

Kaiser Restores a Ruined Castle



REPAIRS MADE AT THE REINTEGRATION OF THE CHANCEL OF LEPOVA

One of the most picturesque remnants of feudal times in Germany is the restored castle of Hohenzollern, near Schliessend, in Lower Alsace, the restoration of which was recently attended by the German Emperor and Empress.

The castle passed into the possession of the German Emperor in 1890, and His Majesty commissioned Professor Bodo Ebhardt to completely restore the ruins. All that remained of the original structure was part of the main building, with three wings and two towers, the vorkburg, or keep, and the entrance.

The plot was to the full as audacious as we had believed. The throne was to be overturned; Lepova was to be proclaimed ruler, together with the Princess Orenowitz; a considerable part of the army was to be raised, and the details constituted the report of progress made in Belgrade and the country generally, and gave names and exact details of the work of the Serbian government.

CHAPTER IV. From the Black House. The murdered man was known to me. He was my cousin, Geoffrey Perabore, the black sheep of our family. He had squandered his money, squandering every length he had been cast off as irreclaimable. At the same time he found England too hot for him, and had come to the continent to earn a living by his wits.

He had caused me an infinite amount of worry, but I never thought of him as a murderer. He had a reputation for being a good fellow, and his name and appearance. He had personated me dozens of times and involved me in no end of disputes in consequence. He had hated me, and I returned the feeling cordially. We had quarreled repeatedly. I had thrashed him several times, and once he had attempted to take my life.

That he should turn up in Vienna did not surprise me at all. It was his habit to travel about, and starting in death, I had just returned from a trip to Vienna. He had a small sum of money, and he was keen for any Armenian after money—he was sure to find me out.

That he should have found my room was a little surprising, but he always had strange ways of getting information, and he must, therefore, have been watching me through one of these secret channels. But how he could have come to my death in my room passed my understanding. I had a key to the door, and I had a key to the door, and I had a key to the door.

CHAPTER V. You Are Ailing. Not quite sick, but a trifle of ambition to work and to have a name. I had a name, but it was not a name that I wanted. I had a name, but it was not a name that I wanted. I had a name, but it was not a name that I wanted.

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT  
Author of "In the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

CHAPTER III. The Assassination.

A good dinner, a bottle of wine, and a cigar produced a considerable change in my opinion of Stephanie's warning. I began to feel that I had taken it altogether too seriously, and had been over-hasty to shake hands with panic.

Instead of being in such a hurry to frighten himself, what was to do was to consider quietly and calmly the information I had obtained from her, and its connection with the investigation I had come to make.

Before I left Serbia it was known that a plot to overthrow the government was in the air, and that a certain Prince Lepova was credited with the intention of getting the throne by marrying a princess who would be acceptable to the revolutionary section of the Serbian people on account of her connection with the great family of Orenowitz—the rival house to that of King Peter. But who this was I did not know.

My old chief's desire was to get at first hand the intentions of the Austrian Government, and it was to ascertain that secretly, through the minister who had been my father's friend, that I had been sent to Vienna. I was of course to keep my eyes open for any other information about Lepova and his doings.

So far I had not stumbled on the fact that Stephanie was in the thing at all, and certainly not Norma. Stephanie's action I could easily understand. This sort of thing had been the common employment of the late baron—his profession, so to speak. And during the six or seven years of their married life they had made the utmost use of his title and position, had entertained freely and had spent money lavishly in carrying on the work of "international agency."

Paris, Berlin, London, Rome, and St. Petersburg had been in turn the scene of their "operations," and so astutely had the wily old rascal covered his tracks, that although suspected of having been at the head of a series of conspiracies, he had never been detected. When the plot failed, as they all did eventually, he had always managed to escape from the wreck with plenty of profit, if not with honor. For the latter he cared nothing.

My chief, who had watched them carefully, declared to me in a burst of confidence one day, that the only reason for this could be that there was a double treachery, and a scheme which they might openly avow, it was never their real object. In his opinion, Baron Dolgoroff was one of the most dangerous men in Europe—but dangerous mostly to his associates, and that the wife was more dangerous than the husband. This had been the preface to a blunt statement which I must choose between their acquaintance and his confidence.

What, then, was Stephanie's present object, and what, if any, Norma's? Could Norma be the mysterious princess through whom Prince Lepova was seeking to grab the throne? She was an Orenowitz, it was true, but the left hand change the subject. "I think I shall go to my rooms. The Riesenstrasse is close here, isn't it?"

"I will show you, if you like. You might easily lose your way in such a fog. It was now dusk, and the fog was so thick that we could see scarcely a yard ahead of us. But my companion knew the way, and taking my arm, led me along with ready confidence. He announced presently, as we took a turn to the left, and after some minutes' search, he put me in possession of my room. He was putting herself in peril in such an event, and not herself only, but her mother and sister as well. I recalled my chief's significant words about this, and resolved to get to Norma at once and warn her.

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TWO GREAT SIREES OF TROTTERS GONE

Boston, June 2.—Within a short time two of the best sons of the great stallions have died. The death of Todd (2:14.34) has been followed by that of Admiral Vosey (2:04.34), the noted son of the ex-queen of trotters, Nancy Hank's (2:04). While the latter stallion had not demonstrated that he was to be a sensational sire of speed, Todd has done, there is no doubt that when his get have had an opportunity they will demonstrate that the death of the stallion was a great loss to the breeding interests of the country. There was much similarity in the history of the two sons of Bingen. Both were possessed with sensational speed at an early age and both broke down before they had a chance to show their real racing ability.

FINEST WARSHIP AFOAT

Paris Matin Has High Praise for the Indomitable

She Alone Can Refuse to Fight or Face an Engagement—She Makes All French Cruisers Obsolete.

Washington, June 3.—The immense superiority of the new British armored cruiser, the Indomitable, is dwelt upon in a striking article in the Paris Matin, which maintains that she is the only ship capable of forcing an engagement or refusing to fight. She greatly reduces the value of the armored cruisers of all other navies. Owing to her heavier guns and greater protection, she could keep such a distance from the three best French, Japanese and American vessels of the same type that, while her own fire would be perfectly effective, she would be invulnerable to theirs. Indeed, the Indomitable could match herself against most of the French and German battleships in commission, and is superior to some of the British.

The Matin adds that the commissioning of all the French armored cruisers, including even those still on the stocks. None of them would have the slightest chance in an engagement with her, nor could any of them escape a fight owing to their deficiency in speed. The article concludes thus: "Germany and Japan are each constructing two armored cruisers equal in value to the Indomitable. What are we doing? We contemplate putting two battleships on the stocks two years hence!"

GRATEFUL DOCTOR REWARDS NURSE

Pays Her Way to India and All Her Expenses for Seven Years as Missionary.

Toronto, June 3.—The Baptist Mission Board has appointed Miss Zimmerman, Victoria, B. C., and Miss Jessie Findlay, Manitoba, as missionaries to India. Miss Zimmerman's passage and full support for seven years, the usual term of foreign service, is being paid by Dr. Bell, of Sault Ste Marie. Dr. Bell is a Presbyterian, but has been through a critical illness, and he has taken this method of showing his appreciation.

CARLETON COUNTY MAN DIED OF SMALLPOX

Alfred Holmes, who Resided Near Bath, Succumbed Monday—Two Other Cases Reported.

Bristol, N. B., June 2.—Smallpox still exists in the parish of Kent. The first death occurred yesterday near Bath, when Alfred Holmes passed away. He contracted the disease a few weeks ago at Plaster Rock, and soon after returned to his home near Bath, where he has been residing with his daughter, Mrs. Hezekiah Banks. Dr. Commins has been attending and has taken every necessary precaution to prevent the disease from spreading. Through two new cases have been reported in Holmsville, a few miles distant. The deceased was about 55 years of age, and leaves two sons and two daughters. The burial took place last evening.

\$11,000 GIFT TO REWARD FAITHFUL CIVIC OFFICIAL

St. Paul, Minn., June 2.—A few minutes after Robert A. Smith had retired from the office of Mayor of St. Paul today, he was handed an envelope containing a draft for \$11,000. This amount had been contributed by eighty-one business men of St. Paul as an appreciation of the venerable mayor's services to the city. Mr. Smith is eighty years of age and has an office-holding record of fifty years in this country. Of these years, with the exception of one term, was spent in the mayor's office. One time he was a wealthy man, but the failure of a bank of which he was an officer, led him voluntarily to dispose of all his property to make the loss to depositors as small as possible. He would have left the mayor's office penniless had it not been for the contribution.

Why Girls Go Pale.

Because their blood is deprived of iron per nourishment through contamination. All is changed, color revived, health renewed by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No medicine for girls and women better than Dr. Hamilton's Pills.