BLACKADAR BROS.

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VOLUME 101.

DAILY EDITION

HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18, 1913.

That the people of Halifax are drinking half as much imported Lager as they did

### KEITH'S BOHEMIAN

came on the market.



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If you want a clinking drink one that will give you a feeling of delightful freshness,

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It's as pleasing to the palate as the most delicate cocktail, and will do you immeasurable good. As a slice of lemon cleans the palate, so a glass of WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS clears the functional organs of the system of the waste matters which are productive of disease. Tone and strengthen the liver and kidneys with a pleasing natural product. Get a hold of perfect health by the aid of a perfect drink-WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

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### Work Makes Thirst, Hard Work-Nervous strain, parched throat. A real, genuine, tired thirst doesn't yield to water. Try a glass of our PALE ALE OF EXTRA XXX STOUT

It will delight you—your thirst will be really quenched—you'll feel cooler, brisker, better.

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The spring to me
When I have heard a white-throat sing.
Into my world he blows
As shyly as a windflower throws
Its petals to the air.
He somes, he sings, he goes.
My glad surprise just spies
Hink, singing here and there,
When, lo, he is away.
And yet "its dier to wait a year,
Only to hear him say:
"Sweet, Sweet—Canada, Canada,
Canada."

That spring, long gone,
When first I heard a white-throat at
It stopped my heart, until
With quickening breath it caught :
thrill,
The best of destiny.
As o'er a ship which still
Lies on the deep there sweep
Bird-shadows indeenly.
Something from out the years
A gentle shade upon me laid,
Soft as the fall of tears,
"Sweet, Sweet—Canada, Canada,
Canada."

The spring is here
and soon I'll hear a white-throat at
But She, my lady blest,
Is gone. So to my barren breast
A wintry drift dings fast,
Though May doth breaths her hest.
O summer note, O throat
Of snow! Your soig at last,
At last I understand.
It is, to me, my 'smoory
Of her, in a far land.
'Bwest, Sweet—Canada, Canada,

veet, Sweet—Canada, Canada, Canada." —Theresa V. Beard, in the Bell

A BUSY OCTOGENABIAN. John R. Booth is An Indefatigable Worker Despite His Age.

Some men have apparently the gift of perpetual youth. They never grow old in the sense that others do. If the average Canadian does not think this is true let him conjure in his mind, Sir Charles Tapper, Lord Strathcona, Sir Mackennie Bowell, Sir Sandford Fleming, J. R. Booth and a few others whose combined ages will average over the ninety mark, and yet these celebrated Canadians in no sense seem to be loosening their grip on life or affairs in general.

Something went wrong at the big saw mill of J. R. Booth in Ottawa a few days ago, and repairs had to be made that night. The veteran millionaire lumberman, paper manufacturer and railway builder was on the spot until 3 o'clock in the morning supervising matters—and the next day made not a particle of difference in his breakfast hour. He was down to the Chandlere as early as usual. Mr. Booth is in his eighty seventh year, and seldom if ever takes a holiday. A few years ago his family prevailed upon him that he needed a rest, and, aftg much persuasion, he was induced to accompany them to Atlantic City for a few days. The first morning after their arrival Mr. Booth was up and out on the expansive boardwalk a few minutes after five.

When the other members of the party three hours before I could get into the daning-room. I have wandered all over the place, and there is nothing to see here, and no people that I know. I have met several hundred and not one of them has said 'Good morning, Mr. Booth.' I am going home. What is the use of staying in a place where you cannot get breakfast until 8 o'clock. Besides, I have seen everything, and as for this co-called famous hoardwalk, why I out mough lumber in my mill at Ottawa was day to build a dozen such walks. No, art This is ne spot for a busy man, and I am going home lo-day.''

And home he went in spite of the pleading of his family and friends.—Troronte Saturday Night.

One of the queerest newspapers in the world is the Kamloops Wawa, a journal printed in shorthand by a tribe of Indians who live in the interior of British Columbia. It was established through the efforts of a French mission-

British Columbia. It was established through the efforts of a French missionary, Le Jeune by name, who went to the Fraser River district of British Columbia a few years ago. He found the natives superstitious, ignorant, and unable to write their language. He soon learned the Indian vocabulary, and then began to write it by means of shorthand signs which represented all the sounds the Indians use in pronouncing the words.

Le Jeune first explained his system to an intelligent Indian lad who lived in the central village. The boy took to it instuitively. In a few months he had thoroughly learned the art of writing his language in shorthand, and began to teach his friends. The new "talk language" created widespread interest, and the Indians, young and old, were soon engaged in practising this strange method of communication. After about 500 had mastered the system various parts of the Bible were translated by the missionary, and finally the Kamloops Wawa was started.

The paper was printed on a mimeo-

started.

The paper was printed on a mimeograph for the first year, but after that Le Joune succeeded in having type made, and it is now printed on a press in the nearest ofty. It has sixteen pages, and contains all the news of the tribe and of the church that the missionary has built in the main village. Over 2,000 Indians have now learned to read this unique newspaper.

A Post on Tour.

Mr. Eupert Brocke, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is at present on a visit to Canada studying social and political canditions as the special correspondent of the Westminster Gazette. Mr. Brocke is one of the most remarkable of the young men who are rapidly bringing poetry into her own in England. And yot he has but one book to his credit—"Poems," published in 1911—but that one book, on its appearance, established Mr. Brocke's position firmly among the so-called "Georgian" poets, the critics hailing it, almost with united voice, as one of the most original and remarkable first books of poems issued in many a day.

A Good Wind.
It is a good wind that blows nobody's

Don't Neglect your Cough.
You may dislike taking medicine—but coughs are best cured without medicine. The modern treatment is "Catarrhosone"—it tan't a drug—tit's a healing vapor, full of pine essences and healing baissans. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that's congreted is healed, irritation is southed away, phleom and secretions are cleaned over, phleom and secretions are deaned away, and and and coughly secretion are cleaned over the congretation of the coughly secretary that a congretation of the coughly secretary that a congretation of the coughly secretary that the coughly secretary

ing An Executor

In making your will THE CHOICE OF AN EXECUTOR should engage you thought at least as much as the division of your estate. Advise THE

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can afford to dress as shabby, as un likes-it will not make any differ nee to him. He has made his mark he has all the cash he needs, and in pendent and careless of what other pendent and careless of what other people say about him. But unfor-tupately we are not all Rockefellers and must climb for a while yet be-fore the top of the ladder can be reached. In other words, we need the regard of others—the best way to get that regard is to show self-respect by dressing well.

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# THE SERMONETTE BACKWARD Staunch as gold— He was a preacher, brave and bold

They were a people, kind and cold-Weekly they list to the story old. Told by the preacher of scholarly a flowned and stoled— They were a people, kind and cold

The congregation grew in size; All praised the preacher to the skies—But wise folks noted, with surprise, That he who used to make them think Began by leaps and jumps, to shrink. And thus evelwed—the 'preachesotte,'

## The Port of Missing Men

By Meredith Nicholson, "The House of a Thousand Candles."

opyright, 1907, by the Dobbs-Merrill CHAPTER XX-(Cont



to me that you may have the con of your own mystery, that you may take rather too much pleasure in mys-tifying people as to your identity." "That is unkind-that is unkind." and he spoke without resentment, but softly, with a falling cadence. He sud-denly threw down the hat he had held in his hand, and extended his arms to-

ward her.
"You are not unkind or unjust. You have a right to know who I am and what I am doing here. It seems an

what I am doing here. It seems an impertinence to thrust my affairs upon you, but if you will listen I should like to tell you—it will take but a moment—why and what"—

"Please do not! As I told you, I have no curiosity in the matter. I can't allow you to tell me. I really don't want to know!"

"I am willing that every one should know—tomorrow—or the day after know-tomorrow-or the day after-not later."

She lifted her head, as though with the earnestness of some new thought. "The day after may be too late. Whatever it is that you have done"—
"I have done nothing to be ashamed of. I swear I have not?"
"Whatever it is, and I don't care what it is," she said deliberately, "it is something quite serious, Mr. Arminge. My brother?—
She hesitated for a moment, then spoke rapidly.
"My brother has been detailed to help in the search for you. He is at Storm Springs now."
"But he doesn't understand?—
"My brother is a soldier, and it is not necessary for him to understand."
"And you have done this—you have come to warn me"—

not necessary for him to understand."

"And you have done this—you have come to warn me"—

"It does look pretty bad," she sald, changing her tone and laughing a little. "But my brother and I—we always had very different ideas about you, Mr. Armitage. We hold briefs for different eldes of the case."

"Oh, I'm a case, am I?" And he caught giadly at the suggestion of lightness in her tone, "But I'd really, like to know what he has to do with my affairs."

"Then you will have to ask him."

"To be sure. But the government can hardly have assigned Captain Claiborne to special duty at M. Chauvener's request. I swear to you that I'm as much in the dark as you are."

"I'm quite sure an officer of the line would not be taken from his duties and sent into the country on any frivolous errand. But perhaps an ambessador from a great power made the request—perhaps, for example, it was Barou you Marhof."

"Good Leed!"

"Good Leed!"

"The group pardon! I really begyour pardon! But in the ambessador

"Good Lard!"

Armitiage laughed aloud.

"I beg your pardon! I really beg your pardon! But is the ambassador looking for me?"

"I don't know, Mr. Armitiage. You forget that I'm only a traitor and not a app."

"You are the noblest woman in the world," he said boldly, and his heart leaged in him, and he spotte on with a fierce hasta. "You have made sacrifices for me that no woman ever made before for a man—for a man she did not know. And my life, whatever it is worth, every hour and second of the I lay down before you, and it is yound to keep or throw away. I followed you halfway round the world, and I shall follow you again and as long as I live. And temogrow or the day after I shall justify these great kindnesse, this generous confidence, but tought I have a work to do."

As they stood on the verge of the de-

file by the bridge that swang out from the cliff like a fairy structure they heard far and faint the whistie and low rumble of the night train south-bound from Washington, and to both of them the sound urged the very real and practical world from which for a little time they had stolen away.

"I must go back," said Shirley and turned to the bridge and put her hand on its slight from frame, but he selzed her wrists and held them tight.

"You have risked much for me, but you shall not risk your life again in my cause. You cannot venture agross that bridge again."

you shall not risk your life again in my cause. You cannot venture agross that bridge again."

She yielded without further parley, and he dropped her wrisin at once.

"Please say no more. You must not make me sorry I came. I must go. I should have gone back instantly."

"But not across that spider's web. You must go by the long road. I will give you a horse and ride with you into the valley."

"It is much nearer by the bridge, and I have my horse over there."

"We shall get the horse without trouble," he said, and she walked beside him through the starlighted wood. As they crossed the open tract she said:

"This is the Port of Missing Men."

"Yes, here the lost legion made its last stand. There lie the graves of some of them. It's a pretty story. I hope some day to know more of it from some such authority as yourself."

"I used to ride here on my pony when I was a little girl and dream about the grave soldiers who would not will be given and trothe processed the cream of her father's house, where her brother the province of her father's house, where her brother Dick paced back and forth impationally the grave soldiers who would not the said and put out her hand, and when he tried to dotain her she spoke to the horise and flashed away toward homs. He listened, marking her flight until the shadows of the valley stole sound and sight from him. Then he turned back into the hills.

Then he turned back into the hills.

Near her father's estate Shirley came upon a man who saluted in the manner road.

"It is my captain's horse—yes?" he said as the slim, graceful animal whin-nied and pawed the ground. "I found a horse at the broken bridge and took it to your stable—yes?"

A moment liter Shirley as leading the fight until the shadows of the valley stole sound and sight from him.

Then be turned back into the hills.

Near her father's estate Shirley came upon a man who saluted in the manner road.

It was Occar, who had crossed the bridge-and ridden down by the nearer ord.

"It is my captain's horse—yes?" he said as the sl

"I used to ride here on my pony when I was a little girl and dream about the gray soldiers who would not surrender. It was as beautiful as an old ballad. I'll wait here. Fetch the horse," she said, "and hurry, please."

"If there are explanations to make"—he began, looking at her gravely,
"I am not a person who makes explanations, Mr. Armitage. You may meet me at the gate."

As he ran toward the house he met, Oscar, who had become alarmed at his absence and was setting forth in search of him.

"Come; saddle both the horses, Oscar," Armitage commanded.
They went together to the barn and quickly brought out the horses.

"You are not to come with me, Oscar."

"It is not an affair of war, Oscar, but quite another matter. There is a saddled horse hitched to the other side saddled horse hitched to the other side of our abandoned bridge. Get it and ride it to Judge Claiborne's stables and ask and answer no questions."

A moment later he was riding toward the gate, the led horse following. He flung himself down, adjusting the stirrups, and gave her a hand into the saddle. They turned silently into the mountain road.

mountain road.

"The bridge would have been simpler and quicker," said Shirley. "As it is, I shall be late to the ball." "I am contrite enough, but you don't make explanations." "No; I don't explain, and you are to come back as soon as we stuke the valley. I always send gentlemen back

valley. I always send gentlemen back at that point," she laughed and went ahead of him into the narrow road. She guided the strange horse with the case of long practice, skillfully testing his paces, and when they came to a stretch of smooth road sent him flying at a gallop over the trail. He had given her his own horse, a hunter of famous strain, and she at once defined and maintained a distance between them that made talk impossible. them that made talk imposs her erect figure. Light wisps of loos-ened hair broke free under her soft felt hat, and when she turned her head the wind caught the brim and pressed

it back from her face, giving a new charm to her profile. He called after her once or twice at the start, but she did not pause or reply, and he could not know what mood sed her or that once in flight in the security the borse gave her, she was for the first time afraid of him. He had declared his love for her and had offered to break down the veil of mat observed to break down the veil of mystery that made him a strange and perplexing figure. His affairs, whatever their nature, were now at a crisis, he had said; quite possibly she should never see him again after this ride. As she waited at the gate she had known a moment of contrition and known a moment of contrition and doubt as to what she had done. It



her blood leaped with the sense of adventure and her pulse sang with the joy of flight. Her thoughts were free, joy of flight. Her thoughts were free, wild things, and she exulted in the great starry vault and the cool heights over which she rode. Who was John Armitage? She did not know or care now that she had performed for him her last service. Quite likely he would tade away on the morrow like a mountain shadow refore the sun, and the song in her heart tonight was not love or anything skip at the low or anything skip at the low. or anything akin to it, but only the joy of living.

Where the road grew difficult as it

CARTERS SIC

ACHE
b the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills careft while other do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a does. They are strictly vegetable and do not girpe or purps, but by their gentle action please all whe we have

Bucephalus?"
"Let me go to your own gate,

"Let me go to your own gata, please?"
"Not at all?" she said, with decision. "Then Oscar will pick him up. If you don't see him, turn the isone loose. But my thanks—for oh, so many things?" he pleaded.
"Tomorrow—or the day after—or never?"
She laughed and put out her hand, and when he tried to detain her she spoke to the horse and flashed away toward home. He listened, marking her flight until the shadows of the valley stole sound and sight from him. Then he turned back into the hills.
Near her father's estate Shirley came upon a man who saluted in the manner of a soldier.

It was Oscar, who had crossed the bridge-und ridden down by the nearer road.

lently.
"Where have you been, Shirley?"
"Walking."

"But you went for a ride, the stable-men told me."
"I believe that is true, captain."
"And your horse was brought home "And your horse was brought home haif an hour ago by a strange fellow who saluted like a soldier when I spoke to him, but refused to understand my English."

"Well, they do say English isn't very well taught at West Point, captain," she replied, pulling off her gives. "You oughtn't to blame the politic stranger for his content."

Captain Claiborne lighted a cigar



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daily except Sunday,
Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday,
Express for Flotou, daily except Sunday,
Express for Flotou, daily except Sunday,
Express for Fruro (daily) Stellarton, New Glasgow, Sydneys,
(daily except Sunday) Amherst, Sackville, St. John,
(daily except Sunday)

Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday), Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday), Sydneys (daily except Sunday), S.55 "Express from Pictou daily (except Sunday), Maritime Express (daily except Sunday), Sunday) from Montreal 1.30 p m. Express from Sydney (except Sunday), 7.50 "

Expressfrom Symme, day), day), Ocean Limited from Montreal 7.50 " daily, Express from St. John daily, D. A. R. Express for Yarmouth,
Accommodation for Annapolis,
leave Blehmond,
Bluenose for Yarmouth,
Express for Middleton (through
to Annapolis on Saturday), 2,55 p. m

Express from Middleton (from Annapolis on Monday's 9.05 a.m. Bluenose from Yarmouth, 8.00 p.m. Accommodation from Annapolis, 5.15 p.m. Express from Yarmouth, 6.42 p.m. All the above are daily except Sunday. H. & S. W. RY. Bepart.

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Express for Middleton (flagged
at Lakeview), 2.55 p. m.
Suburban for Bedford, 5.00 m.
Express for Picton, 5.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction, 6.20 "
Express for Truro (stop when rignalled at Bookingham and Bedford) daily, 8.45 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction, 11.15 " ARRIVE AT HALIFAX. Suburban from Windsor June

aburban Irona
tion,
Mined from Truro,
Supress from St. John (stops at
Supress from St. John (stops at
Bedford only) daily,
Bedford only) daily,
Rxpress from Pioton,
Rxpress from Pioton,
Suburban from Windsor June,
Lion,
Dadford and indurban from Windsor June Lion, Bluenose stops at Bedford and Lion Rockingham if flagged, 4.55 ". Suburban from Bedford, 5.55 ". Accommodation from Annapolis, 6.15 ". Raprese from Xarmouth (Lake New Flag Station), 6.42 ". Kaprese from Sydney, 7.50 ". Suburban from Windsor Juno Suburban from Windsor Juno 1.45 ".

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