There is no escaping the germs of consumption; kill them with health. Health is your only means of killing them. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will give you that health, if anything will.

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A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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Then he sprang to his feet and walked up and down the room like a madman, talking to himself aloud:

"It's not possible. It's too preposterous. I cannot, ought not, to believe it. But yet, by the Lord Harry, strange things do happen."

Then he pulled up short and faced me as if I were a criminal and a tough.

"I suppose you are to be trusted? Who and what do you call yourself? You haven't dreamed all this? You weren't drunk last night?"

"I am a water drinker, Sir Charles Collingham, and take it from choice hot, according to my physician's rule," I replied severely. "You, I conclude, from your title, are a British army officer, but I do not consider you are a gentleman to make such aspersions."

"Come, come, don't lose your temper. I never do—it's a mistake—in business, and you haven't told me yet who you are and what you have to do with Captain Wood."

The shortest way was to give him one of my cards. He was not even qualified with the name of Sarabland and said so courteously enough. Indeed, he became now so civil that, judging him to be really a person of importance, I gave him a brief outline of the plot to which we believed Captain Wood had fallen a victim.

"You think it is the money, do you? Nothing else?" he asked sharply.

"Why, what else could there be?"

He hesitated for a moment, but said at last:

"I'm not at liberty to tell you exactly. They are confidential matters connected with the service. But there might be reasons to induce designing people to carry off Captain Wood and hide him for a time. He possesses certain information of the highest value to— Well, I must not tell you. But the disappearance of these papers, of the dispatch box, in short, supports me in that view."

"There are public grounds, then, for instituting a keen search for Captain Wood."

"Very much so, indeed, and we must instantly call in the police. I shall go at once to Scotland Yard and set the detectives in motion."

"Guess I've been there already, and they only laughed at me."

"By George, they will not laugh at me. Why, this might become a cabinet question. If those papers have fallen into the wrong hands, there may be the devil of a row. Wood or no Wood, I must have them back this very day, and I can't stop talking here."

"One minute, Sir Charles. My—our interest in Captain Wood is hardly second to yours. Anyway they are identical. It would be best, I submit, to work together."

"Quite so. That is very sensible. Have you any plans? What would you propose?" He was as sweet as milk by this time.

"Well, obviously one thing presses urgently. A descent should be made by a posse of police upon that house in the Strathallan road."

"In any case there shall be no more delay. Here, you, sir"—this was to Savory—"hail the first cab. I'm off to Scotland Yard. Will you come with me?"

"I'd rather meet you, Sir Charles, out yonder, for I suppose you'll go yourself with the police?"

"Certainly I shall, possibly ahead of them, so au revoir."

"Stay, Sir Charles. I had forgotten this letter which came an hour ago. It is addressed to Captain Wood, and it might throw some light on this mysterious affair. To be sure, it is in a woman's hand, but I was just about to open it when you appeared. Do you think I dare?"

"By all means. Every scrap of intelligence is of the utmost importance now. I'll do it. I can settle afterward if necessary with Captain Wood."

So he broke the seal, opened the letter and instantly burst into a loud, cheery laugh.

"Oho, Miss Frida, so you have not been long in coming to an understanding with our man of many millions! Read it," he said, and he handed me the letter. It was headed "273 Hill street" and was signed "Frida." There were only a few lines:

What has become of you? I thought we were to see you early, before luncheon. I have been simply furious. Now I am frightened. Something must have happened. It cannot be that you have already forgotten—last night!

"Reckon I know what she means by 'last night,' for I heard their parting at the door of the house in Prince's Gate."

"Where no doubt they had been billing and cooing," added the general. "But she is entitled to know what has happened. You had better go round by Hill street on your way to Barnes. Enough said. I'm off."

We soon started, Savory and I, in a second hansom and at the man's suggestion took the dog.

"He'll surely find the captain," said Savory, "if there is any sort of scent," and the dog seemed to understand his business, for directly we reached Hill street he was the first inside the house and raced up stairs in a businesslike way and evidently quite at home in the place.

By and by he came down again, followed by about the brightest, smartest and sweetest young creature I had seen since my last Sunday walk on Fifth avenue after church.

It's not in my line to say what she wore, but I think it was a tailor made

"Of course you are from Captain Wood! This is his dog."

garment, and it fitted her like a glove. All I could see were her flashing eyes and the red lips apart as she tackled me sharply.

"Of course you are from Captain Wood? This is his dog. What have you to tell me? Quick! Explain. Where is he himself?"

"I wish, madam, I could tell you that for certain, but I cannot. The fact is the captain is"—

"Here! Step in here." She opened the door of a room, showed me a chair, then took her stand on the hearthrug, with her arms behind her back, and said:

"Let me have the whole story or as much as you know of it. Make haste, please."

She still stood erect and fearless, showing great mastery over herself, as I told briefly and quickly all I knew. Except that the color came and went, that her cheek was now crimson, now blanched a creamy white, that her eyes glittered with the tears she still resolutely kept back, this brave child suffered no sign of emotion to escape her at the peril of her lover.

"Well, what have you done?" she asked imperiously. "What do the police say?"

I began to explain.

"Tut, tut! Let us have no excuses, no beating about the bush. You have known this—let me see—more than 12 hours, and yet my—my friend, Captain Wood, is still there where you say they took him."

"Where I believe they took him."

"This won't do at all, Mr.— I don't know who you are or what you call yourself—Snuyzer, an American detective? Ah, well, Mr. Snuyzer, I shall now take this matter in hand. We've got to find Captain Wood—at least I have whether you come into the business or not."

"I shall be sorry to be left out, miss, but there are others besides us have taken it up now. I've seen a British general, Collingham by name."

"Yes, yes; I know. Willie's—I mean Captain Wood's chief at the intelligence. I was just going to send to him. He is a man of great influence and importance, a man of the world, who knows his way about. He has been told, then? What is he doing?"

"Working the police. He will take a mob of them down to where I traced the captain. I am going on to meet them there."

"Then I'll go too. Wait here, please, while I put on my hat," and she rang the bell. "When the man comes, tell him to bring my bike around. No; I'd better take you with me. Order my pony cart. Say it must be at the door in ten minutes from now."

In less than ten minutes she came down stairs dressed for driving and buttoning on her gloves.

"Come, sir," she said briskly and sharper than ever cannot easily forgive your previous dilatoriness, but we must try to make up for lost time. Here is the pony cart, and we will take the dog."

When we reached the Strathallan road, to our deep chagrin the boy Joseph was not there, nor was he to be seen anywhere near or far. Now, I could have staked my life on little Joseph Vialls. He was a London lad who had seen much in his short life on shore and afloat, for although I had picked him off a crossing on account of his quick tongue and bright ways he had been to sea on Thames lighters right round the coast. Now I was training him to our business. He took to it naturally, knew what was expected of him and was not the sort to be fooled into quitting his post or going off on fandangoes on his own account.

Miss Fairholme turned on me like a tiger when we drove past the house and back still without a sign of Joe.

"Get out of this cart and go and ring the bell," she said fiercely. "The sooner we get inside that house the better. Make haste, please."

To be continued

Surgeons Blunder Operating for Piles.

The Risk, Pain and Expense of an Operation Avoided by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment—A Minister's Experience.

Too many doctors seem to have a mania for using the knife, and recommend an operation for piles in scores of cases when Dr. Chase's Ointment would effect a thorough and lasting cure.

Rev. S. A. Dupray, Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

One morning our wash lady, a lady of color—very dark color—came hastily in, and, without any preliminaries, exclaimed: — "Sparatualism! What is sparatualism Miss Cora?" My sister explained as well as she could and asked why she wished to know. "Well, you see," she went on, excitedly, "Sarah—she's my daughter, you know, and she went last week to live with a lady that says she is a Sparatualist, and she says if Sarah takes anything she'll know it. Sarah's going to leave. Harper's Magazine.

The Whole Story in a letter:

Pain-Killer
(PERRY DAVIS'.)

From Capt. F. Loye, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—"We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for *pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps*, and all afflictions which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER *is the best remedy* to have near at hand."

Used Internally and Externally.
Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Pretty good joke on Simsley.

What was it?

He sent four dollars to an advertiser for a patent pocket fire-escape, and received in return a 25 cent copy of the new testament.

Miss Chatter—I knew you would be here today to see sister.

Mr. Cudler—Intuition?

Miss Chatter—No; observation. You always appear on the same day that Ethel refuses onions at dinner.

Many School Children are Pale, Weak and Nervous.

Debilitated and Exhausted in Mind and Body—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is Surprisingly Beneficial for Children.

The severe and ever-increasing strain of competitive examinations coming at a time when every boy and girl is undergoing trying physiological changes does much towards making mental and physical wrecks of school children. Run down in health, with the blood thin and watery and the nervous system exhausted, children have no chance to escape the many ills that beset a feeble body. There is no treatment known to science that so naturally and thoroughly restores strength and vitality to the nervous system as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It makes parents happy by bringing back the color to the faces and the strength and elasticity to the bodies of their pale, puny children.

Mrs. S. Dempsey, Albury, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was pale and weak, she had no appetite and seemed to be gradually growing weaker. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proved invaluable in her case, restoring health and color and making her strong and well."

Fifty cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Death's Ferryman

I am a ferryman old and gray,
And the river is deep and wide,
And whose crosses by night or day
Can never return, but forever and aye
Must remain on the other side.

The waters are cold and the current is swift,
And the mists hang heavy and chill,
And backwards and forward they slowly drift
With never a break and they never lift,
Though they seem to be never still.

The Heavens are dark and the course is long,
But my boat is staunch and true,
And the waves are rough but my arm is strong
And safely I ferry the ghostly throng
To the sore, mist hidden from view

All are equal who cross with me,
Beggars and millionaire,
Vassal and King and bond and free,
Peasant and noble of high degree,
Their maid and her lady fair.

The weary toiler who longs for rest,
Brave youth and manhood proud,
The erring one with his sins confessed,
The sinless babe on the mother's breast
And the mother with sorrow bowed.

Some on their journey set forth alone.
With trembling anxious fears,
Some amid wailing with sob and moan
And prayers that their life had never known
And heartbreak and bitter tears.

Man brought naught in the world save death,
And naught can he take away;
Naked was he when he first drew breath
And naked will he be when he goes with death
On his silent mysterious way.

So all are equal whom death sets free,
To cross to the distant stand,
And the king and vassal and bond and free,
Whether of high or lowly degree,
Must cross the river of death with me
To enter that unknown land.

—Dr. J. A. Gilbert,
in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Negro Lynched

Montgomery, Ala., July 16.—A mob of negroes at Cortland to-day hanged Alex Herman, a negro, who was charged with killing Sallie Sneepe.

Take a glass of cold water, a little

Sovereign Lime Juice

sugar to taste; mix and drink slowly. It will cool, refresh and delight by its delicious flavor and thirst-quenching properties.

At all Grocers.

Simson Bros. & Co.
Wholesale Druggists. HALIFAX, N.S.

Sheriff's Sale

1901. A. No. 804.

Between—Henry S Newcomb Plaintiff
and
Willie B. Beckwith and J. Everett Kinsman, Executrix and Executor of the last Will and Testament of the late W. Edgar Beckwith, deceased Defendants

TO be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Kings or his Deputy at the Court House in Kentville in the County of Kings on

TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1901

at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the twenty-fifth day of June A. D. 1901, unless before the day of sale the amount due to the plaintiff herein for principal, interest and costs be paid to him or his solicitor.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, demand, property and equity of redemption of the above named Willie B. Beckwith and J. Everett Kinsman, executors as aforesaid and of said W Edgar Beckwith and of all persons claiming or entitled by through or under them or any of them in and out of that certain lot or parcel of land situate in Cornwallis in the County of Kings commencing at an apple tree marked WM and SM at the north-west corner of a lot of land lately occupied by William E Masters thence running north 122 rods thence east 160 rods to the highway thence south by the Highway 68 rods to lands lately occupied by the said William E Masters thence west by the said William E Masters land 100 rods thence south 26 rods and 15 links to a fir stake thence west 97 rods to the place of beginning containing one hundred and fifteen acres, more or less, with the appurtenancees

Terms of Sale—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, balance on delivery of deed.

STEPHEN BELCHER. Sheriff.
T. R. Robertson of Shaffner & Pobertson. Piff's Solicitor.
Kentville, N. S. June 27th, 1901

STRICTLY SO

READ AND DIGEST

Our Own Country

PRODUCE AGENTS

Prompt Returns Satisfaction Guaranteed as far as Man 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 Strawberries.

W. EATON & SON
No. 269 Barrington St.
Halifax, July 1890

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 Brooklyn, and goes into the best homes in the entire City of New York. Its name stands for excellence, quality, fairness and an unparalled 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 28 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 PLACER 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

When Jack heard of it he went
Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

What a rummy idea! I answered with affected coldness, though my
Minard's Liniment Cures Colds etc.

bors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

or free sample. Mention this paper.
Pen Carbon Manifold Co,
221 Canal St, NEW YORK

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