

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1908.

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

Men's Regular \$10.00 Tweed Suits, Today \$4.50
Men's Regular 12.00 Suits, Today 6.59
Men's English Worsteds Suits, Regular \$15.00
Value, Today 10.00
Silk Ties, Regular 25c. Value, Today 2 for .25
Men's Negligee Shirts, Regular \$1.00 Value, Today .67

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market
ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

THE LONELY GUARD,

NORMAN INNES.

CHAPTER VII
A Guest in Rohn.

The first thing I did, on stepping from a heap of brushwood against which I had slumped, was to tear the sack from my head and shoulders with inward thanks that my hands were free. My men were not long in following my example and soon the three of us were blundering over faggots, empty casks and other obstacles of which we knew not the nature, in an eager search for the door. At length we groped it, not without many a bruise and stumble, to find it looked and the frame so stout that it withstood our united efforts to force it outward.

After waiting a weary while we caught the voice of the leader of the band, though what he said we could not hear. Then what he said we fancied we heard other sounds, sounds fraught with evil import, the ring of a pick and the steady scrape of a spade. At the night wore on, all grew still once more but for the scurry and squeak of the rats about us and the wailing, wailing wail upon the piled-up faggots, hours must have slipped away, for at last, to our joy, it seemed that a dim light was breaking in our prison.

There lay the earth, eloquent of a tragedy of whose latest details I knew nothing. It was the sight of the troopers, who finding nothing to satisfy their curiosity, had tramped downstairs again, that roused me from my reverie, the sight of my troopers leading out three chargers, which could be lured as gained by prolonging our stay at the place, I gave the word to mount, and with one last look at that lonely grave at the yawning entrance to the house I led the way down the path to Rohn.

An hour in the morning air went far in dispelling the gloom with which the events of the night had filled me. An adventure that at one time bid fair to cost us dear, had ended with no worse than the breaking of a sword, and a few bruises, the result of our resistance to those who had dreamed of all things Austrian.

In less than three hours we were in sight of the castle, and it was with no small relief that about ten in the morning, I drew rein in the lower courtyard to receive my corporal's report. Blank was my face at the news with which the man met me. It was bad enough that I should have been absent for a whole night—Rohn must know it further, it might reach as far as Vienna to Her Majesty's ears—but it was unfortunate indeed that during my absence the Countess of Rohn should have arrived at the castle an officer of Colonel Stettner's staff from Salzburg.

Of his name Karl Knacht could not tell me—the man's brain was a very sieve for names—but he told me how the new comers had seen fit to happen the guests of the preceding evening, how he had inquired most minutely of my whereabouts and how, to crown all, he had supped with the Countess of Rohn. The man's tale took my breath away. That these headstrong ladies, who had sworn themselves to the cause of Austria, could sup with one who wore the hated uniform, passed my belief. In a moment I flashed across my mind that the newcomer must be a spy, and closely, nay, harshly, I questioned my corporal. But in spite of my doubts and ill-humors, the man's case was admissible; I admitted that he could have scarce refused entrance and lodged to one of our comrades, who demanded speech with the officer in command and bore despatches from his immediate superior.

With uniform soiled, boots mired, unshaven and in woeful disarray, but bent on learning the stranger's business, I sprang hastily up the stairway to the upper court, to stand stock still on gaining the topmost step. Had the spirits of the dead von Rohns been marshalled beneath the famous Karl the Red to welcome my return, I could not have confessed so greater astonishment. There in this courtyard, where I had never seen in my life before, sat the ladies Inez and Elsa, beneath the shadow of the spreading bay-tree with one in the white uniform of a regiment of Austrian grenadiers. It was upon this latter, and not upon the sisters, however, that my eyes were fixed; nor their beauty, nor the ripple of their laughter could hold my attention. Wide-eyed I gaped at their companion, this fortunate gentleman, with whom the fairest in Bavaria appeared on such excellent terms, and who was none other than Captain von Wegner, he whom I had met in the tavern of the Three Kings in the capital, and whose aid I had had in my mind to seek at Seekirchen.

At that instant the three became aware of my presence; the Countess Inez started slightly, her sister's face grew grave and von Wegner, rising as I advanced and saluting me without a glance of the faintest recognition, at once sought to make himself known.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



WOMAN AND MAN GET KNIFE WOUNDS

Adam Cunningham Slashed When Fellow Boarder Sought to Quiet Him

MICHAEL HUGHES GRAPPLING WITH HIM IN ERIN STREET HOUSE, OTHERS INTERFERED AND MISS MARY MCKINLEY AND JAMES DILLON RECEIVED INJURIES.

Two people—one a woman—were stabbed with a knife in the hands of Adam Cunningham, on Saturday night in a house at 61 Erin street, occupied by Susan McKinley. The row started between Cunningham and Michael Hughes, another boarder in the house and ended with Cunningham drawing a knife on Hughes.

OBITUARY.

Peter Lawson Cosman. Peter Lawson Cosman died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Burgess, Kingston, Kings county, yesterday morning, aged ninety-one years. He was born in Kings county and lived there all his life engaged in farming.

Mrs. Thomas Hatheway.

The death of Mrs. Helen Scoullar Hatheway, widow of Thomas Hatheway, and daughter of the late Elias Bates of Eastport (Me.), occurred yesterday at the residence of her son-in-law, H. E. Wardroper. Mrs. Hatheway, who was in her ninety-ninth year, leaves three sons—Henry A. and Thomas G. of Missoula (Mont.) and George A. of Boston; also three daughters—Mrs. Edwin L. Perkins and Mrs. Herbert E. Wardroper of this city, and Mrs. Charles W. Lombard of Missoula. Mrs. Hatheway also leaves twenty-one grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren living.

Mrs. Robert Crilley.

Mrs. Mary Crilley, widow of Robert Crilley, died at the residence of her son, William, in Fairville, last evening, after ten days' illness at the age of sixty-seven years. Mrs. Crilley is survived by five sons—Robert of Boston; Charles and Michael of St. John, and William and James of Fairville; and two daughters—Mrs. John Perry of Fairville and Mrs. Charles Marshall of Boston.

BURGLARY, UNION CLUB THE SCENE

Tin Box Broken Open and \$60 and Some Cigarettes Stolen.

Sometime between midnight Saturday and Sunday morning a box in the Union Club containing \$60, was rifled of its contents and left in the basement of the building. So far as can be learned there is no trace of anyone having broken in from the outside, and the yard man, who sleeps on the premises, says he heard no suspicious noise.

The box, a tin one, was commonly kept in what is known as the bell room on the first floor, and to get at it a drop shutter, which was fastened down, was pried open. The box was found yesterday morning in the basement broken open and the money gone.

TOM LONGBOAT TO RACE IN ST. JOHN

Fleet-footed Indian to Start in Portland Y. M. A. Road Race.

Tom Longboat, the world's greatest long distance runner, will be seen in St. John in June, as he has been entered in the Portland Y. M. A. road race to be held on June 1. The road race committee has been in communication with the Indian's manager for some time.

GRITZ MAKES PORRIDGE

GRITZ MAKES PANCAKES

GRITZ MAKES MUFFINS

See Receipts on each 5 lb. Sack : : : 25c

THE CIGARS of QUALITY

SMOKE DIXIE 10 NUF SED 3 for 25c

DEMAND THE BEST

SMOKE CAMILLO 10 CLEAR HAVAN

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINESYRUP
Contains all the wonderful lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree and cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles.
Do Not Accept Dangerous Substitutes.
There is nothing "just as good" as Dr. Wood's. Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price is 25 cents.
COLD SETTLED ON THE LUNGS.
Mrs. Irwin Bennett, Parrsboro, N. S., writes: "I feel it my duty to write a few words in praise of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I took a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, and made it almost impossible to breathe at times. I coughed constantly and could not sleep at nights. A friend told me how Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup had helped her, so I procured some, and before I had taken one bottle my cough was gone and I could lie down and sleep at night."

It Stretches
The Ellis
SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR
Don't Listen
to the dealer who tells you there's any other brand of Underwear "just as good" as this. No other Underwear can be as good—because no other Underwear is made with the Spring Needle stitch—which we control for Canada. It gives the garments great elasticity—makes them fit the form.
THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONT.

Incomparably the most entertaining story of the Indian Mutiny
THE RED YEAR
BY LOUIS TRACY
The Indian Mutiny was a man's business—war and no quarter asked nor given. Into such a setting Tracy has spun an element of romance and adventure that makes a story of the best sort.
History that will satisfy the exacting seeker after fact; fiction that will delight the jaded reader of novels.
An important and fascinating story.
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