

ESTABLISHED 1875.
Published Daily and Tri-Weekly
Office: 90-94 Granville St.
BLACKADAR BROS.

The Halifax Evening Bulletin

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VOLUME 101. [DAILY EDITION] HALIFAX, N. S., TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, 1913. No. 147.

When It's Hot—
KEITH'S BOHEMIAN LAGER
—off the ice.



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Light and Sparkling WINES.
Champagnes—Veuve Clicquot, Yellow Label, etc., etc.
Sparkling Burgundy—Q. A. P.
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And the Still Wines of the Rhine and Moselle, under various brands.
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Safety Deposit Boxes.
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OLD FAMILY PEWS.
Toronto Cathedral Has Names a Century Old on Register.
A hundred years is a long space of time in the life of a modern city, such as Toronto is. Nevertheless, there are plenty of families in Toronto which have continuously held pews in St. James' Cathedral for more than a century. The magnificent pile, which we know today, is not, of course, the original building, for the latter called a cathedral. The first Anglican church, built between the years 1805 and 1807, was constructed of wood, and was, in fact, little more than a "meeting house." But it stood on almost the same site as the present St. James' Cathedral, though, unlike that edifice, which faces north and south, it faced east and west—a location more conformable with Anglican traditions as to the building of churches. This primitive church was opened for public worship in the year 1807, and in March of that year the pews were sold by public auction, subject to the ground rents of four dollars a year for a double and two dollars a year for a single pew. The sum received in pews for the first year amounted to \$4,000, and the last year, among the earliest purchasers—none of whom, of course, survive—are many names held in high honor and esteem in Toronto. Some of these good old families are extinct. The members of some of them worship at other churches, like the Robinson family, who to-day attend St. George's. But, in spite of all vicissitudes, the first church, after reconstruction, was replaced by a stone building (the first cathedral), which was destroyed by fire, as was also in its turn, its successor (the second cathedral)—there are still to-day plenty of pews among the worshippers in the present fourth church and third cathedral, called St. James, whose ancestors were among the original purchasers in the original wooden church, and in whose families the pews have remained ever since.

Boston, Howard, Macdonell, Ridout, Rankin, Jarvis, Douglas, Carruthers are among the names which appear in the century-old registers, and which are still there, and in fact, have been revised in recent years. As may be gathered from some of the names that have been mentioned previously—the congregation of early days contained very few of the kind as familiar in the Old Country, was conducted, in connection with the church, on the spot where the present Parish House now stands.

Ontario's Library.
Ontario's new legislative library, now occupied and all but complete, is the only one in the world built on the new central stock plan.
Under the old system, where the books were exposed to the glare of the sun, and the damage by the bursting of steam pipes and water-pipes, and the windows, while the stacks obstructed the light, leaving the reading rooms in semi-darkness. In the new library these conditions do not exist; the reading and administrative rooms are airy and bright, the book stacks form one compact central block, and the shelves are even better lighted by electricity than by sunlight, as in older buildings.
The unit principle of conception was adhered to in the installation of the stacks. In other libraries having steel stacks, the whole of the stacks upon story are built in and riveted together, so that, once installed, alteration is impossible. Here, each stack is a separate erection, so that if it ever should become necessary to remove the library the task will be a comparatively easy one.

An Official Blunder.
The Government of Canada issued an Order-in-Council not long ago prescribing that any immigrant "arriving between the 1st of March and the 30th of October, both inclusive, shall, on his arrival in Canada, have in his possession at least \$25 in money." Here, each stack is a separate erection, so that if it ever should become necessary to remove the library the task will be a comparatively easy one.

Queer Five-Year Honeymoon.
Most of the ways of walking around the world without means of subsistence have been tried already, but a new one has been tried. A honeymoon walk is to last five years, and the bride and groom are to be married on a new plan. Their honeymoon walk is to last five years, and the bride and groom are to be married on a new plan. Their honeymoon walk is to last five years, and the bride and groom are to be married on a new plan.

Easy Street.
"Pa, where is Easy Street?" "It leads off Hard Work avenue, my son."

Just the medicine you need.
Your color is bad, tongue is furred, eyes are dull, appetite is poor, your stomach needs tone, your liver needs awakening. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In just one night you will feel a difference. Dr. Hamilton's Pills search out every trace of trouble. You eat, sleep, drink and feel a whole lot better. You will gain in strength, vigor, and health. To tone, purify the blood, and give you the feeling like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. See all dealers.

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While The Joining IS GOOD.
WHAT?
The I. O. F.
What does I. O. F. mean?
THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.
NO RACE, NO CREED, NO POLITICS, PURE FRATERNITY.
j631—(mar 17)

Every time you pick up your paper
You read of some merchant who has had his store completely destroyed by fire, and who has been very little, if any, insured. With that fact before you, you are naturally inclined to regard insurance as a protection. Now this is not so. The merchant who has been burned out, and who has been very little, if any, insured, is not a merchant who has been burned out, and who has been very little, if any, insured.

The Acadia Fire Insurance Company.
Head Office Halifax, N. S.
R. K. ELLIOT, Secy-Treas.
Agents for Newfoundland, Canada and New Brunswick.

Investment News
Halifax, June 24, 1913.
HERE are good reasons why the Acadia Fire Insurance Company is a desirable investment. It is a company which has been in existence for over 50 years, and has a record of success which is unparalleled in the insurance business.

J. C. Mackintosh & Co.
Established 1873
Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
Direct Private Wires
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Royal Society Floss!
We have just opened, a complete line of all shades in the above in:
Royal Society Ropes,
Royal Society India,
Royal Society Rail Floss,
Royal Society Flosses,
Royal Society Embroidery.
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133 Barrington St.

WANTED.
TWO CHAMBER MAIDS AND ONE PORTER. Apply to Mr. J. H. R. R. TIME TABLES.
I. C. R. Depart.
Picton 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 a.m.
Ottawa (daily) 8.30 a.m.
Truro Accommodation, daily, except Sunday, 12.40 p.m.
Suburban Express for Montreal, 1.30 p.m.
Maritime Express for Montreal, 3.10 p.m.
Suburban for Bedford, daily, except Sunday, 5.00 a.m.
Express for Picton, daily, except Sunday, 5.40 a.m.
Suburban Express for Windsor Junction, daily, except Sunday, 6.30 p.m.
Express for Truro (daily) Stellarton, New Glasgow, Sydney, (daily except Sunday) 8.45 a.m.
Suburban for Windsor Junction (daily except Sunday) 11.15 a.m.
Suburban Express for Windsor Junction (except Sunday), 7.05 a.m.
Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday), 8.40 a.m.
Express-Truro (daily) St. John (daily except Monday), 8.55 a.m.
Express for Bedford, daily, except Sunday, 11.55 a.m.
Suburban Express (daily except Sunday) from Montreal, 1.30 p.m.
Suburban Express from Windsor Junction (except Sunday), 2.55 a.m.
Suburban from Bedford (except Sunday), 5.55 a.m.
Express from Sydney (except Sunday), 7.50 a.m.
Suburban from Windsor Junction (except Sunday), 9.45 a.m.
Ocean Limited from Montreal, 10.30 a.m.
Express from St. John daily, 10.30 a.m.
D. A. R. Depart.
Express for Yarmouth, 7.30 a.m.
Annville Accommodation, daily, except Sunday, leaving Richmond, 8.10 a.m.
Express for Kenville, 2.50 p.m.
Express from Kenville, 8.05 a.m.
Annville Accommodation, 8.05 p.m.
H. S. S. W. R. R. Depart.
Express for Yarmouth daily, except Sunday, 7.10 a.m.
Accommodation for Liverpool, daily, except Saturday and Sunday, 8.30 p.m.
Express for Liverpool (Saturday only), 2.30 p.m.
Express from Liverpool (Monday only), 9.15 a.m.
Accommodation from Liverpool, daily, except Sunday, and 11.30 a.m.
Express from Yarmouth daily, except Sunday, 6.55 p.m.

NOTICE!
After Monday, the 23rd inst., the Buckingham St. Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada will be located temporarily in The Simson Building, Buckingham Street Entrance, while work of remodelling of their premises at the Corner of Buckingham and Barrington Streets is going on.

The Honor of the Big Snows.
BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.
Author of "The Danger Trail."
Up in the "Big Snows," near the dome of the earth, lies the scene of this story of real men and real women, who have all of the virtues of their hardening environment and few of the faults of the modern world.

CHAPTER I.
The Music.
"LISTEN, John, I hear music!" The words came in a gentle whisper from the woman's lips. One white, thin hand lifted itself weakly to the rough face of the man who was kneeling beside her, and the great dark eyes from which he had hidden his own grew luminously bright for a moment as she whispered again: "John, I hear music!"

A high fluttered from her lips. The man's head dropped until it rested very near her bosom. He felt the quiver of her hand against his cheek, and his touch there was something which told John Cummins that the end of all his wanderings was here, in this world of snow and ice and frost very near to the dome of the earth. His heart beat fiercely, and his great shoulders shook with the agony that was eating at his soul. "Yes, it is the pretty music, my Melisse," he murmured softly, shaking back his snow. "It is the pretty music in the skies."

The hand pressed more tightly against his face. "It's not the music in the skies, John. It is real—real music that I hear." "It's the sky music, my sweet Melisse. She shut the door so that we can hear it better!" When he looked again at the woman her eyes were open, and there gleamed in them still the feeble fire of a great love. After lips, too, pleaded with him in their old, sweet way, which always meant that he was to listen to her and tell her again that she was the most beautiful thing in the whole world.

"My crushed his face to her, his sobbing breath smothering itself in the soft masses of her hair, while her arms rose weakly and held his face as he heard the quick, gasping struggle for breath within her bosom, and, faintly again, the words: "It is the music of the angels in the skies, my sweet Melisse. It is our music, will you open the door for me?" His muffled voice made no sound as he moved across the little room which was their home. At the door he paused and listened. Then he opened it, and the floods of the white night poured in upon him as he stood with his eyes turned to where the cold fingers of the aurora were playing over the pole.

It was an hour past midnight at the pole, and the aurora was playing over the pole. It was the hour of deep slumber for its people. But tonight there was no sleep for any of them. Lights burned brightly in the rough log homes. The company's store was aglow, and the factor's office, a haven of the men of the wilderness, showed gleaming yellow eyes out into the white world. The post was awake. It was waiting. It was listening. It was watching.

WHERE TRUE HAPPINESS IS FOUND.
The dance and the whirl go on. And the melody and the strife; And the Summer comes and the Summer goes. And the sun of all is Life. And some would give their kingdom for love. And some their kingdom for gain; And some would give their earthly all Just to be young again. But the neither the love nor the gain, Nor the sun nor the dew, nor the heat, nor the rain, That brings happiness at last. It is only the love of God. Filling wide the heart of man; It is only the love that gently speaks In the pulses of all His plan. It is only an uplifted soul. And a hand that is stretched to all— But somehow the love, and the youth, and the gold— Are there without striving at all.

Always Reliable
Relief from the ailments caused by indigestion, flatulence, torpid liver, regular bowels is given quickly, safely, and assuredly—by the tried and reliable

BEECHAM'S PILLS
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company's hunters, had brought Melisse thither as his bride. Seventeen rough hunters had welcomed her. They had assembled about that little cabin in which the light was shining now, speechless in their adoration of this woman who had come among them, from the heart of the earth, and who, in their hands, their faces shining, their eyes shining before the glorious ones that looked at them and smiled at them as the woman shook their hands one by one.

Perhaps she was not strictly beautiful as most people judge, but she was beautiful here, 400 miles beyond civilization. Melisse, the half Cree, had never seen a white woman, for even the factor's wife was part Chipewyan, and no one of the others went down to the edge of the southern wilderness more than once each twelve months or so. The girl who was scarce more than budding into womanhood—fell happily into the ways of her new life. She did nothing that was elementally unusual, nothing more than any pure womanhood reared in the love of God and of a home would have done. In her spare hours she began to teach the half-breed wild children about the post, and every Sunday she told them wonderful stories out of the Bible. She ministered to the sick, for that was a part of her code of life. Everywhere she carried her glad smile, her cheery greeting, her watchful earnestness, to brighten what seemed to her the sad and lonely lives of these alien men of the north.

And she succeeded, not because she was unlike other millions of her kind, but because of the difference between the forthright degree and the staidness of the north. She was a woman who fought themselves into moral strength in the big game of life and those who lived a thousand miles nearer to the dome of the earth. A few days before there had come a wonderful event in the history of the little cabin. A new life was born into the little cabin of Cummins and his wife. Then had come the sudden change, and the gloom, that brought with the shadow of death, fell like a pall upon the post, stifling its life and bringing with it a grief that those who lived there had never known before.

There came to them no word from Cummins now. He stood for a moment before his lighted door and then went back, and the word passed word from one to another that the most fatal thing in the world was still living her sweet life in that little cabin at the end of the clearing. "You hear the music in the skies, my Melisse?" whispered the man kneeling beside her again. "It is very pretty tonight."

"It was just that," repeated the woman. She attempted to stroke his face, but Cummins saw nothing of the effort, for the hand lay all but motionless on his forehead. He saw nothing of the fading softness that gleamed in the big, loving eyes, for his own eyes were blinded by a hot film. And the woman saw nothing of the hot film, so torture was saved them both. But suddenly the woman quivered, and Cummins heard a thrilling sound. "It is the music," she panted. "John, John, it is the music of my people!" The man straightened himself, his face turned to the open door. He heard it now. Was it the blessed angels coming down to earth, or was it the woman sobbing into his breast, and went, his arms stretched out, to meet them. He had never heard a sound like that—never in all his life in this remote wilderness.

Of again the figure was close to him, staggering as it walked, and a face white and thin and starved came with it. It was a boy's face. "For the music of the violin—something to eat!" he heard, and the thin figure crumpled and fell almost into his arms. The voice came weak again. "These are Jan—Jan Thoreau—and his violin." The woman's bloodless face grew great staring, dark eyes gazed then as they entered the cabin. As the man knelt beside her again and stroked his head against his breast she whispered once more: "It is the music of my people—the violin!"

John Cummins turned his head. "Play," he breathed. "Ah, the white angel is weak—weak," murmured Jan, and he drew his bow gently across the strings of his violin. From the instrument there came something so soft and sweet that John Cummins closed his eyes as he held the woman against his breast and listened. Not until he opened them again and felt a strange chill against his cheek did he know that his beloved's soul had gone from him on the gentle music of Jan Thoreau's violin. For many minutes after the last gentle breath had passed from the woman's lips, he sat there, staring at the violin.

"Ah, the white angel is weak—weak," murmured Jan. Cummins rose from the bedside slowly. Like a man who had suddenly grown old, his moss-covered feet dragged as he went to the door. They stumbled when he went out into the pale star glow of the night. Jan followed, straining weakly, for the last of his strength had gone to the playing of the violin. Midway in the hall he paused, and his eyes gleamed with a wild, strange grin as he gazed down upon the still face of Cummins' wife, beautiful in death as it had been in life and with the sweet softness of life still lingering there. Some time, and ages ago, he had known such a face and had felt the great clutching love of it.

Cummins had partly closed the door after him, but watchers had seen the opening of it. A door opened here and another there, and paths of yellow light flashed over the hard frosted snow as shadowy life came forth to greet what message he brought from the little cabin. When the word came to them at last and passed from lip to lip and from one grin, tense face to another the doors closed again and the lights went out one by one, until there remained only the yellow eye of the factor's office and the faint glow from the little cabin in which John Cummins knelt with his sobbing face pressed close to that of his dead wife. There was no one who noticed Jan Thoreau when he came through the door of the factor's office. His coat of deep blue skin was in tatters. His feet thrust themselves from the toes of his moccasins. His face was so thin and white that it shone with the pallor of death from his frame of straightened hair. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. The madness of hunger was there.

An hour before death had been gripping at his throat when he stumbled upon the lights of the post. That night he would have died in the deep snows. Wrapped in his thick coat of bear skin he clutched his violin to his breast and sank down in a ragged heap beside the hot stove. His eyes traveled about him in fierce demand. There was no beggary among these "rough" sorts men of the far north, and Jan's lips did not quiver. He was a man who had learned to whisper: "For the music of the violin—something to eat!"

He played even as the words fell from him, but only for a moment, for the bow slipped from his nerveless grip and his head sank forward upon his breast. In the half Cree's eyes there was something of the wild beast, that gleamed in Jan's face. For the first time those eyes had met in the savage recognition of blood, and when Jan's head fell weakly and his violin slipped to the floor Melisse lifted him in his strong arms and carried him to the back in the edge of the spruce and balsam.

And there was no one who noticed Jan the next day, except Melisse. He was dead. His frozen blood grew warm. As life returned he felt more and more the pall of gloom that had settled over this spark of life in the heart of the wilderness. He had seen the woman in life and in death, and he, too, loved her and grieved that she was no more. He said nothing; he asked nothing. But he saw the gleam of adoration in the sad, tense faces of the men. It was not hard for Jan to understand, for he, too, worshipped the memory of a white, sweet face like the one that had been in the cabin. He knew that this worship at Jan Thoreau was a pure worship, for the honor of the big snows was a part of his soul. It was his religion and the religion of those others who lived 400 miles or more from a southern settlement. (To be continued.)

Another Week of Price-Cutting.
Seasonable goods offered at decisive reductions right in the beginning of the season. Thrifty shoppers of Halifax will avail themselves of these exceptional values.
36 in. Linen Suitings, 32c.
The newest Crash Suitings. Shades of Tan, Pink, Blue and Cream.
36 in. Grass Cloth Suitings, 25c.
A very popular fabric for this season. Medium and heavy weights.
Bedford Cord Suitings, 19c.
A fashionable material, washable. Pink, Blue, Grey, Navy, Green, etc.
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Extra fine, every thread pure Linen. 36 in.
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The most useful of many makes of Serges. Spot proof. 54 inch.
1,000 yards All Wool Serge from 38c.
The best assortment of Wool Serges in the City, in all makes.
Every Cloth Costume must be sold.
The balance of our Cloth Costumes at less than cost. All silk lined. Newest models.
We are the Agents in Halifax for the New Idea Patterns. All 10c.

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Dangerous chemicals are not used in tipping EDDY'S Sea-qui Safe Light Matches. See that you get EDDY'S and no other "just as good."
Safety in its complete sense is absolutely guaranteed, but you must ask for EDDY'S new
'SES-QUI' MATCHES
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If you hesitate to this class of investors we shall be glad to furnish you with a list of preferred shares which we have for sale at the present time. All of the Companies have passed the experimental stage, however.
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