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BLACKADAR BROS.

The Acadian Recorder.

ADVERTISING RATES
As may be arranged at office or by correspondence.
JOB PRINTING
Fully equipped for all work in this line.

VOLUME 101. [DAILY EDITION] HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1913. No. 229.

Watch our advertisement.

BEN'S, LIMITED.

Having a Loaf

Wish I were as comfortable.

But never mind, there's a fine loaf for everybody almost here.

Look for the big announcement of it in the Wednesday paper.

BLISS!

An open fire,
A good cigar,
The "Acadian Recorder,"
and
Keith's Bohemian Lager.

Leith House. Est. 1818.

BUDWEISER,

The Great American Beverage.

It makes no difference how many brands of Lager Beer are on the market the sale of BUDWEISER,

"THE KING OF BOTTLED BEERS,"

goes on increasing by leaps and bounds.

Quality and absolute purity have always been the chief features in the manufacture of this popular beverage, which has been fitly termed as the crowning feature of the Brewers' art.

BUDWEISER is sold in bottles only, and all bottled at St. Louis, Mo.

Special packages, containing 4 doz. bottles, for family use.

KELLEY & GLASSEY, Ltd.

Phone 238. Halifax. Box 760.

The Favorite For 80 Years ROYAL BLEND SCOTCH.

Supplies can be had through
KELLEY & GLASSEY, Ltd., and other dealers.

Life is Uncertain
—the life of a wooden tub or pail:

Save time, temper, dollars—by using utensils that seem to never wear out.

MADE OF

Eddy's Fibreware

Ask Your Dealer. Just as good as Eddy's Matches.

FLAGS!

WE OFFER A DIRECT IMPORTATION OF
British and Canadian Ensigns.
Union and Pilot Jacks.
Signals and Private Flags made to order.

CROWELL BROS.
81 and 83 Upper Water Street.
PHONE 85 and 86.

IS FINDING KEEPING?

Rights and Duties Concerning Lost Property.

Considering the enormous number of articles that are lost and found every year—indeed, every day of the year—it is strange to discover, when attention is particularly called to a case, how vague is the ordinary person's idea of what is the true position of the loser and the finder, and what erroneous notions are held as to their respective rights in the lost article, says London Tit-Bits.

The popular expression, "Finding is keeping," is probably responsible for a great deal of the error, for it is only true to a limited extent. The loss of an article does not deprive the loser of his rights in it, and he is entitled to recover possession when he can. The finder has no right to retain the article as against the true owner; nor, except in some special cases, to demand a reward as a condition of returning it.

If Smith loses his umbrella and Jones finds it, Smith can compel Jones to give it back; and if Jones has given or sold it to Brown, Smith can oblige Brown to make restitution, and need not, as a general rule, refund him the amount he paid for it. The duty of the finder of an article is quite plain; it is to discover if he can the person who has lost it, and if he keeps it knowing who that person is, he runs the risk of being prosecuted for theft.

But where an article is found in a public place to which there is free access, such as the street, a public park, and even the public parts of a shop, the finder is entitled to keep the article until the real owner turns up to claim it, and no one else has any right to take it away from him. This was well shown in a very old case on the subject of lost property. A chimney-sweep's boy found a valuable jewel. He took it to a jeweller to ask what it was worth. The jeweller, wishing to swindle the boy, told him it was worthless, and offered 1½d. for it, and, on the boy declining this sum, refused to return the jewel to him. It was held that he had no right to deprive the boy of the jewel, and that in the absence of the true owner the boy, as the finder, was entitled to keep possession of the article.

This statement of the law must be taken with some limitation. Thus, if property is found in an inn, the innkeeper can demand it; and property found by railway porters and other employes in railway stations or trains must be delivered up to the company. In London cab drivers and train and omnibus conductors are entitled to claim possession of articles left in their vehicles, and must take them to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard. If an article is claimed the owner must pay a reward of 15 per cent. of the value; any article not claimed within a certain time is returned to the finder.

Fun at the Stock Exchange.

There were high jinks in the London Stock Exchange recently. A jobber who enjoys the nickname of the "Burglar" was suddenly handcuffed and accused of being a party to the sensational jewel robbery now exciting general interest. Circumstantial evidence of his guilt was duly forthcoming by the extraction of strings of imitation pearls from his pockets, and then the cry went up for the police. This was promptly responded to by another dealer, who had gone to the trouble of hiring a constable's uniform, and the delinquent was hustled out of the House by the scruff of the neck, followed by an excited mob, a large percentage of which was galled into the idea that a genuine arrest had been made. Presently the joke recoiled on the owner of the handcuffs, who, when demonstrating how they worked, had to suffer the mortification of having the key stolen for about an hour.—Financier.

Resourceful Livingstone.

David Livingstone, explorer and missionary, was a man of varied accomplishments. Besides getting himself taught on board ship, and later by Sir Thomas Maclear, to take with great accuracy astronomical observations for fixing latitude and longitude, besides acquainting himself with botany and geology, with patriotic literature and Egyptology, Livingstone was an expellent mechanic, a steersman, and a mariner. His resourcefulness was at all times remarkable. When he was hard up for fuel on his first steamer journey up the River Shire, he landed in the elephant marsh. Elsie no trees existed and no fuel was obtainable, but his men found many bones of slaughtered elephants. Livingstone at once took the bones on board, burned them in the furnaces of the Ma-robert and so continued his journey.

Defeated by Dr. Hamilton.

In no way is health so menaced as by constipation. It leads to indigestion, insomnia, anaemia and a hundred ills. Ordinary remedies fail—they relieve—don't cure. The worst case is defeated and cured quickly by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which cleanse the entire intestinal tract, stimulate kidneys and liver, keeps the pores of the skin open. You'll never have stomach trouble, yellow complexion or headaches if you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are a perfect system tonic. 25c. at all dealers.

—Preserved Tamarinds, Tamarind Syrup Guava Jelly, Grape Jelly, Quince Jelly Black and Red Currant Jelly, etc., at T. F. Courtney & Co.'s.

Your Business Prosperity

Is just as dependent on the Insurance you carry for its protection, as the capital you have provided to carry it on. Without capital, or the banking facilities based on capital and business worth, you could not finance it successfully even in the best of times; and without the protective funds of SOUND INSURANCE you would not be able to "keep your head above water" should Fire or Lightning destroy what your capital has built up.

For over 80 years the ACADIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has been providing sound indemnity, and offers you the maximum of security at a minimum rate. Looking backward over this period the Acadia Fire can positively state that it has never failed to pay its losses—dollar for dollar, and promptly; and, with a cash surplus of over half a million dollars, it has the strength as well as the will to continue its efficient service to the insured.

The Acadia Fire Insurance Company,

Head Office, Halifax, N.S.

R. K. ELLIOT, Secy.-Treas.

Agencies throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

TELL BY THE TASTE.

BAVARIAN is a full bodied fine flavoured Lager with a real Lager taste.

Tell by the taste.

HALIFAX BREWERIES, LIMITED,
50 - 52 Duke St.,
HALIFAX, N. S.
PHONE 98.
sep24—(1y9

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS PROTECTS THE HOME.

$20,000,000.00
Accumulated Funds.
240,000 Members.
Actuarially Sound.

JOIN NOW.
sep18

Courtney's Store

The Great Pure Food Centre.

This is a day of quality in everything, particularly food stuffs. Price is an important consideration, but it has become secondary.

This great pure food store appeals to the masses, because of the happy combination of highest grade goods at the least possible cost.

In other words, if you purchase your groceries at this store, you are sure of pure and wholesome goods at a reasonable price.

When you consider these features coupled with our unexcelled delivery service, you easily understand why the best families of the City buy at

T. F. COURTNEY & CO.,
Corner
Jacob and Brunswick Sts.,
PHONE 393.

Wanted to Rent

Furnished or Unfurnished House in South or West End, from Nov. 1st or before.

Must have modern conveniences.

Answer giving full description, also rent per month, to

P. O. Box 781,
City.
sep27

WANTED.

A HEAD WAITER, at the King Edward Hotel.
sept19 tf

Dining Room Girls Wanted.
Apply at Queen Hotel. tf aug27

DOLLS, TOYS And Art Embroidery, ...AT.... CROWE'S GREEN BRICK STORE, 133 Barrington St.

MISS S. WALLACE,
Public Stenographer,
31 Roy Building,
Telephone 2576J.
tyll—tf

HELP LIGHTEN THE LOAD.

Help lighten the load!
Humanity stumbles ahead on its road,
Urged on o'er the deserts, beset by the goad;
Men bend under burdens of hunger and care;
And women must suffer and toil and despair;
Yes, even the children astray in the strife,
Are bowed by the weight till they weary of life.
Hark! unto each soul that is hero, not slave,
How clear sounds the call to arise and be brave!
Help lighten the load!

Help lighten the load!
With all of the strength that the heart can command,
With all of the power of brain and of hand,
With wills set to sacrifice, struggle and dare,
With love that seeks over each burden to share.
With unflagging endeavor that stops not to ask
The length of the journey, the cost of the task,
Come, sons of the Kingdom! Come, children of God!
And along the dark path by the world's an guish trod,
Help lighten the load.

The Barrier.

By REX BEACH.

Copyright, 1908, by Harper & Brothers.

CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

"Wot I don' know 'at kin' or love is dis, for sure. De kin' of love I

"Five year I've waits—an' jus' for dis."

know is de kin' I sing 'bout in my songs. I s'pose it's different breed to yours, an' I'm begin to see it don' live nowhere but on dem songs of mine. Dere's long tam' I waste here now—five year—but tomorrow I go again lookin' for my own countree."

"Poleon," she cried, looking up with startled eyes, "not tomorrow, but Sunday! We will go together."

He shook his head. "Tomorrow, Necia! An' I go alone."

"Then you won't—marry me?" she asked in a hushed and frightened voice.

"No! Dere's wan t'ing I can't do even for you, Necia; dere's wan t'ing I can't geeve, dat's all—jus' wan on all de worl'. I can't kill de lil' god wit' de bow an' arrer. He's all dat mak' de sun shine, de birds sing an' de leaves w'isper to me; he's de wan lil' feller w'at mak' my life wort' livin' an' keep music in my soul. If I keel 'im dere ain' no more lef' lak it, an' I'm never goin' fin' my lan' of content nor sing nor laugh no more. I'm t'inkin' I would rader sing songs to 'im all alone onderneat' de stars beside my campfire an' talk wit' 'im in my bark canoe dan go livin' wit' you in fine house an' let 'im get col' an' die."

"But I told him I'd marry you—that I had always intended to. He'll believe I was lying," she moaned in distress.

"Dat's too bad, but dis t'ing ain' no doin's wit' me. Dere's wan t'ing in dis worl' mus' live forever, an' dat's love. If we kill 'im den it's party poor place for stoppin' in. I'm cut off my han' for help you, Necia, but I can't be husban' to no woman in fun."

Poleon waited patiently until her paroxysm of sobbing had passed, then gently raised her and led her out through the back door into the summer day, which an hour ago had been so bright and promising and was now so gray and dismal. He followed her with his eyes until she disappeared inside the log house.

"An' dat's de end of it all," he mused. "Five year I've wait—an' jus' for dis."

Meade Burrell never knew how he gained his quarters, but when he had done so he locked his door behind him, then loosed his hold on things material. He raged about the room like a wild animal and vented his spite on every inanimate thing that lay within reach. As yet his mind grasped but dully the fact that she was to marry another, but gradually this thought in turn took possession of him. She would be some one else's wife in two days. The thought drove the lover frantic, and he felt that madness lay that way if he dwelt on such fancies for long.

As he grew calmer his reason began to dissect the scene that had taken place in the store, and he wondered whether she had been lying to him, after all. No doubt she had been engaged to the Frenchman and had always planned to wed Poleon, for that was not out of reason. She might even have set out mischievously to amuse herself with him, but at the recollection of those rapturous hours they had spent together he declared aloud that she had loved him, and him only. Every instinct in him shouted that she loved him in spite of her cruel protestations.

A man came with his supper, but he called to him to begone. There are those who believe that in passing from daylight to darkness a subtle transition occurs akin to the change from positive to negative in an electrical current and that this intangible, untraceable atmospheric influence exerts a definite psychical effect upon men and their modes of thought. Be this as it may, it is certain that as the night grew darker the lieutenant's mood changed. He lost his fierce anger at the girl and reasoned that he owed it to her to set himself right in her eyes; that in all justice to her he ought to prove his own sincerity.

An up river steamboat was just landing as he neared the trading post—a freighter, as he noted by her lights. In the glare at the river bank he saw Poleon and the trader, who had evidently returned from Lee's creek, and without accosting them he hurried on to the store. Peering in from the darkness, he saw Alluna. No doubt Necia was alone in the house behind. So he stumbled around to the back to find the window of her room aglow behind its curtain, and, receiving no answer to his knock, he entered, for it was customary at Gale's to waive ceremony. Inside the big room he paused, then stepped swiftly across and rapped at her door, falling back a pace as she came out.

Instead of speaking at once, as he had planned, to prevent her escaping, he was struck speechless, for the vision that met his eyes was that which he had seen one blithe spring morning three months before, but tonight there was no shawl to conceal her sweetly rounded neck and shoulders, whose whiteness was starting against the black of the ballroom gown. The slim gold chain hung around her neck, and her hair was piled high, as before. He noted every smallest detail as she stood there waiting for him to speak, forgetful of everything else.

She had put on the gown again to see if perchance there might be some mark of her blood or breed that had escaped her previous scrutiny, and, as there was no one to observe her, she had attired herself slowly, absorbed in her whimsy. Her wistful beauty dazed the young man and robbed him of the words he had rehearsed, but as she made to flee from him, with a pitiful gesture, toward her room the fear of losing her aroused him and spurred his wit.

"Don't go away! I have something I must tell you. I've thought it over, and you've got to listen, Necia."

"I am listening," she answered very quietly.

"Understand me, I'm not whining, and I'm willing to take my medicine. I couldn't talk or think very straight this afternoon, but you were wrong."

"Yes, I know now I was wrong. It was most unladylike, wasn't it? But, you see, I am only a little savage."

"I don't mean that. I mean you were wrong when you said I had played with you. In the sight of God, I swear you were mistaken. You have made me love you, Necia. Can't you see?"

She made no sign.

"If you can't, I owe it to you and to myself to set you right. I am not ashamed to acknowledge my love, and even when you are married to Poleon I want you to know that I shall love you always."

Even yet she made no sign. Was he not merely repeating the same empty words with which he had so often beguiled her? There was no word of marriage. He still considered her unworthy, beneath him.

"You do love me, Necia—you do! I see it in your eyes!" And he started toward her with open arms, but she shrank away from him.

"No, no! Don't touch me!" she almost screamed.

"My dear one," he breathed, "you must listen to me. You have nothing to fear, for I love you—love you—love you! You were made for me! You'll be my wife. Yes; you'll be married on Sunday, but to me, not to Poleon or any other man!"

Did she hear aright? Was he, her soldier lover, asking her, the Indian girl?

"You do love me, don't you?" he pleaded. But still she could not speak, and he tried to read the answer in her swimming eyes.

"You mean—you want to—marry me?" she murmured at last, hesitating shyly at the word that had come to play so momentous a part in her little world.

"Indeed I do," he declared, with emphasis, "in spite of everything, anything! Nothing else matters. I'll quit the army. I'll give up the service and my people too. I'll put everything back of me, and we'll start out anew—just you and I."

"Wait a moment," she said, retreating a little from his eager, outstretched arms. "Why do you need to do all that?"

"Never mind why. It's as good as done. You wouldn't understand."

"But I think I do understand now. Do I really mean all that to you?"

"Yes, and more!"

"Listen to me," said the girl quietly. "I want you to talk slowly so I may not misunderstand. If you—marry me must you forego all those great things you speak of—your profession, your family, your future?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the soldier. "If they don't bother me, Necia, why should you worry?"

"Would you really have to give up your family—your sister? Would those people you are so proud of and who are so proud of you—would they cut you off?"

"There is no question of cutting off. I have no inheritance coming. I don't want any. I don't want anything except you, dear."

"Won't you tell me?" she persisted "You see, I am dull at these things."

"Well, what if they do?" he conceded. "You more than make it up to me. You outweigh a thousand families."

"And would your marriage to a—a—to me destroy your army career?"

"Well, it will really be much easier for both of us if I resign from the service," he finally admitted. "In fact, I've decided to do so at once."

"No, no! You mustn't do that. To-night you think I am worth the price, but a day will come"—

He leaned forward and caught her hands in his.

"Meade, I can't let you do it."

"I'd like to see you help yourself," he said banteringly.

"I can and I will. You must not marry me, Meade. It's not right; it can't be." She suddenly realised what this renunciation would mean and began to shiver.

"It will be over before you know it," she heard him saying in a lame attempt at levity. "Father Barnum is an expert, and the operation won't occupy him ten minutes."

At that moment they heard the voices of the trader and his squaw outside, approaching the house. The girl's breath caught in her throat. She flung herself recklessly upon her lover's breast and threw her arms around his neck in an agony of farewell.

"Meade, Meade, my soldier," she sobbed, "kiss me goodby for the last time!"

"No," he said roughly.

"Now you must go," she said, tearing herself away, "and for my sake don't see me again."

"I will! I will! I will ask your father for you tonight."

"No, no! Don't, please don't! Wait till—till tomorrow—till I say the word! Promise me! On your love, promise!"

Her eyes held such a painful entreaty that he nodded acquiescence as the door opened and her father and Alluna entered.

(To be Continued).

Prevent taking cold.

Often you come home, cold and shivering—feel sore throat is raw, chest a little sore. A bad cold in just beginning. Put a Nerviline Porous Plaster on your chest, rub your throat with Nerviline, and take a stiff dose of Nerviline in hot water. This prevents a chill, and checks the cold instantly. No remedies so useful in the home, so sure to prevent serious illness as Nerviline and Nerviline Plasters. Sold by all dealers, 25c. each, but be sure you get the genuine, and refuse any substitute.

FALL GOODS
Arriving Daily.

ROBERT STANFORD,
156-158 Hollis Street.
sep10—(1y8 3m)

Ladies' Cloth Top Boots, $3.50.

We are offering this line of Ladies' Cloth Top Boots at extra value, and are showing it in Button and Laced; in the most correct styles, toes and heels.

WALLACE BROS.,
FOOTWEAR,
171 Barrington Street.

R. R. TIME TABLES.

I. C. R.	Depart.
Pictou and Sydney Express, daily except Sunday,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moncton for St. John and Boston) daily,	8.00 "
Ocean Limited, daily,	8.30 "
Truro Accommodation, daily except Sunday,	12 40 p.m.
Maritime Express for Montreal, daily except Sunday,	3.10 "
Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou, daily except Sunday,	5.40 "
Express for Truro (daily) Stellarton, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Amherst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday)	8.45 "
	Arrive.
Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday),	8.40 "
Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys (daily except Sunday),	8.55 "
Express from Pictou daily (except Sunday),	11.55 "
Maritime Express (daily except Sunday) from Montreal,	1.30 p m.
Express from Sydney (except Sunday),	7.50 "
Ocean Limited from Montreal daily,	10.00 "
Express from St. John daily,	10.30 "

D. A. R.	Depart.
Express for Yarmouth,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation for Annapolis, leave Richmond,	8.30 "
Bluenose for Yarmouth,	10.00 "
Express for Middleton (through to Annapolis on Saturday),	2.55 p. m.
	Arrive
Express from Middleton (from Annapolis on Monday's	9.05 a. m.
Bluenose from Yarmouth,	8.00 p. m.
Accommodation from Annapolis,	6.15 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth,	6.42 p. m.

All the above are daily except Sunday.

H. & S. W. RY.	Depart.
Express for Yarmouth daily, except Sunday,	7.10 a. m.
Accommodation for Liverpool daily, except Saturday and Sunday,	2.30 p. m.
Express for Liverpool (Saturday only),	2.30 p. m.
	Arrive.
Express from Liverpool (Monday only),	9.15 a. m.
Accommodation from Liverpool daily, except Sunday and Monday,	11.30 a. m.
Express from Yarmouth daily, except Sunday,	6.55 p. m

SUBURBAN SERVICE

Regular suburban trains stop at all stations. Other trains as below stop at Bedford and Rockingham. Trains run daily except Sunday, unless otherwise mentioned.

DEPART FROM HALIFAX.

Express for Sydney,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth,	7.30 "
Accommodation for Annapolis leaves Richmond (flagged at Rocky lake),	8.30 a. m.
Mixed for Truro,	12.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	1.30 p.m
Express for Middleton (flagged at Lakeview),	2.55 p. m
Suburban for Bedford,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou,	5.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	6.30 "
Express for Truro (stop when signalled at Rockingham and Bedford) daily,	8.45 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	11.15 "

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Suburban from Windsor Junction,	7.55 a.m
Mixed from Truro,	8.40 "
Express from St. John (stops at Bedford only) daily,	8.55 "
Express from Middleton,	9.05 "
Express from Pictou,	11.55 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	2.55 p.m.
Bluenose stops at Bedford and Rockingham if flagged,	4.55 "
Suburban from Bedford,	5.55 "
Accommodation from Annapolis,	6.15 "
Express from Yarmouth (Lakeview Flag Station),	6.42 "
Express from Sydney,	7.50 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction.	9.45 "

Bargain Sale.

Plates, 25 cen and 30 cents half dozen; White and Gilt Cups and Saucers, Chamber Sets, etc., all marked down. Five Thousand pieces Crockerware just opened. Come and get bargains while they last, at H. B. Bigney's, 89 Gottingen Street, foot of Cunard Street. tf aug9

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Men's Winter Overcoats
COMBINING
Style, Comfort, Durability.

These are the three most desirable features in a garment of wear, and our Overcoats for men embody these and more too. The materials are the latest and best produced by Canadian manufacturers. All the popular effects, including the Chin-chilla.

In colors of Navy, Blue, and a variety of shades in Brown, Tan and Greys. Made up in Single and Double Breasted, with convertible Collars.

We offer these Coats to the men of Halifax at $10.00, 12.00, 15.00, 16.00 to 22.00.

SILVER'S MENS' STORE,
George Street.

CLOTHES
— FOR —
FATHER & SON

The Boys' Clothes Values we give has made this store justly famous. We strive to give the best value for the money it is possible to give, and WE DO IT. All we ask is a test, and you will need no urging in the future.—Our

BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS for boys from ages 7 to 13, in a splendid range of patterns, - - - - - - - - $3.00 to $8.00

BOYS' D. B. SUITS, for boys from 12 to 17, - - - $4.00 to $12.00

BOYS' FALL O'COATS AND REEFERS for boys from 3 years up. A fine range of styles, - - - - - - $3.75 to $7.50

FOR THE MEN

Our new FALL SUITS AND O'COATS will delight the ones that are looking for something different. We are showing a number of new things at popular prices. Drop in and see them.

The Toggery
JOHNSTON & SCRIVEN

A "Wolfe Toddy"

is the ideal "Night-cap; hot water, lemon and sugar, and a wineglass of Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps, and you have a toddy fit for a King. You will sleep "like a top," wake in the morning with the cold arrested, and a freedom from those aches in the joints and pains in the back.

That "Wolfe Toddy," while you sleep, has gone direct to the seat of the trouble—the kidneys. It has commenced a cure which you can make complete by a glass of Wolfe's Schnapps twice a day for a day or two. Then when you feel "as fit as a fiddle," don't forget what made you so; get into the Wolfe's Schnapps habit; drink it regularly, and you will not suffer from liver or kidney troubles.

WOLFE'S
AROMATIC SCHIEDAM
SCHNAPPS

is the world's greatest tonic-energiser for sluggishness of the vital organs of the body.

Obtainable at all Hotels and Retail Stores.

AGENTS, KELLEY & GLASSEY, Limited, Halifax,
Agents for Nova Scotia.

The Pickling Season is on in earnest,

And we are ready for it, too. The best of Spices, the best of Vinegar and the best of all other little things that go towards making pickles "moreish."

We are offering particularly attractive values in the lines mentioned. All orders promptly and carefully filled.

Pickling Spices for 18c. a pound.
Tumeric for 20c. a pound.
Coriander Seed for 15c. a pound.
Curry Powder for 40c. a pound.
Mace for $1.00 a pound.
Genuine English Malt Vinegar 50c. gallon.
Genuine Apple Cyder Vinegar 30c. gallon.
White Wine and Malt Vinegar, Canadian manufacture for 30c. a gallon.

WENTZELLS LIMITED
The "BIG STORE."