BLACKADAR BROS. \*\*\*\*\*

WHEN BATTLE BLAGS ARE LAID

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HALIFAX, N. S., TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, 1913.

No. 71.

# DO

Then for GOODNESS sake drink

Ex. Sardinian.

HENNESSY'S BRANDY is, unquestionably, the finest distilled and that's why our imports of this particular Brandy are usually so large, more so in the Spring of the year.

HENNESSY'S IN WOOD, Otr. Casks, (about 30 gallons.)

S. O. guaranteed 25 years old, Qts., V. O. guaranteed 15 years old, Qts, XXX in Quarts and half bottles, XX in Quarts, X in Quarts.

For home use there is no Brandy used more extensively

KELLEY & GLASSEY, Limited.

Phone 238, Halifax, P. O. Box 760.

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Still easily the Best

Royal Blend Scotch,

The recognized favorite.

During the Season of Spring Drink Our Specially Brewed Aged and Bottled India Pale Ale and Extra XXX Stout.

THEY HAVE GREAT BODY BUILDING POWER. PINT BOTTLES 10c., PER DOZ., \$1.00; ALSO ON DRAUGHT.

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Wines and Liquors. Telephone 1051.

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If you build this Spring, ask us for a tender on the PLUMBING.

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GET THE BEST, IT WON'T COST ANY MORE.

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MARTIN'S **Apoli and Steel Pills** FOR LADIES. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine) No lady should be without them. Sold by all

if quality and appearance count for anything, the Cornwallis 100. Cigars should have a very large sale. Made in Halifax by GLENN & BROWN, Clgar Mfrs. neces The Suit for you, Hanifer Built.

When it's ready for delivery, try it on, just notice how the collar fits close and lapely lie flat. Observe the shapely shoulders, the smooth full cost front. Yes, that front will stay that way, it's built to stay that way. Best of all Hanifen Suits are not built to "try on only"—they are built to remain shapely. Is this not the suit for you!

HANIFEN, Tailor of Taste, 147 Bollis Street.

WHEN PREMIERS OUT

Pitt Was Prime Minister at Twenty Four and Gladstone Retired a Eighty-Four - Asquith Is Only Year Older Than Gladstone Was When He Took the Office-Disraeli Quit at Sixty-Two.

It is currently reported in Britain that Premier Asquith will retire be-fore the close of 1913. It will be interesting, therefore, to recall the conditions under which many of his sors have laid down the burden of office, which proved too heavy One remembers, for instance, how

for their shoulders.

One remembers, for instance, how, as long ago as 1874, Mr. Gladstone announced his intention to leave the arena of politics for the "more reposeful atmosphere of private life." "At the age of sixty-five," he said, "and after forty-two years of a laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. This retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life." He little dreamt at this time, when he fancied himself "too weary and old" for his great position, that he would still be discharging its onerous duties nearly twenty years later, when within sight of his eight-fifth sirthday.

Mr. Asquith is still a young man as British Premiers go. He is but one year older than Mr. Gladstone was when first he assumed the office. Lord Palmerston did not consider himself too old to undertake the Premiership for the first time at seventy; Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at sixty-nine; Lord Grey at sixty-six; and Disraeli at sixty-two; and these statesmen still had vigor enough to direct the British Empire for an aggregate period of twenty-three years. Of our Prime Ministers during the last two centuries no fewer than six have worn their harness in the seventies; two, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, laid it aside at the advanced age of eighty-one and eighty-four respective-

laid it aside at the advanced age of eighty-one and eighty-four respective-ly; and seven, including Palmerston, have died in office.

That there must be something singularly conducive to length of days in the life of a Premier, in spite of all its abor and anxieties, is proved by the act that, of thirty-four First Minis-ters of the Crown who have died durters or the Crown who have died during the last two centuries, no fewer
than thirteen have survived into the
seventies and six into the eightiesthree of the latter counting 261 years
among them. It is thus clear thal
Mr. Asquith, even at sixty, is comparatively an infant among Prime
Ministers.

Ministers.

But in spite of these remarkable survivals there can be no doubt that the cares of this high office have proved too great 1 r many of its holders of whom seven have died in harness while many others, including Beaconsfield, Portland, and Liverpool, were broken in health when they resigned. Probably it was bearing this in mind that Gladstone, as he walked along Downing street to form his last Government, said pathetically to striend. "This is a tragedy at my time of life!"

George Canning was a comparative

friend. "This is a tragedy at my time of life!"

George Canning was a comparative ly strong man of fifty-reven when, in April, 1827, he succeeded Lord Liverpool, who had been struck down by paralysis; but four months later he was lying in Westminster Abbey, having drawn his last breath in the very room in which Fox had died twenty one years earlier. His brief tenurs of office was embittered by a contest with the House of Lords, conducted with much personal acrimony, of which Canning, an amiable and highly-sensitive man, had to bear the brunt. At the end of the short session he left the House a broken man, to die a month later at the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick.

Twenty-one years earlier William Pitt had closed his brilliant and brief career, utterly worn' out by the anxieties of the first Napoleonic wars. It was a time of terrible gloom and anxiety for England, when Napoleon was ravaging Europe with fire and sword, and the fate of England, hung nevil. ravaging Europe with fire and sword, and the fate of England hung perilously in the balance. When the news of the victory of Austerlitz, which made the Corsican master of Europe, reached Pitt at Bath, where he was reached Pitt at Bath, where he was taking the waters, it proved a mortal blow to the great statesman.

He traveled back to his house on Putney Heath so weak that the journey occupied three days. As he entered the house and saw a map of Europe which hung on the wall, he exclaimed sadly, "Roll the map up; it will not be wanted now." A week later he died, whispering with his last breath the historic words, "Oh, my country! How I love my country!"

Although Pitt was only forty events.

my country! How I love my country!"

Although Pitt was only forty-seven when death came to him, he had already been England's Prime Minister for nineteen years; and it is to be feared that it was as much his passion for the bottle as the anxieties of office that brought his life to such a premature close

Palmerston was twenty-three years short of his first Premiership at the age when Pitt had run his course. Wonderful tales are told of the virility of this grand old statesman who, almost to his death, rode to the Derby every year, galloping on to the Downs as fresh and eager as a boy. In 1865 the weather was so bad that, to his disgust, he had to make the journey in a barouche; and, as he saw the French horse, Gladiateur, forge in front, he said jokingly to a friend, "I shall not live the year through if the toreigner wins." Four months later he was lying dead, his writing-table littered with the papers on which he had been busily engaged but a few hours earlier.

Spencer Perceval was Prime Minister to that day of tragedy when he fell to the mad Bellingham's bullet as he entered the Lobby of the House of Commons, in May, 1812.

As unexpected as burglars.

As unexpected as burglars. That's the way cramps come strike without warning. Nothing so sure to

without warning. Nothing so sure to instantly relieve as Nerviline,—just a few drops in sweetened water is all that's required to stop the pain. Poison's Nerviline is a true comfort to every family, for a stomach and bowel derangement it is an absolute specific. Guaranteed to have at least five times the strength of any other pain relieving medicine, perfectly safe, pleasant, and useful for external pains too. For a reliable household medicine case. Nerviline supplies all hat's necessary. Large 250, bottles sold everywhere.

Investment News

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This Company's last report shows very gratifying operating results for 1912. In round figures the profits were 385,000 over twice the bond interest. We offer the Figst Mortgage 7 p. c. Gold Bonds in denominations of \$500 at 105 p. c. and interest to yield 0.66 p. c. owing to our limited quantity we advise prompt decision.

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The Eastern Canada Savinos and Loan Co., Ltd.

DIVIDEND NO. 63. A Dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum on the Paid-Up-Capital of this Company has been declared for the Quarter ending March 31st, 1913.

Warrants will be mailed on that date to the Shareholders of record the 24th of March, 1913. By order of the Board, J. A. CLARK,

Manager Halifax, March 24th, 1913.

TENDER. AM OPEN FOR OFFERS for the sea

Beach House, Cow Bay. partly furnished, such as Beds, Bed, Tables, Chairs, Cooking Stove, Etc. About 20 tons Ice in Store, 8 or 10 cords Hardwood. Or will consider offer on same terms
Beach and all privileges connected therew
such as large pavilion with stove in ell.
New Bathing and other Out-Houses. W
on the Beach for picnic parties. Outdoor of
places, with Iron Stove Tops, etc.

P. O. Box 250, Halifax, N. S. Yes, It Had Just Landed. Via C. P. R., a direct shipment from Arthur Tooth & Sons, London, Very classy, but not to good for Halifax. There is only one place to find them at and that is

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High Class Groceries of all kinds.

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others. "Have you gentlemen changed your minds about the little girl staying on?" he asked uneasily.
"It's all right now," said Strong. seating himself with a complexent air.

"All right? How so?" questioned
Douglas, more and more pussled by
the deacon's evident satisfaction.
"Because," said Strong, rising and
facing the pastor—"because your circus ridin' gal is goin' to leave you of
her own accord."

"Have you been talking to then girl?" asked Douglas sternly. "I have," said Strong, holding his "T have," said Strong, holding his ground.

"See here, deacon, if you've bees browbeating that child I may forget that I'm a minister." The knuckles on Douglas' large fists grew whiter.

"She's goin', I tee you, and it ain't because of what I said either. She's gain' back to the chrous."

"I don't believe you."

"You would 'a' believed me if you'd geen the fellow that was just a-callin' on her and her a-buggh' and a-kissin' of him and a-promisin' that she'd be a-waitin' for him here when he come back."

"You He!" cried Douglas, taking a stap toward the retreating deacon.

"There's the fellow now!" cried Strong as he pointed to the gate. "Suppose you ask him afore you call me a liar."

Douglas turned quickly and saw Jim

Douglas turned quickly and saw Jim approaching. His face lighted up with relief at the sight of the big, lumberlow are you, Mr. Douglas?" said 7m www.wardly,
"You've seen Polly?" asked Dougles,
shaking Jim cordially by the hand.
"Yes, I've seen her."
"The deacon here has an idea that

Polly is going back to the circus with you." He nodded toward Strong, al-most laughing at the surprise in store

Oh, will there never come a day
When erring nations cease to war,
When battle flags are half away
To be our pride and beast no more? "Back to the circus?" asked Jim.
"Did she say anything to you about it?" He was worried by the bewilder-At peace with all the world, we say; Yet prompt war's furies to unloose. ment in Jim's manner.

Before Jim could reply Polly, who had reached the steps in time to catch the last few words, slipped quickly between them. She were her coat and hat and carried a small brown satchel.

"Of course I did, disn't I, Jim?" she said, turning her back upon the pastor and motioning to Jim not to answer. Douglas gased at her in aston-fahment. Why thus do we with conscience play Each interim is but a truce.

Each interim is but a truce.

War preparations still increase—
At any stroke the hour may come;
And still we sing our hymn of peace
To music of the fife and drym.

What'er the cause, whiche'er may win,
It sorrow brings, to burn for years
In blameless lives for others' sins,
War's glory stained with blood and ber Gladdest of days 'twill be to dawn When man of conflict knows no need; When nations cease to struggle on For conquest, glory of for greed.

Then comes the time when war shall cease, With all its flaunting bauners furled, When floats, the white-starred flag of peace Triumphant o'er a walting world.

Always Reliable Relief from the allments caused by disordered stomach, torpid liver, irregular lowels is given muckly, settle, and assur-edly—by the tried and reliable

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Polly of the Circus ·

BY MARGARET MAYO. Copyright, 1908, by Dodd, Mead and Co CHAPTER XI,-(Continued.)

Another minister? You don't mean the was clear enough now. She recalled Douglas' troubled look of an hour ago. She remembered how he had asked if she couldn't go away. It was this that she couldn't go away. It was this that he meant when he promised not, to give her up, no matter what happened. In an instant she was at the deacon's side pleading and terrined. "You wouldn't get another minister! Oh, please, Deacon Strang, listen to me, listen! You were right about Jim. He did come to get me, and I am going best to the circus—only you won't send Mr. Douglas away, you won't send Mr. Douglas away, you won't say you won't!" She was searching his syes for mercs. "It wasn't his fault that I kept staying on. He didn't know how to get rif of me. He did try. He tried only theay."

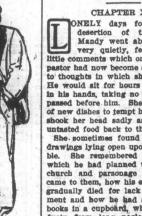
"So he's comin' round," sneered Strong.

Strong.

"Yes, yes, and you won't blame him any more, will you?" she hurried on anxiously. "Zou'll let him stay, no matter what he does, if I promise to go away and agver, never come back again?"

egain?"
"I ain't holdin' ne grudge agin him,"
Strong grumbled. "He talks pretty
tough sometimes, but he's been a good
snough minister. I ain't forgettin'
that."
"Oh, thank you, Mr. Strong, thank
tour, I'll got my things. It won't take you. I'll get my things. It won't take a minute." She was running up the steps when a sudden thought stopped her. She returned quickly to Strong. "We'd better not let him know just yet. You can tell him afterward. Tell him that I ran away. Tell him that"—She was interrupted by Douglas, who came from the house. "Hello, Strong! Back again?" he asked, in some sur Polly remained with her eyes upon the deacon, searching for some way of escape. The pastor approached. She burst into nervous laughter. "What's the joke?" Douglas

asked.
"It's only a little surprise that the deacon and I are planning." She tried to control the catch in her voice. "You'll know about it soon, won't be, deacon? Good afternoon, Mr. Strong!" She flew into the house, laughing hyswith a puzzled frown. It was unlike Polly to give way to her moods before



CARTERS CURE

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Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our greek boost. Our pills curelt while others do not. Liver Pills are very small and Carters Licke. Oueset we pills make a dose. They are strictly except the pills make a dose, parge, but by their gentle action please all who isso them.

Small Pill Small Dose, Small Price.

"What do you mean?" he asked in a hoarse, strained voice. He gianced at the cost and hat. "Where are you

Polly avoided his eyes and continued servously to Jin:
"What made you come back? Why didn't you wait for me down the street? Now you've spoiled everything." She pretended to be very vexed with him. The big fallow looked puzzled. He tried to protest, but she put a warning finger to her lips and pressed the little brown satchel into his hand. "It's no use," she went on hurriedly. "We might as well tell them everything now." She turned to Douglas and pretended to laugh. "You have found us out." have found us out."

The deacons were slightly uneasy. The frown on Douglas' forehead was leepening.
"Oh, see how serious he looks!" she teased, with a toss of her head toward

"Don't be angry," she pleaded. "Wish me luck."
She held out one small hand. He did not take it. She wavered; then she felt the eyes of the deacons upon her. Courage returned, and she spoke in a firm, clear voice, "I am going to run Douglas stepped before her and stud-

ied her keenly.
"Run away?" he exclaimed increduously.
"Yes—to the circus with Jim." "You couldn't do such a thing," he answered excitedly. "Why, only a me-ment ago you told me you would never

icave me."
"Oh, but that was a moment ago," she cried in a strained high voice.
"That was before Jim came. You see,
I didn't know how I feit until I saw Jim and heard all about my old friends—how Barker is keeping my place for me and how they all want to see me. And I want to see them and to hear the muste and the laughter and the clows senge— Oh, the clown songs!" She waltzed about, humming the snatch of melody that Mandy had heard the morning that

Polly first woke in the parsonage Ting, ling—
That's how the bells ring.
Ting, ling, pretty young thing. She paused, her hands clasped behind her head, and gazed at them with a brave little smile. "Oh, it's going to

be fine-fine!" "You don't know what you're doing!" said Douglas. He seized her roughly by the arm. Pain was making him brutal. "I won't let you go! Do you hear me? I won't-not until you've

thought it over."
"I have thought it over," Polly answered, meeting his eyes and trying to speak lightly. Her lips trembled. She could not bear for him to think her so ungrateful. She remembered his great kindness, the many thoughtful acts that had made the past year so precious to her. "You've been awfully good to me,

Mr. John." She tried to choke back a sob, "I'll never forget it—never! I'll always feel the same toward you. But you mustn't ask me to stay. I want to get back to them that knew me firstfelt her strength going and cried out wildly: "I want Bingo! I want to go ound and round the ring! I want the

lights and the music and the hoops! I want the shricks of the animals and the rumble of the wheels in the plains at night! I want to ride in the big parade! I want to live and die-just die as circus folks die! I want to go ack! I want to go back!" She put out one trembling hand to Jim and rushed quickly through the gate, laughing and sobbing hysterically and calling to him to follow.

CHAPTER XIL ONELY days followed Polly's desertion of the parsonage, Mandy went about her duties very quietly, feeling that the nents which once amused the pastor had now become an interruption o thoughts in which she had no part He would sit for hours with his head in his hands, taking no notice of what passed before him. She tried to think passed before him. She tried to think of new dishes to tempt his appetite and shook her head sadly as she bore the untasted food back to the kitchen.

She sometimes found a portfolio of drawings lying open upon his study table. She remembered the zeal with which he had planned to remodel the church and parsonage when he first came to them, how his anthusiasm had gradually died for lack of encouragement and how he had at last put his books in a cupboard, where they grew dusty from long neglect. She marveled at their reappearance now, but something in his set, faraway look made her afraid to inquire. Thus she went on from day to day, growing more impatient with Hasty and more silent with the pastor.

silent with the pastor.

Mandy needed humor and compassionship to oil the wheels of her hum drum life. There was no more laugh-ter in the house, and she began to

Polly had been away from the pursonage a month when the complacency of the village was again upset by the arrival, of the "Great American Circus."

There were many calters at the pursonage that day, for speculation was now at fever heat about the pastor. "Will he try to see her?" "Has he for gotten her?" and "What did he ever find in her?" were a few of the many questions that the women were asking each other. Now that the cause of their enry was removed they would gladly have reinstated the pastor as their idd, for, like all truly feminine souls, they could not bear to see a man unhappy without wishing to comfort him, nor happy unless they were the direct cause of his state. "How dare any man be happy without me?" has been the cry of each women since Eve was created to make with Adam.

Bougins had held himself more and more aloud from the day of Polky's disappearance. He expressed no opinion about the descents or their recent disapproval of him. He avoided meeting them oftener than daty required, and strong felt so uncomfortable and tongue tied in his presence that he too, was glad to make their talks as few as possible.

Notking was said about the pastor's

ere as low as

as possible.

Nothing was said about the pastor's plans for the future or about his continued connection with the church, and the inquisitive sisterhood was on the point of exploding from an overaccumulation of unanswered questions. He delivered his surmons conscientiously, called upon his poor, listened to the sorrows, real and fancied, of his

behind the church. He had been absent all day when Mandy looked out on the circus lot for the domenth time and saw that the afternoon performance was closing. It had driven her to desperation to learn that Miss Polly was not in the parade that morning and to know that the pastor had made no effort to find out about her. For weeks both she and Hasty had hoped that the return of the circus might bring Polly back to them, but now it was nearly night and there had been no word from her. Why didn't she come running in to see them, as Mandy had felt so sure she would? Why had the pastor stayed away on the hills all day? Unanswered questions were always He had been absent all day when

Unanswered questions were always an abomination to Mandy, so finally she drew a quarter from the knotted gingham rag that held her small wad of savings and told Hasty to "go 'long to de show an' find out 'bout Miss

"Is Mr. Douglas back yet?" he asked.
"No, sah, be ain't," said Mandy very shortly. She felt that Strong and Elwerson had been "a-tryin' to spy on de parson all day," and she resented their wistis more than she usually did.

"What time are you expectin' him?"
"I don't nebber spec' Massa Douglas till I sees him."
Strong grunted uncivilly and went
down the steps. She saw from the
window that he met Eliverson in front
of the church

of the church. "Dey sure am a-meanin' trouble," she mumbled. The band had stopped playing; the last of the audience had straggled down the street. She opened the door and stood on the porch; the house seemed to suffocate her. What was keeping Hasty?

He came at last, but Mandy could tell from his galt that he brought unbut she didn't done ride."
"See beah, Hasty Jones, is dat ere "I don' rightly know," said Hasty.

"A great big man, what wored clothes like a gemmen, comed out wid a whip de udder gal was jes' as good, an' der "She's sick, dat's what I says," Man-

dy declared excitedly, "an' somebody's got to do somethin'!" "I done all I knowed," drawled Hasty, fearing that Mandy was regretting er twenty-five cent investo "Go, 'long out an' fix up dat 'ere kitchen fire," was Mandy's impatient reply. "I got to keep dem vittels warm for Massa John." She wished to be alone, so that she could think of some way to get hold of Polly. "Dat baby faced mornin' lory done got Mandy all wobbly 'bout le heart," she declared to herself as the crossed to the window for a sight

(To be Continued).

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Dr. Trenaman's Property, "THE PINES," At Melvillewood, North West Arm. It embraces the Dwelling containing eight rooms, with ample Basement, the Coach House and Stable, fee House, Tennis and Tea Lawas, Shrubberies, Rocketies and Fine Pine Grove.

Beating and Fishing in fresh and salt water easily adjacent. All meeded wupp iss from the city are delivered at the door. Furniture in the house may be had at a valuation.

APPLY AT mehlő stt tf 75 Hollis Street. Fire Sale CROWE'S Temporary Quarters,

44 Granville St. NOW ON.