting on the stairs.

With a volley of oaths they retreated pell-mell, and, shielded by the turn of the stairs, held a short council.

Mr. Stewart, keeping a sharp lookout through a crevice of the wood-work, saw one of them steal along on his hand and knees, evidently with the intention of scaling the balustrade at the back and so get up while the others took off attention by making a rush at the front.

With a low chuckle the old settler leveled his weapon and, with a dull thud, the daring man rolled over.

Then, enraged and maddened, the ruffians waited for no more strategy, but with hatchets raised in their left hand and their revolvers ready in their rights rushed at the stairs.



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FOUNDED 1887

"Now!" shouted Mr. Stewart to Laurence, and both at the same time poured a deadly volley down upon their heads, then leaped to the landing and with a shout of derision, let down the barricade.

Then they stopped to reload and waited breathlessly for the attack. After hesitating for a moment the runners made a dash, but the two foremost went down like logs, falling upon their faces.

The remainder fell back and poured a volley upon the barricade. The din was something terrific. Inside, echoed a thousand times the yells and oaths of the besiegers, the reports of their revolvers and the crash of the bullets as they entered the wood-work; outside, the yelling of the natives, the shrieking of the women and children and the barking of the dogs.

Mr. Stewart and Laurence waited until the ruffians should again pluck up enough courage to advance within range.

Laurence's face was as black as a thunder-cloud; Mr. Stewart's crimson with passion and rage.

Presently the door of the armory opened and Cecil sprang out, his face white and his eyes starting with terror.

Laurence's face lightened with an encouraging smile, but darkened again fiercely as Cecil sprang to his arm and, pointing to the room, gasped out:

"Laury, they are climbing up the front!"

"By Heaven, I'd forgotten the front!" exclaimed Mr. Stewart, aghast. Laurence sprang to the room and, kneeling down, looked out.

In an instant a shower of bullets whizzed past his head, one of them clearing Cecil's arm by a couple of inches.

(To be continued.)

## Fashion Plates.

A SIMPLE DRESS.



Pattern 314 was employed in this instance. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 years, and will require 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for a 4 year size. As here shown, natural shantung was selected with embroidery in red, and bright red buttons for trimming. Gingham, lawn, percale, voile, china silk, challis, repp, poplin and velvet would be good for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

### A DAINTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



2808—Batiste, voile, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, velvet, serge or gabardine could be used for this model. The tucks on the skirt may be omitted. The dress may be finished without the bolero and with long or short sleeves. This style lends itself nicely to combinations of material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the dress and 3/4 yard for the bolero.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Blues or pure, delicate greens are the most restful and livable colors for sunny bedrooms.

Dental floss should always be used very carefully and lightly, or it may injure the gums.

Goldenrod is a valuable aid to the beekeeper, and provides a honey very like clover honey.

To clean white woollens, brush with equal quantities of cornmeal and salt.

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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## LOOKING FOR CHEAP GOODS

In the American Market we found a temporary depression in the Garment Trade, and we decided that Ready-to-wear Goods were much better value than materials in the piece. We therefore bought accordingly.

### OUR SHOWROOM DISPLAY OF LADIES AND CHILDREN'S READY-TO-WEAR IS MOST EXTENSIVE.

The values speak for themselves, but you must see the styles to fully appreciate them. We show:—

Ladies' Lawn Embroidered Underskirts @ \$1.70, \$2.00, \$2.40, \$2.70 and \$3.70

Ladies' Lawn Embroidered Nightgowns @ \$2.40, \$2.70, \$2.90, \$3.00 and \$4.00

Ladies' Lawn Embroidered Camisoles @ \$1.00, \$1.20, \$1.75 and \$2.00

Ladies' Lawn Embroidered Knickers @ 90c., \$1.00, \$1.30 and \$1.60

Ladies' Envelope Chemises (Teddies) @ \$1.65, \$2.40, \$2.70, \$3.00 and \$3.70

Ladies' Pink Bloomers, worth at least \$1.50 for ..... \$1.00 pair

WHETHER THEY GET "THE VOTE" OR NOT THIS SEASON,

Ladies of Fashion should be "in the Pink". Pink Lingerie is being worn very extensively this year. Our buying of Lingerie includes some very dainty styles.

### Good Values in Ladies' Costume Skirts.

Black and Navy Serge Skirts @ \$9.50, \$10.80 and \$12.90 each

Silk Bengaline Skirts @ \$8.00, \$9.50 and \$12.50

Fancy Plaid and Check Silk Skirts at various prices.

White Summer Skirts, stylish and launderable to the fullest; English materials, Canadian made, @ \$4.75 and \$5.50 each.

Many other makes and styles in Skirts also on show.

### Bargains in Ladies' Serge Costumes.

One very special lot, worth \$40.00, only \$28.00 each.

Another lot, tailor cut, silk lined, @ \$50.00 and \$60.00 each.

THESE ARE "REAL COSTUMES."

### Girls' Summer Dresses in Clever Styles.

We have a large assortment of Children's Check Gingham and Middy Dresses such as we know you will not see elsewhere. These are made in Canada from good old British materials, so you know they will come out all right in the wash.

### Girls' White Lawn Underwear.

In this department we offer you really wonderful values, considering the prices of cottons to-day.

Children's White Cambric (Combination) Underskirts @ 65c., 85c., \$1.00 and \$1.25 each

Children's White Cambric Embroidered Knickers @ 50c., 55c., 80c., 95c. and \$1.25.

Children's Rompers—Last year's goods at last year's prices.

We have also some Boys' Washing Suits at last year's prices.

The markets are very high, and will be until there is greater production, but we are endeavouring to give our customers the best possible values.

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