



## A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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I shadowed him the evening of the first day, now just 48 hours ago, following him to the Hyde park, to his club, to his house. In Hyde park only one person spoke to Mr. Wood. I knew him by sight and name, a half American, Jimmy Lawford, having crossed with him once in the same Cunarder and taken a hand in the same game of poker in the smoking saloon. He passed then as an ocean drummer, although some said he was engaged in the secret service of the federal government. Now, I take it, he just loaf around—just the sort of chap to be in this crowd against Wood. I did not hear what he said to Wood, but when leaving by the park gates I noticed Jimmy in close talk with a hansom cab man who had got off his perch and was very particular to hear what Lawford said.

I only caught the last word or two: "Any tonight or tomorrow night. You'll get the office; mind you're on the queue, ve."

I shadowed the captain all that blessed night, to the opera, out west, to several parties, and spoke to him, or rather he spoke me, roughly, too, at the door of a house in Prince's Gate, when he was seeing two ladies to their carriage. That was not quite the last of him, for somewhere near Knightsbridge he was picked up by a cab, and next thing it comes back, ten miles an hour, cabbie standing up and dogging his horse like mad. It was so near daylight that I got a view inside the hansom as it passed me full tilt. I caught sight in that short moment of a mass of people inside the cab, two or more men struggling and fighting with some one underneath them.

Of course Captain Wood was being kidnapped and carried off. I reckoned that up on the spot, and gathered myself together then and there to give chase to the cab. I followed it steadily,



He was seeing two ladies to their carriage, down the Kensington road, losing my distance, of course, very fast. By the time I reached High street I had lost the cab.

But a man at an early coffee stall had seen it pass, holding straight on the main road toward Holland House. I heard of it again at St. Mary Abbott's terrace, and was told that it had turned up Addison road. I traced it by Holland road to Shepherd's Bush Green, and there a herring was drawn across the scent.

I was on the track now of two cabs, one going by the Shepherd's Bush or Uxbridge road, the other by the Starch Green road. I followed the first, and few blank. It was a night hawk working home to his stables, and where, by and by, I caught the chap settling into his crib. He swore he hadn't had a fare for the last two hours, and I could see he was speaking truth, for his horse had not turned a hair.

I went back then to the Starch Green road, asking all and several for my galloping hansom cab. There were very few people about at this early hour, only the policemen, and they looked very shy at my tramp's clothes, giving no answer. At last a couple of decent farm folk bringing in milk told me they had passed a hansom with a worn horse on the far side of Hammersmith bridge, in the district of Barnes.

By the time I reached the Strathallan road it was broad daylight. I found a long road of detached villa houses, each in its own garden, many with

stables adjoining. I figured it out, as I walked up and down this road twice, that one of these cottages was just suited for the purpose of sequestering Captain Wood. If he could be got to it. He could be driven straight into the stable yard; the cab would be no more seen when the coach house door closed behind him, and no one, neither the neighbors nor the police, would be a bit the wiser as to what mischief was being worked inside.

It took me just two hours to examine the entrance gates of every villa house with stables in that road. In three of them there were the new tracks of wheels marked plainly in the thick lying summer dust. I could not discover which were the most recent, but I carefully noted the numbers of these houses, meaning to put a watch upon them all.

I called up the boy Joseph Villa, a very smart young squire, too, from the office in Norfolk street, as soon as I could get a telegram through. By the time he arrived I had narrowed my investigations to a single point for further observation.

The day had so far advanced that the business of life was well begun. I saw the blinds drawn up in two of the houses, the front doors opened, the women helps busy shaking the mats and washing down the stoops. Presently some of the young folks ran out into the gardens, and I could see the family gatherings round the breakfast tables, from which on the early morning air came the smell of hot coffee and English breakfast bacon, with the temptation of Tantalus for a starving man who had been out all night. All this while the third house remained closed, hermetically sealed. It was closed up, tight shut, not a sign of life in it. When I reached my lodgings in Norfolk street I was pretty well washed out. But I turned in for an hour and at 10 a. m. woke much refreshed. As I dressed with care I pondered deeply over this business and the course that I should adopt. My first and most urgent duty was to secure the release of Mr. Wood, always supposing that my gentleman was the person actually carried off in the cab. At present I had no certainty of this, only a bit more than strong suspicion. Yet if I could ascertain that he had not returned home I should be justified in taking surmise for fact.

First I went to Clarges street. The man there remembered me, but looked strangely when I inquired for Captain Wood.

"You have not heard the news, then?" he said.

"What in thunder is there to hear more than I have to tell you?" I asked, nettled at thinking some one was before me.

"Why, that the captain has met with an accident. He slipped up somehow last night or early this morning and hurt himself badly."

"Who told you that story? Do you believe it?"

"I believe the captain's own handwriting."

"What did he say exactly?" I was quite taken aback, as you may suppose, but did not want to show it too much.

"Here, read it for yourself. It's not all his own, of course, and you will understand why. But that's his name at the bottom there sure enough."

It was written on good gray note paper in a fair running hand, and it said:

Savory, I've come to grief driving home. Horse slipped upon the curb, and I was thrown out of the cab. Some kind people picked me up and are taking good care of me. But I shan't be able to move hand or foot for some days. Send me by better portmanteau M. Dillingham—dresses, dog collar, dittoes, checkbook, letters, papers and the rest. Yours, W. A. Wood.

17A Laburnum Street, Harrow Road.

"And you sent them? How?"

"By the cab that brought the letter."

"Why didn't you go with them yourself?"

"I thought of it certainly, and I wish I had."

"You may well wish that. And now, if you will be guided by me, you'll go and find out 17A Laburnum street right away, if there's any such place at all."

"Oh, but there is. It's in the directory."

"Is that so? Well, if you come across Mr. Wood there I'll run you for next president of the United States. You've got just the face for a postage stamp."

"What in the name of conscience d'ye mean? What's 'appened to him, then?"

"It's my opinion that Captain Wood has fallen among thieves, brigands, worse—ruffians, who'll hold him to ransom—rob, murder him,

God knows what, unless some of us can circumvent their blackguard maneuvers. And I am going to try. I don't believe in cab accidents and Laburnum streets. You may, so you'd better go and judge for yourself."

But he was not going to find him in Laburnum street. I was pretty sure of that, but it was right to look there on the off chance that this story was true. For myself I was more than ever persuaded of foul play, and I considered I was bound to lay the whole matter before the London police.

I was not very well received at Scotland Yard. They told me to get proper credentials, a certificate from the American consul. I was terribly rolled, but not to waste time I took a cab straight to Great St. Helen's, where of course I was perfectly well known. One of the senior clerks came to me directly.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Snayser?" Was an introduction to the metropolitan police? Why, certainly. Reckon it's no use asking what you're after? Big case?"

He was a friend and had often given me information in a small way. I thought perhaps he might help me now, for I'd heard from you they were mostly Americans working this conspiracy, save it was likely enough they'd know at the consulate whether any big "toughs" and "bunko-men" were in London just then.

To be continued

### Feeble, Wasted Nerves Aroused to New Life.

A Sufferer For Years From Weak Heart, Exhausted Nerves and Sleeplessness Cured by Five Boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Whether weakened and wasted by overwork, worry or disease, the result of exhausted nerves is felt in nervous pains, nervous headache and dyspepsia, serious functional derangements and ultimately to paralysis, epilepsy, locomotor ataxia, prostration or insanity, the remedy is found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Words fail to convey the case referred to below:

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall to spring, his medicine did not help me."

"I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Sir Thomas Galt, late chief justice of common pleas, died at his residence last Saturday morning.

John L. Brown, a native of Wolfville, son of the late J. L. Brown was married on Wednesday, June 26, at Winchester, to Edith M. Curry, daughter of Edmund A. Curry.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound** is successfully used monthly by over 200,000 ladies. Safe, effective, ladies ask your druggist for it. It cures all menstrual troubles, makes no other, as all mixtures, pills and injections are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 11 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 18 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cheek Company, Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Kentville by R. S. Masters and G. O. McDougall, druggists.

Wm. Middleton, a colored lad was sentenced in Annapolis last week to 4 years at Dorchester Penitentiary for stealing.

Engineer Doddwell of Halifax passed through here last week to inspect the new wharf at Canada Creek which has just been completed at a cost of \$1600.

### Bent Nearly Double With Bright's Disease.

A Severe and Torturing Case of Bright's Disease—A Justice of the Peace Certifies to the Cure by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. James Dellihunt, a much respected resident of Concession, Ont., states: "I was a sufferer from Bright's Disease for several years, and at times the tortures of mind and body were almost beyond endurance. The pains were in my head, between the shoulders and down the whole spine, concentrating across the kidneys, where I was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I went about bent over nearly double. It gave me great pain to urinate, and at times the water was very scanty. Medicines seemed to have little or no effect in my case, until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The first dose relieved me, and five boxes entirely cured me. I am now as good as a day's work as I ever was."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J.P., of Concession, certifies that he knows Mr. Dellihunt's statement of his cure to be correct and true and without exaggeration. It seems foolish to trifle with new-fangled medicines when you can get the tested and proven kind. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Agents wanted for Dr. Chase's last and complete Receipt Book.

I'll keep my eye on you, remarked the needle to the thread, and he did it.

### Advice to Mothers

If your boy or girl comes home with a sore throat, the first thing to do is to rub the throat and chest with Potson's Nerviline. Don't be afraid to use Nerviline freely—a whole bottle full wouldn't burn or blister the tenderest skin. Rub in until all taken up by the pores, and just before the child goes to sleep give him a glass of hot water, into which 30 drops of Nerviline has previously been stirred. This is a sure pleasant and speedy cure. Large bottles 25 cents.

### The Advertiser

### JOB DEPARTMENT

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### Lime Juice

One of nature's gifts, is becoming more and more a drink for all seasons. To get a good article is to get one of the most delicious drinks imaginable.

### Sovereign Lime Juice

will please, it is pure; strong, and has all the delicate flavor of the fruit.

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, Executors and Administrator 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 20 rods thence south 26 rods and 15 links to a fir stake in the west 97 rods to the place of beginning containing one hundred and fifteen acres, more or less, with the appurtenances

Terms of Sale—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, balance on delivery of deed. STEPHEN BELCHER, Sheriff. T. R. Robertson of Shaffer & Robertson, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Kentville, N. S. June 27th, 1901

### 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. C. O. July 31

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No. 269 Barrington St. Halifax, July 1899

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The Brooklyn Daily Eagle is the ideal Advertiser. 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 unparalleled advertising reputation. Its 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 Rooms 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