

THE EVENING TIMES ST. JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1938.

We Want You

YES, SIR! we want you and every other man in this locality to center his SPRING SUIT thoughts on this store.

It is certainly time to give your faithful but tired winter suit a rest and turn your attention to the Fresh Spring Styles.

Men's Suits

\$4.50 to \$20

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market ALEX CORBET, Manager.

THE LONELY GUARD

NORMAN INNES

Author of "The Group of War" (London Magazine, Evesleigh Nash, 1906); "Person Croft" (Evesleigh Nash, 1907).

(Continued.) CHAPTER III A Lost Blue on the Salzburg Road. It is two hundred long miles from Vienna to the eastern frontier and the way lies through St. Pölten to Steyer, thence to Voelkbrunn with its deep green lakes and so through the mountain spurs to Salzburg.

It was at the first mentioned of these towns that Leon de Portugal, who in the course of eight-and-twenty miles had slipped again to my mind. Night found me in a chamber upon the first floor of my inn, cursing this Spaniard and the trick he had played me, for on opening my saddle-bags, in the mouth of that which had hung upon my off-side, I discovered, like the patriarch of old, a gift of doubtful comers.

A gift! Rather, a burden entrusted to my care, as a letter, brief as it was, written, showed.

"Guard these for my sake until we meet," so ran the crabbled handwriting, "necessity is my only claim upon thy good will."

"Thrust amid my few belongings, doubtless in haste, which I had knelt beside my horse that morning, lay a leather casket. I realized the trick of which I had been a victim, guessed the reason for the fault he had found in the grey, and knew what the case contained.

As I pressed the spring and the pearls flung them into the street, so wroth was I at being made a sharer in his crime. But for the urgency of His Majesty's commands and the haste they entailed, I would have returned to Vienna and told my story. As it was I set upon the best hitting my lips, at my wit's end as to how I should act. Here was I bound for a distant fortress, my journey already begun, hampered with the weight of my baggage, my responsibility increased tenfold. However there was nothing for it, as at length I realized, but to hand the pearls with me, could I entrust them to no one, nor could I return with them to the capital. Once within Rohm I held I could guard them safely, and to my mind recalled to Vienna was determined to restore them to His Highness with a full explanation as to how they came into my possession.

"For the rest, they must share a soldier's rack," I growled as I thrust them deep within my saddle-bags, and in bitter resentment for being made a partner in the Spaniard's guilt, I determined to disperse that luckless casket from my mind. From Salzburg, Rohm lies northward some thirty miles along the rugged heights and smiling valleys of the Danube. At Salzburg I was to be met by my troops, five and thirty of the Hussar regiment of Eszegin, men proud of their Queen and their kingdom, well fitted for the work before them, for riding red-splurred with despatches, for patrolling the enemy's marches and keeping watch over the valley of which the castle of Rohm was the key.

That year, as we in Austrian service had come to remember, the summer came in with August heat and my journey was hot and dusty, inna upon the road crowded, and in spite of His Majesty's commission, little attention was wasted upon a captain of Hungarian Hussars riding without company. With money I was well provided, thanks to my own sergeant's bounty, and undoubtedly had I been fever with my flimsy I should have fared better; but I came of a race of men.

The child was as good as her word. The moon once crossed the bridge path became a country lane and in a few moments she was pointing out the forge that lay in a hollow beyond the belt of poplars.

The place I found was half smithy, half wayside inn; a stone building adjoining and opening into the forge, being used for the latter purpose. It was a lonely place, not another house, not a soul was in sight; the track seemed but little used, the inn showed signs of decay, so my surprise cannot be wondered at when on a high-roofed building filled with as ill-assorted a throng as ever I have seen in my life.

Representatives of nine every race in the Empire were gathered in the heat of the forge that sultry afternoon. Austrians, Croats, Tyrolers, with here and there a Bavarian I fancied, sprawled on the wooden benches or lay at their ease upon a heap of straw at the further end of the smithy. I caught a glimpse of others through a door opening into the inn, smoking and drinking, while a couple were at the dice. There were more than a dozen of them, evil-visaged coarse-featured ruffians, and why they should be gathered in that stifling heat passed my understanding. I glanced at the girl—she had slipped from the horse and was standing at my side—who smiling in my face, called shrilly to one within, in a rude patois, all but unintelligible to me. In answer to her cry one of these ruffians snuffed out into the sunlight—a shock-headed rogue of a grim countenance, the one redeeming feature of which was a pair of clear blue eyes. He was old, his white hair and sunken cheeks proclaimed the fact, but he was hale and stoutly built, and strong beyond his years.

With no word of greeting for me or my guide, he looked me up and down, favored my horse with a like scrutiny and stared moodily at me again. Meanwhile his fellows had lounged to the smithy door and in low guttural tones, broken now and again by an oath or a puff of coarse laughter, began discussing the latest arrival. Never had I set eyes on a such a band of churls, each one of whom seemed a more fitting candidate than his neighbor for the offices of the common hangman.

I crossed my mind to have sought to do with the place, its master, or its guests, and to lead my horse back across the path and so on to Seekirchen, but before me a smelly child had said there was none in the next village, and the loss of this unlucky shoe had cost me time enough. Besides was an officer of Hungarian cavalry to be turned from his purpose by a score of churls such as these, for all their black looks and the discourtesy of the smith? Without further delay I addressed the latter.

"My horse has cast a shoe, canst thou make it good?"

"I have much on my hands today," he growled, "but within an hour thy steed can be shod. If Your Excellency needs refreshment I will bring thy horse to the inn."

The delay seemed unnecessary, and losing patience I was about to remonstrate with the man when, laying his hand roughly on my arm, he drew me towards his forge.

"See there, there are beasts enough," he cried, pointing to a dozen mules and horses haltered at one end of the smithy, "as it is some of these good folk"—he jerked a grimy finger at my fellow guests—"must wait if thy beast is to be shod before sundown."

A burst of laughter from the others greeted his excuse.

"So," said I, seeing that little was to be gained by rough speech, "let my horse be shod within the hour. Is there refreshment to be had in thy inn?"

The man nodded, muttered something to the child and tethering my steed to a ring fixed in the wall, he went through the smithy to the door which opened into the common room of the inn.

"You have company, landlord!" said I, as with some feeble effort at courtesy, the old man dragged a settle to the distant end of the chamber, at the same time calling roughly to a pale-faced stripling, who appeared terror-stricken at his master's voice, to set wine before me.

"Aye," rejoined Schalk—I had called to mind his daughter's name—"There is a great lord at the inn today, and my hands are full."

(To be continued.)

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney nerves. The kidneys, like the heart, and the every detail of his personal appearance, and his valets have a bad time should anything go wrong with his clothes. His average number of changes a day is said to be ten.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Sold by "ALL DRUGGISTS" CAULIFFE STILL MAKING A BIG HIT

The Opera House is packed every night to greet Jere McAuliffe and his clever company, and it looks now they could stay a month and play their big houses. The play last night was "Jealous Wife, and a good one it was. All enjoyed the comedy work of Mr. McAuliffe, the entire support excellent and all did good work. Miss Pencil and Wm. Howett were seen at their best. The stage settings of the four acts were very pretty. There were no long waltz between acts, the seven vaudeville features were changed, and everything went with a swing.

There will be a change of play tonight, when the melodrama, "Why He Divorced Her," will be given a scenic production. The last of the bargain matinees will take place tomorrow when the rural comedy melodrama, "Piffals of New York," will be staged. McAuliffe has a great "Rube" part in this play.

MARCH ROD AND GUN

Hunting takes the pride of place in the March number of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," published by W. J. Taylor at Woodstock, Ont. From the fascinating sport of caribou hunting in Newfoundland we are taken to excitingly in the Gatineau Valley, hunting on a Quebec preserve, a successful hunt in Muskoka, while an unsuccessful one in New Brunswick proves that hunters are sometimes prepared to tell their failures as well as to boast of their successes. The C. B. B. has also included "Hunting with a bear hunt is also described. Tree papers are varied by an excellent one on the Bloodhound, and the thoughtful and poetical address before the Canadian Club at Toronto entitled "The Protection of the Wild and the Things of the Wild" by Cy Warman is given in full. Some rough backwoods experiences show the reality as compared with the glitter of the life on the frontiers of civilization. Good illustrations are a feature of this number and the departments are all abreast of the other contents of the magazine.

Cuba Eats Fruit

New York eats meat, Canada eats pork and Iceland eats fat. The colder the climate the fatter the food because fat heats the body and heat is life.

Scott's Emulsion

It is the Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. SCOTT'S EMULSION is full of heat and nourishment. It has a power in it that gives vigor and new flesh to those who suffer from consumption and other wasting diseases.

KAISER WANTS RIGHT TO WEAR U. S. UNIFORM

To Be American Colonel or Admiral Would Gratify Ambition of One Holding Highest Rank in Europe's Greatest Armies and Navies.

BERLIN, March 10.—Emperor William's fondest ambition is to be made at least a colonel of a regiment in the American army or an honorary admiral in the United States navy—or both.

He is a field marshal in the Austrian and British armies, a captain-general in the army of Spain, the chief of three Russian regiments, including the Imperial Body Guards; a colonel of a Portuguese regiment of cavalry, an honorary admiral of the fleet in the British, Russian and Greek navies, and an honorary admiral in the navies of Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

More than once he has told the American military attaché here that he considers the American uniform the happiest combination of the picturesque and the practical he knows of. And he knows all about it, for he has made the uniforms of all countries a study.

No European ruler, probably no man on earth, has so extensive a wardrobe as the German emperor, and the great bulk of his clothes are military uniforms. He is seldom seen in high hat and frock coat. Some of his intimate friends have never seen him in civilian dress.

In preference to all other uniforms he wears that of the First Regiment of Guards, especially at solemn parades and his birthday festivities. In summer he often wears the handsome uniform of the Body Grenadiers of the Danzig Regiment because of the light white trousers. During the army manoeuvres and other services he dons the uniform of the Breislau cuirassiers and the Posen Cavalry Jagers with their green coats and steel helmets.

Some of his visits to the United States. When he visits seaside towns or attends launches of battleships he puts on a naval uniform.

PAYS STRICTEST ATTENTION TO ATTIRE

Few men pay so much attention to their appearance as Emperor William. One would have thought that he is above the vanities of the top, but as a matter of fact he pays the strictest attention to every detail of his personal appearance, and his valets have a bad time should anything go wrong with his clothes. His average number of changes a day is said to be ten.

A moderate computation places the value of his uniforms for a German emperor at half a million dollars. The number of persons looking after his clothes is twelve and this only includes the clerks of the imperial clothes closets and his dressers. The tailor room probably a score and have a suite of rooms to themselves.

It is particularly a department of state. As the Emperor is constantly making alterations in the uniforms of his army and navy, a watchful eye must be kept on his wardrobe to see that his clothes are put into force. Every uniform of importance must be supplied in duplicate so that if any thing happens to one he has the other to fall back on. He is the colonel of ten German regiments, Prussian, Saxon, Bavarian and Wurtembergian, and his uniforms of these regiments are complete. A special department of his wardrobe is devoted to his foreign uniforms.

That his people evidently best like to see him in the homely togs of a hardy sailor, the most popular picture in Berlin today shows the emperor in a "torpedo" (our pilot) representing the emperor in the heavy weather suit of the mariner. He is standing in a defiant attitude at the stern of his ship, inscribed "Deutsches Reich" (the German Empire). The sea is stormy, but the pilot's face shows that he is confident of bringing the ship safely to port.

PRINCE "WILLY" PLAYS AT SOLDIERING

The latest picture of Prince "Willy," the emperor's eldest grandson, shows him in a cuirassier helmet and with a drawn sword in his infant hands. He is standing sentinel before a toy sentry box, which his father, the crown prince, has made himself by doing sentry duty outside the marble palace, and the game is to try and pass him without coming in contact with his sword.

Another picture of the future war lord shows him in the nursery with a detachment of cavalry and infantry on the table before him, and a toy battery of artillery. The young gentleman is enjoying himself greatly and the court chroniclers in their flattering way say that already the child shows signs of military genius.

He has begun to learn to ride, and one of the most amusing pictures in the art show is one showing him on his steed for the first time and dressed in uniform.

The crown prince is turning out to be a woman of strong character. In the managing of her household and court she will stand no nonsense. She is exceedingly dignified, almost haughty, in which respect she presents a striking contrast to her mother-in-law, the empress—and for that matter, to her husband. She is said to know the importance attaching to the position of German crown princess, and to show it plainly.

The crown prince has taken up technical mechanics. The other day he astonished the rector of the Charlottenburg High School by suddenly appearing in his office, saying he was so ignorant of mechanics and engineering he was ashamed of himself, that his father knew a lot about mechanics and kindred sciences and he is determined to know as much; would the rector kindly arrange a course of lectures for him, beginning with elementary things and leading him along by easy stages. He wanted these lectures delivered to himself alone because he is not far enough advanced to sit with the other students. There are three things the crown prince wants to know.

STUDIES CROWN PRINCE HAS CHOSEN

First, all about railway and bridge building, civilian and military. Second, something about architecture. He told the rector that he and the kaiser were out driving lately and the kaiser turned him over to conversation on architecture. The prince spoke of a certain building as Gothic, and the kaiser turned to him and said: "Do you mean to say you do not know the difference between Gothic and Romanesque? Every schoolboy knows that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The edifice is one of the favorite buildings erected by the kaiser, who cannot say a good word for the Gothic style.

Then, the crown prince wants to study machinery, especially ships' engines, and wants some technical insight into electricity, as far as at least as required for a right understanding of automobiles.

PROFITABLE READING

For Cash Buyers.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, we will offer BARGAINS that will make it seem a real pleasure to part with your cash. Read all this ad. You will surely find something to

INTEREST YOU.

Table listing various men's suits and their sale prices. Includes items like Braces, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Dress Shirts, Duck Shirts, Cashmere Hose, Wool Hose, Sweaters, Tweed Pants, Showerproof Overcoats, Spring Toppers, and Canadian Tweed Suits.

Our Men's \$12.00 Black Clay Suits Equal Any \$18.00 Suits. Made-to-order.

Men's English Worsted Suits. All Desirable Shades. Latest Up-to-date Cut. Price \$10.00 to \$18.00.

Table listing various boys' and ladies' suits and their sale prices. Includes items like Two-piece Suits, Three-piece Suits, King Hats, White Lawn Shirtwaists, Silk Waists, Corset Covers, and Venetian Skirts.

Children's Reefers, \$2.98 to \$5.00. Girls' Full Length Raincoats, \$3.98 to \$8.00. Ladies' Skirts, from \$1.98 to \$3.98.

Ladies' Suits to order, from \$10.50 to \$30.00. Ladies' Coats to order, from \$8.50 to \$20.00.

Table listing various ladies' corsets and their sale prices. Includes items like P. C. and D. A. Corsets, House Supporters, and Hose Supporters.

Children's 10c. Gaiters for 5c.

Wilcox Bros.