

The
Life, my
And
If you
And
Just oil
And
Then st
With
Don't at
Just
Rememb
Are li
Grasp th
With
Then st
Push
You may
May
Bet play
They
There a
There
And ho
But
It's a lo
But
And the
Can
So str
And
Till you
Then
SA
By Ma
My d
see you
who spe
had just
at a sea
and milk
where
dear old
would o
You
me than
didn't y
wrote y
Oh, y
to
Right
guinea
shooting
Yes,
the trap
we'll be
had up
Up y
tossed
low bug
who sh
they we
to Woo
miles fr
lived wi
the deat
owners
Expit
turning
along
not com
Oh, y
tion at
had a lo
so
Just
the iden
What
Exact
little me
had the
idea—th
and all
fully tin
ing and
talking
their me
sick no
was gon
be out
Sam
a hearty
Might
any tern
a trifle
not all
Well
the who
girl wait
I'll go
Then
was one
soul cu
ma and
very an
bare
a little
No, n
Murd's L

A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. F. FENN & CO.

Who sent you? asked the dona directly he'd gone. Do you come from his friends? She nudged the bundle alongside. Do you know Captain Wood?

"Ha, you see!" interposed the American. "You bet that was our man hid up among those rugs."

The others were compelled now to admit the fact, and they did so ungrudgingly. As for me, my heart was beating fast, for I felt that at last I had come upon the track of my love.

"What did you tell her? Go on, my good boy," I said breathlessly.

"You see, miss, I'd never heard tell of no captain, but I wouldn't let on," Joe continued. "The boss 'ere had only told me to watch, saying it was a cross job, but he mentioned no names. So I ups and asks, 'is that Mr. Wood?' and I could 'a' sworn that the bundle moved, and there was struggling like inside."

"Gagged, of course," put in the American.

Joe went on. "Anyway, I am his friend," she says. "I don't mean he shall come to harm. And I want him—the bundle moved again—him and others to know that, and I'd like you to tell 'em so when you get out of this mess."

"When'll that be?" I asks, a little bit on the hump, you know. "Now, if you're game to hop out, I'm not a-going to stop you, and she was for turning of the handle then and there.

"But I considered a bit, and the thought came in my head that now I'd got 'ere I had ought to stick 'ere. There was the gentleman opposite me—as I judged—and I was to do any service to him 'twasn't by cutting away. I'd got to see the thing right through—where they took him, what they did to him, who and what they were."

"You're a brave lad," I said, stretching out and shaking hands with him, and indeed I should have liked to hug him, dusty and dirty as he was.

"Thank you kindly, miss," he answered shyly, and went on. "The only way out of it was to say I was afraid to jump. The cove on the box was a-watching me, I says, and a lot more. Then the carriage settled it by turning into some yard, a private place, it looked like, but they gave me no time to spy, for the feller from the box came down directly we stopped and had me out in a jiffy."

"'Ere," he says, "we've got first to do with you. Lay hold on him." Then two other chaps grabs me by the arms and rushes me head down, jam, ram, straight into a dark hole that smelled of moldy straw and garbage—some sort of cellar—where they locked a door on me, and I was laid up in limbo like a rat in a trap.

"It took me half an hour or so to shake myself together. First thing that gave me heart was a streak of daylight up atop of the calaboose, and when I struck a match I found it come through an old iron grating, which I soon overhauled. 'Twasn't set so tight that I couldn't soon loosen a brick, although I tore my hands a bit before I got the thing right out. Then I'd a job to lift myself up by my arms, but I'm strong in the arms, and by and by I scrambled through that grating—that's what tore my clothes—and out on to the yard above. It was the one as we'd druv into—a stable yard at the back of a tall house all shut up, windows shuttered, blinds down. No one at home, you'd say. The stables was empty—no horses, helpers, no traps. I couldn't find that the stables joined on to the house neither, but I judged it was better not to hang about too long or they'd be copping me again. So I makes for the yard doors. They was only barred on the inside, and I got out right enough into the back lane. That's about all. I come on then straight to you, sir, to make my report."

"You were in a monstrous hurry," said Colonel Bannister. "Why didn't you mark down the house, the neighborhood, the exact spot?"

Mr. Snuyzer took his part. "Joe knows his business; yes, sir, as well as the best professionals. Tell us, Joe."

"The stables was in Featherstone mews, No. 7. To make sure I chalked something on the doors. The stables was at the back of Featherstone Gardens and belonged, I should say, to No. 7."

In a few minutes more we had started in cabs—I in a hansom with Sir Charles—straight for Featherstone Gardens. Roy came with us. We were the first to arrive, but the others had gone round, escorted by Joe, to the

back of the house so as to verify the news and the situation exactly. When they joined us at the entrance of the gardens, Colonel Bannister, who now took the lead, dismissed the cabs and said in his brief, ordering sort of way: "We can't all go up to the house. It might create a scandal. The whole thing may be a mistake. I'll take this lad first. He may perhaps identify somebody, and then we shall be entitled to act."

"And me, please," I added. "Oh, yes, indeed, Colonel Bannister, I shall go too."

He shrugged his shoulders, and we three, with Roy close at my heels, soon stood on the doorstep of No. 7. The house was all shut up, the chain was on the door, and we waited a long time while some one inside fumbled with it and several bolts.

"Well, what is it?" asked an old man who at last opened the door, but held it ajar. He was of very respectable appearance, with white hair under a black skullcap, and wore a decent blue and white striped jacket, the type of an old servant in a good family. "May I inquire?"

"We wish to see your master," said the colonel promptly.

"I am afraid that is impossible, sir," replied the man civilly. "The family have gone out of town. The duke left yesterday for Spain."

"The duke?"

"The Duke of Tierra Sagrada. He is my master, sir. If you will leave your card I will see that it is sent on to him, or any letter. I have his address."

"In Spain?"

"Certainly, sir. Casa Huerta, Hermon, St. Sebastian. They have gone to the seaside. No, please—this was to me, for I was quietly trying to get Roy past him into the house—that dog mustn't come in. My orders are strict against dogs."

"Call him back, Miss Fairholme, at once," said the colonel in a tone which I resented, but he cut me quite short. "This farce has gone far enough. I wash my hands of it. Good night"—this to the old manservant as we walked away. "And if you will be guided by me, Miss Fairholme, you will do the same. It's all humbug from first to last. I give you my word. I do not believe one syllable of this story, except perhaps about the papers, and even then I am not quite satisfied, for they were sent to Captain Wood in the dispatch box. That we know."

"But not at Captain Wood's request," I said hurriedly.

"His man thinks not, and I admit the box was not specifically mentioned in the letter, but the letter said papers, and the expression was seemingly one that Wood used, for the man, as a matter of course, sent the dispatch box."

"But what do you imply?"

"Just this, that Captain Wood intended to keep out of the way—for reasons I do not presume to conjecture—and while he was away to go on with his work. He'll turn up in good time, take my word for it, and will give his own explanation of his absence. It may not be absolutely satisfactory, his excuse may be bad, but he will make one, and you will have to take it or leave it," were the cynical police colonel's last words.

I hated and loathed him for taking this view, and I turned my back on him. Sir Charles did not console me, for he was thinking more about the official papers than Willie's disappearance.

"By the Lord Harry, we shall be in Queer street if they don't turn up," he said with much emphasis. "Wood or no Wood, we've got to get them, or there will be a jolly row; a cabinet question, agad, and the devil's own complications. The matter can't rest here. So cheer up, Miss Frida. We'll all do our level best."

"Why, certainly," added Snuyzer, "we don't depend entirely on police colonels, and this one is not so almighty clever. I've got to get on the inside track of this business, and I'll do it yet, you bet your bottom dollar."

It was kind of them, but I would not be consoled. When I got to Little street, I crept up to my room, very sorrowful and sick at heart, and cried myself to sleep.

Next morning while I was dressing they came and told me that Mr. Snuyzer had called. He had something important to tell me, and was rather in a hurry.

"Captain Wood's not in that house," began the American abruptly, when I got down stairs.

"How do you know? Why are you so sure?" I asked.

"I haven't the smallest doubt of it. I know, because I went right through the house last night, every single room."

"What! Did they let you in?"

"No, miss; I broke in—burglary you call it in this country, I believe, and you may give me into custody if you please. But the detective that's not good enough to break the law on an occasion as well as break into a house and stand the racket had better give up the business."

The man's audacity staggered me. I was quite terrified, but I liked him for it.

"You see, miss, I can't afford to stick at trifles. My professional reputation is at stake, and the more I thought it over the more I hungered to get inside that house in Featherstone Gardens,

and this is how I worked it: First I set a close watch on the house, front and back, and found before midnight that no one had gone either in or out. I reckoned that there were not very many of them, and we mustered half a dozen, two of them practiced crooks—professional burglars, miss. We got into the house right enough—the crooks managed that—in half an hour. First thing was to lay hands on the caretaker. There was no one else in the house. He swore to that, and we soon saw that he was speaking truth, for we drew every room, ransacked every corner, turned out every cupboard, but nary soul was to be found. They'd all cleared out but this one critter. So I went back to him and threatened his life. He was very stiff, but a revolver is a mighty fine persuader, and presently he outs with the story; lies maybe, maybe truth, but good enough to make him worth keeping till we could get some corroboration."

"What was his story? Anything about Captain Wood? Did he admit that they had taken him?"

"You bet he did. Told us the whole game from first to last. The first we knew pretty well before; the last is that they have taken him out to sea in a steamer. The steam yacht Fleur-de-Lis, auxiliary screw, 274 tons register, cleared from Victoria dock yesterday at 3 p. m. I've been there and verified it this morning."

To be continued

GOT THE LAST WORD

Duffer—My wife had a very unpleasant experience with a burglar last night.

Butler—Did he frighten her?

Duffer—Oh no; but he had the last word and ran away. Naturally she feels humiliated.

The Retort Courteous—Jailer, locking the thief in the cell. There, my good fellow, I am a man of iron, and I guess you won't break away from me.

Thief—Well I am a man of steel and we'll see about it.

I was cured of painful Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

BYARD McMULLIN

Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

Wash, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. H. BAILEY

Parkdale, Ont.

An Unexpected Bedfellow

For half an hour one night last week George Yost and his wife who have a cottage at Lake Winola, Pa., fought with a huge hissing adder seven feet long and as large around as a man's arm. Mrs. Yost was awakened by an adder crawling across her face. She aroused her husband. In the darkness they saw an adder erect in the centre of the bed with its tail wrapped around a rocking chair. Time and again the reptile struck at the Yosts, who warded off the attacks with the pillows, endeavoring to hit the adder dropped and wiggled away in the gloom. Yost's collie dog, which is a renowned snake hunter, was cowed by the viciousness of the adder and would not combat it.

The Laziest Man Is Dead

The laziest man in the United States has just been buried. He was 50 years old and never had done a stroke of work. He was supported by his parents as long as they lived. A legacy was left which trustees doled out to him. His money was in time all gone. He was then too lazy to cut the wood that was given to him; too lazy to draw water from the nearest well; too lazy to tie up his shoes; too lazy to put on a collar; and he would starve rather than cook a meal, with the material all given him. He looked in the mirror for the first time in 25 years, then he went out and stood before an approaching train and was killed. He was too lazy to use a pistol or a rope.

The Russian Government has been advised, says a despatch to The Daily Mail from St. Petersburg, that 2,000 Tibetans July 16 attacked Major Kosloff's expedition of twenty men, half of whom were shot down and the others severely wounded. The Government will demand satisfaction.

What Is King Edward's Real Name?

What is King Edward VII's real family name? It is a very simple one, and to our ears it does not sound at all Royal. It is Wettin.

Prince Albert, his father, was Prince of the ruling House of Saxecoburg, one of the most ancient and illustrious of the sovereign families of Europe. Originally Counts of Wettin, the heads of this family, became, by inheritance and by marriage, Margraves of Meissen, Landgraves of Thuringia, and Electors of Saxony.

Therefore, the same principle which declares William of Germany to be a Hohenzollern, and Francis Joseph of Austria to be a Hapsburg, would make the late Queen Victoria a Guelph by birth, and her husband the Prince Consort, a Wettin, and if a Royal wife takes her husband's name, and a Royal son his father's, then our King's family name is Wettin.

The pathology of thirst as described by the well known writer, G. W. Stevens, almost makes one long to feel the desert thirst, (see "With Kitchener to Khartoum"), especially when one can quench it with such a palatable article as

Sovereign Lime Juice

The hotter the weather the more delicious it tastes.

Simson Bros. & Co.

Wholesale Druggists, Halifax, N.S.

Get a Bigger one. Mr. Suburb—My neighbor has a big dog that we are afraid of. What do you advise.

Lawyer—Get a bigger one. Ten dollars please.—Mirth.

Pond's Extract

Over fifty years a household remedy for Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises, Coughs, Colds and all accidents liable to occur in every home.

CAUTION—There is only one Pond's Extract. Be sure you get the genuine, sold only in sealed bottles in buff wrappers.

In a certain village in Kent there lives an old lady known as "Talkative Sal." The parson showed too much linen at his wrist for her liking, so one day, meeting him in a lane, she said:

Excuse me, parson, but would you mind my cutting about an inch off your wrist bands, as I think it very unbecoming to a clerical man?

Certainly, said the parson, and she took from her pocket a pair of scissors and cut them to her satisfaction. Having finished, the parson said:

Now, madam, there is something about you that I should like to see about an inch shorter.

Then, said the old dame, handing him the scissors, cut it to your liking.

Come, then, good woman, said the parson, put out your tongue.—Milwankee Sentinel.

The cup presented by Hon. Dr. Borden for competition at the Dominion Rifle Association matches has been on exhibition at Biele. The cup is in memorial of his son, who fell gallantly at Witpoort, South Africa, on July 16, 1900, his last words being: I will not send my men to any place where I will not go myself. These words, together with a medallion portrait of the young officer, are to be found on the cup.

It was a Nova Scotia girl in Boston who the other night wrested a loaded revolver from the hand of a burglar, and, instead of using it, threatened him with a thrashing, whereupon he left the house. Then she took the revolver to the police station and left it with the sergeant, saying she had no use for such trifles.

STRICTLY SO READ AND DIGEST

Our Own Country PRODUCE AGENTS

Prompt Returns refraction Guaranteed as to (re)men can do so

Apples and Cheese Constantly on hand

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY

In Selling Live Stock, Sheep and Fat Cattle

Well acquainted with all butchers

Send for price list free on application. Headquarters for Strawberry.

W. EATON & SON

No. 269 Barrington St. Halifax, July 1899

Perfection

In Raising Your

BISCUITS CAKES PASTRY

Is secured by using

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

SUMMER BOARDERS SECURE

How Judicious and Inexpensive Advertisements can be Made to Pay by Using a Selected Medium

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

Room 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."

Egyptian Rheumatic Oil

For sale by

ALL DEALERS

Nuggets of Gold

are now being panned out in the newly discovered FLACER GOLD FIELDS of Washington. Immensely rich. Paying \$50 to \$750 per day. Secure an interest. Particulars free.

British-Canadian Investment and M. Syn. Box 982 Spokane, Wash.

A & O July 31