MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—

NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eveleigh Nash, 1906); "Parson Croft" (Eveleigh Nash, 1907.)

Continued.

My prisoner thanked me, and setting a couple of sentries before the door, with orders to treat the Spaniard with every consideration short of allowing him to leave the chamber except in the company of one or other of them, I went about my business.

As I reached the lower court, the first musket shots rang out proclaiming that the attack had begun in earnest, and on gaining the gallery flanking the entrance, I was not long in reading the envoy's plan of assault. The infantry had been divided into two forces and were advancing slowly making ample use of such cover as lay before the castle. Massed somewhat in their rear, were the peasants, who, armed with axes, picks and sledge hammers were to attack the gate where the soldiers had silenced our fire.

It was imperative that there should be no waste of our scanty ammunition, and finding that their shots were unanswered, the Bavarians, taking heart of grace, pressed boldly onwards till the bullets of their sharpshooters, came singing through the loopholes. Then and not till then did we return their fire, and in spite of the inferiority of our weapons, two of the more venturesome of their marksmen, who had advanced almost to within pistol range, paid the penalty of their rashness. A wild shout from my hussars greeted this success and for a moment the peasants wavered, but they of the green uniforms were of stouter stuff, recking little of a foe the more or a comrade the less. They were cooler than my men, who, true to their cavalry instincts, would rather have played the role of attackers than attacked, and have trusted to their blades in the open instead if to powder and ball in a gallery heavy with smoke. Then my troopers began to fall as the enemy concentrated their fire upon the loopholes.

In vain I enjoined caution, when one dropped another was quick to take musket with a reckless daring all out of place in the defence of a fortress.

"Donnerwetter!" growled old Mendt, who had shown some pretty marksmanship, as a ball grazed his cheek, "Heaven aid these green-coat powder-burners if ever I meet them with horse and steel."

Meanwhile, beneath the growing fusillade, the irregulars had been preparing to attack the entrance. On they came, some Bavarian officers at their head to hearten them, and though from the flanking towers my men did their best to break their charge, they struck the gates in a living wave, and bills, crowbars and sledge-hammers were thundering upon the tough old wood. Bravely that iron-bound framing bore the weight of the blows, while from above upon the heads of the enemy, fell a hail of stones, bars of iron and other missiles, and from the loopholes commanding the entrance our pistols made havoc in the close-pressed mass. Wood splintered, bolts and hinges groaned, but supported by the flags and beams piled behind them, the gates held fast.

In vain the soldiers hurried to their allies' support, in that jostling crowd they could make but the feeblest answer to our fire, nor was there space to reload their weapons, and at length the peasants who had borne the brunt of the attack, drew back from the entrance, where lay a score of their wounded and dead.

Smoke drifted about the battlements of Rohn, cries beat against her towers, but the castle stood firm as the rock she crowned. For centuries Rohn had borne siege and assault, fire and escalade, had echoed victor's shout and vanquished's moan, and still in the grey of her age she defied her latest foes.

Three of my troopers were dead, six lay wounded, and these we carried into the keep as once more the enemy advanced upon the gate. But we again beat them back with growing loss, and then they tried what fire and gunpowder might effect to work our ruin. It cost them dear to pile their straw and faggots before the gate, for the defenders realizing their purpose, aimed with a marksman's care. But for all our efforts they contrived to lay their fascines with a keg of powder set amongst them, and though the men fell thick and fast, sprawling stricken beside their work, the brushwood was fired and up shot the flames about the barrel.

"Down," cried I to my troopers, seeing that nought but a miracle could save the gates, in spite of the water that had been poured upon the wood from above, and in a moment the tower rocked beneath us, the walls cracked and shivered as the roar of the explosion drowned shouts of friend or foe.

With the crash of falling beams, groans, cries, and the cheers of our assailants in my ears, I was dimly conscious of a fissure yawning wide in the masonry before me, and for a moment the purple of the sunset reflected on a cloudy sky flickered before my eyes. Then all was darkness and deepest silence broken only by what seemed to me the beat of a rising surf upon a storm-swept shore.

* * * *

"Water, Karl Knecht, for Heaven's love," I groaned, staring wildly about me and gradually became conscious of a moonlit chamber, two candles guttering before a mirror, and of lying, not amid the ruins of a riven tower, but upon a bed in a richly furnished room. Heavy was my brain, my head swimming, every muscle numb with utter weariness. But my thirst and my reeling senses, as I tried to collect my wits! Was I dreaming, and this siege with the explosion at the gate, but a nightmare?

Little cared I for the moment, there was a cup to my lips, and as I drank greedily my eyes met those of Father Johann who was bent at the bedside. By each saint in the calendar, there was virtue in that draught. The face of the priest was growing clearer, everything in the room more sharply defined, the candlelight less dim. But for all that, my head was as lead, my left arm and shoulder aching as I sank back upon the pillows.

"What is it, father?" I murmured wearily, "Why am I here, methought the castle was besieged."

"Now God be praised, my son," I heard the old father falter, but lie thou still. A mishap befell thee at the gate."

"Where am I then?" I groaned, staring round this chamber which seemed so strange. "Where's Karl Knecht, my corporal?"

"He was here but a moment since," Father Johann made answer," and is gone to the wall again. And when thou wast wounded, they carried thee to the southern wing where the noise of the battle scarce reaches."

"And what of Rohn?" I gasped, seized with a sudden fear, "have they won the gate? Is the castle taken? What of the Countesses?"

"My son," said the priest, "they have won the gate, but the gate has been won before, and thy men still hold the upper court. As for the ladies they are safe."

The gate won; the ladies safe; bitter and sweet. With a sigh I strove to turn on my side, but my shoulder galled me. I groaned for the pain, doing my best to sit upright for the pillows had sunk beneath me and I was cramped. And then as I was about to close my eyes, I felt those pillows gently raised; something light and soft brushed my temples, and I started wide awake at the sight of Elsa von Rohn bent above the bed.

I was speeechless, surely I was dreaming yet; but no, there stood the younger sister in her gown of creamy satin, with the deep lace ruffles at the short elbow sleeves, with the candlelight shining soft on her pale cheeks and brown tresses. Next, I was conscious of Father Johann speaking, though his voice seemed low and very distant, and then a shadow passed before me, I heard the door softly close, and I knew that I was alone with the Countess:

Then I spoke—it was but a whisper:

"Tell me true," said I, "what has happens? Where are the men, my corporal, thy sister? is Rohn taken?"

Much else I said, I know, and I fear 'twas but the babble of the half-witted, but her voice was sweet and soothing to my ears as she answered gently.

"Thou art wounded, but thy corporal will be here before dawn, and Rohn is not yet won and my sister is well, and I am here beside thee!"

"Nay, where?" I groaned—that room was strangely dark and very empty. "The light is dim and I'm athirst and——"

And for answer a cool hand touched mine, and as my fingers closed upon it, I sank to sleep.

It was broad daylight when I woke to the rattle of musketry. Great clouds of smoke were sweeping across the fast-closed casement, and now and again a shower of sparks sped by in an eddying gust. Three men stood at my bedside, Father Juan, my corporal and a trooper. I would have risen on my arm, my head was clearer but the priest's hand stayed me.

"Softly, my son," said he, as I groaned for the stiffness of my left shoulder, "thy corporal shall come close beside thee."

And then and there I learned from Karl Knecht of what had followed the explosion at the gate on the previous evening. I had been standing in the tower upon the left hand of the entrance and it was hereabouts that the Bavarians powder had wrought the mischief. Its upper story had been shattered, and I and the four troopers had been buried in the falling debris. Of these, three had been killed outright, and only I and one other had escaped with our lives.

(Too be continued.)

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Mary J. Enslow

The death of Miss Mary Josephine Enslow, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Enslow, occurred yesterday after a long illness. She was in her fifteenth year, and the eldest daughter. Much sympathy will be extended to her family in their bereavement. Besides her father and mother, she leaves two brothers and six sisters.

R. D. P. Northrup

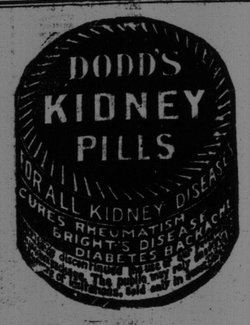
R. D. P. Northrup, a prominent up river farmer and blacksmith, died at his home, Bellisle Creek, last Monday, aged fifty-eight years. He is survived by a wife, two daughters and two grand daughters. The funeral took place at Bellisle Creek on Thursday at two o'clock. Rev. Mr. Coleman, of Springfield, conducted the service, and the interment was made in the Church of England burial grounds.

Bessie May Coles

Bessie May, second child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Coles, died last evening at her parents' home, 140 Waterloo street after a week's illness of spinal meningitis. The little one was nearly three years old. For the bereaved father and mother many friends will feel deeply and they will have much sympathy. The funeral will be at 2.30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

NEW STEAMERS FOR CANADIAN SERVICE

Belfast, April 21.—It is stated that the Dominion liners, Alberta and Albany, now building here, and two White Star boats, the Baltic and a new liner, will be placed on the new Canadian service, which the White Star Steamship Company, in conjunction with the Dominion Line, and the Grand Trunk Railroad, contemplates opening in the near future. It also is stated that these steamers will alternately run from Liverpool and Southampton to Montreal.



FISH, FOREST AND GAME PROTECTION

The Visit of A. Kelley Evans to St. John and Other New Brunswick Centres.

The following statement was given out last evening by Douglas W. Clinch, secretary-treasurer of the New Brunswick Fish, Forest and Game Protective Association:—

"There's an old saying that 'its an ill wind that blows nobody good.' There are without doubt many young men in this province who were on the verge of 'bettering themselves' a few month ago when the president's big stick fell and they kept on at their same old jobs. Now we do not presume to think there is any direct connection between the panic of 1907 and the above association but we ask those same young men and their fathers to keep on heading their letters New Brunswick, and we'll call it Providence or anything they like—as long as they listen.

"We were all told in our school books that the chief industries of the maritime provinces were lumbering and fishing, but we heard nothing of the value of our game, game fish and game birds. We were also told in those same school books that people living by the sea were industrious and that they ventured abroad. We also know that this winter port of ours 'is a city set upon a hill.' Therefore we are an anti-pessimistic society.

"During the past few months a number of citizens have been working quietly as to the best method of protecting the great natural resources of this wonderful province. They have brought to light a number of existing evils and they have done their best to find a solution. To start with they wish the co-operation of every man in New Brunswick for they are going to start where the most striking success in similar movements left off.

"In the year 1867 General Joshua L. Chamberlain, in his inaugural message to the legislature of the State of Maine, sharply called attention to the fact that Maine was not developing her great natural resources 'fast and far enough to afford a field for the vigorous spirit of her sons, and that the young men of their state had been leaving at the rate of more than 5,000 a year for fifteen years in excess of the number they received from abroad, that these were the most valuable portion of their population.'

"In that year the legislature, by resolve, provided for the appointment of a commission 'to investigate the feasibility of restoring fish to our depleted waters.' For two years this commission labored and investigated. On account of their report, a fish and game commission was appointed and a comprehensive code of fish and game laws enacted both of which have been in existence ever since.

"As a result, millions of dollars worth of summer cottages and hotels are located in the interior of that state, in the vicinity of the lakes, ponds, streams and hunting grounds. Profitable employment has been furnished to thousands of citizens, railroad service has been vastly improved, a ready market for thousands of farms provided and an industry established second to none in the state. The result has been that by a house to house canvas in 1902 it was found that 133,000 vacationists visited the interior, cash left by them over $13,000,000. In 1903 this was $16,000,000, in 1906 $25,000,000. To prove these statements we have the pleasure to refer to such gentlemen as Governor John B. Hill, Charles H. Hill of The Belgrade, Hon. Charles E. Oak, John B. Marble, Hon. E. M. Blanding, Hon. George M. Houghton, Hon. F. E. Boothby and the Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Augusta.

"Within the last week the secretary has had letters from different sections of the province which have borne out all statements authorized by the association. He has also had numerous letters from American sportsmen and with absolutely no advertising save a letter to Field and Stream, New York, has placed or will locate many thousand dollars worth of vacationists as the result. What can be done with a country offering the finest big game and salmon fishing on this continent, to say nothing of other attractions, by a thorough system of advertising is simply impossible to state.

"Knowing there are many thousands of people who will give a subject of this magnitude honest consideration we have procured the services of the best authority on the matter in Canada. This gentleman, A. Kelly Evans, of Toronto, will arrive in St. John on Tuesday, April 28, and together with an authority on forestry, a prominent merchant, W. Harry Allen, of Penniac, and Thomas F. Allen, of Bangor, will speak in Keith's assembly rooms on that evening. We ask every man who has the welfare of this province at heart to make it a point to attend.

From here Mr. Evans will go to Moncton, where the board of trade have taken the matter up with great enthusiasm; then to Newcastle, on the 30th inst., where several gentlemen have formed a branch, and to Fredericton on May 1. It is hoped he will there also address the House of Assembly as the Premier has extended a most cordial invitation.

"If you want to see New Brunswick eclipse the fondest dreams of the promoters of Muskoka, the present success of Maine; if you want to see money come literally pouring into every commercial centre in the province, to see the finest hotels on the continent erected at your very doors and to have the name of your province on the lips of the whole world, come to that meeting—and bring your friends."

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by all druggists.

DEAD WILD CATS

The town of Cobalt is in such an unsanitary condition that special legislation is required. The dead wild cats around that neighborhood must be kicking up an awful fog. People as far away as Toronto have it up their noses, and say it's fierce. —Bobcaygeon Independent.

Every Woman in Poor Health

Has an awful struggle. Lots to do, all kinds of worry, must contend with loss of sleep, poor appetite and tired nerves. Her only desire is for more strength and better health. This is exactly what comes from using Ferrozone, the greatest tonic sickly women can possibly use. Ferrozone makes the blood tingle and grow red, the cheeks grow rosy, the eyes bright. Ferrozone invigorates the body, develops new strength and makes life worth living. Ferrozone is the sort of tonic that builds up, it gives one a reserve of nerve force and establishes such health conditions that sickness is unknown. Let every woman use Ferrozone. Price 50c.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SALVAGE CORPS

Officers Elected by the Local Corps Last Night

The 26th annual meeting of No. 1 Salvage corps was held in their rooms last night. The election of officers resulted in the 1907 list, being practically all re-elected. They are:—R. W. W. Frink, captain; Harry Ervin, lieutenant; E. Percy Howard, secretary; J. C. Mitchell, treasurer; Dr. J. K. Scammell, surgeon. The foremen of districts are:—No. 1, James Mills; No. 2, G. H. Tapley; No. 3, Fred McKean; No. 4, G. C. M. Farren. When the surgeon was re-elected there was some discussion over the state of the city ambulance, and the opinion was freely expressed that the present vehicle would not make a decent patrol wagon. It was announced that the city had already sent to obtain figures on a new ambulance.

During the year No. 1 corps responded to fifty-five alarms. Nine of these were false and twenty-six others averaged ten minutes' duration. These figures mean that thirty-five of the alarms were needlessly sounded. In all the company has spread during the year 141 covers, besides using the hand extinguishers at numerous small fires. A great deal was done during the year in the way of entertaining. Notable among the events which called for the exercise of the hospitality of the corps were the firemen's muster in September and the visit of the Hartford veterans in October.

At the conclusion of the annual meeting refreshments were served.

There was an enthusiastic gathering in No. 5 engine rooms last evening when No. 2 Salvage Corps met in annual session. The officers elected are:—W. H. White, captain; H. E. Harrison, lieutenant; W. H. Turner, treasurer; Dr. C. M. Pratt, surgeon; George Carvill, J. C. Purdy, John Salmon, C. McIntyre, foremen.

Recommendations in the reports of the officers were referred to the next monthly meeting. After the transaction of business a pleasant social time was enjoyed. There were speeches by all the officers, R. I. Cunningham and others, songs by E. and A. H. Holder, Hedley McIntyre, R. Cunningham, piano solo by F. Kerr and other numbers. Refreshments were served by an efficient committee.

LARGE CROWDS SEE NICKEL PICTURES

Excellent Programme Opens the Week at Moving Picture House

It was like the days and evenings of last summer at the Nickel yesterday, the crowds were so enormous and the enthusiasm so high. From 1.30 until 5.30 the big theatre was the Mecca of thousands of ladies and children, and in the evening the crowds not only filled the auditorium, but taxed the capacity of the lobbies and filed down the stairway to the street. The ticket-selling was stopped several times to allow all to secure comfortable seats before the rush. Furthermore, precautions were taken not to allow standing room in the aisles.

The show was so good the people were loath to leave. The Cossacks of the Don, Moscow, seemed to be the favorite picture. Its spirited horsemanship was exciting and instructive, while the drama Will Grandpa Forgive? was full of heart-interest and pathos. The tree-felling accident in this scene was a piece of thrilling realism. Video's Acrobatic Skaters and The Old Maid's Inheritance proved entertaining novelties. A magnificent feature was the travelogue On the Rhine, being a series of excellent new views of the famous river, its specially beautiful spots and panoramas.

Musically the Nickel was extra strong. Miss Davis jumped into favor in the dainty Spanish-American hit Musette, the symphonic story of an artist's model a la Trilby. The little singer appeared in costume and her song was embellished with castenets and tambourines as well as full orchestral effect. Mr. Maxwell made his biggest success yet in the ballad I'd Live or I Would Die for You, a writing from the pen of the author of Love Me and the World is Mine. As usual the orchestra was fine; same shows today.

CHAMPLAIN IN WITH 600 PASSENGERS

C. P. R. Liner Had Heavy Weather; Steamers Spoken.

After being buffeted by high seas for seven days and encountering successions of strong gales all the way across the Atlantic the C. P. R. steamer Lake Champlain, Captain G. S. Webster, arrived from Liverpool with 600 passengers and 1200 tons of cargo at 3.30 o'clock yesterday and docked at No. 2 berth.

The Champlain left Liverpool on April 8th. One of the passengers, Mrs. McDonald, gave birth to a child at sea. She was taken to the General Public Hospital in the ambulance last evening.

Special services were held on the steamer on Good Friday and on Easter Sunday. The services were conducted by Rev. K. J. Noyes and Rev. W. Venables. Among the passengers were seventy-five boys from homes in England. The boys were in charge of Charles Couchman, and were going west to become settlers. They were a fine healthy looking lot, as promising as any brought here this season. Rev. Mr. Noyes and Rev. Mr. Venables were bound for Saskatoon to visit their sons.

The Champlain saw no ice. On Thursday the steamer was in communication by wireless with the C. P. R. steamers Montreal, bound for Antwerp, and Lake Manitoba, bound for Liverpool. Both steamers reported all well. On Saturday the R. M. S. Empress of Britain, bound home for Liverpool, was spoken all well. The steamer also passed a fleet of French fishermen bound for the Grand Banks. One of the fleet, the Cristopher Colombo of Fecamp, was given the longitude.

Coming up the bay the steamer had fine weather. Captain Webster reports that the Blond Rock buoy was in position on Sunday night, and was working well. The captain also praises the new light that has been installed on Seal Island. He says that it is just what seafaring men need.

This is the Champlain's last trip here this season. Her next will be up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The arrival of the R. M. S. Empress of Ireland here on Saturday will wind up the Liverpool service here this season.

Two special trains carried the Champlain's passengers west. The first train left the yard at Sand Point at 8.30 o'clock; the second at 9.30.

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Talking Machine

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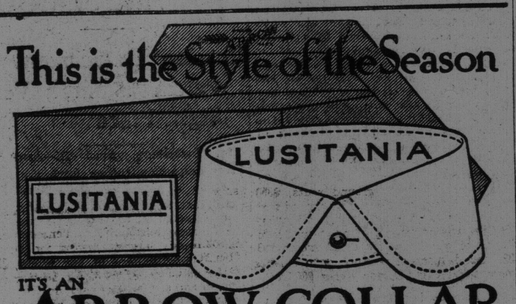

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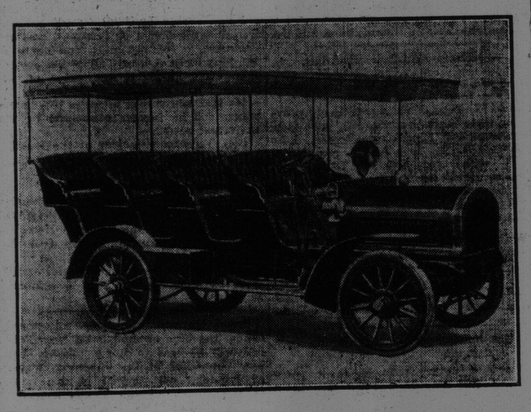

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

ELECTION CARDS

To the Electors of the City of St. John:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Having been tendered the unsolicited support of a large number of ratepayers, I have decided to accept nomination for the Mayoralty and trust I will receive your endorsation.

If elected, I will endeavor to give you safe, progressive and business-like administration.

During the time I have held the position of Alderman and discharged the duties of chairman of the treasury department, I have given very full attention to the city affairs; and whilst I have no doubt that the progress and development of the city (increasingly manifested during several years) will be continued, I realise fully that the taxation of the citizens must not be materially increased, but that as far as possible the rate of assessment must be reduced.

Soliciting your vote and support on Tuesday the 21st inst. Yours respectfully,

THOS. H. BULLOCK.

To the Electors of Queens Ward.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of a large number of the Electors, I have decided to offer as a candidate for Alderman in this ward. If returned, I shall exercise my judgment to the best of my ability to assist in giving the city good government, and I, therefore, most respectfully solicit your support.

Yours truly,

GEO. A. HETHERINGTON.

Alderman At Large

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of a large number of the electors of the city I have decided to offer as a candidate for Alderman-at-large in the coming civic election, to be held on the 21st inst. If elected, I will do all in by power to promote the best interests of the city. Yours respectfully,

JOHN SIME.

Alderman at Large.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I will be a candidate at the coming Civic Election, to be held Tuesday, April 21st, for the position of Alderman at Large. If you favor me with your vote and influence, I shall, if elected, endeavor to administer the affairs of the city in a straightforward business manner.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES A. CLARK.

ALDERMAN-AT-LARGE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

At the solicitation of a large number of the ratepayers of the city, I have consented to be a candidate for Alderman-at-Large in the coming civic election. If elected, I will do my utmost to have the business of the city conducted as economically as the needs of the city will permit.

Yours respectfully,

W. E. SCULLY.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of a large number of the ratepayers I will again be a candidate for Alderman-at-Large. If once more returned I will endeavor to work for the best interest of the city.

Respectfully,

H. L. McGOWAN.

To the Electors of Duke's Wark.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I will be a candidate at the coming election for Alderman of Dukes Ward. I cannot see you personally before election day, but will assure you that my circular sent to each voter will be my platform for the coming year, and, while especially interested in Dukes Ward, the general interests of the city will not be overlooked.

Hoping to have your support, I am,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK LESLIE POTTS.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of a large number of the electors of this ward, I have again decided to offer as a candidate for Alderman; and as in the past, if elected, will do all in my power for the best interests of the city. Respectfully soliciting your support, I remain, Yours truly,

JAMES SPROUL.

To the Electors of Prince Ward.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of a largely signed requisition of the Electors I have consented to be a candidate for Alderman in this ward. Should I be elected, I will use my best efforts to see that the business of the city is properly administered.

Trusting to be favored with your support, I am,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN F. MORRISON.

To The Electors of King's Ward.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the earnest solicitation of a large number of the ratepayers of this ward I have again decided to offer as candidate for the office of Alderman, and I respectfully solicit your support.

Yours faithfully,

J. B. HAMM.

To the Electors of Kings Ward

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Yielding to the request of many of the electors to offer for the Aldermanship of Kings Ward, I will be a candidate for that office on Tuesday next, April 21st.

If elected, I will endeavor to give close and careful attention to the city's business.

Faithfully yours,

TIMOTHY O'BRIEN.

To the Electors of Queen's Ward:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the earnest solicitatin of a large number of the Electors of Queen's Ward I have consented to be a candidate for Alderman of the ward at the election to be held on the 21st inst. If elected, I will do all in my power for the good and economic government of the city.

Respectfully yours,

AMON A. WILSON.

To the Electors of Landsdowne Ward.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I will be a candidate for alderman of this ward on Tuesday, April 21st. As I cannot see all the electors in the ward, I take this opportunity of soliciting your support on that date, and if elected will endeavor to look after the interests of the city and the many needs of the ward to the best of my ability.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

A. M. ROWAN.

To the Electors of Guys Ward.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of a number of the ratepayers of the ward I have again decided to be a candidate for the ward this year, and if elected will do all in my power to further the interests of ward and city.

J. B. TAIT.