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The Man From Brodney's
By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON
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"One moment, please. Rasula knows that I came out here to represent Sir John Brodney. He knows how I am regarded in London. He is jealous because I have not listened to his chatter. I am not responsible for the probable delay in settling the estate. If you are not very careful you will ruin every hope for success that you may have had in the beginning. The crown will take it out of your hands. You've got to show yourselves worthy of handling the affairs of this company. You can't do it if you listen to such carion as Von Blitz and Rasula. Oh, I'm not afraid of you! I know that you have written to Sir John, Rasula, asking that I be recalled. He won't recall me, rest assured, unless he throws up the case. I have his own letters to prove that he is satisfied with my work out here. I am satisfied that there are enough fair minded men in this crowd to protect me. They will stand by me in the end. I call upon!"

But a low of dissent from the throng brought him up sharply. His face went white, and for a moment he feared the malevolence that stared at him from all sides. He looked frequently in the direction of the distant chateau. Knives shined from many ashes. Von Blitz was screaming with insane laughter, pointing his finger at the discredited American. While they shouted and cursed, his gaze never left the cliff in the hills. He did not attempt to cry them down. The effort would have been in vain. Suddenly a wild, happy light came into his anxious, searching eyes. He gave a mighty shout and raised his hands, commanding silence.

Selma, clinging to his side, also had seen the skyrocket which arose from the chateau and dropped almost instantly into the wall of trees.

There was something in the face and voice of the American that quelled the riotous disorder.

"You fool!" he shouted. "Take warning! I have told you that I would not turn the guns of England and America against you unless you turned against me. I am your friend, but by the great Mohammed you'll pay for my life with every one of your own if you resort to violence. Listen! Today I learned that my life was threatened. I sent a message in the air to the nearest battleship. There is not an hour in the day or night that I or the people in the chateau cannot

were screaming:
"The warship, the warship! Fly, fly!"

In a second the entire assemblage was racing furiously, doubtfully, yet fearfully, toward the pier. Von Blitz and Rasula shouted in vain. They were left with Chase, who smiled triumphantly upon their ghastly faces.

"Gentlemen, they are not deceived. There is a warship out there. You came near to showing your hand to-night. Now come along with me, and I'll show my hand to you. Rasula, you'd better draw in your claws. You're entitled to some consideration. But Von Blitz! Jacob, you are standing on very thin ice. I can have you shot tomorrow morning."

Von Blitz sputtered and snarled. "It is all a lie! It is a trick!" He would have drawn his revolver had not Rasula grasped his arm. The native lawyer dragged him off toward the pier, half doubting his own senses.

Just outside the harbor, plainly distinguishable in the moonlight, lay a great cruiser, her searchlights whipping the sky and sea with long white lashes.

The gaping, awestruck crowd in the street parted to let Chase pass through on his way to the bungalow. His manner was that of a mediæval conqueror. He looked neither to right nor to left.

"It's more like a Christian Endeavor meeting than it was ten minute ago," he was saying to himself, all the time wondering when some reckless unbeliever would hurt a knife at his back. He gravely winked his eye in the direction of the chateau. "Good old Britt!" he muttered in his exultation.

CHAPTER XII.
THE LANTERN ABOVE.

CHASE sat for hours on his porch that night gazing down upon the chateau. Lights gleamed in a hundred of its windows. The bitterness of his own isolation, the ostracism that circumstance had forced upon him, would have had maddening on this night had not all rancor been tempered by the glorious achievement in the market place. He wondered if the princess knew what he had dared and what he had accomplished in the early hours of the night. He wondered if they had pointed out his solitary light to her—if now and then she bestowed a casual glance upon that twinkling star of his. The porch lantern long almost directly above his head.

The chateau was indeed the home of revelry. The pent up, struggling spirits of those who had dwelt therein for months in solitude arose in the wild stampede for freedom. All petty differences between Lady Deppingham and Drusilla Browne, and they were quite common now, were forgotten in the whirlwind of relief that came with the strangers from the yacht. Mrs. Browne's good looking, eager husband reveled in prospect of this delicious night, this almost Arabian night. He was swept off his feet by the radiant princess, the Scheherazade of his boyhood dreams. His blithe heart thumped as it had not done since he was a boy. The Duchess of N. and the handsome Marchioness of B. came into his tired, hungry life at a moment when it most needed the light. It was he who fairly dragged Lady Agnes aside and proposed the banquet, the company, the cert—everything—and it was he who carried out the hundred spasmodic instructions that she gave.

Late in the night, long after the dinner and the dance, the tired but happy company fled to the picturesque hanging garden for rest and the last refreshment.

The hanging garden was a wonderfully constructed open air pleasure suspended between the chateau itself and the great cliff in whose shadow it stood. The cliff towered at least 300 feet above the roof of the spreading chateau, a veritable stone wall that extended for a mile or more in either direction.

Near the chateau there was a real waterfall, reminding one in no small sense of the misty veils at Lauterbrunnen or Giesbach. The swift stream which obtained life from these falls, big and little, ran along the base of the cliff for some distance and was then diverted by means of a deep, artificial channel into an almost complete circuit of the chateau, forming the moat. It spread along at the foot of the upper terrace, a wide torrent that washed between solid walls of masonry, which rose to a height of not less than ten feet on either side. There were two drawbridges, seldom used, but always practicable. A small stationary bridge crossed the vicious stream immediately below the hanging garden and led to the ladders by which one ascended to the caverns that ran far back into the mountains.



The awestruck crowd parted to let Chase pass.

call upon our governments for help. My call today has been answered, as I knew it would be. There is always a warship near at hand, my friends. It is for you to say whether a storm of shot and shell!"

Von Blitz leaped upon a platform and shouted madly: "Fools! Don't believe him! He cannot bring der ships here! He lies, he lies! He!"

At that moment a shrill clamor of voices arose in the distance, the cries of women and children. Chase's heart gave a great bound of joy. He knew what it meant.

Chase pointed his finger at Von Blitz and shouted:

"Can't, eh? There's a British warship standing off the harbor now, and her guns are trained!"

But he did not complete the astounding, stupefying sentence. The women

Two big black irregular holes in the face of the cliff marked the entrance to these deep, rambling caves, wonderful caverns wrought by the convulsions of the dead volcano, cracks made by these splintering earthquakes when the island was new.

The garden hung high between the building and the cliff, swung by a score of great steel cables. These cables were riveted soundly in the solid rock of the cliff at one end and fastened as safely to the stone walls of the chateau at the other. It swung stanchly from its moorings with the constancy of a suspension bridge and trembled at the slightest touch.

It was at least a hundred feet square. The floor was covered with a foot or more of soil, in which the rich grass and plants the tropics furnished. Cool fountains sprayed the air at either end of the green inclosure. The illusion was complete.

The walls surrounding the garden were three feet high and were intended to represent the typical English garden wall of brick. To gain access to the hanging garden one crossed a narrow bridge which led from the second balcony of the chateau. There was not an hour in the day when protection from the sun could not be found in this little paradise.

Bobby Browne was holding forth with his usual exuberance on the magnificence of the British navy.

"There she is now, sleeping out there in the harbor, a great big thing with the kindest of hearts inside of those steel ribs—her majesty's ship the King's Own! Think of it! She conveys a private yacht, she stops off at this beautiful island to catch her breath and to see that all are safe, then she charges off into the horizon like a bird that has no home. May I offer you a cigarette, princess? By the way, I wonder how Chase came off with his side ache."

"Saunders tells me that he was near to being butchered, but luck was with him," said Deppingham. "His ship came home."

"It was a daring trick. I'm glad he pulled it off. He's a man that fellow is," said Browne. "See, princess, away up there in the mountain is his home. There's a light. See it? He keeps rather late hours, you see."

"Tell me about him," said the princess suddenly. She stepped down to the vine covered wall, followed by Bobby Browne.

"I don't know much to tell you," said he. "He's made an enemy or two, and they are trying to drive him out of his home here in the island. Just because we can't bear to think of a fellow creature wasting his days in utter loneliness, but he has so far declined with thanks. The islanders are beginning to hate him. They distrust him, Britt says. Of course you know why we are here. You—"

"Every one knows, Mr. Browne. You are the most interesting quartet in the world just now. Every one is wondering how it is going to end. What a pity you can't marry Lady Agnes!"

"Oh, I say!" protested Browne. She laughed merrily.

"But how dull it must be for Mr. Chase! Does he complain?"

"I don't know," said she. "Britt—that's my lawyer—Britt says he's never heard a murmur from him. He takes his medicine with a smile. I like that sort of fellow, and I wish he'd be a little more friendly."

"He has learned to know and keep his place," said she coolly. "Perhaps she was thinking of his last night in the palace garden. Away up there in the darkness gleamed his single, lonely, pathetic little light. 'Isn't it rather odd, Mr. Browne, that his light should be burning at 2 o'clock in the morning? Is it his custom to sit up?'"

"I've never noticed it before, now you speak of it. I hope nothing serious has happened to him. He may have been injured in— I say, if you don't mind, I'll ask some one to telephone up to the place."

"Yes, do telephone," she broke in. "I am sure Lady Deppingham will approve. No, thank you. I will stand here awhile. It is cool, and I love the stars. Five minutes later he reappeared to her, accompanied by Lady Agnes. She was still looking at the stars.

"Lady Deppingham called him up," said Bobby.

"But he answered in person," said her ladyship. "He seemed strangely agitated for a moment or two, Geneva, and then he laughed—yes, laughed in my face, although it was such a long way off. I asked him if he was ill or had been hurt. He said he never felt better in his life and hadn't a scratch. He laughed—I suppose to show me that he was all right. Then he asked me to thank you for bringing a warship. You saved his life. Really one would think you were quite a heroine or a goddess or something like that. I never heard anything sweeter than the way he said good night to me. There!"

The light in the bungalow bobbed mysteriously for an instant and then went out.

"How far is it from here?" asked the princess abruptly.

"Nearly two miles as the crow flies, only there are no crows here. Five miles by the road, I fancy. Isn't it, Bobby? I call him Bobby, you know, when we are all on good terms. I don't see why I shouldn't if you stop to think how near to being married to each other we are at this instant."

"I wonder if help could reach him quickly in the event of an attack."

"It could if he'd have the kindness to notify us by phone," said Browne.

"But he won't telephone to us," said Lady Deppingham resolutely. "He's not so communicative as that."

"Surely he would call upon you for help if he—"

"You don't know him, Geneva."

The princess smiled in a vague sort of way. "I've met him quite informally, if you remember."

"I should say it was informally. It's the most delicious story I've ever heard. You must tell it to Mr. Browne, dear. It's all about the enemy in Thorberg, Mr. Browne. There's your wife calling, Bobby. She wants you to tell that story again about the bishop who rang the doorbell."

The next morning the captain of the King's Own came ashore and was taken to the chateau for dejeuner. Late in the afternoon the marquis and his party, saying farewell to the princess and the revived legates, put out to the yacht and steamed away in the wake of the great warship. The yacht was to return in a month to pick up the princess.

Geneva, her maids, her men and her boxes, her poodle and her dachshund were left behind for the month of March—not without misgiving, it must be said, for the marquis, her uncle, was not disposed to look upon the island situation as a spot of long continued peace.

"You won't be able to get help as cleverly and as timely as that American chap got it last night," protested the marquis. "Warships don't browse around like gulls, you know. Karl will never forgive me if I leave you here."

"Karl is of a very forgiving nature, uncle, dear," said Geneva sweetly. "He forgave you for defending Mr.



"I hope no harm comes to you here in this beautiful place!"

Chase, because you are such a nice Englishman. I've induced him to forgive Mr. Chase because he's such a nice American—although Mr. Chase doesn't seem to know it—and I'm quite sure Karl would shake his hand if he should come upon him anywhere. Leave Karl to me, uncle."

And so they said away without her, just as she had intended from the beginning. Lord Deppingham stood beside her on the pier as the shore party waved its adieux to the yacht.

"By Jove, Geneva, I hope no harm comes to you here in this beautiful place!" said he, a look of anxiety in his honest eyes. "There goes our salvation if any rumpus should come up. We can't call 'em out of the sky as Chase did last night. Lucky beggar! That fellow Chase is ripping, by Jove!"

That's what he is. I wish he'd open up his heart a bit and ask us into that devilish American bar of his."

"He owes us something for the warship we delivered to him last night," said Bobby. "He has made good with his warship story, after all, thanks to the King's Own and Britt."

"And the fairy princess," added Lady Deppingham.

"I am doubly glad I came if you include me in the miracle," said Geneva, shuddering a little as she looked at the lounging natives. "Isn't it rather more of a miracle that I should come upon mine ancient champion in this unheard of corner of the globe?"

"I'd like to hear the story of Chase and his adventures in the queen's garden," reminded Bobby Browne.

"Tell it to you tonight, my children," said the princess as they started for the palanquins.

Hollingsworth Chase dodged into the American bar just in time to escape the charge of spying.

CHAPTER XIII.
MR. SAUNDERS HAS A PLAN.

MISS PELHAM'S affair with Thomas Saunders by this time had reached the stage where observers feel a hesitancy about twitting the parties most concerned.

"Miss Pelham is a clever girl, much cleverer than Saunders would be if he were a girl," said Britt. "She's found out that he extra thousand a year and that his mother is a very old woman. That shows foresight. She says she's just crazy about London, although she doesn't know where Hammersmith is. That shows discretion. She's anxious to see the boats at Putney and talks like an encyclopedia about Kew gardens. That shows diplomacy. You see, Saunders lives in Hammersmith, not far from the bridge, all alone with his mother, who owns the house and garden. It's all very appealing to Miss Pelham, who has got devilish tired of seeing the universe from a nineteenth story in Broadway."

"She's a very nice girl," agreed Bobby Browne.

"A very saucy one," added Deppingham, who had come a severe cropper in his single attempt to dissuade her in

continued on page 7)



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