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

**BUDWEISER,**  
The Great American Beverage.  
It makes no difference how many brands of Lager Beer are on the market the sale of BUDWEISER.  
"THE KING OF BOTTLED BEERS,"  
goes on increasing by leaps and bounds.  
Quality and absolute purity have always been the chief features in the manufacture of this popular beverage, which has been fully tested as the crowning feature of the Breweries' art.  
BUDWEISER is sold in bottles only, and all bottled at St. Louis, Mo.  
Special packages, containing 4 doz. bottles, for family use.

**KELLEY & GLASSEY, Ltd.**  
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**The Favorite For 80 Years**  
**ROYAL BLEND SCOTCH.**  
Supplies can be had through  
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Since 1904 **MONAGHAN'S**  
"Nelson" Old Navy Rum  
Has been the leading brand for general use. It's the same old quality, the same old price.  
50 cents per bottle, 6 dollars per case (Packed ready for export).  
Also, in Flasks—All the leading brands of Poplar Rums at the popular old prices.  
**A. MONAGHAN & CO.,** Importers and Dealers  
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**Life is Uncertain**  
—the life of a wooden tub or pail!  
Save time, temper, dollars—by using  
utensils that seem to never wear out.  
MADE OF  
**Eddy's Fibreware**  
Ask Your Dealer. Just as good as Eddy's Matches

**FLAGS!**  
WE OFFER A DIRECT IMPORTATION OF  
British and Canadian Ensigns.  
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Signals and Private Flags made to order.  
**CROWELL BROS.**  
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**Courtney's Store**  
The Great Pure Food Centre.  
This is a day of quality in everything, particularly food stuffs. Price is an important consideration, but it has become secondary.  
This great pure food store appeals to the masses because of the happy combination of highest grade goods at the lowest possible cost.  
In other words, if you purchase your groceries at this store, you are sure of pure and wholesome goods at a reasonable price.  
When you consider these factors coupled with our unexcelled delivery service, you early understand why the best families of the City buy at  
**T. F. COURTNEY & CO.,**  
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if quality and appearance count for anything, the Cornwallis 100. Cigars should have a very large sale. Made in Halifax by GLENN & BROWN, Cigar Mfrs.

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Must have modern conveniences.  
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A great authority on  
Clothes says:  
"The difference in dress between a man and a boy is that the boy values himself upon his clothes, and the man of sense laughs at the same thing that he knows he must not neglect them."  
You can dress fashionably and becomingly without making a fuss about it by wearing clothes built for you by  
**HANFORD, Tailor of Taste,**  
147 Hollis Street.

## RETURN OF THE PRUDE

A LONDON WOMAN WRITER REPLIES TO DR. CRITICS.

The Present "Orgy of Undressing" is a Perfectly Natural Reaction from the Horrible Draperies and Plastered Trim of a Few Years Ago—Men's Garb Also Comes in for Some Scathing Denunciation.  
Never in recent years have fashions in dress aroused the comment which is now being made in the press of various countries. The following article is a woman's contribution to the controversy:  
Prude, is the art of seeing white as grey, grey as black; of discovering mountains in molehills, and bringing the blush of guilt to the cheek of innocence.

A writer in The London Times has suggested that the "orgy of undressing" now fashionable (it) among women is due to their being engaged in an "extensive advertising campaign conceived with the object of reviving the fading interest and passions of the male." This writer of a letter quoted by far too many newspapers goes on to explain that men nowadays take a decreased interest in the opposite sex, owing to increased facilities for games, for comfortable bachelor living, and the intrusion of women into business and sport.  
I cannot say I had noticed any serious disinclination for feminine society among the men I happen to meet; still, it is for them to decide whether they find us increasingly unattractive.  
But I should like to enter a very vigorous protest, on behalf of English women, against the vilification of the prude, in this and other quarters, under plea of criticism of our prude, our twentieth century ways, and almost everything we do.

If these distributives were confined to horrid men it would matter less, but numbers of quite nice, well-meaning, and even charming men, are tactfully cross-examined, confided to one view, which is, "prude, our twentieth century ways, and almost everything we do."

Years ago, in the days of Trollope, Dickens, Mrs. Henry Wood, and so forth, men appear to have been satisfied to divide women into good and bad, and to believe that the good woman was a sort of angel, whom it was, however, useless to try to understand.

Nowadays, we have ceased to be prejudiced and become practical; the natural result of curiosity without knowledge is that men attribute to women their own opinions and their own feelings.

I fancy, for instance, it is difficult for the average imaginative man to realize the state of innocence in which a woman may remain, even though she reads numbers of novels, which would have shocked her grandmother. Theoretically, she may know everything about everything, but in actual practice she does not dream that "vision of her ankle or her bare neck may rouse in the men the aesthetic pleasure she herself feels at the contemplation of herself in a long looking-glass."

The woman who is lured by physics in men is extremely rare. Wilkes knew that when he boasted that, give him an hour's talk with a woman, he would guarantee to beat the handsomest man in the three kingdoms.

What women want from men is, above all constancy, and they know that physical beauty fades and pallor more quickly than any other charm. It is the modern recognition of this which has taken the place of the old-fashioned admiration of youth.

Before their plainer sisters—it is old which is largely at the back of that demand for constancy, and men who which women make nowadays—the conscious or unconscious seeking of opportunities to understand men, and the choice of a mate may be less haphazard than in the days when your face was the sole allure.

If women, because of freer modern conditions, are coming to have less animal attraction and less mystery for the other sex, that is a fact which the vast majority of women, and most certainly the highest type, the eternal mother-women—will rejoice in. Real love is independent of the hunting spirit; that is, the desire to conquer, passion, which is the enemy of the dearest love, is the enemy of the dearest love.

All these things, seldom or never spoken of but most deeply felt, are moving in the minds of men to-day, and to suggest that the widespread movement towards beauty in dress—a movement which is not confined to the husband-hunter or man's woman but embraces the whole sex—is due whether consciously or unconsciously to a desire to allure, attract, rouse, is a gross libel on the woman, who remains as modest and high-minded as she has ever been.

Modern feminine attire is certainly no more "immodest" than the gowns of the early Victorians or of the elegant ladies of the eighteenth century with their bare shoulders and bosoms covered in the bright morning light only by a mere kerchief. It is more artistic, more Greek, more natural than ever before.

## Special Notice

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**BERNHARD'S**  
Celebrated California



**GRAPE JUICE**  
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**35c. per qt. bottle.**  
Recommended as a grand tonic.

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To get the best LAGER when you want it.

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**Bavarian Lager**

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Ask for it the next time you want a healthful refreshing drink.

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**50 - 52 Duke St.,**

**HALIFAX, N. S.**

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**CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)**

"I've noticed a few things in my life. Miss Necla, and one of them is that it often does a heap of good to let out and talk things over—not that a fellow gains any real advantage from discussing his troubles, but it serves to sort of ease his mind. Folks

It took down a bottle and some glasses. Not often come to me for advice or sympathy. I don't have it to give. But maybe it will help you to tell me what caused this night marauding episode of yours." Seeing that she hesitated, he went on: "I suppose you'd like a lot of reasons why you shouldn't confide in me. I don't like that old man of yours nor any of your friends, but maybe that's why I'm interested. If any of them has upset you I'll take particular pleasure in helping you get even."

"I don't want to get even, and there's nothing to tell," said Necla, "except a girl's troubles, and I can't talk about them." She smiled a painful, crooked smile at him.

"Your old man has been rough to you?"

"No, no! Nothing of that sort."

"Then it's that soldier?" he guessed shrewdly. "I knew you cared a heap for him. Don't be lousy!"

"Yes, that's the trouble, and he wants to marry me. He swears he will in spite of everything."

"I guess I might be kind of old," Stark said, perplexed. "But I'll tell you, 'Don't you see? I've got to give him up. I'm a squaw'."

"Squaw h—l! With those shoulders?"

Defeated by Dr. Hamilton.

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

**MARTIN'S**  
**Apoll and Steel Pills**  
**FOR LADIES.**

The genuine bear the signature of Wm. Martin (registered) without which none are genuine. No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

**MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist,**  
167 St. John St.,  
Southampton, Eng.

## Your Business Prosperity

It is just as dependent on the insurance you carry for its protection, as the capital you have provided to carry it on. Without capital, or the banking facilities based on capital and business worth, you could not finance your business. Without insurance, you would not be able to "keep your head above water" should fire or lightning destroy what your capital has built up.

For over 30 years the ACADIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has been providing sound indemnity, and offers you the maximum of security at a minimum rate. Looking backward over this period the Acadia Fire positively states that it has never failed to pay its losses—dollar for dollar, promptly; and with a cash surplus of over half a million dollars it has the cash as well as the ability to meet its obligations to the insured.

The Acadia Fire Insurance Company, Head Office, Halifax, N.S.  
R. K. HILLIOT, Secy.-Treas.  
Agencies throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

**CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.**

Though dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view, I'd not care to live there again in the wild-wood, Amid those remembered surroundings, should you.

My health was superb and my appetite splendid, I ate my sorbets and greens with a zest— But I'm glad that something's afoot in the end— Such food nowadays would never digest.

My hickory shirt and my shoes of rough leather, My jeans pantaloons that could stand up alone, My 19 cent straw hat—my all wardrobe to gather.

Perhaps my father's round silver bow, Ah, those curly hair brooches! Those round brass buttons! Those stiff scratchy breeches that stood up alone.

You had to undress if you'd get to your fishes, Those unyielding breeches were hard as a stone.

The drafty old farmhouse, the windows that All faded the fire, like trophies exhibited, While roared in from front, frosty rain in the rear.

And the cold of the bedroom. The feather bed bulging, The bliss of sweet sleep—then the 1 o'clock call.

Dear memories, you'll pardon the tears I'm indulging, I am wishing for joy to be rid of it all.

"Your father's mother?" he said mechanically. "That's queer." He seemed to try to shake the thought from something. "It's hereditary, I suppose. You have visions of a white woman, a woman named Merridy, eh?"

Suddenly his manner changed, and he spoke so roughly that she looked at him in vague alarm.

"How do you know? How do you know he was his mother?"

"He told me so."

Stark snarled. "He lied!"

I've always worn it. She fumbled for the chain about her neck, but it eluded her trembling fingers. "It has her name in it—Mrs. Dan to Merridy; and I suppose. You have visions of a white woman, a woman named Merridy, eh?"

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Stark checked himself, for he found he was rejoicing in his enemy's defeat and was in danger of betraying himself to the girl. In every encounter the young man had bested him, and these petty defeats had crystallized his antipathy to Burrell into a hatred so strong that he had begun to plan avenge himself by a systematic quarrel.

He had brooded over his quarrel with Necla and the lieutenant ever since their first clash, for in this place they furnished the only objects upon which his mania could work, and it was a mania, the derangement of a diseased, distorted mind.

"So you like him too much to stand in his way," he said meditatively. "How does your father look at it?"

"He wants the lieutenant to marry me. He says he will fix it up all right. But he doesn't understand. How could he?"

"You are doing just right," concurred the man hypocritically, "and you'll live to be glad you stood out." Now that he was smiling, Necla desired the thing he was set on preventing it regardless of the girl. "How did the lieutenant take it when you refused him?"

"He wouldn't take it at all. He only laughed and declared he would marry me anyhow." The very thought thrilled her.

"Does he know you love him?" The tender, sobbing laugh she gave was ample answer.

"Well, what's your plan?"

"I—I don't know. I am so torn and twisted with it all that I can't plan, but I have thought 1—ought to go away."

"Good," he said quickly, but his acquiescence, instead of soothing her, and the contrary effect, and she burst out impulsively:

"Oh—I can't—I can't go away and never see him! I can't do it! I want to stay where he is! She had been holding herself in stubbornly, but at last gave way with reckless abandon. "Why wasn't I born white like other girls? I've never felt like an Indian. I've always dreamed and fancied I was different, and I am in my own soul. I know I am! The white is so strong in me that it has killed the red, and I'm one of father's people. I'm not like the other two. They are brown and silent and as cold as little toads, but I'm white and full of life all over. They never see the men and women that I like here in my country. They never have my visions of the beautiful south and the sad eyes that always smile at me."

"You have visions of such things, eh?"

"Yes, but I came a generation later, than all this. I've got that other woman's soul. I'm not a half breed. I'm not at all. I'm Merridy—Merridy! That's who I am."

Her face was turned away from him, so that he did not notice the frightful effect her words had upon Stark.

"Where did you get that name?"

"From the story I told you at the mine that night, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I've always had it, though they call me Necla. Merridy was my father's mother. I guess I'm like her in many ways, for I often imagine she is a part of me, that her spirit is mine. It's the only way I can account for the sights I see."

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thing was so startling I—I went off my head. It came sudden, and I thought—I don't matter what I thought, but I'm sorry. I'll apologize, and I'll get you a whole lot of dresses if you like."

His first impulse had been to tell her everything, but his amusement had rendered him speechless, and now he was thankful for it. Care must be exercised. She must not learn too much, for if she suspected the truth she would go to her soldier lover at once, and no power on earth could hold her back. That would block the vengeance that he saw shaping in the dark recesses of his distorted brain.

First, and above all, he must get the girl away from Planchon.

These last few moments had driven Necla's own worries from her mind, but he was bent on recalling them and so continued cautiously.

"You were saying that you thought you'd go away. I think that's a good plan, and you'd be wise to do it for

more reasons than one. It will give you time to think it all over and know your own mind. I want to help you. I'm going to help you—because I've got an interest in you like you were mine."

Again he betrayed that strange, mirthless amusement.

"There is no place for me to go," said Necla blankly, "except the mission, and I have no way of getting there."

"Don't you worry. I'll furnish the means, and you'd better go tonight—silk slippers—yes, tonight. There's no use prolonging your agony. I'll get a boat ready and send a trusty man with you. The current is swift, and if he rows well you can make it by tomorrow evening. That's only one night, so you can wrap up and have a sleep."

(To be continued.)

**"Let me out of here!" the girl demanded impudently.**

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