BLACKADAR BROS.

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VOLUME 101.

[DAILY EDITION]

HALIFAX. N. S., MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, 1913.

DO

Then for GOODNESS sake drink

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Ex. Sardinian.

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PLOWMEN POETS.

Farm Lads Who Have Won Success fived was Robert Burns. His bitth-day was celebrated recently by Scotsmen in every part of the world.

Another poet who, file Robert Burns, found poetical inspiration in farming and field work, and who was recently awarded by the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature the Polignac Prize, which consists of one hundred pounds and is a coveted literatry distinction, is Mr. John Masefield. This clever poet began his career by going to sea. consists of one hundred pounds and is a coveted literary distinction, is Mr. John Masefield. This clever poet began his career by going to seabut ultimately drifted to a farm, where he worked for some time. Then he tried his luck in a city office; but the literary germ began to develop and he soon became known as a writer of real brilliance.

One of the contributors to "New Songs." an anthology of contemporary verse published in London four years ago, was Alfred Owen Williams, a hammerman employed on the Great Western Railway; and his career furnishes a striking example of the old-time saying that genius will out. The son of a carpentar, living in the little village of South Marston, Williams at eight years of age started work on a farm and finally left school at eleven. Then he deserted farm life for the engineering shop, and from fourteen he has been successively rivet lad, steam-hammer driver, furnaceman, and hammerman at the Great Western Railway works, Swindon. Incited by the Ruskin Hall Correspondence Glass, Williams devoted his leisure hours to study, doing much before five in the morning and often continuing until midnight. In this way he taught himself shorthand, Latin, Greek and French, acquired an extensive acquaintance with English literature, and became a poet of no little merit.

Then there was Joseph Skipsey, the pitman poet, who, at seven years of age, went to work in a mine absolutely without education of any kind, but lived to be the first editor of the "Canterbury Poets" and to have his own poetic faculty recognized by all the leading poets of the day.

Tribute to Glasgow. Glasgow, Scotland, according to a writer in The National Magazine, is the "most progressively governed city in the United Kingdom." The city,

public services, makes them suder a figurate service to the people at leverage and makes them yeld each syearly profit, part of which goes to take up bonded debt and part into a common good tund, out of which the city is gradually substituting comfortable, healthful, municipally owned tenements for the villainous and disease-breeding slum tenements which grew up in Glasgow, as they have done in most other large cities, under the pressure of the demand for private profit.

Glasgow supplies its citizens with cheaper gas and electric light, cheaper street car service and better than are enjoyed by the residents of any American city, Glasgow's municipal slaughterhouse, in which all animals intended for food for Glasgow's 1,000,000 people are killed and dressed for market, is a huge institution, set right in the heart of the city, yet so clean that one could pass within a hundred yards of it and never suspect its existence by reason of any odor in the air. ts existence by reason of any odor in the air. The municipal abattoir and market insure the healthfulness of all meats eaten in Glasgow, and help mightily to hold down prices by eliminating a lot of middlemen who take tolls on

this business in other cities

Old London's Water Thieves. London's original water supply was the river Thames, and every apprentice was supplied with a water tankard for transporting liquid to the house. As early as 1479 there were "water thieves," "for in this yere a wex chandler in Fleet street had bi craft perced a pipe of the condit withynne the ground, and so conveied the water into his selar; wherefore he was jugid to ride thrugh the citee with a condit upon his hedde." The first official water supply for London was made in Germany. In 1582 Peter Maurice, a German, mad an engine at London bridge by which water was conveyed in lead pipes to the citizens' houses, and he became rich on the proceeds.

A Curt Repty.

A story is told of Prof. Masson-when editor of Macmillan's Magazine. It refers to the days when Kingsley and Newman were engaged in their famous pamphlet war. Conscious of the excellence of an article on the subject of the controversy which he had written in the magazine. Masson ventured to bring it under the notice of Newman, but he was not prepared for the reply he received, although he afterward spoke of it with philosophic humor. Newman's laconic message was in words such as these: "I have not heard of Your magazine, and your name conveys no impression to my mind."—Westminster Gazette.

To Study Fish. To Study Fish.

The British Government has just embarked upon an interesting scientific inquiry relating to the question of fishery research. A phase of the work is the liberation of marked fishes and crabs for the purpose of studying their migratory movements. Dr. Williamson, of the Marine Laboratory at Aberdeen, marked more than 1,500 crabs, and others were liberated in different districts. Many of these were subsequently recovered by means were subsequently recovered by means of international rewards, and it was found that one crab had traveled 155 miles in 689 days, and another 108 miles in 144 days.

Hounded Fox Played Sweep. A fox entered a blacksmith's shop at Farlesthorpe, Lincolnshire, Eng. Fursued by the Southwold hounds, he jumped on the forge, climbed up the chimney, came out at the top covered with soot, jumped from the roof, and was killed in the churchyard.

As unexpected as burglars, As unexpected as burgiars, That's the way cramps comc—strike without warning. Nothing so stare to instantly relieve as Nerviline,—just a few drops in aweetened water is all that's required to stop the pain. Polson'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 sauschold medicine case Nerviline supplies all hat's necessary. Large 25c. bottles sold sverywhere.

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Halifax, N. S., March 10, 1913. Hallfax Electric Tramway Comp' LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Quarter by Dividend, No. 53. of TWO PER CENT on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared.

Warrants will be issued for the same, and malled to the address of each stockholder, and are payable at the Bank of Nova Socia, Hallar, N. S., and at Mourreal, on and after the list lay of April, 1913, to all shareholders of spoord to close of business on the 19th day of March,

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The semail features before him were quivering with emotion. She was so frait, so helpless, so easily within his grasp. His muscles grew tense, and his lips closed firmly. He was battling with an impulse to draw her toward him and comfort her in the shelter of his strong branch.

Easter.

You will need a new pair. Why not come in and be fitted?

We offer you Shoes that are just right in Style and Quality.

WALLACE BROS., 171 Barrington St.



Re-inforced Concrete Reservoir will be received at the office of the Committee on Works of the City of Halifax, N. S., unt

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1913.

required for the natural percentage.

Notice to contractors, form of tender, contract, specifications and bond can be obtained, and plans can be seen at the office of the City Ringineor.

The City reserves the right to reject any or all tenders should it deem it advisable to do so, and reserves the right to award the contract arit deem best.

J. J. HOPEWELL, Halifax, March 5, 1913. Clerk of Works.

Halifax, March 5, 1913. 3iew 3w mar10

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 Zwicker's Art Store, Cor. Jacob and Barrington Streets.
marl8 J. A. ZWICKER.

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Polly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO. CHAPTER X-(Continued.)

"Bull just for a little while," he pleaded. How was she ever to inderstand? How was she ever to inderstand? How would be take from her the sense of security that he had pusposely taught her to feel in his house?

"Not even for a moment," Polly answered, with a decided shake of her head.

"But you must get ahead in your studies," he argued. She looked at him anxiously. She was beginning to be slarmed at his

was beginning to be amine to parastrance.

"Maybe T've been playing teo many perfections games."

"Not perfections, She repeated ballingly. "Vaint does that mean?"

"Indiceriminate." He repeated hallingly. "Vaint does that mean?"

"Indiceriminate." He repeated hall forehead as he say the jumbed he forehead as he say the jumbed look on het face. "Mixed up." he amplained, more simply.

"Our game wastef mixed up." She was thinking of the one to which the widow had objected. "Is it promisestous to catch somebody?"

"It depends upon whom you catch," he answored, with a dry, whimsical smile.

he answered, with a dry, whimsical units.

"Well, I don't cause anybody but the children." She looked up at him with serious, inquiring eyes.

"Mever mind, Ibily: Your games aren't promise town." She did not hear him. She was searching for hee book.

"Is this what yes are looking for?" he asked, drawing the missing article from his pocket.

"Off!" cried Polly, with a flush of embarrassment. "Mainly told you."

"You've been working a long time on that."

"It thought I might help you if I learned everything you told me," she answered timidly, "But I don't suppose I could."

"I can never tell you how much you help me, Polly."

"Do I?" she cried eagerly. "I can help more if you will only let me. I can teach a bigger class in Sunday school now. I got to the book of Buth today."

school now. I got to the book of Buth today."
"You did?" He pretended to be as "You did?" He pretended to be astonished. He was anxious to escurage her enthusiass.

"Um-lum!" she answered solematy. A dreamy look came into her eyes. "Do you remember the part that you read to me the first day's came?" He seeded. He was thinking how care free they were that day. How impositing such problems as the present case would have seemed then! "I know every bit of what you read by heart. It's our next Sunday school lesson." "So it is."

ing to prompt her. ""
"Entreat me not to leave thee," she
pleaded. Her eyes met his. His face
was close to hers. The small features

arms. "They shan'ti" he cried, start-ing toward her.
Polly drew back, overswed. Her oul had beard and seen the things re vasled to each of us only once. She wealed to each of us only once. She would never again be a child.

Douglas braced himself against the back of the bench.

"What was the rest of the lesson?" he asked in a firm, hard voice.

"I can't say it now," Polly murnured. Her face was averted; her white light fluttered and closed.

white lids fluttered and closed. white lids fluttered and closed.
"Nonsepse! Of course you can.
Come, come; I'll help you." Douglas spoke sharply. He was almost vexed with her and with himself for the weakness that was so near overcoming them. "And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee"—

"Or to return from following after thee", when was attractibles.

thee"—she was struggling to keep-back the tears—"for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my"— She "That's right; go on," said Douglas

"Where thou diess will I die." Her "Where thou dies" will I die." Her arms went out blindly.
"Oh, you won't send me away, will you?" she sobbed. "I dog't want to learn anything else just—except—from you." She covered her face and slipped, a little broken heap, at his

arms were about her; his stalwart body

arms were about her; his stalwart body was supporting her. "You shan't go away. I won't let yon—I won't! De you hear me, Polly! I won't!"
Her breath was warm against his cheek. He could feel her tears, her arms about him, as she clung to him helplessly, sobling and quivering in the shelter of his strong embrace. "You are never going to leave me—never!"

A new purpose had come into his life, the realisation of a new necessity, and he knew that the fight which he was the same that he must make for CHAPTER XI.

'S goin' into de Sunday schoel room to take off dat 'ere wis-ow's finishin' touches," said Mandy as she came down

"All right!" called Dougias. "Take these with you. Perhaps they may help." He gathered up the garlands which Pelly had left on the ground. His eyes were shining. He looked younger than Mandy had ever seen him.

younger than Mandy had ever seen him.

Polly had turned her back at the sound of Mandy's voice and crossed to the sin tree, drying her tears of happiness and trying to beatrol her newly avalanced emotions. Boughas felt intuitively that she needed this memant for secovery, so be piled the heaves and gariands high in Mandy's arms, then run into the house with the light step of a boy.

"I got the sety-sit settin' room all titled up!" said Annty as she shot a sty giance at Polly.

"That's good," Polly mewered, facing Mandy at last and dimpting and blushing guiltily.

lizely be hangin' roun' de parsonage night, 'stead ob stayin' in de Sun

night, 'stead ob stayin' in de Sunday school room, wher day belongs. Las' time dat 'ere Widow Wilhoughby dene set roun' all elsenin' a-tellin' de parson as how folks could jes' eat off'n her kitchen floor, an' I ups an' tells her as how folks could pick up a good squar' meal off'n Mandy's floor too. Guess sho'll be mighty caraful what she says afore Mandy tonight." She chuckied as abe disappeared down the waik to the Sunday school groun.

Polly stood motionless where Mandy had left her. She hardly knew which way to turn. She was happy, yet afraid. She felt like ninking upon her knees and begging God to be good to knees and begging God to be good to her, to help her. She who had once been so independent, so self reliant, now felt the need of direction from above. She was no longer master of her own soul. Something had gone from her, something that would never, never come again. While sever, never come again. While she besitated Hasty came through the gate, looking anxiously over his shoulder.
"Well, Hasty?" she said, for it was apparent that Hasty had semething important on his mind.

important on his mind.

"It's de big one from de circus," he whispered excitedly.

"The big one?"

"You know—de one what brung you."

"You don't mean"— Relip's question was answered by Jim himself, who had followed Hasty quickly through the gate. Their arms were instantly about each other. Jim forgot Hasty and every one in the world except Polly, and neither of them noticed the and every one in the world except Polly, and neither of them noticed the horrified Miss Perkins and the Widow Willoughby, who had been crossing the yard on their way from the Sunday school room with Julia.

"Tou're just to big as ever," said
Pelly when she could let 50 of Jim
long enough to lock at him. "You
haven't changed a bit."
"Yeu've changed amough for both of
us." He looked at the unfamiliar long
skirts and the new way of doing her
hair. "You're bigger, Poll, more grownin like."

"Ob, Jim!" She glanced admiringly at the new brown spat, the rather starding tie and the seat little posy in

Jim's buttonhole.
"The fellows said I'd have to slick The realows said 1'd nave to suck up a bit if I was a comin' to see you, so as not to make you ashamed of me. Do you like 'em?" he asked, looking down approvingly at his new brown clothes.

"Very much." For the first time Jim acticed the unfamiliar manner of her



"Fou mean that you ain't never comin back?"

scious. A year ago she would have said "You bet!" He looked at her awkwardly. She hurried on: "Hasty told me you were showing in Wake-field. I knew you'd come to see me. stopped with a catch in her throat and added more slowly, "I suppose every-thing's different now that Toby is

gone."
"He'd 'a' liked to seen you afore he cashed in." Jim answered, "but maybe it was just as well he didn't. You'd hardly 'a' knowed him toward the last, he got so thin an' peeked like. He wasn't the same after we lost you— nobody was, not even Bingo." "Have you still got Bingo?" she ask-

ed, through her teers.
"Yep, we got him," drawled Jim,
"but he ain't much good no mere.
None of the other riders can get used
to his gait like you was. There ain't mobody with the show what can touch you ridin'; there naver will be. Say, mebbe you think Barker won't let out a yell when he sees you comin' back." Jim was jubilant now, and he let out a little yell of his own at the mere thought of her return. He was too excited to notice the look on Felly's face. "Toby had a notion before he died that you was never a-comin' back, but I told him I'd change all that once I seen you, an' when Barker sent me over here today to look arter the advertision' he said he guessarter the advertisae' he said he guessed you'd had all you wanted o' church
folks. Jee' you bring her along to
Wakefield,' he said, 'an' tell her that
her place is waitin' for her,' an' I will
too." He turned upon Polly with sudden decision. "Why, I feel jee' like
pickin' you up in my arms an' carryin'
you right off now."
"Wait, Jim!" She put one tiny hand
on his arm to restrain him.

on his arm to restrain him. "I don't mean-not-today-mebbe." e stammered uncertainly, "but we'll be back here a-showin' next month." "Don't look at me now," Polly answered as the doglike eyes searched her face, "because I have to say son thing that is going to hurt you, Jim."
"You're comin', ain't you, Poll?"
The big face was wrinkled and care-

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THE AVERAGE MAN. He is straight and tall and broad and strong, And he is clean and neat.

He fares him forth with cheery song, A figure good to meet.

He makes no pose of pride or wealth.

He does whate'er he can;

So here is a toast and here is health

To the great average man!

le has a true and loving wife Who greets him with a kiss, is home is free from jar and strife, A breathing place of bliss; And so because of steadfast trust In the Creator's plan

He makes this human life august-The splendid average man. The splendid average man.

He loves the tender common things,
The pine against the sky;
The happy bird that sings and sings
Upon the treetop nigh,
The goigeous race of flowers he loves;
He loves the rainbow's span;
The green wood and the painted groves
Delight the average man. He fights for honor and for truth,

xamples for the eyes of youth. A force for honesty. is face is open as his soul; His thought is clean to scan; ood luck attends him to his goal.

"No. Jim," she replied in a tone so ow that he could scarcely hear her. "You mean that you ain't never comin' back?" He tried to realise what such a decision might mean to

what such a decision might mean to bim.

"No, Jim," she answered tenderly, for she dreaded the pain that she must cause the great, good hearted fellow. "You mustrit care like that," ake pleaded, seeing the blank desolation that had come into his face. "It isn't because I don't love you just the same, and it was good of Barker to keep my place for me, but I can't go hack."

He turned away. She clung to the rough brown sleeve. "Way, Jim, when I lie in my little room up there at night"—she gianced toward the window above them—"and everything is peaceful and still I think how it used to be in the old days, the awful noise peaceful and still I think how it used to be in the old days, the awful noise and the rush of it all, the cheeriess wagons, the mob in the tent, the ring with its blazing lights, the whirling round and round on Bingo and the hoops, always the hoops, till my head got dismy and my eyes all dim, and then the hurry after the show, and the heat and the dust or the mind and the rain, and the rumble of the wheels in the plains at night, and the shrieks of the animals, and then the parade, the awful, awful parade, and I riding

the awful, awful parade, and I riding through the streets in tights, Jimtights?" She covered her face to abut out the memory. "I couldn't go back to it, Jim! I just couldn't?" She turned away, her face still hidden in her hands. He looked at her a long while in stience. "I didn't know how you'd come to feel about it." he said degreelly. "You aren't angry, Jim?" She turned to him anxiously, her eyes pleading for his forgiveness. leading for his forgiveness.
"Angry?" he echeed, almost hitteriy "I guess it couldn't ever come to their atween you an me. I'll be sil right." To shoused his great shoulders. "It's

He shrugged his great shoulders. "It's just kinder sudden, that's all. You see, I never figured on givin' you up, an' when you said you wasn't comin' back I never figured on givin' you up, an when you said you wasn't centhr' here it kinder seemed as though I couldn't see nothin' all my life but long, dusty roads an' nobody in 'am. But it's all right new, an' 'Il inst he settin' alone.

"But, Jim, you heren't seen Mr. Dougias," Polly protested, trying to keep him with her until she could think of some way to constort him. "I'll look in on him comin' back," said Jim, anxious to be alone with his disappointment. He was out of the gate before she could stop him. "Hurry back, won't you, Jim? I'll be waiting for you." She watched him going quickly down the road, his fists thrust into his brown coat peckets and

his hat pulled over his eyes. Le did not look back, as he used to do, to wave a parting farewell, and she turned to-ward the house with a troubled heart. She had reached the lower step when Strong and Elverson approached her from the direction of the church. "Was that feller here to take you back to the circus?" demanded Strong. She opened her lips to reply, but be-fore she could speak Strong assured her that the congregation wouldn't do anything to stop her if she wished to go. He saw the blank look on her face. "We ain't tryin' to pry into none of your private affairs," he explained, "but my daughter saw you and that there feller a-makin' up to each other

If you're calculatin' to run away with him you'll save a heap of trouble for the parson by doin' it quick." "The parson!"
"You can't blame the congregation for not wantin' him to keep you here You got sense enough to see how looks. He'd see lust plain bullheand. Feli he'd bet get over his srudbornness righ ster; that's all."
(To be Conunued).

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Crawford's Scotch Biscuits

Dainty, Crisp Morsels

And still another shipment of these dainty Biscuits had arrived. It's only about a year since we first introduced these Biscuits, and, do you know, we have found it necessary to bring out shipment after shipment of them. They must be pretty good, chif. Well, they are—something delicious. So crisp that they will almost meit on your tongue. So exquisitely flavored that you cannot but wish for more. And then there are quite a variety of different kinds. At the prices at which we are selling them you are getting particularly good value. Try a pound or two, if you have not already done so.

Here are the prices:-Creamy Chocolate, Royal George, City Assorted, Maryland, Bulleo Puffs, 30c lb 30c lb 30c lb 30c lb 35c lb 35c lb Shortcake, -Cream Macaroons,

WENTZELLS LIMITED

"The Big Store"