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Tuesday, April 14th

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THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—

NORMAN INNES,

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

Continued.

The two boats lay side by side, but the third in which I had set out from the castle steps had drifted away into the night. At my feet lay von Wegen cursing us beneath his breath, but he durst not raise his voice for the broad-bladed knife that glinted in the Spaniard's hand. So far our venture had prospered, but how to be rid of the Count was a difficulty that might tax our wits. Against his will we could hardly drag him from the boat or lay him in the other; nay, bound as he was, the matter was all but impossible. But it was the Countess von Röhn that solved the question after much whispering with her sister and questioning of the Spaniard.

"They will come with us," said the latter to me in a voice that spoke relief. "Think you our craft will bear the load?"

"Without a doubt," I answered, though there was doubt in my voice.

"Then come," whispered my comrade to the ladies.

Trembling, the weeping lady rose as I held gunwale to gunwale, and Leon de Portugas stretched out his hand to aid her. For a moment I thought the boats would founder. Heaven help the helpless, thought I, as the rocking of the craft wrung a cry from our prisoner, but though she blundered, the dark-eyed Countess gained the Spaniard's side with no greater harm than the wetting of her skirts. It was then her sister's turn. I raised my hand to steady her, but she shrank aside, and gathering her dress about her, stepped lightly into the further boat, and seated herself beside the other.

"Now cast the oars adrift," cried my comrade, "and make sure he is fast bound."

Out upon the waters I flung the oars, perhaps a dozen yards from me glanced at the huddled form of von Wegen and then clambered into the other boat.

I bent to my work with a will at the Spaniard's bidding and away shot our craft, away towards the shore where a light was gleaming, leaving our enemy to the night, to silence and to thoughts doubtless bitter enough.

Scarce a word was spoken as we headed for the land Leon de Portugas, crouched in the bows now and again giving some direction as to our course; the sisters sat silent but for the younger's sobbing, and I had my work to do—heavy work it was—and beside, was more in a mood for thought than for speech. Strange and unlooked-for as our adventure had been, fraught with peril, crowned with success, much of that in which I had a share baffled my understanding.

Why had these ladies come with us thus willingly? Why at this Spaniard's bidding had they renounced their cousin's protection? Nay, what magic was there in that plaintive music that had lured Inez von Rohn out upon the lake? Had she gone with a knowledge of him whom she should meet, willing for the sake of that song to leave Sondheim, confident of persuading her sister to forsake her lover?

I racked my brains to find an answer to my doubts, and could hit on nought to account for this sudden change of conduct, this strange inconsistency, in one whose purpose I had held to be unswerving.

It was not without some difficulty that we gained the bed of rushes from which we had set forth. Our only beacon was the glimmer of a light in a hovel upon the shore that we had noted earlier in the evening as lying some few hundred yards above the belt of reeds. As we neared the land, behind we could hear von Wegen's shouts raised in his hope of attracting the notice of his retainers, but little we cared, our object was attained and with it an hour's start of our enemy at the least.

A strange band were we who blundered up the gorge in the sickly light of the woodman's lantern, two men in peasant's rags, stockingless, wet and begrimed, and two women in satin, in lace and buckled slippers. One of these still wept disconsolate, in spite of a sister's whispered comfort, in spite of that sister's own impassive bearing. Yet blindly, with many a stumble she clung to the other's arm, silent but for those broken sobs.

Never shall I forget the faces of my troopers at the sight of us and the ladies; our own satisfaction was reflected upon their features. As for old Josef Mendt his exultation knew no bounds, it seems he took some credit to himself for the part he had played in discovering the guide whose leadership had met with such signal success. Hastily Leon de Portugas and I changed the clothes we had borrowed, hastily the latter pressed the ladies to eat and drink, and then we prepared to mount.

"Do thou take her with the," said Inez von Rohn, and at her bidding my comrade, having wrapped his cloak about her, lifted the Countess Elsa to the saddle before him.

"And thou?" said he in some disappointment, glancing at me who stood in doubt beside my charger.

"I will ride alone," she answered, and in a moment, with Mendt's hand beneath her slippered foot, she was mounted on one of the spare horses, had her shoe in the stirrup, and fastening the loose iron to the off holster, had gathered up the reins.

Up the gorge we followed the woodman, a trooper first, then the Spaniard—he was the best mounted—with the lady before him, next Inez von Rohn, and after her, I, Josef Mendt and the other hussar. On reaching the bridle path we made a brief halt while Leon de Portugas spoke for some moments to the peasant, and then at a swift trot we rode forward into the depths of the forest.

O'er loose stones, skirting boulders, beneath rock and crag we pressed westward in the heat of that starless night, with the trunks of the pine trees showing dim and ghost-like to right and left. Now and again one of the horses would stumble in the darkness, now and again a branch would flick our cheeks or some beast or bird would scurry from the thickets as we passed. And then at last came the rain that had threatened since the afternoon, and with it lightning and thunder, awaking anew the Lady Elsa's terror. She drew the cloak before her eyes as she shrank in the Spaniard's arms, but as for the elder Countess, she cared nought for the storm. I offered her my jacket but she would have none of it, and it was only when bidden by our leader that she consented to don the coat that old Mendt was wearing. Bare-headed, upright in her saddle she rode in hussar uniform; surely the queen herself, bold rider that she was, could have sat charger in no worthier fashion.

What could have been her thoughts what the working of that staunch, proud heart as we ploughed through mire and darkness towards Rohn, I know not. This I know, since I had sprung into the boat, to complete her cousin's discomfiture, she had not spoken a word to me. It must have galled her to be riding once again beneath my charge, escorted by her foes, nay, wrapped in the uniform she scorned.

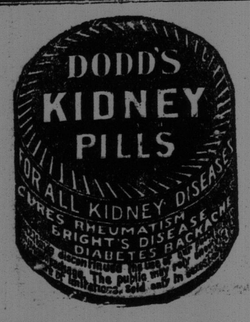
Some hours after midnight we neared Kels and that without any sign of pursuit—to venture force against an officer in the Queen's uniform, with his men at his back, was more than von Wegen dared.

Now as we emerged from the shelter of the trees we suddenly became aware of a dull glow streaming from the lower windows of the hunting-lodge, and of ruddy smoke and sparks drifting from the single chimney stack that rose above the roof. It had been agreed that we should halt here, that Leon de Portugas might dismount from the beast that had carried its double burden so gallantly, for the spare horse which a trooper was leading; and this strange light woke our wonder and curiosity as we drew rein at the entrance. But our astonishment redoubled when the open doorway we were challenged by a rough-looking peasant, who, matchlock in hand, made as if to bar our way.

"Who are these?" cried Inez von Röhn, turning to the Spaniard who had slipped from the saddle and was helping the Countess Elsa to the ground.

(Too be continued.)

One of the compensations of a fat woman is telling how she lost it.



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MAY HAVE JOINT DEBATES ON SCOTT ACT

Champions of License System Invited to Speak at Opponents' Meeting This Week—Ice Bridge Solid at Fredericton.

Fredericton, April 12—Rev. B. H. Spence of Toronto, secretary of the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance, addressed two large meetings at the Opera House today in the interests of the Scott Act. The afternoon meeting, which was for men only, was presided over by B. C. Foster. At the evening meeting, which attracted a very large audience, John J. Weddall was chairman.

Rev. Mr. Spence is a brother of F. S. Spence who took an active part in the Scott Act campaign here nineteen years ago, and is an eloquent and forcible speaker. He condemned the liquor traffic in the strongest terms, and his remarks were frequently applauded.

Rev. Mr. Spence has been engaged to address meetings on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Advocates of license have been invited to send speakers to any of these meetings and courteous treatment has been promised them.

The weather here has been exceedingly cold and windy since yesterday and teams are still able to cross the river on the ice. It looks as if the opening of navigation would be later than usual this season.

Premier Hazen spent yesterday here on departmental business and returned to St. John by evening train.

Work on the new spans of the highway bridge is well advanced and teams will be able to cross on Monday.

The Presbyterians will hold a congregational social for Rev. E. E. Annand, acting pastor in the Auld Kirk on Monday evening. Rev. Mr. Annand and wife will leave on Tuesday for Manitoba, where they intend locating.

Benjamin Griffin of Dumfries, while out in the woods a few days ago came upon a bear's den containing a bear and two cubs. The old bear skedaddled at his approach but he was able to secure the cubs and take them home with him.

It is said that the local government and city and county councils will co-operate and have the highway bridge lighted by electricity.

A movement to organize a social club here on the lines of the Union Club, St. John, is on foot here and is receiving much encouragement. The residence of Dr. Torrens on Queen street may be acquired for the purposes of the club.

GIRL HIDES HER SEX TO WORK, WINS LOVE

Reveals Identity to Young Woman After Masquerading For a Year,

Chicago, April 13.—Hiding her sex and identity in a bitter struggle for a livelihood, Miss Mary Phelan, of No. 6613 State street, has worked in Chicago as a young man for a year. She revealed her identity today.

Miss Phelan, who is twenty-one years old, worked for almost a year under the name of "Jess Fay," in Michael's haberdashery store, No. 117 Eighteenth street. A stranger in Chicago, she discarded her feminine attire, garbed herself in boy's clothing and started out. She went into the Michael store to buy a shirt. Her bright, clean face attracted the attention of the proprietor, and he offered her a position.

The girl accepted, and throughout her employment no one penetrated her disguise. The revelation came only after a young woman who visited the store had exhibited a fondness for "Jess." This young woman is said to be Miss Louise Powers, of No. 112 Thirty-eighth street. "Jess," it is said, took her to various places of amusement. Finally, the young woman, knowing that she must either break off the friendship with Miss Powers or reveal her identity, decided on the latter course, and left Michael's employ.

Miss Phelan told her girl friend in a letter, begged her forgiveness and asked to continue the friendship as a sister instead of a sweetheart.

Special Features at the Nickel.

Seldom has it been possible to have four feature pictures in one programme, but that is the situation at the Nickel this week. They have been selected with mind of the season. A Little Child Shall Lead Them, is a story that for moral effect is most valuable. For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, is also a strong temperance lesson, depicted with a vividness that is sure to influence the wayward to a better life. Cider Making, is an industrial of most interesting material, giving wholesome out of door views during apple harvesting time. Jim Gets a New Job, is a picture that bids to rival the Runaway Horse. By special arrangement, and at a considerable cost, there have been obtained 100 hand-colored views of the Holy Land and Jerusalem. Some of these views are very rare, and all are of the highest value. James Maxwell will sing The Holy City to special illustrations. Miss Marjorie Davis will sing The Rosary, both songs to organ accompaniment.

John Adair, jr., business representative of the Harder-Hall Stock Company, arrived in the city on Saturday night from New York, and today will start "billing" his attraction, which will appear in the opera house for two weeks, commencing Monday, April 20. The Harder-Hall Stock Company, it is said, is an entirely new idea, as they give their repertoire of comedy dramas with the aid of a chorus of young ladies. The company will sail from New York on Tuesday and arrive here on Saturday afternoon.

GERMANY HAS A SLAVE MARKET

Children Rented to Farmers in Century-Old Mart at Friedrichshafen--Inspected Like Animals

Friedrichshafen, Germany April 11.—The annual recurrence of the century-old child labor market, which many local journals describe as only a slightly disguised selling into temporary slavery—has again aroused a storm of indignation in the frontier provinces of Austria, Switzerland and Germany.

In the market place of Friedrichshafen between three hundred and four hundred boys and girls, from eleven to fourteen years of age, whose homes are in the outlying districts of the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg, are contracted yearly for seven months, from April to the end of October, to farmers from South Bavaria, Wuertenberg and Baden.

Little consideration is given to the wishes of the children, most of them being sent into service against their will, and in order to satisfy the avarice of their parents.

The children, generally in the charge of their parents, reach Friedrichshafen on labor market day. Here they are drawn up on the market place and then brought forward for inspection by a crowd of farmers, who look them over, feel and poke their limbs, meanwhile discussing loudly their physical merits and demerits.

Gradually all are disposed of, and those in charge of the children then sign with the farmers agreements for the seven months' bondage, and the sums decided upon are handed over. This generally amounts for the entire period of seven months to $12.50, but sometimes it means $20. The terms of the contracts provide for all sorts of work about the farm, regardless of sex, including "cattle herding, housework, and stable work."

According to a local newspaper, which has conducted an inquiry, many children return home partially crippled or totally wrecked in health, owing to the brutality of their masters. Heartrending scenes are witnessed when the children part from their parents and are handed over to their masters to be taken away.

"PACKY" McFARLAND KNOCKED OUT JIMMY BRITT

San Francisco, Cal., April 11—"Packy" McFarland, the Chicago lightweight, today whipped "Jimmy" Britt in the sixth round of a 20 round fight at Colma. Britt was knocked to the floor three times in the fifth and sixth rounds by powerful right hand blows on the point of the jaw. He took the count of nine twice in the sixth and after the timekeeper had counted five on the third fall, Britt's father jumped into the ring and waved McFarland away.

McFarland outclassed Britt from start to finish.

Britt did not seem to gauge his blows and displayed much weakness in the clinches and close fighting. McFarland, on the other hand, had remarkable speed, his judgment of distance was good and he displayed great punching power.

In the first and second rounds, McFarland outboxed, outpunched and outgeneralled his opponent. During the third fourth and fifth rounds, McFarland administered a succession of powerful right hand jolts on Britt's jaw. Toward the close of the fifth round, a right hand blow to the jaw sent Britt to the mat and only the timely gong saved him from being counted out.

In the sixth round, McFarland struck Britt on the point of the chin and the latter fell like a log. At the count of nine, he struggled to his feet, but McFarland was right after him and another right to the same place sent the Californian down. Up he got again, only once more to be sent down. It was then that the elder Britt stepped into the ring and acknowledged defeat.

After the fight, Britt said:

"I was clearly beaten. This is the last time I ever will box in a prize ring.

"K. O. W." GIRLS ADORE WALLER.

London, April 11.—The many young women who adore Lewis Waller, one of the best actors in England, have formed a society which they have named the "Keen Order of Wallerites," so that they can feed in unison the ever-burning flame of their admiration for him. Intimately the young women—of whom most are matinee girls dwelling in the suburbs—call themselves the K. O. W.'s." They wear a badge with the letters "K. O. W." on one side and on the other side a quartered device symbolizing the plays in which they best love their idol. It has been suggested that these adolescent "K. O. W.s" might have chosen a very appropriate device to typify themselves and their calf-love for the actor.

Unlike the aesthetic maidens who, waving lilies, reclined at Bunthorne's feet in "Patience," the Waller devotees idolize him from afar.

"Not one of us has ever spoken or written to dear Mr. Waller," says Miss Skinner, who founded the society. "Our members are not permitted to haunt the stage door to catch a glimpse of him; there can be no stage-door hugging as far as we are concerned. So girls less refined than these of the 'Keen Order of Wallerites' find no inducement to join the order. Our members are pledged not to ask for free seats nor for any favor from dear Mr. Waller or his manager. If we follow Mr. Waller on the street (He is a perfect man and actor, isn't he?) he must not know it. We think nothing of waiting in the line four hours to buy tickets to the theatre when Mr. Waller acts; I have waited twelve hours in the line for one of his first nights."

It must be stated that "dear Mr. Waller" is married to a successful actress, so perhaps it is just as well that the "K. O. W.s" do not intrude their hopeless admiration on him.

The truth is that there is an increasingly large class of girls in London whose greatest interest in life centres on the theatre. Indeed, there is scarcely a romantic or heroic actor of prominence who has not his band of devotees.

Michael Harney, who was injured by a fall in King street some days ago, continues to improve.

THE KIDNEYS GET INACTIVE

Simple Recipe Overcomes Terrible Cases of Rheumatism and Bladder Trouble and is Easily Prepared at Home

To make up enough of the "Dandelion treatment," which is claimed to be relieving nearly every sufferer who uses it for backache, kidney complaint, sore weak bladder and rheumatism; get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon and three ounces Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful dose after each meal and again at bedtime.

Those who have tried it claim that it acts gently but thoroughly on the kidneys, relieving backache and bladder trouble and urinary difficulties almost instantly. Many cases of rheumatism are known to have been relieved within a few days, the pain and swelling diminishing with each dose.

A well-known local druggist, who is in a position to know, asserts that this prescription, wherever it becomes known, always ruins the sale of the numerous patent medicine rheumatism cures, kidney cures, etc. It is a recipe which the majority of patent medicine manufacturers, and even certain physicians dislike to see published. Few cases, indeed, which will fail to fully yield to its peculiarly soothing and healing influence. Being composed of common every-day ingredients, which can be had from any druggist, it makes up a good, honest and harmless remedy and at nominal cost.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY IS DEAD IN INDIA

Rev. George Churchill, Native of Nova Scotia, Passed Away on March 14.

Word of the death of Rev. George Churchill at Bobhilli, India, on March 14 last, has just reached the United Baptist Foreign Mission Board. The sad intelligence was not altogether unexpected as it was known that Rev. Mr. Churchill was suffering from the result of blood poisoning following an injury to his knee, and his recovery was regarded as very doubtful.

He was one of the pioneer missionaries in India, having been engaged in the work there for thirty-three years, previous to which he was two years in Siam.

Rev. Mr. Churchill, who was a native of Truro (N. S.), was sixty years of age. He leaves his wife in India. His daughter, Miss Elizabeth M. Churchill, who is now home, was appointed on April 1, at the last meeting of the board, to go out as a missionary next fall.

PROVIDENCE HAS A MYSTERIOUS MURDER

Providence, R. I., April 12.—One of the most mysterious cases which the police have had to investigate in this city confronted them today, when Henry Kelly, 55 years of age, died at the Rhode Island Hospital from terrible injuries received at the hands of unknown assailants on Canal street, a few hours earlier. Kelly was found on Canal street with the side of his face crushed, the right side of his face torn out and one eye gone, a stone weighing forty pounds having been dropped on his head. Despite his injuries, the man was alive when discovered, but died three hours later at the hospital without recovering consciousness. Robbery is believed by the police to have been the motive for the assault.

Forty cents were found in his pockets.

There is absolutely no clue to his assailants.

Kelly was found lying on the sidewalk about 12.55 a. m., by two young men, who summoned the police. The assault must have been committed within fifteen minutes of their discovery as the policeman on that beat had passed over his route five minutes before, while firemen returning from a fire had also passed the spot within fifteen minutes and nothing was seen of Kelly by any of the men.

Kelly had no occupation and lived at No. 40 Walling street, with his grandson, by whom his body was identified at the hospital.

The Serenader—Say, if dos folks don't quit pourin' water and droppin' coal on me, I'll quit serenadin' em! Dat's what!

HINTS FOR PANCAKE MAKING.

A good way to prepare the pan for pancakes, fritters and such things, is to put the butter in a clean cloth, and rub the little bundle all over the pan. The heat, melting the butter, will let just enough through the cloth to butter evenly and prevent waste. For the pancakes themselves, there is an increasing use of Blended Flour, which good cooks agree, is without an equal for making light, tasty pancakes. It can be had from any good mill—and is a scientific blend of Ontario fall wheat and Manitoba spring wheat. Freed, as it is from waste matter, this Blended Flour is richer in flavor and food value than either of the wheats could give alone. It contains just the proportion of those elements in flour which prevent the food becoming soggy and indigestible.

The blending of flour is an old trick, taught good housekeepers by their mothers and grandmothers. It is convenient to have this by-no-means-easy task shifted from our burdened shoulders onto the broader, sturdier ones of the dustless millers of today. And they should certainly do the blending more accurately, with all the modern machinery, than could be accomplished by the most painstaking work at home.

Careful housekeepers are using Blended Flour for bread and pastry, too.

"Are yez lost, son?"
"No-o-o, but m-m-my folks is!"

CANADIAN RAILWAYS ORDER REDUCED FORCE OR WAGES

Winnipeg, Man., April 11—Notices were sent out today from the general offices of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk railroads, ordering heads of departments to cut expenses, either by laying off men or by reducing wages.

DOUKHOBORS, IN JAIL, GO ON STRIKE

Will Not Eat Cooked Food or Wear Any Clothes, and They May Get Their Way.

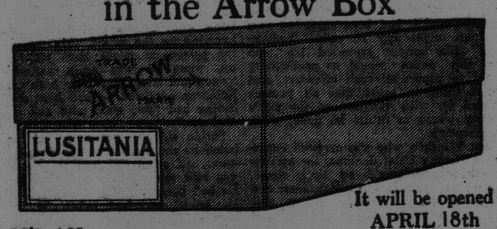
Toronto, April 12—Nine Doukhobor women and ten men, arrested for parading Fort William streets without any clothing, are in Port Arthur jail. They refuse the jail fare, and call for prunes, apples and nuts, saying it is against their principles to eat cooked food. They also refuse to dress themselves, clean cells or obey any orders. Their policy is passive resistance, and if they persist they may starve.

It is likely that the jail regulations will be changed to give them the food they ask for.

Through Saturday night and Sunday strong westerly winds blew here. There was a little snow about 1 a. m. on Sunday but for only a few minutes. During Sunday afternoon the wind blew for a while at forty miles an hour and once reached a velocity of forty-eight miles. The temperature ranged from twenty-two to thirty-six above. At Point Lepreaux the wind blew at fifty miles an hour.

The population of Canada was increased one in Fairville on Saturday when, in the C. P. R. station waiting room there, a baby was born to the wife of a Russian Pole, traveling on one of the immigrant trains bound to the west. Mother and child were taken to the Salvation Army's Evangeline home.

There is another New Style in the Arrow Box



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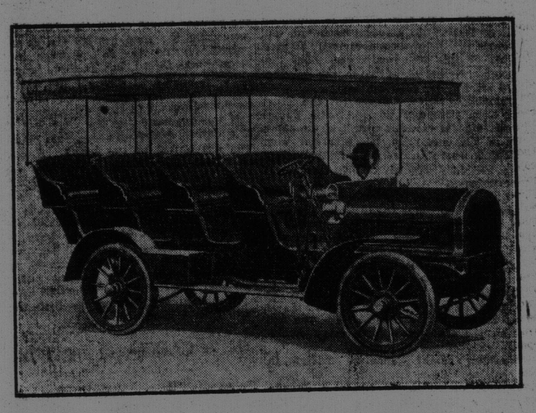

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