

SOPHY OF KRAVONA,

A Novel, by Anthony Hope
Author of "Prisoner of Zenda," "The Intrusions
Peggy," Etc.

(Continued.)

Stafitz looked him full in the face. "No," he said. "The Prince had better not still be drilling his men at Volent, nor waiting for his guns."

"I think not, too," Stenovic agreed, twisting his clear round eyes. "General, do you think the Prince will let Baroness Dobrava come to Slavia without him?"

"I don't know. He might have confidence enough in you; he wouldn't wish to annoy or agitate the King. He might await his summons to an audience. On the whole, I think he would submit—and rely on being able to induce the King to alter his mind when they meet. I'm not sure he wouldn't advise her to go with you."

"Well, yes, I confess that struck me, too, as rather likely—or at least possible."

"If it happened, it wouldn't be convenient," said Stenovic, with a patient sigh. "Because he would come after her in a day or two."

"But if I were detained by urgent business in Slavia—and we've agreed that there's work to be done tomorrow in Slavia—another officer would go to Praslak. The order, which I have here, mentions no name, although the King designated me by word of mouth."

"The order mentions no name?"

"No," he directs the Baroness to accompany the bearer. True, at the foot of my name is written—'Entrusted to Colonel Stafitz.' But with care and a pair of scissors—!" He smiled at Markart again, as though taking him into the joke.

"Well, well, suppose another officer goes to Praslak—why shouldn't the Prince trust the Baroness to the care of that officer as readily as to you? You don't—how shall I put it?—monopolize his confidence, Colonel."

Stafitz still wore his easy, confidential smile, as he answered with an air of innocent sylphiness: "Suppose the officer were Captain Mistle? I think it's just the job for Captain Hercules!"

Even Stenovic started a little at that. He laid down his cigar and looked at his friend the Colonel for some seconds. Then he looked at Markart, smiling, seeming to ponder, to watch Markart's face, to see if he could sympathize with Markart on having to consider a rather startling proposal on having, possibly, to do some little violence to his feelings. Certainly Captain Markart gathered the impression that Stenovic was doubtful how he would stand this somewhat staggering suggestion. At last the General turned his eyes back to Stafitz again. "That's as innocent as a lamb," he remarked quietly.

"Captain Mistle is restored to duty. He's of proper rank to perform such a service, and to command an escort of a hundred men. After all, an officer of my rank made a certain concession in accepting so small a command."

"Of course, if the Prince knew you as I do, my dear Colonel, he'd trust her to a thousand mortalities sooner than to you."

"But then—she doesn't!" the Colonel smiled.

"He'd regard the sending of Mistle as a deliberate insult."

"I'm afraid he would."

"He's hot-tempered. He'd probably say as much."

"Yes. And Mistle's hot-tempered. But you'll remember, General, that the escort is to be large enough to make the officer commanding it secure against interference by any act short of open and armed resistance to the King's command."

"He'll never believe the King would send Mistle!"

"Will that make his peaceable obedience more likely?"

"In a moment they'd be at each other's." He stopped. "Markart, so and see it they need anything in there." He pointed to the King's bedroom, where Natcheff and Lepage were.

Markart rose and obeyed. He was swimming; he hardly yet understood how very ingenious the ingenious devilry was, how the one man was to be sent whose directions the Prince could not submit to, whose presence was an insult, to whom it was impossible to entrust Baroness Dobrava. He was very glad to get out of the room. The last he saw was Stafitz drawing his chair close up to Stenovic and ending in low-voiced, earnest talk.

The King's body lay on the bed, decently disposed, and covered with a large fur rug. Lepage sat on a chair near by, Natcheff on another in the window. Both looked up for a moment as Markart entered, but neither spoke. Markart found a third chair and sat down. Nobody said anything; the three were as silent and almost as still as the fourth on the bed. A low murmur of voices came from the next room; the words were indistinguishable. So passed half an hour—a strange and terrible half-hour it seemed to Markart. The door opened, and Stafitz called Natcheff. The physician rose and followed him. Another twenty minutes went by, still in silence; but once Markart, looking for a moment at the mute companion, saw a tear rolling slowly down Lepage's wrinkled cheek. Lepage saw him looking and broke the silence.

"I suppose I helped to kill him!" Markart shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Silence came again. Very long it seemed, but on looking at his watch, Markart found that it was not yet half-past six.

Again the door opened, and Stafitz called to them both. They followed him into the room. Stenovic was sitting at the table with his hands clasped on it in front of him. Stafitz took up a position by his side, standing as though on duty. Natcheff had disappeared. Stenovic spoke in calm, deliberate tones; he seemed to have assumed command of the operations again.

"Captain Markart, I'm about to entrust to you an important and responsible duty. For the next twenty-four hours, and afterwards until relieved by

my orders, you will be in charge of this man Lepage, and will detain him in these apartments. His own room and this room will be at the disposal of yourself and your prisoner, but you must not let the prisoner out-of-your-sight. Dr. Natcheff remains in his room. He will have access to the King's room when he desires, but he will not leave the suite of apartments. Beyond seeing to this, you will have no responsibility for him. The door leading to the suite will be locked by me, or by my orders. I remain at the Palace tonight; under me Captain Stenovic will be the officer on guard. He will himself supply you with any means or other refreshments which you may require. Ring this hand-bell on the table—no other bell, mind—and he will be with you immediately. Do you understand your orders?"

Markart understood them very well; there was no need of Stafitz's mocking little smile to point the meaning. Markart was to be Lepage's jailer, Stenovic was to be his. Under the most civil and considerate form he was made as close a prisoner as the man he guarded. Evidently, Stenovic had come to the conclusion that he could not ask Markart to put too great a strain on his conscience! The General, however, seemed very kindly disposed towards him, and was, indeed, almost apologetic.

"I've every hope that this responsible and I fear, very irksome duty may last only the few hours I mentioned. You put me under a personal obligation by undertaking it, my dear Markart."

In the absence of any choice, Markart saluted and answered: "I understand my orders, General."

Stafitz interposed: "Captain Stenovic is also aware of their purport."

Stenovic looked vexed. "Yes, yes, but I'm sure Markart himself is quite enough." It seemed odd that, in the presence of such a transaction as that in which he was now engaged, Stenovic should have found leisure—or heart—to care about Markart's feelings. Yet so it was—a curious human touch creeping in! He shut Markart up only under the strongest sense of necessity and with reluctance. Probably Stafitz had insisted, in the private conversation which they had held together; Markart had shown such evident signs of flinching over the job proposed for Captain Hercules!

Lepage's heart was wrung, but his spirit was not broken. Stafitz's ironical smile called an answering one to his lips.

"It would console my feelings if I also were put in charge of somebody, General," he said. "Shall I, in my turn, keep an eye on Dr. Natcheff, or report to the Captain here in remembrance of my duty of keeping himself a prisoner?"

"I don't think you need trouble yourself. Monsieur Lepage, Captain Stenovic will relieve you of responsibility."

To Lepage, too, Stenovic was gentle, urbane, almost apologetic.

"And how long am I to live?" General.

"You're in the enviable position, Monsieur Lepage. In being able, subject to our common mortality, to settle that for yourself. Come, come, we'll discuss matters again tomorrow night or the following morning. There are many men who prefer not to do things, but will accept a thing when it's done."

His smile made the order a mockery. Markart felt it, and a hatred of the man rose in him. But he could do nothing. He did not lead Lepage to his quarters, but followed sleepily in his prisoner's wake. They went together into the little room where Lepage slept.

"Close quarters too, Captain!" said the valet. "There is but one chair-let me put it at your service." He himself sat down on the bed, took out his tobacco, and began to roll himself a cigarette.

Markart shut the door and then threw himself on the solitary chair, in a heavy despondency of spirit and a confused conflict of feelings. He was glad to be out of the work, yet he resented the manner in which he was put aside. There were things going on in which it was well to have no hand. Yet was there not a thing going on in which every man ought to have a hand, on one side or the other? Not to do it, but to be ready to accept it when done! He was enough of a soldier to feel that there lay the worst, the meanest thing of all. Not to dare to do it, but to profit by the doing! Stenovic had used the words to Lepage, his prisoner. By making him in effect a prisoner, too, the General showed that he applied them to the Captain also. Anything seemed better than that—say, it would be better to ride to Praslak behind Captain Hercules! In that adventure a man might, at least, risk his life!

"An odd world!" said the valet, puffing out his cigarette smoke. "Fon- taine for prisoners, and murderers for jailers! Are you a prisoner or a jailer, Captain Markart?"

To be Continued.

PATERSON'S
delicious new biscuits,
made from cream of wheat... ex-
quisitely crisp and tempting. In
tins only from good grocers. Buy
by name.

Cambridge Wafers

BOYS' SCHOOL CLOTHES



This Suggests
What We Have
To Say:

IN A FEW DAYS THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
WILL BE RE-OPENED and boys and girls,

bronzed from their summer outings, and refreshed to a point that makes a return to studies almost—yes, almost—a welcome change. Of course, all old clothing of last term has been fit for the rag-bag during the vacation period; and new, stylish, durable and in every way attractive apparel is now a matter for serious consideration. Every parent knows that his and her lusty lad gets more actual worth out of a M. R. A. pair of pants than can be had out of any other boys' clothing on the market. People have been educated of late years to ask the why and the wherefore of every assertion, so this is our explanation: In the first place, many years ago we made the acquaintance of the most reputable clothing concern in Canada. Our goods sold so rapidly, customers grew so quickly in numbers, retaining the old and constantly taking on new, that today we enjoy a scope of patrons city-wide, and reaching out at every point throughout Lower Canada.

Blouse Waists (Big Boys) 37c. 49c.

HERE IS ANOTHER POPULAR FINE WEATHER GARMENT for the boys from seven to fourteen years of age, who would, doubtless, not thank you for calling them little. They are to be had in prints and ginghams with breast pocket, collar attached and drawing string. These fresh-looking outfits go back to school with and for Sunday wear as well.

Norfolks (Two Pieces) \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.10.

NOW WE COME TO A REAL SERIOUS MATTER—new school suits. If the boy is small enough he will, of course, demand a Norfolk, which is one of the most popular patterns made, and of which we always carry a large stock. It is very popular both from the standpoint of durability and the standpoint of attractiveness. The dark tweeds are shown in stripes and checks, suited to the taste not only of the boy who has to wear them, but also of the father and mother who delight in seeing their lads fitted out in man-fashion, and sensibly. The prices we quote herewith are special for this week only.

3-Piece Suits, \$3.75 to \$5.25.

FOR BOYS LARGER.
OF COURSE WE MUST NOT FORGET THE BIGGER BOYS, or, as the smaller boy would call him, "My big brother." For him we have three-piece suits in dark tweeds, both single and double-breasted, and made expressly to withstand real rough usage. The shoulders are broad and the cuts are ample; the pants have lots of material in them, and the linings, buttons, buttonholes and all such other details are good and up-to-date.

EVERYTHING BRAND NEW FOR FALL.
LOWEST PRICES FOR GOOD CLOTHING IN ST. JOHN.

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON, Ltd.

**LORNE McNALLY NOT
SENT UP FOR TRIAL**

Preliminary Examination Completed This
Afternoon—Little Evidence to
Support Charge

HARTLAND, N. B., Aug. 20.—This morning before Magistrate Dibble, in the police court, James Devine, at the charge of indecent assault preferred by Elizabeth Paul, one of the squaws on the reservation, near town. The defendant was represented by E. K. Connell, while the informant appeared with a whole retinue of neighbors, at the head of which was Polichis, the Indian doctor. The latter, it seems, counselled a settlement and announced to the court that the lady would be willing to accept \$10 and drop proceedings. His Honor received the suggestion with scorn, and pretty plainly told the parties interested that he would permit nothing of a blackmailing nature. After considerable parley on the accused agreeing to pay the costs, amounting to \$4. The magistrate gave the accused some good advice and sent him on his way rejoicing.

After addresses by counsel, the justices announced that in their opinion there was not sufficient evidence to put the accused upon his trial, and after some fatherly advice by Justice Everett, he was sent forth into the world a free man.

In connection with the arrest of Green, yesterday, it now develops that Sheriff Foster, who arrested Green, stated publicly that he had the warrant and would serve it the next morning.

SOME WIVES ARE DIFFERENT.

"Most men," said the man of experience, "think it must be awfully nice to have a wife who takes things as coolly as Dave Potter's wife takes them, but others, more discriminating, prefer a good honest row to her style of quiet cynicism. She was sent behind the other day when she found a letter in Dave's pocket from a girl in Brooklyn is an example of her method."

"I don't see," wrote the girl, "how on earth I can ever live with you." "Dave's wife read that and said a lot more just like it without ever turning a hair."

"Well," she said quietly, "that girl is a fool. If she knew you as well as I do she would be wondering how on earth she could ever live with you."

"And that, in the opinion of the discriminating few, cuts a whole lot deeper than a common, everyday rumour."

**SQUAW DID NOT
WANT TO PROSECUTE**

Colonel Dibble Likely to Recover
from His Injuries—Quebec Pol-
iticians to Speak

WOODSTOCK, N. B., Aug. 20.—This morning before Magistrate Dibble, in the police court, James Devine, at the charge of indecent assault preferred by Elizabeth Paul, one of the squaws on the reservation, near town. The defendant was represented by E. K. Connell, while the informant appeared with a whole retinue of neighbors, at the head of which was Polichis, the Indian doctor. The latter, it seems, counselled a settlement and announced to the court that the lady would be willing to accept \$10 and drop proceedings. His Honor received the suggestion with scorn, and pretty plainly told the parties interested that he would permit nothing of a blackmailing nature. After considerable parley on the accused agreeing to pay the costs, amounting to \$4. The magistrate gave the accused some good advice and sent him on his way rejoicing.

After addresses by counsel, the justices announced that in their opinion there was not sufficient evidence to put the accused upon his trial, and after some fatherly advice by Justice Everett, he was sent forth into the world a free man.

In connection with the arrest of Green, yesterday, it now develops that Sheriff Foster, who arrested Green, stated publicly that he had the warrant and would serve it the next morning.

SOME WIVES ARE DIFFERENT.

"Most men," said the man of experience, "think it must be awfully nice to have a wife who takes things as coolly as Dave Potter's wife takes them, but others, more discriminating, prefer a good honest row to her style of quiet cynicism. She was sent behind the other day when she found a letter in Dave's pocket from a girl in Brooklyn is an example of her method."

"I don't see," wrote the girl, "how on earth I can ever live with you." "Dave's wife read that and said a lot more just like it without ever turning a hair."

"Well," she said quietly, "that girl is a fool. If she knew you as well as I do she would be wondering how on earth she could ever live with you."

"And that, in the opinion of the discriminating few, cuts a whole lot deeper than a common, everyday rumour."

**COLLINS PREPARING
HIS THIRD TRIAL**

Is Bright and Cheerful and in
Good Health

Talks of the Crime Committed a Year
Ago, Yesterday Which So Startled
the People of Albert Co.

HOPEWELL CAPE, Aug. 20.—It is just one year ago today, since the murder of Mary Ann McAuley took place at the rectory, New Ireland, and a year tomorrow since Father McAuley and his neighbors made the awful discovery.

The murder has been much commented upon here today, and was recalled by Thomas Collins, who in his cell in the county jail awaits his third trial on September 3rd for murder.

To a Sun correspondent who talked with Collins today through the window of his cell, the prisoner said: "I suppose you know what day this is," and referred to the fact that it was the anniversary of the horrible crime.

"Yes," said he, in answer to a remark of the reporter, "that was a sad day for me, but I hope the time will come when the guilty parties will be brought to justice."

Collins used the old adage that murder will out. He said he had only the same story to tell, that is that he is not guilty. The prisoner has been confined nearly a year, having been brought to the jail here on August 30th, 1906.

Today he was in a cheerful mood, except when speaking of the long sojourn behind the prison bars. Then tears came to his eyes. He wished to refute, he said, the statement that appeared in some of the papers that he found fault with the prison food and the treatment he has received since being in jail.

He lacks physical exercise steadily in order to keep in good condition for his coming ordeal next month.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land—Emerson.

**EARL GREY AND PARTY
ON P. E. ISLAND**

Visit to MacDonald Consolidated School
at Hillsboro—Governor General's
Advice

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Aug. 20.—The visit of Earl Grey and party and Lieutenant Governor MacKinnon to the MacDonald Consolidated School at Hillsboro was the chief feature of this, the first day of the stay of the viceregal party on the island. The splendid building in its beautiful surroundings made up a pretty picture as seen in the bright sunshine of a delightful August day. The driveway in front was gay with flags and bunting, and there was a large gathering of people on the lawn to receive their excellencies. The Earl and Lady Grey and party were received by Principal McLean of the Consolidated School and introduced to the members of the school board. Their excellencies then visited the different classes and watched the children at their lessons. After a programme by the pupils Earl Grey delivered an address in which he said that not only were the three r's taught in the Consolidated school, but the three h's—hand, head, and heart. Parents who love their children will not hesitate to submit to any sacrifice in order to give them a good education. He could hardly believe that the people of the Maritime Provinces would allow their teachers to be taken away to the Northwest because the remuneration there was better. This was a fatal mistake. He believed the consolidated schools were going to solve the problem of education.

The visit to the golf links and dinner at Government House tonight concluded the day's programme.

DELEGATES FROM CANADA

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 20.—It is announced that the delegates from Canada to the Centenary meeting of the Geological Society of London will be Dr. Adams of McGill and Dr. Ami of the Canadian geological survey, Ottawa. The meeting opens next month.

LOVE AND HATS.
Love once more, perhaps this time you may succeed in being loved back again.

Enemies are only useful as long as you are riding. Once at the top you must do away with them by making them your friends—Epigrams of Queen Elizabeth (Garnet Sylva).

**STAR WANT ADS.
BRING RESULTS**

AGENT-GENERAL DESIRES CHANGES

Provincial Government to be Urged
to Alter Immigration System

Duff Miller, New Brunswick's Agent
General Speaks of Position Province
Has in Mind of British Public

Duff Miller, New Brunswick's Agent-General in England, is in St. John at the present time. Mr. Miller is at the Royal. He arrived at Rimouski on the steamer Empress of Britain on Thursday last from there proceeding to Millerton, Northumberland County, the seat of an industry in which he is interested. Late Monday evening he arrived in St. John.

When interviewed last evening by a representative of The Sun, Mr. Miller talked concerning his work in the Old Land, and concerning the position this province has attained and the progress it has made in the mind of the British public.

This is the first occasion since the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York that Mr. Miller has been in New Brunswick and he states that he has noted great progress during that time. Mr. Miller as New Brunswick's second Agent-General and has occupied the position for a period of eleven years under six provincial governments.

Speaking of conditions in Great Britain Mr. Miller said that this province was becoming better known by the British public. Great interest is being manifested in all the colonies and particularly in Canada. The Colonial Office is partly responsible for this. The moneyed farmer is the man whom New Brunswick has endeavored to attract. The endeavor has been largely successful and many vacant farms have been taken up. One difficulty in the way of bringing out agricultural settlers is to explain the reason why so many farms are available for settlement. The English, said Mr. Miller, do not realize that New Brunswick is two-thirds the size of England, and also that there is a constant movement of people from this province to the westward and that the province is an old and long settled one attracts immigrants as does the fact that it physically resembles the British Isles and the countries of northern continental Europe.

Mr. Miller went on to say that during the past eighteen months the lightness of the English money market had prevented the investment of British capital in this province. However, capitalists have taken up the Westmorland petroleum areas, which include the counties of Kent and Northumberland. These men have arrived at the opinion that the oil field invites development and as soon as the public shows an inclination to invest the money of the petroleum industry will begin.

Mr. Miller stated also that he was satisfied with what New Brunswick had done so far, but would urge on the provincial government certain changes in its methods of attracting immigrants. Changes in the literature used by Mr. Miller have already been made. Some of Mr. Miller's proposed changes have to do with the introduction of unskilled labor, which is now very scarce.

Another change that Mr. Miller proposes is that part of the Dominion immigration fund be spent in the special interest of this province in order that more people may be attracted to this section instead of to the Northwest. The agent general will be in Canada for about a fortnight.

BODY FOUND IN CANAL

LAWRENCE, Mass., Aug. 20.—The body of George Salthouse, aged 65, was found in a canal tonight. He disappeared from his boarding-house several days ago. A note was found in his room today, which indicated that he intended to commit suicide, as he was despondent because he was out of work. He was an engineer, having worked in Manchester, N. H., as well as in this city.

AN ABLE PREACHER DEAD

NORTHEAST HARBOR, Aug. 20.—Rev. Charles Comfort Tiffany, D. D., for many years archdeacon of New York, and prominent in Episcopal church affairs of that diocese, died here today from apoplexy. He had retired from active work for some time.

Rev. Dr. Tiffany was born in Baltimore in 1829. He was educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., Andover Theological Seminary and the University of Halle, Hiedelberg.

Summer Collars
Fit as well as look like the collars that cost no more than foreign cotton collars, yet are made of the finest material. This is the VARSITY, smart with medium width 4-in. band, 2-in. stand, 1-in. top, 1-in. bottom, is the graceful collar for summer. The spread

Varsity

4 1/2 in. band (free possible) 3 for 20c. In E.R. Band (only 2 for 20c. worth buying) 5 for 25c. In E.R. Band (only 2 for 20c. worth buying) 5 for 25c. In E.R. Band (only 2 for 20c. worth buying) 5 for 25c.

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity

Varsity