
No. 225

VOLUME 101.

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UNCLE ON "VICTORY.

Gunner's hate on Beard Famous Flagship at Trafalgar and Can Well Ressember His Stories of the Great Sea Fight—Ross High In His Profession.

sunshine. "Here's a gentleman to see you," said her daughter, and a see you," said her daughter, and a slim hand came groping out from beneath the bedspread, till it met the ingers of the stranger and enclosed them in a grasp, the strength of which was a surprise.

The younger woman stooped beside the bed. "He wants to speak to you about your uncle, who was at the battle of Traisigar." she explained, and a fittin of pride and pleasure came to the wrinkled cheeks of the old lady.

came to the ward of the library of the library she is Mrs. John Campbell, aged sighty-two years, and lives with a married daughter at 15 Bishop street, feronto, says a writer in The Toronto

"A tall man and strong," she said when questioned regarding him. "Last time I saw him his face was



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> WENTZELL'S LIMITED The "Big Store."

AGED TORONTO WOMAN HAD

Mrs. John Campbell Is Niece of

She was just a gentle, kindly faced old woman who lay and smiled in the

Toronto, saya a writer in The Toronto increase.

He sacia, John McMurchy, of Mulreese, in the Isle of Kilmeny, off the coast of Argylishire, was a gunner's mate abourd the Victory at the battle of Traisigar, where an English fleet of twenty-aeven ships defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain, numbering thirty-three amps in all. Mrs. Campbell has been in this country for thirty-three years. She is a window, who has been blind for nearly half a century. With increasing age slight deafness has come upon her, but her mind is still clear as to the manner of man her uncle was.

"Last time I saw him his face was clear and bright as a young man's should be. He fought the French for twenty-four years. Aye, twenty-four years," ahe mused. "Was 'pressed' when he was nineteen, taken prisoner at his first fight, and held in France for a year; but he made them pay for that—he made them pay for that.

"A great sind a brave man he was Gentlamen came from all o'er the country to speak the him of Nelson an' the fights wi' the French." She was losing the preciseness of speech which marked her first words. "I couldna tell ye all that was said for



MRS. JOHN CAMPBELL.

aid proudly.
"But I was tellin' ye about my

Uncle McMurchy, the graun' man that he was. Reared me like a very daughter, he did, for he had neither chick nor child of his ain. Oft I hae heard him tell o' that bluidy battle o' Trafalgar. He was gunner's mate on the Victory, an' it was his crew helped fife the first broadside. An' I've heard him tell o' the shot which felled Nelson, an' how the admiral raised himsel' up on his elbow an' continued gien' orders whiles the life's blud a bbed away.

An' I mind han tellin' the gentlemen who came to see him, that Nelson truly said, 'Thank God, I ha' done my duty,' before he died, to say naethin' o' words to the effect that the enemy were beaten.

"He helped carry Nelson below, an' then went back to the fight, where the bluid was boilin' in the men that served the guns that day, so that some men were crying, and the wicked among them were swearing terrible things against the enemy—an' they fought, an' fought, till they won the battle. For so my u_cle told me an' others beside.

"Some brave thing my uncle did about the time of the battle of Trafalgar—I dinna ken just what t'was now,' for he was not the man to talk o'er much of what things he had done—led the captain of the ship to say. McMurchy, ye can hae whatever you like; name it, an' it will be given tae ye,'' she smiled. "An' what do you suppose he asked for? Why, nothing more or less than that half of his pension should be paid to his wife after his death. She was much younger than him, and she lived to get about thirty pounds a year from the Government, to say nothing o' prize money, an' the like, which had made my uncle was as high rank as he could be when he left the service, an' all the officers had a guid word for him, for he was a graun fighter an' agreat an' willing worker." She paused again, then, "Why wouldn't he be?" she said. "All his fowk were born beside the sea, or made their living on it, captains an' sallors, an' fishermen, an' a. But I'll be bidding you "good-bye," she said suddenly. "I'm tired wi' talkin', though it's done me a deal o' good

Thin as a Rail, are you? Every day spending as much energy as ou make—if the balace goes a little fur-her, well, you get thinner. On the danger ther, well, you get thinner. On the danger line to-day,—to-morrow may be too late! Better use Ferrozone, it builds up—a little gain the first week, but, the gain keeps growing. Next week, not quite so thin. Keep right on, lote of fat won't burt at all. Your blood is enriched, checks grow rosy, your heart and nerves grow strong and you don't tire so quickly. Joyous, robust health, a sturdy frame and a cheerful mind—all these come with Ferrozone. You'll try it, only 50c, at all dealers.

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THREE LITTLE TEXTS I am very young and little, I am only two times two.
And I one not leave long dispera
As the older children fit.
But I know three little verses
That menum has laught to me
And I job hole in 100 mm ving.
An I stand buside her knop.

HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, 1913.

The first in, "Thou, God, sout me," Inp't that a postly text!! And "suffer little children!! To come unto Me," is next. But the last one is the abortest, It is only, "God is love." How kind He is in sending me-Such sweet verses from abov He knows the chapter I can't lear So I think He sent these farce Short, easy texts on purpose For little ones like me.

By REX BEACH. CHAPTER XV-C

t was affail you had weakoned," he said. "Everything is ready and waiting. I've got the only cance in the place, a Petarborough, and hired a good ceramen to put you through, instructing him to make as fast time as he can and to board the first steamer that considers." The bad this

a man's figure.

"Is everything ready?" he inquired, at which the shadow grunted unintelligibly. So, holding Necia by the arm, Stark helped her back to a seat in the "This man will take you through," he said. "You can trust him all right." The careman clambered in and adjusted his sweeps; then Stark laid a band on the prow and showed the light boat out into the current, calling softly: "Goodby mid, we Stark, Thank you ever

"Goodby and good lack!"
"Goodby, Mr. Stark. Thank you ever
so much," the girl replied, too numb
and worn out to say much or to botice
or care within she was bound or who
was her boatman. She had been swept
along too swiftly to reason or fear for
herself any more.

along too swiftly to reason or fear for herself any more.

Stark did not return to his cable, but went back instead to his saloon, where he saw Poleon Doret still sprawling with elbows on the table, his hat pulled low above his sullen face. Stark then went out and down toward the barracks. A light behind the drawn curtains of the officer's house told that Burrell was not abed, but he waited a long moment after his summons before the door was opened, during which he beard the company about and another door close in the rear. When he was allowed entrance at last he cars—"I want John Gaylord"—and be-

to refuse his late visitor admittance through the open window, flirting with when he lighted on the expedient of the curtain and telling the story of the concealing the trader in the bedroom at the rear. It was only natural, he "If you're looking for your coat, it's concealing the trader in the bedroom it the rear. It was only natural, he reasoned, that Gale should distinc to here," he heard Stark say. "Get into

regained his composure.
"Go in there and wait till I see what admit Stark. Stark entered and closed

"I've got some work for you, Heutenant. It's got to be done tonight, right now! You represent the haw, or at least you've taken every occasion to so declare yourself, so now I've come to you with something big. It's a serious affair, and, being as I'm a peaceful man, I want to go by the law." His every more than the protect of the horrible net of evil in which this man had ensnared them both that galled him most. He determined to finish this thing here and now.

Meade went to his hursan, took his eyes mocked the words he uttered. "You seem to carry the weight of this whole community on your shoulders, so I'm here to give you some informa-

Burrell said quietly: "It's a little late for polite conversation. Come to the "I've got a murderer for you."

"You've had a killing in your place, 'No; I've just made a discovery. I "No; I've just made a discovery. I found it all out by accident, too—pure accident. By heaven, you can't tell me there isn't a heneficent Providence overlooking our affairs. He's a friend of yours and a highly respected party. He's a glorious example to this whole river. He's everybody's friend. He's the shining mark of this whole country. He's the bensvolent renegade, Squaw Man Gale. Gaylord is his name, and I was a fool not to know it sooper."

The disclosure had not affected the soldler as Stark expected, and his anger began to lift itself.

"The man's a murderer. He's wanted in California, where I came from He's been indicted, and there's a price on his head. He's hidden for fifteen

years, but he'll hang as sure as I stand here." Burrell knew he must gain time for thought. One false step might ruin all. He could not face this on the spur of the moment; so, shrugging his shoulders with an air of politic skep-ticism, he assumed a tone of good na-tured raillery.

"Fifteen years? Murder? John Gale
a murderer? Why, that's almostpardon me if I smile-I'm getting
sleepy. What proof have you?"
"Proof!" blased the gambler. "Proof!
Ask Gaylord! Proof! Why, the woman he murdered was my street." man he murdered was my wife?"

It was Burrell's turn now to fall incoherent, and not only did his speech forsake him, but his thoughts went madly veering off into a wilderness where there was no trail, no light, no hope. What frightful hones were these he hared? This man was Ben-nett! This was Necisis father! He netti This was Nocia's father! He raised a pair of eyes that had become furious and bloodshot and suddenly realized that the man before him, who persisted in sadding upon Gale this helnous crime, was the slayer of Ne-cia's mother, for he did not doubt Gale's story for an instant. He found his fingers writhing to feel the crea-ture's throat.

ture's threat.

"Proof!" Stark was growling. "How much proof do you need? I've followed him for fifteen years. I've tracked him with men and dogs through woods and deserts and mining camps. I've slept on his trail for 5,000 miles, and now do yes think I'm.

Do your boots pinch?

If as, look out for a they corn. Ours it before it grows big. Putnam's Painless Oom Extractor is the best. Try "Put-

mistaken? He killed my wife, I say, and robbed me of my little girl! That's her in his house. That's her he calls Necis. She's my girl—my girl, do you understand!—and I'll have his life." Burrell had no inking yet of the father's well shaped plans nor how farreaching they were and could bare-ly stammer:

ly stammer:
"Not You-you-know?"
"Yes! She wears the eridence around her meck, and if that im't enough I can furnish more-eridence enough to smother you. My name isn't Stark at all. I changed it years ago for certain ressons. I've changed it more than once, but that's my privilege and my own affair. Her name is Merridy Bennett."
"I don't suppose you know I'm going to marry her?"-said the Kentnek-ian irrelevanity.

in irrelevantly,
"No," replied the other; "I wasn't ware of the fact." "Well, I am. I'll be your son-in-

e's a lot of things, Burrell, for you and me to settle up first. For one thing, I want those mines of hers. I'm her father, and she's not of age. I'll take them anyway as her next of

"We'll adjust that after Gale is at-

tended to. But meanwhile what do you want me to do?*
"I want you to arrest the man who killed my wife. If you don't take him the miners will. I've got a following in this camp, and I'll raise a crowd in fifteen minutes enough to hang this squaw man or batter down your bar-

he can and to board the first steamer that overtakes you. Too bad this freighter that just got in fan't going the other way. However, there's liable to be another any hour, and if one doesn't come along you'll find enough blankets and food in the skiff, so you needn't go ashore. You'll be these before you know it?

Then he lied her cut duto the darkness, and they stumbled down to the river's bank, descending to the gravelly water's edge, where rows of clumsy hand sawed boats and poling skiffs were chafing at their painters. The up river steamer was just clearing.

Stark's low whistle was answered a hundred yards below, and they scurch. hundred yards below, and they searched out a darker blot that proved to be a man's figure.

"Is everything ready?" he inquired, other enemy and bade this other enemy and bade my use it-worse than that forced him to strike the man he honored, the man he loved. Burrell never doubted that Stark had carefully weighed the effect of this upon Necis and had reasoned that a girl like her could not understand a soldier's duty if it meant the blood of a parent. If he refused to act the gambler could he refused to act the gambler could break him, while every effort he made to protect Gale would but increase the other's satisfaction. There was no chance of the trader's ecape. Stark held him in his hand. Was it impossible, the lieutenant wondered, to move this man from his purpose?

"Have you thought of Necta? She been Colo. Whe offers will this have."

another door close in the rear. When the was allowed entrance at last he found the young man alone in a smoke filled room, with a bottle and two empty glasses on the table.

For at the sound of his voice Gale had whispered to Burrell, "Keep him out!" and the lieutenant had decided to reflies his late visitor admittance.

"Go in there and wait till I see what he wants," he had said, and, shutting the old man in, he had gone forth to whither he was being led, at which a sudden reckiess disregard for conse-quences seized him. He felt a blind fury at being pulled and hauled and

> Meade went to his bureau, took his revolver from the helt where he had hung it and came out into the other room. Stark, seeing the weapon, ex-"You don't need that. He won't resist you."
> "I've decided not to take him," said

"Decided not to take him!" shouted the other. "Have you weakened?" Don't you intend to arrest that man?" "No!" cried the soldier. "I've listened to your lies long enough. Now I'm going to stop them once for all. You're too dangerous to have around." They faced each other silently a moment; then Stark spoke in a very quiet voice, though his eyes were glittering. "What's the meaning of this? Are

you crazy?"
"Gale was here just before you came and told me who killed your wife. I know."
"Well?"
"It's pretty late. This place is lonely.

This is the simplest way."

The gambler fell to studying his antagonist, and when he did not speak Burrell continued:

"Come brace-up! I'm giving you a chance."

But Stark shook his head.
"Don't be afraid," insisted the lieumant. "There are no witnesses. If

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Little Liver Pills Must Boar Signature of

Arent Sood See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below Yary small and an very the take se segue. CARTERS FOR WEASACHE, FOR BULGUSANESE.
FOR TORPHO LYPE.
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FOR THE COMPLEXION Purchy Vogetable / Star War

pea, get me, hobody will know, and your-word is good. If not, it's much simpler than the other. Then when the gambler will made, no move he to stated. "Zon wouldn't have me kill you like a rattlemake?"

you like a retilemake?"
"You couldn't," said the older man.
"You're not that kind, and I'm not the Mind to be chested either. Listen, Pve.
lived over forty pears, and I never
took less than was coming to me. I
wan't begin tonight."
"You'll get your share."
"Baht You don't knowwhat I mean.

"Baht You-don't know what I mean. I don't want you. It's him I'm after, and when I'm done with him I'll take care of you, but I won't run any risk right now. You might put me away, there's the possibility, and I won't let you-or any other man—or woman elther, hot even my girl—cheat me out of Gale. Put my your gun."
The soldier hesitated, then did as he was bidden, for this man knew him better than he knew himselef.
"I ought to treat you like a mad dog.

better than he knew himselef.
"I ought to treat you like a mad dog.
but I can't do it while your hands are
up. I'm going to fight for John Gale,
however, and you can't take him."
"Till have his carcass hung to my
ridgepole before daylight."
Shark turned to go, but paused at
the door. "And you think you'll masry Necis, do you?"
"I know th."
"Is that so! Suppose you find hes
first."
"What do you mean? Wat?"—
But his visitor was gone, leaving be-

But his visitor was gone, leaving behind him a lover already sorely vexed and now harassed by a new and sudden apprehension. What venom the man distilled! Could it be that he had sent Necia away?
Stark traced his way back to his

cabin in a ten times flercer mood than he had come, reviling, cursing, hating. went, pausing to shake his clinched fist and grind out an oath between his fist and grind out an eath between his teeth; past the door of his own, salon, which was alight and whence came the sound of reveiry, through the scattered houses, where he went more by feel than by sight, up to the door of his own shack. He closed the door behind him now and locked it, for he had some thinking to do, then felt through his receiver for a match and through his pockets for a match, and, striking it, bent over his lamp to ad-just the wick. It flared up steady and strong at last, flooding the narrow place with its illumination. Then he the bed to throw off his coat, when suddenly every muscle of his body leaped with an uncontrollable spasm. as it he had uncovered a deadly ser-pent colled and ready to spring.

John Gale was sitting at his table, herely an arm's length away, his gray graven in stone. His huge, knotted hands were upon the table, and be-tween them lay a naked knife, (To be Continued).

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Mixed Train from Truro (daily)

Mixed Train from Truro (daily

8.45

Mixed Train from Truro (daily

Mixed Train from Truro (daily 8,40 " Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday), Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys'(daily except Bunday), 8.55 "Express from Picton daily (except Sunday), Maritime Express (daily except Sunday), Sunday) from Montreal, 1.30 p m. Express from Sydney (except Sunday), Ocean Limited from Montreal daily, 10.00 " Ocean Limited from Montreal daily, 10.00 "Express from St. John daily, 10.20" D. A. R.

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leave Richmond,
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to Annapolis on Saturday),
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Suburban for Windsor Junction, 6.30 "
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Suburban for Windsor Junction, 11.15 "
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DOLLS.

133 Barrington St. NOTICE.

THE Nova-Scotia-Fire Insurance Company, of Halfax, N. S., hereby gives notice that on the 5th day of August, 1913, it did complete a re-insurance agreement with the Home Insurance Company, New York, for the 1re-lisurance Company, New York, for the 1re-lisurance Company, New York, for the 1re-lisurance of the Company, New York, for the 1re-lisurance of the Scotia Company, New York, for the 1re-lisurance of the Scotia Company, New York, for the 1re-lisurance of the securities deposited by the Company with the said Minister at Ottawa, on the 17th of Documber, 1913, and all Canaddan Policy Helders opposing such release are hereby called upon and notified to the their open before the 17th day of Documber, 1913.

Dated at Halfax, N. S., this 15th day of September, 1913.

ARTHUR C. BAILLIE, ARTHUR C. BAILLIE, Liquidator of the Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Compa

MR. BAYARD HADDOCK begs to announce his return from England and that he is prepared to accept Pupils in Voice Production at his

Studio: ST. PAUL'S HALL Argyle Street.

sep30-5i pd HALIFAX Protestant Industrial School.

THE BOARD has had to expend some Five The Directors appeal to their generous subscribers to assist them in defraying this necessary expense.

Kindly send cheques to Messrs, Grant, Oxley & Co., Bedford Row. SAMUEL M. BROOKFIELD. aot2

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