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# The Acadian Recorder.

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VOLUME 101. [DAILY EDITION] HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1913. No. 104.

The Subscription List was opened April 28th, 1913, in connection with an offering of

**$1,500,000**

## NOVA SCOTIA STEEL and COAL COMPANY, Limited

**6 p.c. Perpetual Debenture Stock**
**at 98 and accrued interest**

Issued in denominations of $100 or multiples thereof. Interest payable by cheque half-yearly, 1st January and July, at par at any branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia or Royal Bank of Canada.

**PURPOSE of ISSUE** The proceeds of the Debenture Stock now being issued will be used to repay a part of the expenditures on capital account for the past year, and the balance will be applied in equipping a new colliery, a new open hearth plant and other improvements and additions to plant and equipment to provide for still larger outputs, thereby adding to the earning power of the Company.

**BUSINESS of the COMPANY** The Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, may be termed a self-contained Company, in that it not only owns and operates its own Blast Furnace, Open Hearth Steel Furnaces, Forges and Finishing Mills, but also owns and operates the properties from which are supplied the Coal, Iron Ore, Limestone and Dolomite necessary in the production of Iron and Steel. Its output of ore and coal is such that it is enabled to sell in the domestic or foreign markets, to manufacturers or others, more than twice as much coal as is consumed in its own works, and practically three times the quantity of ore required for its own furnaces. The Company owns its own railway and the equipment necessary for the movement of the coal, ore and other supplies between its mines and quarries, coal and ore docks furnaces, etc.

The Company also operates a fleet of large modern coal and ore freighters of an aggregate deadweight capacity exceeding 80,000 tons; the coal and ore so freighted approximating one million tons each season.

**SECURITY back of DEBENTURE STOCK** This debenture stock is secured by a mortgage and ranks immediately after the first mortgage bonds of the Company which are limited to $6,000,000. After making provision for the bonds issued there remain assets valued at an amount nearly five times the Debenture Stock issued.

**EARNINGS of the COMPANY** The Company has a varied source of income, from the sale of iron ore, from the sale of coal and from the sale of finished products. As the holder of the Common stock of the Eastern Car Company, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company will receive all dividends that may be paid upon that stock.

The average earnings of the Company for the past three years (after providing interest and sinking fund on the Bonds) amounted to $723,500 per annum, equal to over four times the interest on the Debenture Stock outstanding.

Application forms, copies of legal opinion of Mr. Hector McInnes, K. C., and prospectus containing letters from the president and also the General Manager of the Company will be supplied upon application to

**F. B. McCURDY & CO.**
Members Montreal Stock Exchange,
INVESTMENT BANKERS,
Halifax, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Sherbrooke, Kingston, Charlottetown, Sydney, St. John's, Nfld.

**...ality.**

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 ape 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

HANIFEN, Tailor of Taste, 147 Hollis Street.

Young Men Will Wear

**BUTTON SHOES**
THIS SUMMER

They are Bound to be Popular

Let us show you our large assortment in all leathers.

PRICES...

**$4.00 to $5.50**

**WALLACE BROS.**
Footwear Store,
171 Barrington Street.
Ask for Pony Contest vote.

**COAL! COAL!**

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,
Agent, 140 North St.
Tel. 545 J. 1m ap3

Investment News
Halifax, May 2, 1913.

**The May Issue of Investment Offerings Is Ready For You**

Included is a representative variety of Municipal Debentures, yielding up to 5½ p. c.—of Industrial and Public Service Bonds yielding up to 6.76 p. c.—and of Industrial and Public Service Stocks yielding up to 7.30 p. c.

May we not place your name on our mailing list for a copy of this conveniently arrayed list of SAFE and PROFITABLE investments?

It will obligate you to nothing and will be of undoubted value to you in finding such conservative investments as have received our stamp of approval.

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

**It is False Economy**

for any man to "trust to luck" in the matter of Fire Insurance. There is not much sympathy shown for a man when he meets with loss by Fire or Lightning, if he has been so negligent as to go unprotected. The cost of Fire Insurance is low; being non-tariff in the Maritime Provinces, the terms and conditions of THE ACADIA FIRE are very liberal. If you are unprotected don't delay — to-morrow morning get in touch with us. For over half a century we have provided sound protection—we have paid all honest losses with promptness and in full without cash discounts—we have built up strong reserves, and now hold as a surplus for the protection of all policies issued over half a million dollars.

Let the "Acadia" carry your risk.

The Acadia Fire Insurance Company,
Head Office Halifax, N. S.
R. K. ELLIOT, Secy.-Treas.
Agencies throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

## The Masquerader

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

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CHAPTER XXII—(Continued.)

"Astrupp had caught a fever in Florence, and I was rushing away for fear of the infection, when our stupid little train ran off the rails near Pistoria and smashed itself up. Fortunately we were within half a mile of a village, so we weren't quite bereft. The village was impossibly like a toy village, and the accommodation what one would expect in a Noah's ark, but it was all absolutely picturesque. I put up at the little inn with my maid and Ko Ko—Ko Ko was such a sweet dog—a white poodle. I was tremendously keen on poodles that year." She stopped and looked thoughtfully toward the fire.

"But, to come to the point of the story, Jack, the toy village had a boy doll!" She laughed again. "He was an Englishman—and the first person to come to my rescue on the night of the smashup. He was staying at the Noah's ark inn, and after that first night I [illegible] haven't you my imagination?" Her voice sounded petulant and sharp. The man who is indifferent to the recital of an old love affair implies the worst kind of listener. "I believe you aren't interested," she added in another and more reproachful tone.

He leaned forward. "You're wrong there," he said slowly. "I'm deeply interested."

She glanced at him again. His tone reassured her, but his words left her uncertain. Chilcote was rarely emphatic. With a touch of hesitation she went on with her tale:

"As I told you, he was the first to find us—to find me, I should say, for my stupid maid was having hysterics farther up the line, and Ko Ko was lost. I remember the first thing I did was to send him in search of Ko Ko"—

Notwithstanding his position, Loder found occasion to smile. "Did he succeed?" he said dryly.

"Succeed? Oh, yes, he succeeded." She also smiled involuntarily. "Poor Ko Ko was stowed away under the luggage van, and after quite a lot of trouble he pulled him out. When it was all done the dog was quite unhurt and livelier than ever, but the Englishman

*She drew quite close to Loder and slid gently to her knees.*

had his finger almost bitten through. Ko Ko was a dear, but his teeth and his temper were both very sharp." She laughed once more in soft amusement.

Loder was silent for a second, then he too laughed—Chilcote's short, sarcastic laugh. "And you tied up the wound, I suppose?"

She glanced up, half displeased. "We were both staying at the little inn," she said, as though no further explanation could be needed. Then again her manner changed. She moved imperceptibly nearer and touched his right hand. His left, which was farther away from her, was well in the shadow of the cushions.

"Jack," she said caressingly, "it isn't to tell you this stupid old story that I've brought you here. It's really to tell you a sort of sequel." She stroked his hand gently once or twice. "As I say, I met this man and we—we became very fond of each other. You understand? Then we quarreled—quarreled quite badly—and I came away. I've remembered him rather longer than I remember most people—he was one of those dogged individuals who stick in one's mind. But he has stayed in mine for another reason"— Again she looked up. "He has stayed because you helped to keep him there. You know how I have sometimes put my hands over your mouth and told you that your eyes reminded me of some one else? Well, that some one else was my Englishman. But you mustn't be jealous. He was a horrid, obstinate person, and you—well, you know what I think of you"— She pressed his hand. "But to come to the end of the story. I never saw this man since that long ago time until—until the night of Blanche's party!" She spoke slowly, to give full effect to her words. Then she waited for his surprise.

But the result was not what she expected. He said nothing, and, with an abrupt movement, he drew his hand from between hers.

"Aren't you surprised?" she asked at last, with a delicate note of reproof.

He started slightly, as if recalled to the necessity of the moment. "Surprised?" he said. "Why should I be surprised? One person more or less at a big party isn't astonishing. Besides, you expect a man to turn up sooner or later in his own country. Why should I be surprised?"

She lay back luxuriously. "Because, my dear boy," she said softly, "it is a mystery! It's one of those fascinating mysteries that come once in a lifetime."

Loder made no movement. "You must explain," he said very quietly.

Lillian smiled. "That's just what I want to do. When I was in my tent on the night of Blanche's party, a man came to be gazed for. He came just like anybody else and laid his hands upon the table. He had strong, thin hands like—well, rather like yours. But he wore two rings on the third finger of his left hand—a heavy signet ring and a plain gold one."

Loder moved his hand imperceptibly till the cushion covered it. Lillian's words caused him no surprise, scarcely even any trepidation. He felt now that he had expected them, even waited for them, all along.

"I asked him to take off his rings," she went on, "and just for a second he hesitated—I could feel him hesitate. Then he seemed to have made up his mind, for he drew them off. He drew them off, Jack, and guess what I saw! Do guess!"

For the first time Loder involuntarily drew back into his corner of the couch. "I never guess," he said brusquely.

"Then I'll tell you. His hands were the hands of my Englishman! The rings covered the scar made by Ko Ko's teeth. I knew it instantly—the second my eyes rested on it. It was the same scar that I had bound up dozens of times, that I had seen healed before I left Santasalare."

"And you? What did you do?" Loder felt it singularly difficult and unpleasant to speak.

"Ah, that's the point. That's where I was stupid and made my mistake. I should have spoken to him on the moment, but I didn't. You know how one sometimes hesitates. Afterward it was too late."

"But you saw him afterward—in the rooms?" Loder spoke unwillingly.

"No, I didn't—that's the other point. I didn't see him in the rooms, and I haven't seen him since. Directly he was gone I left the tent—I pretended to be hungry and bored—but, though I went through every room, he was nowhere to be found. Once"—she hesitated and laughed again—"once I thought I had found him, but it was only you—you, as you stood in the doorway with your mouth and chin hidden by Leonard Kaine's head. Wasn't it a quaint mistake?"

There was an uncertain pause. Then Loder, feeling the need of speech, broke the silence suddenly. "Where do I come in?" he asked abruptly. "What am I wanted for?"

"To help to throw light on the mystery! I've seen Blanche's list of people, and there wasn't a man I couldn't place — no outsider ever squeezes through Blanche's door. I have questioned Bobby Blessington, but he can't remember who came to the tent last. And Bobby was supposed to have kept count!" She spoke in deep scorn, but almost immediately the scorn faded and she smiled again. "Now that I've explained, Jack," she added, "what do you suggest?"

Then for the first time Loder knew what his presence in the room really meant, and at best the knowledge was disconcerting. It is not every day that a man is called upon to unearth himself.

"Suggest?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes. I'd rather have your idea of the affair than anybody else's. You are so dear and sarcastic and keen that you can't help getting straight at the middle of a fact."

When Lillian wanted anything she could be very sweet. She suddenly dropped her half petulant tone; she suddenly ceased to be a spoiled child. With a perfectly graceful movement she drew quite close to Loder and slid gently to her knees.

This is an attitude that few women can safely assume. It requires all the attributes of youth, suppleness and a certain buoyant ease. But Lillian never acted without justification and as she leaned toward Loder, her face lifted, her slight figure and pale hair softened by the firelight, she made a picture that it would have been difficult to criticise.

But the person who should have appreciated it stared steadily beyond it to the fire. His mind was absorbed by one question—the question of how he might reasonably leave the house before discovery became assured.

Lillian, attentively watchful of him, saw the uneasy look, and her own face fell. But, as she looked, an inspiration came to her—a remembrance of many interviews with Chilcote smoothed and facilitated by the timely use of tobacco.

"Jack," she said softly, "before you say another word I insist on your lighting a cigarette." She leaned forward, resting against his knee.

At her words Loder's eyes left the fire. His attention was suddenly needed for a new and more imminent difficulty. "Thanks!" he said quickly. "I—I have no wish to smoke."

"It isn't a matter of what you wish, but of what I say." She smiled. She knew that Chilcote with a cigarette between his lips was infinitely more tractable than Chilcote sitting idle, and she had no intention of ignoring the knowledge.

But Loder caught at her words. "Before you ordered me to smoke," he said, "you told me to give you some advice. Your first command must have prior claim." He grasped unhesitatingly at the less risky theme.

She looked up at him. "You're always nicer when you smoke," she persisted caressingly. "Light a cigarette—and give me one."

Loder's mouth became set. "No," he said, "we'll stick to this advice business. It interests me."

"Yes—afterward."

"No; now. You want to find out why this Englishman from Italy was at your sister's party and why he disappeared?"

There are times when a malignant obstinacy seems to affect certain people. The only answer Lillian made was to pass her hand over Loder's waistcoat and, feeling his cigarette case, to draw it from the pocket.

He affected not to see it. "Do you think he recognized you in that tent?" he insisted desperately.

She held out the case. "Here are your cigarettes. You know we're always more social when we smoke."

In the short interval while she looked up into his face several ideas passed through Loder's mind. He thought of standing up suddenly and so regaining his advantage. He wondered quickly whether one hand could possibly suffice for the taking out and lighting of two cigarettes. Then all need for speculation was pushed suddenly aside.

Lillian, looking into his face, saw his fresh look of disturbance, and from long experience again changed her tactics. Laying the cigarette case on the couch, she put one hand on his shoulder, the other on his left arm. Hundreds of times this caressing touch had quieted Chilcote.

"Dear old boy!" she said soothingly, her hand moving slowly down his arm.

In a flash of understanding the consequences of this position came to him. Action was imperative, at whatever risk. With an abrupt gesture he rose.

The movement was awkward. He got to his feet precipitately. Lillian drew back, surprised and startled, catching involuntarily at his left hand to steady her position.

Her fingers grasped at, then held his. He made no effort to release them. With a dogged acknowledgment, he admitted himself worsted.

How long she stayed immovable, holding his hand, neither of them knew. The process of a woman's instinct is so subtle, so obscure, that it would be futile to apply it to the commonplace test of time. She kept her hold tenaciously, as though his fingers possessed some peculiar virtue. Then at last she spoke.

"Rings, Jack?" she said very slowly. And under the two short words a whole world of incredulity and surmise made itself felt.

Loder laughed.

At the sound she dropped his hand and rose from her knees. What her suspicions, what her instincts were she could not have clearly defined, but her action was unhesitating. Without a moment's uncertainty she turned to the fireplace, pressed the electric button and flooded the room with light.

(To be Continued.)

**Great danger in headaches.**

It's often dangerous to consider head ache a trifling ailment. If the head aches the stomach is out of order and some serious disease may be impending. To tone up the stomach, to give it healthy action, nothing in modern medicines is so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The concentrated vegetable extracts in Dr. Hamilton's Pills have a quieting healthful effect on the stomach and removes all disorders. Your headaches will be cured and they won't return, if you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold everywhere.

FELLOWSHIP.

If I can have it said of me,
When ended is my time of toil,
That I have fought to helpful be
And have not labored just for spoil,
I'll greet death's angel with a smile
And take his hand and journey on,
Believing that I've been worth while
And still shall live although I've gone.

If friends of mine shall only say
That I was friendly to them all,
That I had time for them each day
And answered every piteous call
For help that fell upon my ears
And stretched my hand out here and there
I shall not, when Death's form appears,
Hold back, afraid with Him to fare.

If I can have it said of me
That I have borne my burdens well,
That good in man I've tried to see,
That good in man I've tried to tell,
That I have faced my time of strife
With patience, and have been a friend,
That helpfully I've lived my life,
I shall not fear to face the end.

If I can strew along my way
The roses of remembrance sweet,
Can leave a few friends here to say
That I had cheered them in defeat;
If I can leave in human hearts
One trace of me when I am gone,
When God the veil of mystery parts
I need not fear to journey on.

**To Restore Good Health**

The first thing to do is to correct the minor ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion and elimination. After these organs have been put in good working order by timely use of

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

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better digestion results, and then the food really nourishes and strengthens the body. The first dose gives relief and sounder sleep, quieter nerves, and improved action of all the bodily organs are caused by an occasional use of Beecham's Pills. They give universal satisfaction and in safety, sureness and quickness of action Beecham's Pills

**Have No Known Equal**

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I expected it would be serious—I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, which stopped the pain and reduced the swelling very quickly.

I cannot speak too highly of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

AMOS T. SMITH.
Port Hood Island.

**R. R. TIME TABLES.**

| I. C. R. | Depart. |
|---|---|
| Pictou and Sydney Express | 7.00 a. m |
| Express for Moncton (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, | 6.20 " |
| Express for St. John and Boston (except Saturday,) | 8.45 " |
| Suburban Express, | 11.15 " |
| | **Arrive.** |
| Suburban Express from Windsor Junction, | 7.15 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 | 2.20 " |
| 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 | 8.10 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, | 6.43 p. m. |
| **B., A. & W. RY.** | **Depart.** |
| Express for Yarmouth, Wednesday and Saturday, | 6.00 a. m. |
| Accommodation for Yarmouth, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, | 7.35 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 |

**Many Men Have Bought Their New Suits, Have You?**

Surely, now is the time when you need your new Suit. Early choosing means largest, choice and better satisfaction all around. No other Ready-to-wear garments in the land have as much style or give as much good service as SILVER'S.

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Prices from $12.50 up.

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We have Clothes for young men who want snappy styles;

"Live Wires" that show style, fabric and tailoring.

The young man who knows can find his suit "affinity" here.

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Come in for a look—you will not find a "has been" in our entire line,

—AT—

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FOR
**Friday and Saturday**

**Flannel Blazer Coats for $3.39**

An assortment of ladies' flannel blazer coats, the correct thing in an outing garment for the present season. 28 in. in length. Slightly rounded corners in colors of red and blue, red and black, red and green, black and yellow, green with narrow red stripe and cadet and navy. Sizes, 32-38; regular $4.00 garment. Friday and Saturday price, - - - - - - - $3.39.

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An assortment of children's reefer coats in navy blue trimmed with red piping. In sizes from 4 to 14. Prices, $1.50, $1.75, $1.95, $2.25.

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An assortment of wool rugs in a variety of desirable colors, particularly suitable for boating, camping and travelling. Sale Price, $2.95.

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Ladies' black voile skirts, with stylish trimmings of braid or silk bands and buttons. Ranging in price from $7.50 to $13.95. Your choice for Friday and Saturday, - - - - - - - - Half Price.

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Beneficially used at all times and all weathers for men or women, the healthy or the ailing. It imparts lasting exhilaration and gives tone and vigor to the system. A real health tonic owing to its cleansing action on the liver, kidneys and other organs.

We are the agents in Nova Scotia for Wolfe's Schnapps.

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S. J. WILSON,
Secretary.

School Commissioner's Office,
Halifax, May 1, 1913 21 may1

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NEW GREEN BRICK STORE,
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**The Royal Bank of Canada**

DIVIDEND NO. 103.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of three per cent. (being at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the current quarter, and will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after Monday, the 2nd day of June next, to shareholders of record of 15th May.

By order of the Board,
E. L. PEASE,
General Manager.

Montreal, P. Q., April 15, 1913.
ap30—may2 7 9 14 16

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**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.