Store opens 8.30a.m. Closes 5.30 p. m. during June, July and August.

MAHONS LIMITED

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July 5, 1913—Cecil Rhodes born, July 5, 1853.

A Manufacturer's Special Line of Wash Dresses and Waists

JUST when warm weather demands them, too!

They're the most delightful little lot we've had in a long time.

Linene in pink, rose, tan, cadet blue, sky, with buttons and piping of black and white striped material. These are $2.

Plain lawn; pink, blue, mauve and grey, with linen collar and cuffs touched with Bulgarian embroidery. $2.50.

Dainty striped lawns — sky, pink, mauve—with collar, cuffs and tab of self colored messaline. $3.

At the same price comes a grass linen, trimmed Saxe blue and sailor collar of white embroidered linen.

Fifty cents more gives you a pretty rep—pink or sky—with tiny vest; collar and cuffs of white cordeline; black velvet buttons and tie.

A mercerized linen—pink, cadet and white—with contrasting collar and cuffs of striped material; silk tie; patent belt, comes at $4.50.

Bedford cord in grey and white and tan and white, $4.25.

White rep with Bulgarian collar, patent leather belt. $5.75.

White Waists

You have never had such values at such low prices.

There are two lots:—

Voiles and mulls, 22 different styles; low neck, elbow sleeves, for the most part; fastened front and back; simply or elaborately trimmed with laces—Vals.; imitation Bebe Irish, Plauen, as well as embroideries; some have trimmings of pale blue voile on collar, cuffs and front.

2 prices,

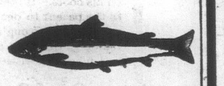
89c. and $1.19

Come early Monday morning.

Hamilton's Chocolates

Contain delicious centres, covered with enticingly, nice high class CHOCOLATE

Fishing Tackle.



Hardy Bros.' Rods, Reels and Salmon Flies. Forrest & Son, of Kelso, Scotland, Salmon Flies. Carswell Company, Glasgow, Scotland, Rods Casts and Flies. Melward & Son, of Redditch, England, Rods and Reels, Hooks, Flies and General Fishing Tackle. Also, made to order for me,

The Best Salmon and Trout Lines ever offered in Canada.

All Goods imported direct from the factories and sold at BOTTOM PRICES.

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WANTED HELP ALWAYS. We furnish Skilled and Unskilled Help at Short Notice. Particular attention paid to securing Labor for mills, lumber woods, wood-working factories, car works, foundries, machine shops, coal mines and railway construction, hotels and private families. MALE and FEMALE Help furnished. tf nov19

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Wanted—CANDIDATES for the Nurses Training School. For full particulars, apply to E. V. SORIBNER, M. D., State Hospital, Worcester, Mass., Box 87. 1m je3

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Every time you pick up your paper

You read of some merchant who has had his store completely destroyed by fire, on which he carried very little, if any insurance. With what fain regrets he remembers how persistently he refused Insurance protection. Now there is nothing but blackened ruins of all that was once a flourishing business. Take a mental picture of this condition; should misfortune place you in such a position, very little sympathy would be shown you for in this age of efficient business methods your action is unwarranted and inexcusable.

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R. K. ELLIOT, Secy.-Treas.

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Rugs

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A beautiful range in new colourings. Regular and extra large sizes. 100 p. c. all wool and Unions, in both fringe and bound edges. Over two hundred to select from. Buying in quantities direct from the leading makers, enables us to quote lowest prices. Step in and let us show you.

$1.75 to 22.50.

We make Leather or Cloth Monograms and Letters to order, which look particularly well on plain colours.

KELLY'S, Ltd.,

116-118 Granville St.

Something Real Attractive In Japanese China

The most beautiful line that we have ever received from Japan—and that is saying a good deal.

You should drop in and see this line. Truly the most delicately shaded and nicely finished we have ever seen.

There are no harsh colorings. All are beautifully hand tinted.

Then again, such a large range of articles are represented. They include Cheese Sets, Celery Sets, Olive Sets, Ice Cream Sets, Mayonnaise and Stands, Whipped Cream Bowls and Stands, Butter Tubs, Sugar and Creams, Cheese Dishes, Chocolate Pots, Syrup Jugs, Salad Bowels, Honey Jugs, Bon Bons, etc., etc. All are marked at reasonable prices.

We are also showing a special lot of Japanese China—a dozen different articles—each article is marked at 25c.

Already we have sold a number of pieces.

BALDWIN'S,

Barrington St.

If quality and appearance count for anything, the Cornwallis 10c. Cigar should have a very large sale. Made in Halifax by GLENN & BROWN, Cigar Mfrs.

JOAN'S LETTER.

A woman who doesn't approve of our society "freaks."

She tells the reason why in emphatic terms, and thinks it too bad our pretty girls should make guys of themselves.

Nice men don't admire freaks.

Some delightful garden parties during the coming week.

All about the weekly happenings in Joan's Letter.

"Joan, why don't you say something in your Saturday letter about those frightfully tight skirts some of the young girls are wearing, which are not only ungraceful, but are almost indecent?" But, my dear woman, said I, what good would it do? Well, this much, she replied, it will perhaps make them see themselves as others see them.

....

Why, my dear, said she, slimness is I know, the aim of the ultra fashionable girl; but as some of them look in the out and make of these gowns they are simply freaks.

....

And would you believe that they play tennis in these quarter of a yard wide gowns! I've seen them, was my answer. And you didn't see a very attractive sight, that I'll wager, said she. All the men are laughing at them and some of them are rather disgusted.

....

I grant you, she continued, that the modern young man admires the smart, well-gowned girl, but the average man doesn't admire extremes, and all men abominate freaks.

....

I wish our girls wouldn't. They are in the majority pretty and bright, clever and dress well. Why take up the vogue of the present day vulgar extreme in dress when there are countless charming fashions that do not seek to take from her her most priceless possession—her womanly modesty.

....

I agree with every word you say, I answered, but what are you going to do about it when the freak fashion craze is waving hot over the land, throughout the length and breadth of our civilization. No later than this week I read that the craze for freak fashions is nowhere more noticable than in Hyde Park, London, where almost every other woman seems to be walking along in impossible skirts, that are made tight in the first place, so as to impede her natural walk and then slit up to flop and flap about the ankles.

....

They tell us that the fine, free walk so characteristic of the English girl has gone. She now trots with silly little steps, as if to imaginary rag-time music.

These dresses almost defy description, everything possible being done to complicate the skirt and distort the shape of the wearer. They bulge where they should be smooth and have great loops in the middle, while they narrow at the ends like so many inverted vases.

....

A big fight is being put up by certain leading society women to resist the present craze for freak frocks.

....

For a year, said one of the leading London hostesses, I have been urging a return to the simple and beautiful in dress—that is a dress that is not made up of broken lines. In her idea the whole plan of the freak frock is inartistic. The lines of these skirts are so accentuated that the eye is not attracted to the general appearance of the wearer but to those points that make her ridiculous.

....

Besides, the Grand Prix de Paris, which, from the point of view of fashion, is one of the great dress exhibits of the year, this season was regarded as a red letter day. Why? Because, forsooth, it marked the doom of the skirt and reversed the accepted views of the prevailing style. Elegant women affected old-world designs with rich lace tulle and chiffon. It was regarded as the advance signal that the "freak" craze is about over, also the mania for gaudy colors.

....

Fox fur collarettes were multiplied to such an extent that it seems likely red fox as well as black will be the "vogue" fur during the coming winter.

....

Melba sang at a concert in Albert Hall about ten days ago, before an audience of ten thousand, and there were many who could not gain admission. Kubelik played.

....

With the recent hot wave the summer season at the Arm and along the beautiful shores of Rockingham to Bedford is in full swing. Driving along that route one evening during the past week the shore presented a very picturesque sight, lighted up with numerous bon-fires, around which were gathered bungalow residents, and judging from the sounds of jollity and general merriment, the residents were out for a good time.

....

The holiday was spent very quietly, the weather refusing to be in a celebration mood. Most people told me they spent the greater part of the day sitting by the fire.

....

July usually ushers in the Sunday School picnic season, and this year will be no exception in that regard. St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church held their's on Friday at the Prince's Lodge, which charming pleasure grounds have been chosen for one of these outings nearly every day during the coming week.

....

The collectors of St. Mary's campaign have every reason to be congratulated on the splendid results achieved by their strenuous and effective work in the interests of the campaign. Even the weather was propitious and kept pleasantly cool during the week. The ladies who took charge of the luncheon did a big work and the greatest credit is due the committee for the satisfactory and successful manner in which all the arrangements were carried through each day.

....

Miss Elsie Taylor and Miss Jean Wood are anticipating a pleasant holiday trip through the Province.

....

Since motoring became the rage a great many persons prefer to remain in town during the summer and to make motor excursions through the Province, which is probably pleasanter than leaving one's comfortable home for more or less stuffy rooms in country resorts.

....

Mrs. H. R. Silver has loaned her beautiful home, 24 Pleasant street, for an "at home" under the auspices of the Infants Home, Tower Road. The "at home" will take the form of "a birthday party," and invitations have been issued for Wednesday, July 9th, from 4 to 6.30.

....

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cochrane Sydney, Vancouver, and Mrs. W. Charles and Miss Anderson, Roxbury, Mass., arrived this week to visit Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson at their summer cottage, Prince's Lodge.

....

Mrs. J. B. Lambkin, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ward since May, left last week for Quebec en route to Winnipeg.

....

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cameron and family moved on Thursday to Prince's Lodge for the summer.

....

Mrs. Brefni Ternan and son arrived this week at Bedford from Antigonish, and have rented for the summer a furnished cottage.

....

The Methodist ministers of the city and their wives, making a party of 12, drove to Cow Bay on Thursday, and spent an enjoyable day on the beach.

....

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Phalen and family, including Mrs. Horace Dickie and child, Edmonton, have rented a cottage at Hubbards for the Summer.

....

Miss Dorothy Skill is the guest of Miss MacNab, Birmingham street.

....

Dr. and Mrs. Saladregas, daughter and four sons, Havana, arrived in the city today and will reside at Birchdale for three months.

....

Miss Bell came from Montreal this week and joined her mother and sister at Birchdale for the summer.

....

Captain and Mrs. Holland are visiting Quebec.

....

Miss Waddell, of Fredericton, N. B., is the guest of Miss Burnett, Robie street.

....

Miss Mary Murphy, Briar Cottage, left to-day for Digby.

....

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ayer, of Montreal, are spending a week at Birchdale.

....

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gunnell, of New York, arrived here this week and will spend a fortnight at the Birchdale Hotel.

....

Miss J. S. D. Brown and Miss H. E. Brown arrived in the city to-day and will make a short stay at the Arm.

....

Miss McLaughlin, of St. John, N. B., is visiting Mrs. F. W. Hoyt, Robie St.

....

One of those delightful "garden parties" for which the ladies of the charming little town of Bedford are famous, will be given on Tuesday afternoon, July 8th, at the Club House, for the benefit of "All Saints'" Church. The surroundings are ideally picturesque for al-fresco entertainment and a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon can be assured. A committee of prominent ladies will serve a delicious tea, which will include all the delicacies of the season—strawberries and cream being a very special feature. The ladies will be assisted by a charming bevy of Bedford's prettiest young maidens.

Substitute Stenographers

for vacation time should be spoken for now. Some firms have already booked their requests. Phone us and we will place your name now. It costs you nothing and may prevent disappointing your operator later.

Maritime Business College,

HALIFAX, N. S.

E. KAULBACH, C. A.

Have you ever thought what a great advantage there is in buying Custom Tailor-Made Clothes as regards patterns and shades of fabrics?

When you buy anything except plain blues, blacks and greys, you are assured of exclusive patterns and color effects in Hanifen Clothes. Hanifen is showing a particularly handsome range of Suitings this season. Drop in and see them.

HANIFEN, Tailor of Taste,

147 Hollis Street.

Loose Leaf Systems AND Account Books,

made by us to any pattern.

Office Stationery

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

A. & W. MACKINLAY, LIMITED,

137 Granville Street

Tenders for Paint.

THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS AND MINES invites Tenders for the supply of Paint, prices to be quoted delivered at Halifax in five gallon and ten gallon lots, including price of cans.

FIRST: Genuine Red Lead of first quality, finely pulverised and mixed with vehicle, proportion to be not less than 30 lbs. Red Lead per gallon of Mixed Paint, vehicle to be Pure Linseed Oil.

SECOND: Graphite of other Paints or Protective Coatings of Standard Brands, samples to be submitted with Tenders.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Tenders to be submitted with samples at or before noon of the 10th day of July, 1913, addressed to the Commissioner of Public Works and Mines, Halifax, N.S., and marked "TENDERS FOR PAINT."

HIRAM DONKIN.
Road Commissioner.

Halifax, N.S., June 26, 1913.
je27 28, july2 3 9

Office To Let.

In Arcade Building, 223 Hollis Street; heated; rent moderate. Apply to

je20—tf LONGARD BROS

Girls Wanted,

For Packing Chocolates. Apply between 2.30 and 3 p. m., at office,

MOIR'S, LIMITED,

je16—tf Duke Street.

TELEPHONE 536.

Nova Scotia Undertaking Com'y

(E. C. CRUIKSHANK, Manager,)

Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 139 and 141 Maynard Street.

Proprietors Halifax Private Ambulance

jan19

NERVOUS TROUBLES ON THE INCREASE.

They are due to an impoverished condition of the blood.

Nervous exhaustion—or neurasthenia, as medical men call it—is one of the greatest evils of the present day, for it is destroying the life and energy of thousands of men and women, or worse, driving them to insanity. The causes of this trouble include overwork, mental strain, worry, indiscretions, and sometimes it follows la grippe. The signs of this trouble are usually great weakness after any exertion, nervous headaches, trembling hands, shakiness in the legs, irritability of temper, weak digestive power, insomnia. The life of the sufferer becomes full of miseries.

The true treatment for this trouble must consist of a building up process, for the above signs mean that the exhausted nerves are calling for more nourishment from the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood that feeds the starved complaining nerves, and in this way they have cured thousands of times neurasthenia, neuralgia and other nervous disorders, and have restored strength and nerve-energy to despairing people. Mrs. Isaac Wilson, Calabogie, Ont., gives thanks for having been restored to health through the use of this medicine, she says: "When I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was a nervous wreck; I couldn't do my work, could not sleep at night, suffered from nervous headaches, and the least noise would completely upset me. Only those who have suffered from nervous trouble can tell what I endured. I doctored for a time, but did not get any benefit. Then I learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sent for a half dozen boxes. By the time I had used these I was almost well and a couple more boxes completely restored my health, and I have had no return of the trouble. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those who suffered from any form of nervous trouble."

If you are weak, nervous or out of health begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get them from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Every Woman Should Know

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN, a certain relief for Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Constipation and Worms. Over 30 years' constant use in the homes of the United States and Canada proves their merit. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Honor of the Big Snows.

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.
Author of "The Danger Trail."

CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

"You must have dinner with me," objected Ledoq.

Jan caught a quick signal from Melisse.

"Not today, Ledoq. It's early and we have a lunch for the trail. What do you say, Melisse?"

"If you're not tired, Jan."

"Tired!"

He tossed the last package from the sledge and cracked his long whip over the dogs' backs as they both cried out their farewell to the little Frenchman.

"Tired!" he repeated, running close beside her as the team swung lightly back into the trail and laughing down into her face. "How could I ever get tired with you watching me run, Melisse?"

"I wouldn't mind it you did—just a little, Jan. Isn't there room for two?"

She gave a coquettish little shrug of her shoulders, and Jan leaped upon the moving sledge, kneeling close behind her.

"Always, always, I have to ask you!" she pouted. "You needn't get too near, you know, if you don't want to!"

The old, sweet challenge in her voice was irresistible, and for a moment Jan felt himself surrendering to it. He leaned forward until his chin was buried in the silken lynx fur of her coat, and for a single breath he felt the soft touch of her cheek against his own. Then he gave a sudden shout to the dogs—so loud that it startled her—and his whip writhed and snapped twenty feet above their heads like a thing filled with life.

He sprang from the sledge and again ran with the team, urging them on faster and faster until they dropped into a panting walk when they came to the ridge along which Ledoq two hours before had seen the strangers hurrying toward Lac Bain.

They did not lunch on the trail, but drove into the post in time for dinner. Jean de Gravois and Croisset came forth from the store to meet them.

"You have company, my dear," cried Jean to Melisse—"two gentlemen fresh from London on the last boat and one of them younger and handsomer than your own Jan Thoreau. They are waiting for you in the cabin, where your father is getting them dinner and telling them how beautifully you would have made the coffee if you were there."

"Two!" said Jan as Melisse left them. "Who are they?"

"The new agent, M. Timothy Dixon, as red as the plague, and fatter than a spawning fish. And his son, who has come along for fun, he says; and I believe he will get what he's after if he remains here very long, Jan Thoreau, for he looked a little too boldly at my Iowaka when she came into the store just now."

"Can you blame him, Jean? I tell you that I look at Iowaka whenever I get the chance."

"Is she not worth it?" cried Jean in rapture. "You are welcome to every look that you can get, Jan Thoreau. But the foreigner—I will skin him alive and spit him with the devil thorn if he so much as peeps at her out of the wrong way of his eye."

Croisset shrugged his shoulders. "There are two of the foreigners at Nelson House, and two on the Whoidaia, and one"—

An hour later Jan went slowly across the open to Cummins' cabin. As he paused for an instant at the door he heard a laugh that was strange to him, and when he opened it to enter he stood perplexed and undecided. Melisse had risen from the table at the sound of his approach, and his eyes quickly passed from her flushed face to the young man who was sitting opposite her. He caught a nervous tremble in her voice when she said:

"Mr. Dixon, this is my brother, Jan."

The stranger jumped to his feet and held out a hand.

"I'm glad to know you, Cummins."

"Thoreau," corrected Jan quietly, as he took the extended hand. "Jan Thoreau."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought"—He turned inquiringly to Melisse. The flush deepened in her cheeks as she began to gather up the dishes.

"—of no relation," continued Jan, [illegible] impelling him to speak

"Mr. Dixon, this is my brother, Jan."

the words with cool precision. "Only we have lived under the same roof since she was a baby, and so we have come to be like brother and sister."

"Miss Melisse has been telling me about your run this morning," exclaimed the young Englishman, his face reddening slightly as he detected the girl's embarrassment. "I wish I had seen it."

"There will be plenty of it very soon," replied Jan, caught by the frankness of the other's manner. "Our runners will be going out among the trappers within a fortnight."

"And will they take me?"

"You may go with me if you can run I leave the day after tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Dixon, moving toward the door.

Melisse did not lift her head as he went out. Faintly she said:

"I've kept your dinner for you, Jan. Why didn't you come sooner?"

"I had dinner with Gravois," he replied. "Jean said that you would hardly be prepared for five, Melisse, so I accepted his invitation."

He took down from the wall a fur sledge coat, in which Melisse had mended a rent a day or two before, and, throwing it over his arm, turned to leave.

"Jan!"

He faced her slowly, knowing that in spite of himself there was a strangeness in his manner which she would not understand.

"Why are you going away the day after tomorrow—two weeks before the others? You didn't tell me."

"I'm going a hundred miles into the south," he answered.

"Over the Nelson House trail?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" Her lips curled slightly as she looked at him. Then she laughed, and a bright spot leaped into either cheek. "I understand, brother," she said softly. "Pardon me for questioning you so. I had forgotten that the MacVeigh girl lives on the Nelson trail. Iowaka says that she is as sweet as a wild flower. I wish you would have her come up and visit us some time, Jan."

Jan's face went red, then white, but Melisse saw only the first effect of her random shot and was briskly gathering up the dishes.

"I turn off into the Cree lake country before I reach MacVeigh's," he was on the point of saying, but the words hung upon his lips, and he remained silent.

A few minutes later he was talking with Jean de Gravois. The little Frenchman's face was ominously dark, and he puffed furiously upon his pipe when Jan told him why he was leaving at once for the south.

"Running away!" he repeated for the tenth time in French, his thin lips curling in a sneer. "I am sorry that I gave you my oath, Jan Thoreau, else I would go myself and tell Melisse what I read in the papers. Pish! Why can't you forget?"

"I may—some day," said Jan. "That is why I am going into the south two weeks early, and I shall be gone until after the big rout. If I remain here another week I shall tell Melisse, and then"—

He shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

"And then what."

"I should go away forever."

Jean snapped his fingers with a low laugh.

"Then remain another week, Jan Thoreau, and if it turns out as you say I swear I will abandon my two Iowakas and little Jean to the wolves!"

"I am going the day after tomorrow," .

The next morning Iowaka complained to Melisse that Gravois was as surly as a bear.

CHAPTER X.

A Kiss and the Consequences.

MELISSE saw little of Jan during the day. At noon, Dixon told her that he had made up his mind not to accompany Thoreau on the trip south. The following morning, before she was up, Jan had gone. She was deeply hurt. Never before had he left on one of his long trips without spending his last moments with her. Outside of her thoughts of Jan, the days and evenings that followed were pleasant ones for her. The new agent was as jolly as he was fat, and took an immense liking to Melisse. Young Dixon was good looking and brimming with life, and spent a great deal of his time in her company. For hours at a time she listened to his stories of the wonderful world across the sea.

One day, a week after Jan had gone, he told her about the women in the world which had come to be a fairy land to Melisse.

"They are all beautiful over there?" she asked wonderingly, when he had finished.

"Many of them are beautiful, but none so beautiful as you, Melisse," he replied, leaning near to her, his eyes shining. "Do you know that you are beautiful?"

His words frightened her so much that she bowed her head to hide the signs of it in her face. Jan had often spoken those same words—a thousand times he had told her that she was beautiful—but there had never been this fluttering of her heart before.

There were few things which Iowaka and she did not hold in secret between them, and a day or two later Melisse told her friend what Dixon had said. For the first time Iowaka abused the confidence placed in her and told Jean.

"The devil!" gritted Jean, his face blackening.

He said no more until night, when the children were asleep. Then he drew Iowaka close beside him on a bench near the stove and asked carelessly:

"My angel, if one makes an oath to the blessed Virgin and breaks it what happens?"

He evaded the startled look in his wife's big black eyes.

"It means that one will be forever damned unless he confesses to a priest soon after, doesn't it? And if there is no priest nearer than 400 miles it is a dangerous thing to do, is it not?"

A fierce snarling and barking of dogs brought Gravois to the door. They could hear Croisset's raucous voice and the loud cracking of his big whip.

"I'll be back soon," said Jean, closing the door after him, but instead of approaching Croisset and the fighting dogs he went in the direction of Cummins' cabin. He gritted his teeth at young Dixon's laugh sounded loudly in the cabin. "Two fools!" he went on communing with himself. "Cummins—Jan Thoreau—both fools!"

During the week that followed Jean's little black eyes were never far distant from Cummins' cabin. Without being observed he watched Melisse and Dixon, and not even to Iowaka did he give hint of his growing suspicions. Dixon was a man whom most other men liked. There were a fascinating frankness in his voice and manner, strength in his broad shoulders and a general air of comradeship about him which won all but Jean.

The trap line runners began leaving the post at the end of the second week, and after this Melisse and the young Englishman were more together than ever. Dixon showed no inclination to accompany the sledges, and when they were gone he and Melisse began taking walks in the forest when the sun was high and warm.

(To be Continued).

Delicateness Dept. At COURTNEY'S.

This is the department that gives you an appetite. There are so many tempting, ready-to-eat foods to be had nowadays, that one never need to be at a loss to know what to get for a meal, and the variety at our store is so large that you can have something different every day of the year.

We have an endless stock of Canned Goods, including Fish specialties, Meats and hundreds of other Delicacies.

Test our prompt delivery service.

T. F. COURTNEY & CO.

'PHONE 398.

HALIFAX.

GENERAL MAID WANTED—Apply at 370 Robie street. tf jy05

THINGS WE CANNOT AFFORD

We can't afford to win the gain
That means another's loss;
We can't afford to miss the crown
By stumbling at the cross.
We can't afford the heedless jest
That robs us of a friend;
We can't afford the laugh and find
In bitter tears an end.

We can't afford the feast to-day,
That brings to-morrow's fast;
We can't afford the farce that comes
To tragedy at last.
We can't afford to play with fire,
Or tempt a serpent's bite;
We can't afford to think that sin
Brings any true delight.

We can't afford with serious heed
To treat the cynic's sneer;
We can't afford to wise men's words
To turn a careless ear.
We can't afford to hate to give
Like hatred in return;
We can't afford to feed the flame
And make it fiercer burn.

We can't afford to lose the soul
For this world's fleeting breath;
We can't afford to barter life
In mad exchange for death;
But blind to good are we apart
From Thee, all-seeing Lord;
O grant us light, that we may know
The things we can't afford.

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FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH

LOCATION OF BOXES.

BOX
12—Bowery Road
13—Ingils St, fronting Brussels St.
14—Freshwater, Ritchie's.
15—Victoria Road and South Park Sts.
16—Gas Works Gas-Lane.
17—Queen St. Engine House.
18—Morris and Pleasant Sts.
19—Tramway Co. Station, Lower Water Street.
21—Park St and Spring Garden Road.
23—Morris St. Blind Asylum.
24—Victoria General Hospital
25—South St. City Home.
26—Carleton St. and Spring Garden Road.
27—Seymour St., corner Coburg Road.
28—Morris Street Engine House.
29—Cor. Coburg Road and Oxford St.
212—Corner Bishop and Water Sts.
214—Corner Birmingham and Spring Garden Road.
3—Central Engine House, Brunswick St.
31—Dresden Row and Annanadale St.
32—Gratton St. Engine House.
34—Barrington St., foot of Blowers St.
35—Water and Salter Sts.
36—Hollis and Sackville Sts.
37—George and Water Sts.
38—Corner Prince and Barrington Sts.
39—Ungar's Laundry, Barrington St.
4—Police Station.
41—Buckingham and Granville Sts.
42—Water and Jacob Sts.
43—U. P. C. Hall.
45—Water St. and Hurd St.
46—Agricola and Creighton Sts.
51—Creighton and Cornwallis Sts.
52—Deep Water, Upper Water St.
53—Cornwallis St., cor. Brunswick St.
54—Lockman and Gerrish Sts.
56—Prince William St., near Gottingen.
57—West St. Engine House.
58—Corner North Park and Cunard Sts
6—Quinpool Road Engine House.
61—Corner Louisburg St. and Jubilee Road.
62—Cunard St. corner Robie.
66—North and Robie Sts.
67—Cor. Chebucto Road and Oxford St.
7—North and Lockman Sts.
71—Campbell Road, foot of Russell St.
72—North and Gottingen Sts.
73—Gottingen St. Engine House.
74—Dockyard Gate, Upper Water St.
76—Corner East Young and Albert Sts.
8—Sugar Refinery.
81—Richmond and Campbell Road.
83—Campbell Road, foot of Roome St.
84—Corner Campbell Road and Dutfus St
9—Windsor and Almon Sts
91—Nova Scotia Car Works.
93—Cotton Factory.

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Two Single Strokes—Fire under control.
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Four Single Strokes For additional Chemical Engine.
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		Shenandoah,	July 12
July 3,		Rappahannock,	July 26
	(via St. John's, Nfld.)		
July 17,		Kanawha,	Aug. 8

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June 28,		Tabasco,	July 15
July 15,		Digby,	July 29

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