

Spring Suit Thoughts

Sunshine again! With it come thoughts of that New Spring Suit you have promised yourself.

MEN'S SUITS \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50 to \$18.00

Union Clothing Comp'y

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THE LONELY GUARD,

NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Evesleigh Nash, 1920); "Parson Croft" (Evesleigh Nash, 1907).

Continued.

CHAPTER XI. The Hunt is Up.

The grey of morning found us many a mile from Kels. By mountain paths, through gorges and over spur could bring from jaded cattle.

In the gathering light I could just make out a sheet of water some hundred feet below, caught the lap of mist was drifting about us in fleecy clouds, and it was as much as I could do to distinguish the outlines of the pines and the mass of rock and boulder at our backs.

"We can do nothing while daylight lasts," said the Spaniard, looking at the moisture from his cloak. "To win our way within the castle by force is impossible. Neither then do I have a wish that our business should be noised through the length of the frontier, so we must trust to our wits for the success of our venture, to our steeds and our steel."

"When night falls," he continued with an anxious glance at the evening mist, "at the orange upon the Eastern horizon, 'thou and I will steal forth from our hiding-place and by the shrines of Toledo, my brain has grown dull, if I hit on no plan whereby we may gain the castle, and spoil it of the treasure."

"Look," cried he, clutching at my arm and dragging me backward towards the rock, "yonder stands Sordheim. Heaven grant the ladies are within."

The east was red with the sunrise, the last wreaths of mist were being tug away, and before me lay the castle, a low pile at the end of a rocky promontory stretching out into the water. The lake was smaller than I had looked for, some two miles in length perhaps, about a third of that distance in breadth. Reeds edged it upon the further side, though where we stood the hills fell broken to the water's edge in crags and broken gullies, pine-clothed and rugged. A path ran beneath us by the water's edge and a few small huts lay between it and the lake.

"Come," said Don Leon, "the folk will be stirring and the fewer that know that Austrian hussars are within hall of Sordheim, the better for our schemes."

Down the path, then through a pine wood we led our horses with a good care to move with as little noise as possible and with a keen look-out for strangers. Then turning from the lake, we followed

gorge for half a mile with the rays of the rising sun breaking through the branches. Here we halted and our guide went forward alone.

In spite of the midnight ride my brain seemed clearer, my spirits had risen. Thanks to the Spaniard we had run our quarry to its lair, and trusting to his resource my hopes of recovery of the treasure had taken new life. My men, too, realized the full significance of the business in hand, and from fragments of their speech which I had caught during the night, I gathered that their longing to be avenged on the Count was a great asset to our confidence in our new-found ally.

After some delay Leon de Portugas returned and with him a shambled, raw-boned peasant, half-woodman, half fisherman I judged from his appearance. His name I have forgotten, if ever I heard it aright, but he found us strange comrades and his heavy burden of camp gear was shown in his face when at ten minutes past three each afternoon he strolls into the house of commons to answer any questions which may be put down to him as chancellor of the exchequer or as acting prime minister. No fervid haste marks his footsteps, he bears no sign of the nerve-racking day of work he has already completed in his department, in his private room, and in the cabinet chamber. He picks his way over the outstretched feet of ministers on the front bench with the slow precision of an idler. His hands are in his trousers pockets, and usually tucked into the pocket of the leisurely saunterer only family interested in the scene which his entry into the chamber has opened up for him. He drops with an indifferent air into the middle of the long line of ministers on the front bench, and casually picks up the order paper of the day with the manner of a man who thinks he may really do not interest him very much.

It is said that Mr. Asquith, lacking personal magnetism, is not a leader of men, and yet in these later days the advent of the cold-faced chancellor of the exchequer acts in the way of a tonic on the crowded ranks of his supporters, even on a group of those who are not entirely satisfied as to his orthodoxy. They know that Mr. Asquith, with all his seeming placidness, is a man as might be trusted to guard his secret. Morose and taciturn, hampered by no children or women-folk, it seemed he bore a grudge against the lords of the soil, whose game doubtless suffered not a little at his hands.

Days are long in summer, as toilers in cornfield and meadow can witness, but never had I known that day's equal in length. A few snatches of fitful sleep 'mid the bracken in the forest and then hour after hour dragged slowly by while I lay wide awake, listening to the cooing of the pigeons in the branches above me or the scream of the jay about the deeper thickets. We had learned on our arrival at the hut that von Weggen and the others had reached Sordheim late the preceding evening, and the woodman had promised to give us immediate intelligence of any signs of departure observable from the lake side. None could leave the castle without passing along the narrow causeway leading to the shore, nor was it my comrade's opinion that the Count or his guests would dream of changing their quarters. Trusting to my ignorance of the country, to the secluded position of their retreat, and to the long start that von Weggen's cunning had procured them, well might the three feel assured of having baffled all pursuit.

They were in all likelihood aware of my natural reticence to report of my natural reticence to report their escape to Vienna, and von Weggen was confident, doubtless, of possessing sufficient influence with his friend, the Commandant of Salzburg, to obtain his consent to the Countess von Hohn taking refuge at Sordheim so long as their own home was occupied by my garrison. The governor would scarcely report the flight of the ladies to Vienna, and was probably unaware of the importance Her Majesty attached to their remaining in Hohn.

As I lay awake through the heat of that summer day, I thought of this and of more beside, of my ride to Vienna with von Weggen, of my meeting with Leon de Portugas and above all, of the dark-eyed Countess whom my foe would win for a bride. Restless, I turned upon my back, clutching at the stalks of the bracken, at that moment, might he bent beside her, looking in her eyes, beguiling her as he had beguiled her sister and me, lying mayhap, as he had lied before.

ASQUITH AS PREMIER--A SKETCH

The Man Who is Making the Fight of His Life and Has Now Been Summoned by the King--The Mask of Indifference and What it Conceals

A shortish man, with wavy, silver-grey hair, low-set eyes, and a pallid, lawyerlike face, with a very straight nose and very steady eye, is standing by day at the table of the house of commons making the fight for his life.

Mr. Asquith, prime minister-elect, is carrying a full fall of the burden of the government's contentious legislative proposals, is managing the exchequer of the country, and is leading a parliamentary crusade comprising practically every kind of political, from imperialists to little Englishmen, from serious students of politics to cranks and faddists who make up the gross little parties of their own. The new thought of his enormous task makes the ordinary man shrink. Mr. Asquith is the man who shines forth, and the most filled with silent exhilaration. He knows



THE HON. H. H. ASQUITH

power in the house of commons. From his first dozen words it is apparent that though one may dislike him, it will be impossible to ignore him. His manner varies with the occasion. It is generally ruthless. He will brush political friends aside with the same rough verbal gesture as he takes his place in front of the house silent with his head bowed.

Some American travellers here were indiscreet enough to talk openly about the wonderful treasure hidden in the shah's vaults. The frank Americans were wondering, admiring, not conspiring. But being reported to his majesty, who was seized with the notion that there was a plot on foot to rob him of his jewels.

Immediately he had deeper and even more secure vaults dug. The iron doors of the passages leading to the vaults have ingenious electrical contrivances which, when set, not only will send an alarm to the palace guard, but will also explode a mine to destroy an army of robbers. Night and day, a score of picked men guard the jewel vaults--ruthless, low size and brilliant, worth \$1,500,000. The imperial crown contains a ruby which is regarded as the finest in the world. This one could not be bought for \$750,000.

There is in the vaults the girl of state, which is heavily encrusted with diamonds and pearls and turquoises. All price is a cube of amber, measuring 400 cubic inches. It fell from heaven in the time of Mohammed, and has a queer inscription traced by celestial hands, believed to be those of the Angel Gabriel. The die is often mentioned in Persian work.

In the vaults so carefully protected there is an immense silver vase thickly encrusted with pearls and turquoises. A remarkable object is a terrestrial globe, with the land worked in enamel and gold. The rivers are made of diamonds, pearls and turquoises, and the mountains are raised and contoured in beautiful gold work.

St. Vitus dance, Neuralgia and Headaches Common Among School Children.

St. Vitus dance is a disease that is becoming more and more frequent among school children. It is characterized by nervous twitching and the nerves cry out for relief. Sometimes the trouble takes the form of convulsions of the limbs and muscles, and what we call "being run down."

Rev. J. J. McCaskill, of Fort Kent, last night delivered an interesting lecture to a large audience in Calvin church school room. The subject was the Rise of Young Italy. Rev. Mr. McCaskill sketched the struggles of the party who tried to realize a greater amount of individual freedom in the Italian peninsula. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer.

Stop That Cold To check early colds or grippe with "Preventics" means sure defence for pneumonia. To stop a cold in its early stages is the best way to prevent pneumonia. Preventics is a safe and effective remedy. It is a preventive of colds, influenza, and pneumonia. It is a sure and safe remedy for all these ailments. It is a preventive of all these ailments. It is a sure and safe remedy for all these ailments.

Preventics SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BAD LEG CAUSED 9 YEARS TORTURE VARICOSE ULCER HEALED BY ZAM-BUK. Mr. C. Johnston of Poplar Hill Creek, Athabasca Landing, Alta., writes: "Nine years ago a running sore commenced on my right leg, caused by a ruptured blood vessel. As time went on it got worse and my sufferings were intense. I had a very sore leg indeed, and had very small hope of ever seeing it healed. When I was almost in despair I heard of Zam-Buk and wrote to the Company stating my case. They supplied me with suffering, but Zam-Buk soothed the pain, and although it appeared for some time to be doing little good, I persevered, and as soon as the wound became clean, it was only a matter of three or four days before my leg was healed."

SHAH DOUBLY GUARDS JEWELS FROM YANKEES

Tourists While Visiting Teheran Spoke Admiringly of His \$85,000,000 Collection--He Heard of it and Took Fright

Teheran, Persia, April 7.--The Shah of Persia, the Light of the Orient, has taken extraordinary precautions to safeguard his wonderful collection of jewels, estimated to be worth \$85,000,000.

Some American travellers here were indiscreet enough to talk openly about the wonderful treasure hidden in the shah's vaults. The frank Americans were wondering, admiring, not conspiring. But being reported to his majesty, who was seized with the notion that there was a plot on foot to rob him of his jewels.

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NEW YORK WOMEN COMBINE AGAINST THE "MASHING MEN"

New York, April 8.--Beware, Broadway mashers! Likewise beware, mashers on all the other thoroughfares! Never again ogle a lone lady or attempt a street acquaintance with an apparently unprotected damsel. She may be a member of the Anti-Masher League, and suddenly you may hear the swish of a whip across your face.

Tired, as they say of depending on absent policemen to protect them from would-be Beau Brummels, a dozen girls met in the studio of Miss Jeanette Martin, a designer, at No. 61 Washington Square South, several evenings ago and organized the Anti-Masher League.

These young women have all had unpleasant experiences with "mashers." Their motto is, "The masher fears the girl who fights, and their pin is a cutting dog-whip, which forms the letters 'A. M. L.'" Miss Martin was elected president, and another meeting has been called, at which other officers will be elected and new members taken in. Already, it is said, many applications have been received.

When seen at her studio Miss Martin said: "The league is formed to suppress mashing. A woman, unaccompanied, can hardly traverse a block on any of the principal streets without being ogled, dressed and, in some cases, having her arms touched by these sipping imitations of men."

A young woman without an escort finds it almost impossible to shop in the afternoon without being followed by some jack-in-the-box with carefully crossed clothes and loud haberdashery. There seems to be a certain element with no other occupation in life than the pursuit of lone and unaccompanied women. "There is no age limit to the masher. He may be twenty or he may be sixty. The older he gets the more presumptuous he is, taking an advantage of the seeming immunity which grey hairs and bald spots confer."

The members of the Anti-Masher League will carry with them, whenever they go on the streets alone, a small dog whip, and use unto the man who makes any advances."

ENGLISH GIRLS SHOWN HOW TO GET HUSBANDS

London, April 7.--A strong appeal to English girls is made by the Canadian Wheat Lands Company in a double column advertisement in big type in a daily newspaper here reading: "Girls! This is leap year. Why go to Hollywood when you can go to lovely Lamburn, get a fertile farm and a handsome leap-year husband for \$4,000!"

SAM LANGFORD WINS

Boston, April 8.--Sam Langford of Boston knocked out Jim Barry of Chicago, in the second round at the Armory A. A. last night. The fight was a good one while it lasted, but in the middle of the second round Langford floored Barry twice, and he was unable to continue.

From the Oak-Tanned Sole to the Eyelet-holes --the "Traveller" Shoe is sensible, durable and comfortable.

All the resources of our organization -- the largest of its kind in Canada -- have been called on to make it so, and we are proud of the product. The

"Traveller" can hold its own in any company, and is sold at \$3.50 to \$4.50. Ames-Holden Limited, St. John, N.B.

One Dollar A YEAR The Evening Times

Three hundred and twelve issues DELIVERED BY MAIL to subscribers outside of St. John, Fairville and Milford

One Dollar DON'T BE WITHOUT ST. JOHN'S ENTERPRIZING EVENING PAPER

Write your name and post office address below and mail this ad., together with a ONE DOLLAR BILL, and THE TIMES will be started at once.

Name Address WRITE PLAINLY SEND NOW The Evening Times, St. John, N.B.

WAS A TOTAL WRECK FROM HEART FAILURE.

Heart disease is characterized by its stealthy approach and its variety of forms, and in all its forms nature gives unmistakable signals which warn us of its presence.

One of the first danger signals announcing something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throb. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling, or again there may be the most violent beating, with flushings of the skin and visible pulsations of the arteries. You may experience a smothering sensation, gasp for breath and feel as though about to die. In such cases the action of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is beyond all question, such speedy restoration to health that no one need suffer.

Mr. Darin Carr, Geary, N.B., writes: "It is with the greatest pleasure I write you a few lines to let you know the great blessing your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been to me. I was a total wreck from heart failure, my wife advised me to take your pills, and after using two boxes I was restored to perfect health. I am now sixty-two years old and feel almost as well as I did at twenty."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.