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THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

The place was deal still, and not greatly caring whether I was seen or not, I pushed the canvas aside and slipped in. There was no one there. My knowledge of the gallery enabled me to move warily; but, in creeping up to the folding doors which led to Normia's rooms, I ran against a column with a bust on it, and made a little noise.

It was covered with a white cloth, and I had this in my hands when one of the doors was opened, and a light showed. Instantly I flung the cloth over my head and stood as still as one of the statues.

"I heard nothing, monsieur." It was the voice of the little French servant.

"Well, be quick, then," was the reply, in the liquid tones of Alexandrov. I recognized it at once.

The movement of the light, seen through the cloth, allowed of my following their actions. They came close to the folding-doors by which I was posing. The doors were opened and the lights from within came streaming full on to me, much to my uneasiness.

Then the girl spoke.

"The princess will be quite ready now, monsieur. She has been dressed some time in readiness to go to the salon just before midnight. Wait here, please, until I bring her out."

"Be quick—be quick! There is not a moment to lose," was Alexandrov's impatient reply, and I heard the girl go into the anteroom.

Alexandrov was so close to me that I could hear his breathing, and I half-feared he would hear the thumping of my heart against my ribs in my excitement.

He shifted his feet now and again restlessly; and, just after the girl shut the door of Normia's room beyond, I heard him start and swear softly to himself. His shadow came suddenly between me and the light, and I made sure that he suspected me.

I knew that his knife between my ribs would be his first indication that he had discovered I was no statue, so I lowered the white cloth and looked at him.

He had not seen me, however. He was bending down with his back to me and his oath had been evoked by some difficulty he was experiencing in unfolding a long black cloak. To see what the trouble was he had stepped forward into the light.

I would not again run the risk of covering my eyes, but held the white cloth so that my face just appeared above it, and stared at him intently.

I did not then realize the uncanny effect of my action, but it was soon apparent. He got the cloak arranged to his liking, and moved back into the shadow to wait. A second later, unable to hold my breath any longer, I let it escape in a long, deep, and somewhat tremulous, sigh.

He heard it, stared nervously, glanced round him in search of the cause, and then, fixed upon him a stolid stare above the white sheet, he say my eyes reflecting, no doubt, with a sort of unearthly gleam, the light from the room beyond.

All this time I had not seen his face, but I could tell that he was fascinated with sudden terror. After a few seconds a suppressed groan came from him, and down he went on his knees, and began muttering his prayers as fast as his chattering teeth could get them out.

He regarded me as a ghostly visitor from the other world, and well content to frighten him away and so avoid other trouble, I stretched out my right hand slowly, and began to glide toward him.

It was my turn then to be amazed.

As I moved toward him, he uttered another gasping cry, and wriggled forward on his knees, his hands held aloft beseechingly, until the fear-sweat on his pallid face glistened in the light.

"Mercy! Mercy!" he moaned. "I will confess. I will confess. Spare me."

I recognized him the instant I saw his face. And at the recognition many things were made plain.

He was the man I had met outside my rooms on the night of Provost's murder. His fright then, and his abject terror now, were alike explained. They sprang from the same cause.

He himself was Provost's murderer, and his tale to Catarina about Dromach was no more than a lie to win her favor and lull her suspicions. He might well identify the knife with which the deed had been done. It was his own!

The truth was out at last, thank Heaven, and I was really a free man again.

Chapter XVIII.

The Duel.

No sooner had I made the discovery that Alexandrov was the man who of all others I wished to find than the difficulties of the situation occurred to me. He was a big powerful brute, and was sure to be armed with knife or revolver, or both, while I had no weapon at all.

The moment he realized that I was of the earth, and not from the region to which he believed he had sent me, he would fight desperately. The odds were too heavy for me to have a chance of success, despite the fact that he was for the moment paralyzed with fear, and that I should have the advantage of surprise.

On the other hand, if I could drive him away while he still believed that I was my own ghost, his courage and confidence would return with the daylight, and there would be little difficulty in getting him arrested.

It is always safe to play on a low-born Greek's fear of the supernatural; and I decided to try it now, leaving the struggle to come afterward, if it must.

I now sunk my voice to its most sepulchral tone, and moaned, very slowly and deliberately:

"You killed me, Alexandrov. Confess, or never more shalt thou know peace."

He threw his hands on high in a very paroxysm of fright.

"I do confess! I killed you! Oh, Mother of Heaven, have mercy!" And, as if unable to bear the sight of the apparition, he buried his head in his hands.

I seized the chance to step back into the black shadow, leaving the beam of light between us, and threw off the white sheet. In my black cloak I was practically invisible of course.

"Go!" I thundered out of the darkness. "And, remember." And I let my voice die away, as if I were vanishing.

The illusion was apparently a complete success. He looked up, wiped the sweat from his brow, and rose, staring about him, and staggering and reeling like a drunken man. At that moment the door of Normia's room beyond was opened.

"Go!" I wailed again faintly; and in a yet fainter whisper: "Go!"

He needed no more. With a cry of fear he made headlong for the window, upsetting more than one thing in his rush, and scrambling out just before Normia and the girl showed in the doorway.

"What was that noise? Why is the gallery in darkness, Elsie?" asked Normia.

"Some one must have switched off the lights, your highness," answered the ready-witted girl, glancing about her in great bewilderment.

"Switch them up at once."

At that I threw off my cloak and stepped forward as the lights went up.

The maid gave a little scream.

"The foreman!" she cried.

Normia was no less surprised.

"Monsieur Provost!"

"I have a strange story to tell you, princess, and you should know it at once."

The servant began to take alarm.

"It is the hour for the cotillion, highness," said she hurriedly.

"Enough," I said, turning on her sharply. "I know the part you have played tonight. I was here all the time."

"I don't know what you mean, monsieur; but I will fetch the baroness." And off she sped along the gallery.

"What does this mean, monsieur?" asked Normia in some alarm.

"That the attempt of which I warned you was made tonight, and fortunately I reached here in time to prevent it."

One of the big clocks in the neighborhood chimed midnight, and Stephanie came hurrying in with the maid.

"But I was dressed for the ball, monsieur, and Elsie came to fetch me," said Normia.

"Elsie had left a man standing in the shadow of that door, and she knew that he was here to carry you away."

"Oh, monsieur! monsieur! How false? How dare you?" cried the girl indignantly. She had overheard this. "Excellency, you will not have my character taken away like this by a man who came here as a spy."

I picked up the long black cloak and a gag which Alexandrov had dropped.

"These things tell their own story," I said quietly.

At this Stephanie thought she saw her chance.

"You would naturally know where to look for them if you had placed them there," she said dryly.

"Or if I had seen them dropped by the man in his flight." I retorted. "There is some plain speaking to come. Had this girl better remain to hear it?" I asked Stephanie. "I don't propose to deal harshly with her. She is, of course, no more than a tool."

Stephanie turned on the girl with a great show of indignation.

"If you have had a hand in this you shall answer for it. You had better go for the time."

"She will go for good, and the sooner the better," I declared.

"Have you any other orders?" snapped Stephanie angrily.

"Let her remain, then, and send for Prince Lepova. He at least will understand what should be done." And at that the girl was sent off.

"I had warned you of this, Normia," said Stephanie, "and you will, therefore, understand why it is that Monsieur Provost is here so opportunely."

"Why not my Christian name, Stephanie?"

She declined the challenge.

"Are you coming to the salon, Normia?"

"What occurred was this," I interposed. "My suspicions were aroused by something I saw as I sat on the balcony. I hastened here, entering by that window—as some one had entered before me. I was in time to see Elise and a man, whom I can identify, and she left him here while she went to decoy you. While she was away the fellow was suddenly stricken with panic—at least, so I presume; and he rushed away, leaving these things behind him."

"A probable story, indeed!" she scoffed. "But intelligible enough if you add the key—that you were here to see the scheme carried through."

But at this Normia astonished us both.

"I believe what Monsieur Provost has told me, Stephanie, and I thank you, monsieur, from my heart, for your service. I am sorry I ever doubted you."

"Thank you," I replied, more moved than I cared for either of them to see.

Stephanie was bitterly angry, but before anything else could be said Lepova came hurrying through the gallery.

"Baroness! Monsieur Provost!" he exclaimed in great surprise. "I came to see why you were so late, Normia. Are you not coming? Every one is agape with curiosity at the delay."

"There has been trouble here, and nearly very serious trouble, too, prince," I said, and told him briefly what had occurred.

"I am in no mood for the cotillion," I added.

"They will say that the baron has frightened you away by his challenge, monsieur," he replied.

"Challenge?" cried Normia, with a start.

"Baron Von Epstein has insulted Monsieur Provost's real country—England—most grossly, and they are to meet in the morning," said the prince placidly.

Normia changed color and bit her lip, and to distract attention from her, I gave my arm to Stephanie. "They shall not say that prince. Let us return to the salon at once."

We went through the farce of the dance, and at the close Stephanie and I stood together to receive the formal congratulations. But as soon as I could decently get away I left the house.

The prince detained me a minute. He had had a full account from Normia, and thanked me warmly for my part. Then, referring to the morrow's meeting, he said he would call for me at seven o'clock to drive me to the ground.

"I trust you will serve me tomorrow as well as you have tonight, monsieur," were his parting words. A remark which I left unanswered.

Intensely excited as I was by the events of the night, particularly my discovery about Alexandrov, I shut out all thoughts except about the meeting in the morning. If I was to be killed nothing would matter and my chief consideration was to get some sleep so that my nerves might be steady; and to sleep I went.

I was ready before the prince arrived. If anything, I was, I think, the cooler of the two. He was almost excited in his eagerness that I should kill Von Epstein.

"I understand you can do almost anything with a pistol?" he said once.

"Did you get that from Arnheim? I once offered, in a swaggering jest, to trim his mustaches with a revolver."

"But you are a good shot?" he asked very earnestly.

"I think I could hit a man."

"He will kill you if he can. He is mad against you. His conduct to you last night was the vilest I have ever witnessed. Even a coward would have had his blood set boiling. And you are no coward, monsieur."

"You needn't try to work me up, prince."

"Ah, you English, you are so cool—so cold-blooded. Why do you pass yourself off as a Frenchman, monsieur?"

"If you ask me after this affair is over I may be disposed to tell you. But at present, if you don't mind, I'd rather just be quiet." And I said no more until the carriage drew up at the place of the meeting.

To my concern, I saw Arnheim on the ground, smoking a cigarette and chatting with a stranger.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"I'm the doctor," he replied, with a smile.

I turned to the prince.

"You must get another doctor, I won't have Arnheim."

"Why not?"

"I'll keep my reasons to myself, if you please, except one. I don't believe in his skill. He has a knack of letting his patients die under anesthetics."

Arnheim laughed.

"You've no cause to grumble on that score, Provost," he added significantly.

"I really think you should give your reasons, monsieur," declared Lepova. "It is a most extraordinary course."

"If you want them you can have them. This is a duel not a murder, prince. I won't have Arnheim touch me if I'm hurt, and much more certainly will I not let him touch Von Epstein."

I was certain from the prince's manner that my guess was right, and that if I only wounded my opponent, Arnheim's treatment was to do the rest. A very hot wrangle followed, and we were in the thick of it when Von Epstein arrived. As he had fortunately brought a doctor with him, Arnheim's capacity to do mischief was checkmated. So I got my way, and he left.

But relations between Lepova and myself were seriously strained by the incident, and had there been time we should have quarreled. As it was, however, he contented himself with a strong sentence about my interference, and turned away to arrange the preliminaries of the duel.

Judging by my adversary's expression, his temper was quite as furious as on the preceding night, and he had come fully resolved to kill me, if he could.

He had dressed himself in regulation duel attire—all in black, that is—and his long frock coat was carefully buttoned right up to the throat, so that not a spot of white should afford a mark for my bullet.

He was of the demonstrative and rather stagey type of men. I have no doubt he was brave enough—indeed, he showed that clearly afterward—but he appeared to think he could best show his courage by posing and expressing his contempt of me in look and attitude. And while the seconds were choosing and measuring the ground and completing the other arrangements, he stood with arms folded and head thrown back, glaring now and then at me with looks of defiance.

Except for a side glance or two I took no notice of him, but walked up and down considering very anxiously what course to adopt. I was absolutely confident of my ability to shoot him just where I wished. My hand and pulse were both steady, but, although his conduct to me had been both vile and violent, the circumstances made it impossible that I should do more than wound him.

I had come to the ground resolved not to hit him at all, but if he was bent on killing me it would do no good to miss him. If his first shot failed, the thing would go on until he succeeded in his object.

That was far too quixotic a course for me, and I decided to try and break his firing-arm, and so make it impossible for him to continue the fight.

When the arrangements were completed Lepova made a last attempt to spur my anger.

"He means to kill you, monsieur," he said, as he was placing me. "That has been his cry to his seconds all the way to the ground. He is mad that you struck him. If you take my counsel, you will turn very rapidly and get your shot first."

I let this go without reply, as I knew his object.

We were placed back to back at a distance of twelve yards, and our weapons were to be held down at arm's length while Lepova counted three. We were then to turn and fire.

Just before we turned our backs on one another, Von Epstein gave me a last furious, malignant, and rather swaggering look, and I was not sorry to see it. I knew that if he was in anything like the passion he appeared to be in he would be far less likely to hit me than if he had been cool.

In the few seconds before the signal was given I concentrated my thoughts upon my aim. If he fired, as many Austrians did, with his arm straight, I would send my bullet into his shoulder, but if with the arm bent I would aim at his elbow.

Then the prince asked if we were ready and counted three, very slowly.

At the word "Three!" I turned, not too hurriedly, and found that my opponent already had me covered and was taking a very deliberate aim at my head. His arm was bent, and I let fiy at his elbow.

It was a very narrow thing for me. His bullet sang past my head, skinning the tip of my left ear and making a little furrow in my hair. But my aim was better than his, for the bullet smashed his arm just at the elbow.

That his manner had not been mere bluster he soon proved by demanding that the fight should go on. He could use his left hand as well as his right, he said, and fight on he would.

But I refused peremptorily, and my refusal led to a little scene. He was very violent—called me a coward and a good many other things, and swore generally at the English, to induce me to fight on. But I declared firmly that I would not fight a wounded man, and to that I held. When one of his seconds intervened with a remark somewhat on the same lines, however, I resolved on a little theatrical display.

I walked right up to him and stared him fixedly in his eyes, and said, very quietly: "I don't know who you are, and don't wish to. When Baron Von Epstein has recovered from this hurt I will meet him again, if he wishes it. But next time I shall put my bullet into his head instead of into his arm. I could have done it just as easily this time. I'll prove that to you."

I took up a pistol, and, pointing to a small knot in a tree at some twenty paces distant, I turned my back as in the duel, and, swinging round quickly, sent a bullet straight into the centre of it.

"Now, monsieur, if you, or anyone else here, wishes to insult me or my country, I am willing to take it up on the spot. But I warn you I shall shoot to kill."

There was no response. A little swagger is a most useful argument at times, and this one had quite a soothing effect. Even Von Epstein himself subsided.

The prince, was, however, disposed to take a very different view. He wanted to lecture me both for not having killed Von Epstein outright and for having declined the second shot, and demanded angrily to know the reason.

"Because I am an Englishman, prince," was my reply.

"You don't seem to understand, monsieur——" he began, when I cut him short.

"That will do, thank you, prince. You have said a good many nasty things to me this morning, and I am at the end of my forbearance. Anything else you may say I shall resent very strongly." And my look said the rest.

"I cannot understand you, monsieur," he exclaimed, with a shrug of perplexity. "But in letting this man leave the place alive you have done us all a very bad turn."

"I know what is in your thoughts, of course," I said, as we crossed to his carriage; "and I think the time has come when you should understand me. As we drove here you asked me why I posed as a Frenchman. Let us go to my rooms and I will tell you. I can promise you that you will be interested."

"Certainly I will come, monsieur," he agreed readily, and, giving the coachman the order to drive to my rooms, he entered the carriage.

Matters were all going as I would have had them, and I was in the highest spirits.

The means of reinstating myself were in my hands, and at the same time I held the reins of control in regard to all the other affairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Frank Talk to Lepova.

During the drive Prince Lepova and I spoke very little. I had decided that the time had come when I could safely speak quite frankly to him. I had no longer anything to fear from the truth, thank Heaven.

I knew that Aexandrov was the murderer of Provost, and I had luckily been able to get the knowledge without rousing his suspicions that I had it. I should have him safe under lock and key within a few hours, and the whole history of my supposed death would be carefully investigated. My influence with my father's old friend would secure that being done thoroughly and secretly.

I had been careful to learn the names and whereabouts of all those who had been concerned in that sham operation, and before the day was out every one of them should be lodged in jail. The Austrian police could be trusted to do the rest, when inspired by such influence as I could command.

I need not give away the secrets of the conspiracy, nor betray either Stephanie or Lepova. I would hold my tongue about everything, indeed, provided that Normia was left free to decide for herself what course she would take. But I would stand no nonsense. They had forced me into the thing. I had been branded as a murderer, and I had been tricked into this quarrel with Von Epstein in order that I might commit another murder, or, as it seemed, lose my own life as the alternative.

The whip was in my hands, however. While others had had it, it had been used to scourge my back so roughly that I need have no scruples about using it on them if they forced me. It should rest with Stephanie and Lepova themselves whether I betrayed the whole plot.

The prince was very anxious to hear what I had to say, and as soon as we reached my rooms he asked impatiently, and with a distinctly peremptory note: "Now, Monsieur Provost, what is the meaning of all this?"

"When you were last in this room, prince, it was to give me a commission to—we may as well use plain terms—to murder Baron Von Epstein. Presumably you came because you believed that I had already murdered in cold blood, for the good of your cause, Guy Pershore, the Englishman, who had been sent to Vienna by the Servian Government to find out what you were doing. Is that so?"

"Go on, monsieur."

"You are, no doubt, aware that I told the Baroness Dolgoroff that I would have no hand in anything of the sort, and then together you concocted that little plan by which the quarrel was forced and the duel made necessary."

"I protest, monsieur——"

"You needn't," I broke in quietly. "We are going to indulge in some very plain talk, and I shall not say anything that is not true. Don't trouble to contradict me, therefore, or to protest."

He was very indignant, and rose, saying very angrily: "I am at a loss to understand you. Do you mean to insinuate that I speak other than the truth?"

I paused, and lighted a cigar with much deliberation.

"Do you think I'm the man to be frightened by a show of temper, prince? If so, you'd better go. But, if you do go, you will miss a plain statement that concerns you very closely. That is your concern. But if you decide to stay and listen, put away all idea of scaring me."

He stood a few seconds in hesitation, then sat down again, and laughed with an assumption of indifference.

"Go on, monsieur."

"Having concocted that scheme of indirect assassination, your next step was to be angry with me about Arnheim. I would not allow him to have the chance of finishing professionally what I might commence. After that you were again angry because, having shown you that I knew how to handle a pistol, I had not deliberately used my skill to shoot your victim."

"This is only your own interpretation, monsieur," he said, as I paused, and he waved his hand, as if indulging my caprice.

"I'm not blaming you, exactly. The mistake was not an unnatural one, seeing the number of men you have about you accustomed to do your bidding in such affairs for the good of the cause. You took me for one of them."

"You are a little tedious, Monsieur Provost."

"I don't think you'll find the time exactly wasted," I returned dryly. "However, I'll take a subject next that will interest you—the Princess Normia. Ah, I thought that would rouse you." He was on his feet again, looking very black and ugly.

"I don't allow you to discuss her, monsieur."

"Then you'll have to go, prince, for I have a lot to say about her. If you don't mean to listen—well, the door is not locked." And I rose and opened it.

But he did not go. He had obviously come to the conclusion that there was something really serious in the interview.

"I will hear you," he said curtly, resuming his seat.

"I wish you to believe that I have no sort of hostile feeling against you personally—except in regard to this forced quarrel. You smile at such a statement from Gerard Provost; but you won't smile presently. What I have to say in regard to the princess is this. She has been forced into this conspiracy against her will because she believes that the Baroness Dolgoroff can endanger the lives of those who are very dear to her—her mother and sister. Now, she must be allowed at once to communicate openly with her friends, and to make her decision, in the light of information I can give her, whether she will go forward with your scheme or draw back from it. And in that I include the marriage with you."

He was interested enough now, and his brows almost met in the heavy frown with which he heard me.

"Your reasons?" he said sharply, as I paused.

(To be continued.)

The Latest in Bathing Suits

New York, July 1.—If a bathing dress composed of a comparatively modest green and black plaid stirred such a storm at Asbury Park last summer as to require police intervention, what will be the result when the bathing suit of the 1908 model displays itself on the seashore sands this year?

For the "s'heath" bathing suit is here. One mere man had the temerity, after summoning sufficient courage to view a half dozen of these beach garments, to unhesitatingly answer the question with the assertion that the "one best bet" is that the life savings corps, the State militia and several detachments of federal troops may be required to lend aid to the summer resort police.

No one, let it be understood, can accuse the bathing suit of not keeping step with Fashion's progress. The casual observer must admit that it is leading its nearest competitor, the Directoire gown, by three city blocks.

The bathing suit that will be en regle, as the Parisian modiste has it, at the summer resorts this year is composed of higher colorature than ever beset a Greig composition of a Chopin etude. It eclipses the rainbow color combination presented. Application of an especially constructed colorimeter, modistes agree, would prove that the color strength easily approximates something like 213-horse power on the low speed. At the port side appears the open slit that has made the Directoire gown the cynosure of the sensation seeking eye.

SUSSEX SHAM FIGHT DECIDED A DRAW

Someone Blundered and Two Squadrons of Eighth Hussars, All Ready for the Fray, Didn't Get Their Marching Orders---Non-Coms. and Officers for the Quebec Contingent Selected.

Sussex, N. B., July 3.—Drill at Camp Sussex practically closed at noon today, when the sham battle ended in a draw. The umpires following the movements of the troops were unable to meet during the afternoon owing to pressure of duties and, to the satisfaction of all, the affair was called a drawn contest. The plan of battle followed was identical to that outlined in The Telegraph yesterday. Through some mistake in issuing orders to the officers of the Hussars, A and B squadrons, under Majors Arnold and Kinnear, did not leave camp, and the attacking force were without the assistance of cavalry.

The town was enlivened about 8.30 o'clock this morning by the sound of martial music and the streets were invaded by the defending or southern force. Col. Chipman was in command and with him was the 13th brigade of infantry under command of Major Perkins of the 67th, the 12th field battery, forty of the army medical corps, under Sergt.-Major Atchinson, and two squadrons of Hussars in command of Major Markham and Major Black. At 9.20 o'clock this force left the station and were placed in positions of defence about the town. The artillery took up a position on a hill just back of the Knoll and was supported by a troop under Capt. Kirkpatrick. The main body of cavalry and C company of the 67th, advanced and, crossing the railway track, prepared to defend the armory. In this body were two companies each of the 71st and the 67th. The northern force left camp at 7.45 o'clock and made a record march to Plumpweseep.

The four miles were covered inside of one hour and the army under Col. Mackenzie was ready to move at 9 o'clock. The 10th and 19th field batteries were placed on the hills, as told, and after the battle opened, rained shells on the camp.

While the northern force was advancing, the defending force was spread out under cover and companies A and B of the 67th took up a particularly good position on the ridge around the swamp to the west of the drill grounds. Companies A and B of the 71st and other corps were placed on the outskirts and formed the advance guard.

At 10.20 o'clock the first rifle shot was fired between skirmishing parties and ten minutes later the big guns of the 12th spoke from the Knoll. The answering shots came from the artillery of the enemy and the engagement became general. The skirmishing parties sent out by the defending force for a distance of a mile or more were withdrawn and massed along the railroad track to repel the attack.

The umpires were kept busy in keeping account of the wounded and prisoners and early in the action Col. Oglivie had counted ten per cent. of the troops in action on the casualty list.

The sharpest fighting took place a few hundred yards to the north of the railway track in plain sight of the camp. Four companies of the enemy were seen approaching through the trees and Capt. Percy Guthrie, of South African fame, led A Company of the 71st hurriedly across the track and lay in wait for the approaching troops. The advancing officers made a grave mistake at this point and had they been in action the umpires say their whole battalion would have been wiped out by the deadly fire from Capt. Guthrie's company. The twenty rounds of ammunition were all exhausted by these parties, but many of the troops had not fired a shot and the men looked somewhat disappointed when the umpires called the fight off at 12 o'clock. It was at first understood that the southern force had won, but no decision was given cut by Col. White as he was busy in his office all day.

In addition to the umpires given yesterday, Capt. Mellville, of the Engineers, said after the battle that the troops had acted as if they were ready and willing but that there was something wrong with the whole system. The officers and non-commissioned officers were not capable of taking command of a detached company, and in his opinion in order to qualify for a captaincy, an officer should be capable of commanding a regiment. It seems to be the general opinion of the officers that the marches like the one today should be held more frequently than once a year. It is also suggested that the officers occupy their time in the evenings figuring out war games such as are used in the regular army.

During the afternoon the tired squadrons of the Hussars who had been left out of the sham battle by mistake, were given parade drill on the plain. The infantry regiments were drawn up on the infantry parade ground and after much lusty cheering were dismissed. The regulars and ordnances corps wert busy in striking the tents and taking account of the supplies.

Commencing at 7 o'clock this evening the militia will get away as quickly as possible and none will be left by tomorrow evening. Major F. Morrison has been named as transport officer.

The hardest worked corps in camp was the Quebec battalion which has been drilled since Tuesday by itself. As stated Lt. Col. J. W. Baker will command the regiment made up of the four companies in camp and the two which will be added from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The major has not yet been decided upon. An effort has been made to get Colonels Chipman and Fairweather to go as second in command, but it is understood both have declined.

The brigade staff, in command of the 62nd and the composite regiment, has not ytt been decided upon, with the exception of Col. H. N. McLean, commanding officer. One company of the 3rd regiment, R. C. A. of St. John, will likely go.

The men have been put through a hard drill and many have dropped out since being chosen and new ones had to be substituted. Neither officers or men will receive pay but will be allowed so much a day for support while traveling and in camp.

The officers who will go with the N. B. rural corps are:

No. 1 Co. (67th Regiment.)

Captain J. J. Bull.
Captain H. H. Hopkins.
Lieutenant F. A. Good.
Color Sergeant A. E. Sipprell.
Sergeant W. K. Flemming.
Sergeant Nicholas Dee
Sergeant H. H. Smalley.
Corporal Russel Boyer.
Corporal William Rideout.
Corporal Roy Applebey.
Corporal Delize Bouchard.
Bugler Charles W. Hitchcock.

No. 2 Co. (71st Regiment.)

Captain G. H. Thomas.
Lieutenant G. P. Ryder.
Lieutenant Wright.
Color Sergeant McGlinch.
Sergeant Pickard.
Sergeant Cochrane.
Sergeant Ashe.
Corporal Parks.
Corporal Griffin.
Corporal Crompton.
Corporal Morrison.

No. 3 Co. (73rd Regiment.)

Captain A. E. G. MacKenzie.
Lieutenant W. H. Belyea.
Lieutenant W. D. Gunter.
Color Sergeant Arbo.
Sergeant Arseneau.
Sergeant O'Donnell.
Sergeant Price.
Corporal McKnight.
Corporal Loggie.
Corporal Woods.
Corporal Springer.

No. 4 Co. (74th Regiment.)

Captain H. K. Bowes.
Lieutenant F. H. Rowe.
Lieutenant H. D. Titus.
Color Sergeant Freeze.
Sergeant Golding.
Sergeant Carter.
Sergeant Gratto.
Corporal William Miller.
Corporal J. M. Phinney.
Corporal H. Lutz.
Corporal McDonald.

The battalion did not take part in the sham fight today. They were dismissed this afternoon after inspection by Colon McLean.

Orders today contain notice of the following appointments: 8th Hussars—Troopers—Ernest Gilbert Scovil and Thomas Kenneth Raymond, provisional lieutenants.

The period of command of Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Baker, of the 67th is extended until the end of the present year. Major Perkins is next in line for promotion.

In the usual valedictory, Colonel White, camp commandant, congratulated all ranks on exemplary conduct and attention to duties and expressed thanks to the staff officers.

DESPONDENT, HE ENDS LIFE

Edmundston Man, Despondent Because of Wife's Death, Leaps Into the Madawaska River.

Hartland, N.B., July 3.—A man named Bourgoin committed suicide today by jumping off the Mill bridge across the Madawaska river at Edmundston. His body went over the mill dam and was not recovered.

Two weeks ago, Burgoin's wife died and since that time he had been despondent. He worked in the mill and for the last three days his fellow employes say he had been acting strangely. He leaves three small children.

TO WIND UP SYDNEY LAND & LOAN COMPANY

Halifax, N. S., July 3.—A meeting of shareholders of the Sydney Land & Loan Company took place today. After discussing the general conditions of the company, the directors were induced to consent to a winding-up order and expressed themselves as being in favor of the Montreal Trust & Deposit Company as liquidators. Subsequently a meeting of the bondholders took place when a committee was appointed to look after their interests. It is understood that a reorganization scheme is under consideration.

ABOUT 70 BOYS TO GO INTO CAMP

Members of Section 1, Maritime Y. M. C. A. boys' camp leave on Wednesday for their 1908 camp at Robinson's Point, Grand Lake. It is expected there will be about seventy boys from various parts of the provinces. Physical Instructor Hyman, of Moncton, will be in charge. The boys from the railway town will arrive here on Tuesday night, going up river on the May Queen with the St. John contingent on Wednesday morning.

The Fredericton quota will go by steamer Hampstead to Gagetown, where they will join the others.