

# The Broad Highway

Jeffery Farnol

"Which We Call Life"

(Continued from yesterday.)

The place was small, as I think have before said, and comprised two rooms shut off from each other by a strong partition with a door midway. Lifting the candle, I glanced at the staple on which the builder of the cottage had choked out his life so many years ago, and calling to mind the Ancient's fierce desire to oust it, and I even reached up my hand and gave it a shake. But, despite the rust of years, the iron felt as strong and rigid as ever, so that it seemed the old man's innocent wish must go unfulfilled after all. The second room appeared much the same size as the first, and like it in all respects, till, looking upwards, I noticed a square trap door in a corner, while underneath, against the wall, hung a rough ladder. This I proceeded to lift down, and mounting, cautiously lifted the trap. Holding the candle above my head to survey this chamber, or rather garret, the first object my eye encountered was a small tin pannikin, and beyond that a stove jar, or demijohn. Upon closer inspection I found this last to be nearly full of water quite sweet and fresh to the taste, which, of itself, was sufficient evidence that some one had been here very lately. I now observed a bundle of hay in one corner, which had clearly served for a bed, beside which were a cracked mug, a tin plate, a pair of shoes, and an object I took to be part of a fute or wind instrument of some kind. But what particularly excited my interest were the shoes, for they were much worn, and had been roughly patched here and there. Very big they were, and somewhat clumsy, thick-soled, and square of toe, and with a pair of enormous silver buckles.

These evidences led me to believe that whoever had been here before was likely to return, and, not doubting that this must be he who had played the part of ghost so well, I determined to be ready for him.

So, leaving all things as I found them, I descended, and, hanging round the trap, hung up the ladder as I had found it.

In the first of the rooms there was a rough fireplace built into one corner, and as the air struck somewhat damp and chill, I went out and gathered a quantity of twigs and dry wood, and had soon built a cheerful, crackling fire. I had set about collecting armfuls of dry sticks, gradually, I pelted against the wall for a bed. By the time this was completed to my satisfaction, the moon was peeping above the treetops, filling the hollow with far-fung shadows.

I now lay down upon my leafy couch, and fell to watching the fire and listening to the small, soft song of the brook outside. In the opposite wall was a window, the glass of which was long since gone, through which I could see a square of sky, and the glittering belt of Orion. My eyes wandered from this to the glow of the fire many times, but gradually my head grew heavier and heavier, until, at length, the stars became confused with the wilking sparks upon the hearth, and the last that I remember was that the crackle of the fire sounded strangely like the voice of the Ancient croaking:

"A hifions thing, Peter, a hifions thing!"

I must have slept for an hour, or nearer two (for the room was dark, save for a few glowing embers on the hearth, and the faint light of the stars at the window), when I suddenly sat bolt upright, with every tingling nerve straining as if to catch something which had, but that very moment, eluded me. I was yet wondering what this could be, when, from somewhere close outside the cottage, there rose a sudden cry—hideous and appalling—a long-drawn-out, bubbling scream (no other words can describe it), that died slowly down, to a wail only to rise again higher and higher, till it seemed to pierce my very brain. Then all at once it was gone, and silence rushed in upon me—a silence fraught with fear and horror, unimaginable.

I lay rigid, the blood in my veins jumping with every throb of my heart till it seemed to shake me from head to foot. And then the cry began again, deep and hoarse at first, but rising, rising until the air thrilled with a scream such as no earthly lips could utter.

Now the light at the window grew stronger and stronger, and, all at once, a feeble shaft of moonlight crept across the floor. I was watching this most welcome beam when it was again obscured by a something, indefinite at first, but which I gradually made out to be very like a human head peering in at me; but, if this was so, it seemed a head hideously misshapen—and there, sure enough, rising from the brow, was a long, pointed horn.

As I lay motionless, staring at this thing, my hand, by some most fortunate chance, encountered the pistol in my pocket; and, from the very depths of my soul, I poured benedictions upon the honest head of Simon the Innkeeper, for his very contact seemed to restore my benumbed faculties. With a single bound I was upon my feet, and had the weapon levelled at the window.

"Speak!" said I, "speak, or I'll shoot!" There was a moment of tingling suspense, and then—"Oh, man, dinna do that!" said a voice.

"Then come in and show yourself!" Hereupon the head immediately disappeared, there was the sound of a heavy step, and a tall figure loomed by the doorway.

"Wait!" said I, as, fumbling about, I presently found tinder-box and candle, having lighted which I turned and beheld a man—an exceedingly tall man—clad in the full habit of a Scottish Highlander. By his side hung a long, straight, basket-hilted sword,

beneath one arm he carried a battle-axe, while upon his head—was not a horn, but a Scot's bonnet with a long eagle's feather.

"Oh, man," said he, eyeing me with a somewhat 'wry smile, "I'm just thinkin' ye're no' afear'd o' bogies, whateffer?"

### CHAPTER XXVIII

#### The Highlander Piper.

"Who are you?" said I, in no very gentle tone.

"Donald's my name, sir, an' if ye had an e'e for the tartan, ye'd ken I was a Stuart."

"And what do you want here, Donald Stuart?"

"The verra question she'd be askin' ye!—wha' gars ye to come gowkin' an' spierin' about here at sic an hour?"

"It is my intention to live here, for the future," said I.

"Hoot too! ye'll be no meanin' it!" "But I do mean it," said I.

"Eh, man! ye manna ken the place is no canny, wha' w'il pities, an' warlocks, an' kelpies, forbye—"

"Indeed, they told me it was haunted, but I determined to see for myself."

"Well, I am glad to find it haunted by nothing worse than a wandering Scots piper."

The Highlander smiled his wry smile, and taking out a snuff-box, inhaled a pinch, regarding me the while.

"Ye're the first as ever stayed—after they'd heard the first bit squeakie, tae find out if 't were a real bogie or no."

"But how in the world did you make such awful sounds?"

"I'm thinkin' it's the bit squeakie ye'll be meanin'!" he inquired.

"Yes; how did you do it?"

"Oh, it's just the pipin'!" he answered, patting them affectionately, "will I show ye the noo?"

"Pray do," said I. Hereupon he set the mouthpiece to his lips, inflated the bag, stopped the vents with his fingers, and immediately the air vibrated with the bubbling scream I have already attempted to describe.

"Yes," he exclaimed, laying the still groaning instrument gently aside, "oh, man! is it not just wonderfu'!"

"But what has been your object in trying to scare people out of their wits in this manner?"

"'Str, it's a' on account o' the snuff," "Snuff!" I repeated.

"Just that!" he nodded.

"Snuff," said I again; "what do you mean?"

The Piper smiled again—a slow smile, that seemingly dawned only to vanish again; it was, indeed, if I may so express it, a grave and solemn smile, and his nearest approach to mirth, for not once in the days which followed did I ever see him give vent to a laugh. I here also take the opportunity to say that, having gradually modified his speech in the writing, for it was so broad that I had much ado to grasp his meaning at times.

The Piper smiled, then, unwinding the plaid from his shoulder, spread it upon the floor, and sat down.

"Ye manna ken," he began, "that I hae muckle love for the snuff, an' snuff is an' expense in these parts."

"Well!" said I.

"Ye manna ken, in the second place, that ma brither Alan canna abide the snuff."

"Your brother Alan?" said I wondering.

"Ma brither Alan!" he nodded gravely.

"But what of him, what has he to do with—"

"Man, bide a wee, I'm comin' tae that."

"Go on, then," said I, "I'm listenin'."

only the lassie couldna' just mak' up her mind which o' us piped the best. So the end of it we agreed, ma brither Alan an' I, to pipe our way through England for a year, an' the man wha came back wi' the maist siller should wae the lassie."

"An' a very fair proposal," said I, "but—"

"Wheest, man! just here's where we come to the snuff, for look ye, every time I bought a paper o' snuff I minded me that ma brither Alan, not takkin' it himself, was so much siller tae the gude—an'—oh, man! it used tae grieve me sair—till, one day, I lighted on this bit hoosie."

"Well!" said I.

"What, d'ye no see it?"

"No, indeed," I answered.

"Eh, man! ma brither Alan doesna' hae the snuff, but he must hae a roo-tae shelter him in a bed tae lie in o' nights, an' pay it too, ye ken, fourpence, or a hawbee, or a shillin'—as the case may be, whiles here I hae halth for the takkin'! An' oh, man! many's the night I've slept the sweeter for thinkin' o' that saxepe or shillin' that Alan's a-partin' wi' for a bed tittle better than mine. So, wisht! tae keep this bit hoosie tae myself—seein' 't wadna' be any o' the others, I just kep' up the illusion on account o' trampers, wanderin' spyes, an' sic-like dirty tykes. Eh! but it was fair ground tae see 'em flamin' awa' as if the de'il were after them, spierin' o'er their shoulders, an' a' by reason o' a bit squeakie o' the pipers, here. An' so, sir, ye hae it."

(Continued tomorrow.)

## FEEL FINE! TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION.

Spend 10 cents! Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated.

Can't harm you! Best cathartic for men, women and children.

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and bowel poison which keeps you bilious, headachy, dizzy, tongue coated, breath bad and stomach sour—Why don't you get a box of Cascarets at the drug store and feel busy. Take Cascarets tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You'll wake up with a clear head, clean tongue, lively step, rosy skin and looking and feeling fit. Mothers can give a whole Cascaret to a sick, cross, bilious, feverish child any time—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken.

### A MILITARY FUNERAL.

Pte. William Griffith, an Englishman, and a returned wounded soldier, was buried yesterday afternoon with full military honors from W. E. Brennan's undertaking parlors, West St. John. Rev. G. P. Scovell conducted the services and interment took place in Fernhill cemetery. Pte. Griffith died in the General Public Hospital on Monday from an internal malady. He was in this city at the outbreak of the war and, being wounded in action, was evacuated back here recently, arriving with a draft of Maritime wounded men who came to St. John on Feb. 22nd, and he was at once ordered to the General Public Hospital. In view of his friendliness here, a number of St. John ladies interested themselves in his care and have been largely responsible for getting the military funeral. Besides, they sent a wreath of flowers, with the motto, "A tribute from the Daughters of the Empire and the members of the Women's Canadian Club." A firing squad from the 115th Battalion attended and gave the final salute over the grave.

### Dandruff Soon Ruins the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't get it.

It doesn't do much good to try to crush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff fast is to dissolve it, when you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.

### NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY given that a Bill has been presented for enactment at the present Session of the Provincial Legislature entitled "An Act for the further amendment of the laws relating to the City of Saint John," and contains and is a consolidation of the several Bills hereinafter set forth, all of which have been published four successive weeks in a public newspaper in the City of Saint John, as required by the rules of the House, that is to say:—

(1) Bill, Intituled "An Act to amend an Act Intituled 'An Act relating to the salary of the Chief of Police of Saint John.'"

(2) Bill, Intituled "An Act in further amendment of the Saint John City Assessment Act, 1902."

(3) Bill, Intituled "An Act to further amend the Act 2 George V. Chapter 42."

(4) Bill, Intituled "An Act in further amendment of the Saint John City Assessment Act, 1902."

Dated at the City of Saint John, N. B., the sixteenth day of March, A. D. 1916.

H. B. WARDROP, Common Clerk.

### Y. M. C. A. HEXATHLON RESULTS.

The trials in the boys Hexathlon have been finished and judging by last year's figures the local Y.M.C.A. have a very good chance of fending the honors in each class with the points secured are:

- 80 lb. class—Allan W. Gard, 240.
- 95 lb. class—Chas. G. Jordan, 300.
- 110 lb. class—Samuel T. McCavour, 381.
- 125 lb. class—Frank Taylor, 427.
- Unlimited—Edward F. Ketchum, 416.

### Go to Debec.

Rev. C. J. McLaughlin, who has been editor of the New Freeman for some time past, will succeed the Rev. M. T. Murphy as pastor of the Roman Catholic church at Debec. He will have the good wishes of his friends from this campus. He goes to his new position in April.

### Facts for Health Seekers To Ponder Over

Nearly every disease can be traced to clogged or inactive stomach, liver or intestines. Indigestion, biliousness, headaches and insomnia all emanate from this cause. Keep these organs in working order and you'll have continuous good health. No case was ever treated with Dr. Hamilton's Pills and not cured; their record is one of marvelous success. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are very mild, yet they cleanse the bowels promptly and establish healthy regularity. You'll eat plenty, digest well, sleep soundly, feel like new after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—one a dose—5c. a box everywhere. Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills, in a yellow box always.

### AN OLD RECIPE TO DARKEN HAIR

Sage Tea and Sulphur Turns Gray, Faded Hair Dark and Glossy.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and falls falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and looks years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

### SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, who has homesteaded a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, Applicant must reside in person at the Dominion Lands Agency for Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made, any Dominion Lands Agency (not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within the District—must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$200.

The area of cultivation is subject to regulation by the Minister of the Interior. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

Complete monthly residence in each of three years after earning homestead title also 50 acres. Free examination patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$200 per acre. Duties—must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$200.

The area of cultivation is subject to regulation by the Minister of the Interior. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. COBY, C. M. G., Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. No fee—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for—4412.

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(Published Annually.)

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EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the colonial and Foreign Markets they supply;

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105-31 Baillie, G. F., residence 127 415 City, Miss M. B., residence 274 Rockland road.

2297-11 Garson, H. J., residence 50 Hansen street, number changed from M 576.

676 Garrison Coal Co., 108 Water street, number changed from M 1861-31.

2978-41 George, Michael, merchant dealer, 245 Brunswick.

1828-11 Gilbert, Harris, residence 63 Union.

2148 Huycke, Mrs. Austin, residence 100 Coburg.

1828-21 Johnston, Mrs. M., residence 118 Water street.

155-42 Kiervas, Joseph, residence Spar Cove road.

1802-21 Law, Ernest, watchmaker and jeweller, 3 Coburg street.

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182-11 Lynch, Miss Yolla, residence 415 City, Miss M. B., residence 274 Rockland road.

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737 McLaughlin, Alvin, residence 238 Prince William.

3155 Public Works of Canada, G. S. Small, engineer, 113 Prince William street.

2920-11 Small, Geo. M., residence 243 Waterloo.

1912-11 Smith, residence 31 Watson, W. E.

3265-11 Swanton, Wm., residence 216 Waterloo.

20-11 Vall, Charles G., residence 137 Green.

2569 Wood, S. K., residence 27 Paradise road, number changed from M 1945-11.

### FOR SALE.

STAMPS FOR SALE—Packages contain a good assortment. Send 10c. for a trial package. Write Box C. B., care Standard office.

SAW MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE OR LEASE—Steam and water power plant in Victoria county is being offered at a very low cost for immediate sale. Suitable terms can be made for renting and sawing out this season's cut of spruce and hardwood. Capacity about three million feet. For further particulars write P. O. Box 376, St. John, N. B.

### Oranges Oranges

Landing, five cars new crop California Navel Oranges. A. L. GOODWIN

### SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the "Territory," and in a portion of the Province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years renewable for further terms of five years at an annual rental of 10 cents. Not more than 2,500 acres will be leased to one applicant.

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J. Benson Mahony states that the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-Ka, is causing great surprise because just ONE SPOONFUL relieves constipation, sour or gassy stomach almost IMMEDIATELY. It is so thorough a bowel cleanser that it is used successfully in appendicitis. Adler-Ka acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel and the INSTANT effect is astonishing. It never grips and is perfectly safe to use.

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Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district, which the rights applied for are situated. The person operating the coal mine shall be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unreserved territory the tract applied for shall be stated out by the applicant himself. Each application must be accompanied by a fee of \$5 which will be refunded if the lease is not granted, or if the applicant is not satisfied with the coal mining rights applied for, provided the coal mining rights are not leased to another person. For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands, St. John, N. B.

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