The Midnight Guest

By FRED M. WHITE

Author of "The Crimson Blind," "The Corner House," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

At Whose Hand?

A hansom pulled up in front of 799 Park Lane, and a slim figure of a woman, dressed in deep mourning, ran up the broad flight of marble steps leading to the house. Her features were closely concealed by a thick veil, so that the footman who answered the ring could make nothing of the visitor. Her voice was absolutely steady as she asked to see Lord Ravenspur at once.

"That is impossible, madam," the footman protested; "his lordship is not yet down, and besides——"

"There is no 'besides' about it," the visitor said, imperiously; "it is a matter of life and death."

Once more the servant hesitated. There was something about this woman that commanded his respect. The hour was still early for Park Lane, seeing that it was barely nine o'clock, and the notable thoroughfare was practically deserted. From the distance came the hoarse cries of a number of newsboys who were racing across the Park. One of them came stumbling down Park Lane, filling the fresh spring atmosphere with his shouts. Evidently something out of the common had happened to bring these birds of ill omen westward at so early an hour. With the curiosity of his class the footman turned to listen.

"Terrible murder in Fitzjohn Square! Death of Mr. Louis Delahay, the famous artist! Artist found dead in the studio! Full details!"

The well-trained servant forgot his manners for the moment.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "it can't be true. Why, Mr. Delahay was a great friend of my master up to the last day or two——"

"I am Mrs. Delahay," the veiled woman said with quiet intentness. "Please don't stand staring at me like that, but take me to your master at once. It is imperative that I should see Lord Ravenspur without a moment's delay."

The footman collected his scattered wits, and stammered out some kind of apology. There were other newsboys racing down the Lane now. It seemed as if London was ringing with the name of Louis Delahay. Then the great double doors of the big house closed sullenly and shut out the horrid sound. At any other time the veiled woman might have been free to admire the luxury and extravagant good taste of her surroundings There were many people who regarded Lord Ravenspur as the most fortunate and talented man in London. Not only had he been born to the possession of a fine old title, but he had almost unlimited wealth as well. As if this were not sufficient, Nature had endowed him with a handsome presence and an intellect far beyond the common. Apparently there was nothing that Ravenspur could not do. He was a fine sportsman and a large number of his forty odd years had been spent big game shooting abroad. What time he passed in England was devoted almost exclusively to artistic pursuits. As a portrait painter Ravenspur stood on a level with the great masters of his time. More than one striking example of sculpture had come from his chisel. He had as much honor in the Salons of Vienna and Paris as he had within the walls of Burlington House. In fine, Ravenspur was a great personage, a popular figure in society, and well known everywhere. His lavish hospitality was always in the best of good taste, and the entree to 799 Park Lane was accounted a rare privilege by all his friends.

But the woman in black was thinking nothing of this, as she followed the footman along marble corridors to a sunny morning-room at the back of the house. The footman indicated a chair, but the visitor waved him aside with a gesture of impatience.

"Go and fetch your master at once," she said.

For a few moments she paced up and down, weaving her way in and out amongst the rare objects of art like a wild animal that is freshly caged. She threw back her long, black veil presently as if the atmosphere of the place stifled her. Her face might have been that of a marble statue, so intensely white and rigid it was. It was only the rapid dilation of the dark eyes which showed that the stranger had life and feeling at all. She turned abruptly as Lord Ravenspur came into the room. His handsome, smiling face and prematurely iron-grey hair afforded a strong contrast to the features of his visitor. He came forward with extended hands.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Maria," he said. "But what is wrong? Louis is all right, I suppose?"

"Louis is dead!" the woman said in the same cold, strained voice. "He has been foully murdered. I could not say more if I spoke for an hour. Louis is dead!"

The speaker repeated the last three words over and over again as if she were trying to realise the dread significance of her own message. Ravenspur stood there with his hand to his head, shocked and grieved almost beyond the power of speech.

"This is terrible," he murmured at length. "My dear Maria, I cannot find words to express my sympathy. Could you tell me how it happened? But perhaps I am asking too much."

"No," Mrs. Delahay replied, still speaking with the utmost calmness; "I am ready to answer any question you like to put to me. I am absolutely dazed and stunned. As yet I can realise nothing. But, perhaps, before the reaction comes I had better tell you everything. To think that I should lose him in this way whilst I am still a bride! But I dare not pity myself as yet, there is far too much stern work to be done. There will be plenty of time later on for the luxury of grief."

"Won't you sit down?" Ravenspur murmured.

"My dear friend, I couldn't. I must be walking about. I feel as if I could walk about for years. But I will try and tell you how it happened. He came back to London yesterday afternoon, as you know, and put up at the Grand Hotel. You see, I have never been in London before, and so I know nothing at all about it. If we had only gone straight to our own house in Fitzjohn Square this dreadful thing—but why do I think of that? You know the house was not quite ready for us, and that was the reason why we went to the Grand. After visiting a theatre last night Louis announced his intention of going as far as our house. I understood him to say that he required something from his studio. There were no caretakers on the premises, but Louis had a latchkey, so that was all right. I went to bed about twelve o'clock, thinking no evil, and not in the least alarmed because Louis had not come back. As you know, he had always been a terribly late man, and I thought perhaps he had met one of his old companions, or perhaps he had turned into the Garrick Club. Still, when I woke up this morning about six, and found that he had not returned, I became genuinely alarmed. I took a cab as far as Fitzjohn Square, and went into the house."

"One moment," Ravenspur interrupted. "I don't quite understand how you managed to get into the premises."

"That was an easy matter, though the front door was closed. The latchkey was still in the lock. I only had to turn it to obtain admission. I went straight to the studio, and there on the floor——but I really cannot say any more. Strung up as I am I could not describe it to you… ……I suppose I cried out, and when I came back to a proper comprehension of things the place was full of police. For the last two hours I have been with them answering all sorts of questions. Then something told me to come to you, and here I am. And whatever you do, please don't leave me alone. I could not bear to be alone."

"I wish I could tell you how sorry I am," Lord Ravenspur murmured. "This is a most extraordinary business altogether. You say that Louis left you not later than twelve o'clock to go as far as Fitzjohn Square, and that, when he left the Grand Hotel, he had no other object in his mind. You are quite sure of this?"

"I am absolutely certain," Mrs. Delahay replied.

"Well, that is a strange thing," Ravenspur went on. "It so happens that I had an accident to my own studio a day or two ago, and until yesterday the workmen were in repairing the glass roof. I was engaged upon a small work which I was anxious to finish, and it occurred to me that I might just as well make use of your husband's studio, seeing that he was away from home and did not require it. I obtained a duplicate key from the house agent, and all yesterday I was working on my picture there. In fact it is in Louis' studio at the present moment. After some friends who were dining with me last night left, I walked as far as Fitzjohn Square, and till nearly a quarter past one this morning I was at work there. I might have gone on all night, only the electric light failed suddenly, and I was left in darkness. Then I came home and went to bed. And I am prepared to swear that it had turned half-past one before I left your house, and there was no sign of Louis up to that time."

"It is inexplicable," the woman said wearily. "When I try to think my brain seems to turn to water, and everything goes misty before my eyes. I feel like a woman who has had no sleep for years. I feel as if I must get something to relieve this terrible pressure on my brain. Is there nothing that you can suggest?"

"I think so," Ravenspur said quietly. "I am going to take you back to your hotel, and call for a doctor on the way. You cannot go on like this. No human mind could stand it."

(To be Continued.)

Tired nerves, with that 'no ambition" feeling that is commonly felt in spring or early summer, can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. One will absolutely note a changed feeling within 48 hours after beginning to take the Restorative. The bowels get sluggish in the winter-time, the circulation often slows up, the Kidneys are inactive, and even the Heart in many cases grows decidedly weaker. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is recognized everywhere as a genuine tonic to these vital organs. It builds up and strengthens the worn out, weakened nerves; it sharpens the failing appetite, and universally aids digestion. It always quickly brings renewed strength, life, vigor, and ambition. Try it and be convinced. Sold by all druggists.

MORE UNIFORMS FOR FERRY MEN

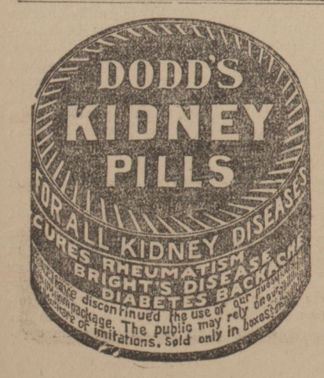
Captains And Mates Will Have New Clothes As Well As Deck Hands.

At a special meeting of the Ferry Committee last evening the tender of the Union Foundry for repairs to the machinery of the ferry steamer Western Extension was accepted. Applications from the engineers and oilers for increase in pay were laid on the table. The superintendent declined to make any recommendation on the ground that the expenses of the service were already very heavy. After considerable discussion on the question of painting the Western Extension by tender or by day's work, it was recommended that the superintendent prepare specifications and call for tenders. It was decided to supply uniforms to the captains and mates as well as to the deck hands.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF ANDREW HUGHES

Fredericton, May 11.—Andrew Hughes, coachman at the Queen Hotel stables, dropped dead at 7 o'clock this evening at his home, Sanders street. He had been about town today apparently in his usual good health, and this evening drove passengers to the 5.50 train. He returned to his home shortly after 6 o'clock, and after supper went for a stroll in the yard and was stricken down with scarcely a minute's warning.

Drs. Vanwart and Irvine were called in and after examining the body expressed the opinion that death had resulted from a rupture of a blood vessel. Deceased was about fifty-seven years old, and is survived by a widow and five children. He was well and favorably known to the travelling public and his death is much regretted.





25 YEARS ECZEMA DEVELOPED BLOOD POISON

Theological Student Says Zam-Buk Saved His Leg.

The dreadful irritating skin disease Eczema includes amongst its victims the rich and poor, the student and the illiterate. Mr. Geo. E. Williams, who now resides at 69 Mutual St., Toronto, was intended for the Ministry, and to this end studied Theology at King's College, London England. He says:—"Whilst there I began to suffer from Eczema. This was 25 years ago, and I concluded I was doomed to suffer for life. A few weeks ago I was called to Hamilton on business, and had not been there two days when I was forced to lay up, the pain in my legs was so severe. My wife examined the parts that were so painful, and discovered a great patch of badly discolored skin. She did all she could think of to relieve me, but failed. We obtained advice, and it was found I was suffering from Blood Poison, and that I was in danger of losing my legs, if not my life. At this point I decided to try Zam-Buk, which I had seen advertised. The first application gave me great relief, and the poisonous matter which came from the wounds convinced me that I was on the right track. I therefore persevered with this healing balm. The first two boxes had cleaned the sores, and my legs looked as though they were full of holes. From this time on the healing work commenced, and I am thankful to say that after using 4 boxes of Zam-Buk all the wounds were healed, and my legs cleared of the horrible Eczema that had affected me for 25 years, and my skin looks as clear and as healthy as a child's. I give you this testimonial in the hope that every sufferer from Blood Poison or Eczema will give Zam-Buk a trial. I feel it my duty to make the merits of Zam-Buk known to everyone."

Zam-Buk's Wonderful Way.

Zam-Buk is daily winning praises from doctors and nurses on account of its remarkable healing, soothing and antiseptic properties, and it is more and more frequently becoming the official prescription for obstinate skin diseases, spreading scabs, running sores, blisters, chafing, eczema, pimples, ulcers, festering sores, weak ankles, ringworm, bad legs, piles, swollen knees, inflamed patches, scalp irritation, poisoned wounds, sore faces, etc. Of all druggists and stores, 50c. per box or post-paid from The Zam-Buk Co., 58 Colborne Street, Toronto. Six boxes, $2.50

Sample Box Free

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Send this Coupon, with a 1c stamp for postage, to the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and we will mail you a sum ple free.

St. John Times, 12-5-'08.

Cheap Ointments Superseded

The next worst thing to rubbing on the skin nasty ointments, containing rancid animal fat, is to try and cure skin irritation and skin eruptions with cheap salves, possessing no medicinal properties, and which their makers do not dare to recommend for the cure of any actual skin disease. Zam-Buk, because of its unique origin, its purity and refinement, and lastly, because of its astounding success in curing skin disease, is to-day the world's greatest and only perfect healing balm.

Zam-Buk
THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—

NORMAN INNES,

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

(Continued.)

Aye, in the Heart of Rohn, I had found Rohn's treasure, nor doubted that I had read the riddle of the wealth of Red Beard Karl. Knight of old renown about whose name Fame has woven that tale of a golden hoard, surely thy dust stirred neath its rusting mail when two in the keep of Rohn held the legend of thy treasure fulfilled.

* * * * * *

My tale is told; henceforward it runs smoothly as the stream of my life, not without a rock or an eddy here and there; but what stream, worthy the name, meets with none such in its course; as of weed-grown waters so 'tis the end of lives sluggish, to fail in slough and morass nor reach the wider sea.

So, on a day, I and the Lady Elsa left Rohn with two of her waiting women and an escort of hussars, the women in a coach and I mounted beside them. Our way lay through Salzburg, of which fortress it transpired Colonel zu Nettern had been suddenly relieved of the command, and at last we reached Vienna, where the Countess von Rohn woke jealousy in the hearts of the beauties of the court, and I the envy of every gallant.

The tale of all that had befallen me in Rohn had become the gossip of the town, as well as the charms of the sisters, and jests enough were made at my expense. But little I cared since Her Majesty was gracious enough to give me her approval of my charge of the castle and her congratulations upon its issue.

And we learned how the Spaniard, on escaping from Rohn, had sought audience of the Queen in the Countesses' behalf, confessing his theft of the pearl necklet, asking no mercy for himself, nay, saying that come what might, he had his reward in the knowledge of having achieved the quest to which a wayward lady had pledged him.

And queenlike, as a daughter of the Hapsburg race, Maria Theresa had given him pardon, owning that the jewels had been well and nobly won, and further, had entrusted him with the letter for my hand. He should indeed have reached Rohn before Marshal Khevenlullen but had been delayed by mischances of the road.

Now all this while Leon de Portugas lay sick in Rohn, nursed by Father Juan and the elder Countess, Death's hand knocking querulously upon the chamber door meanwhile his footsteps dogging the threshold. But the Spaniard's frame was stout, his heart e'en stouter — his life throug he had run a race with death, and now close pressed as he was, he had no thought of defeat.

Never had sufferer a nurse like to Inez von Rohn. Dauntless she faced the enemy beside her lover that long summertide through. And she won him from Death's clutch, though in the struggle her face grew very grave, her lips lost their assurance her spirit its pride mayhap. What recked she of the cost so that she won him, so that the strong came by his strength again, her heart to its rest?

In the upper court they met us on our return from Vienna, he of the keen, swart features and she of his love. Sunken, paler than their wont were her cheeks, her eyes lacked something of their old-time fire yet they were very blue and of a depth that before they had never known. And crowning all, untouched by care and vigil, was that wealth of ruddy tresses the seal of her beauty.

Autumn's hand lay russet on the hillside, dull gold upon the forest, but the glory of summer still lingered, skies were clear and days halcyon-calm when we were wed; sure never did priest through the length of the Empire join fairer sisters to men of their choice than old Father Juan in the chapel of Rohn.

Years have slipped by since then; Maria Theresa holds title unchallenged to the Empire of the Caesars, and from those Bavarian valleys the tide of war has long since ebbed away. For me Austrian service is but a memory of days of toil and stern fighting, of victory and defeat, of comrades staunch and stout-hearted, no matter their degree, a medley of shifting scenes, some clear, some growing dim with the lapse of time. But plain in the vista of the years stands a crag-set keep o'erhanging a brawling torrent in a valley girt with hills—Rohn, whence I won the wife who is now at my side.

With the firelight playing soft on her face, with her hand in mine, we sit in my old Scots home which rings once again with children's laughter.

Low moans the western gale, but as we gaze into the depths of the pine logs, glowing ruddy upon the hearth, our northland is forgotten. Before us rises the vision of a frontier fortress neath a southern sky. Grey on its walls lies the hand of age yet the hearts that it holds, the hearts of its golden-haired mistress and her grave-eyed Spanish husband, are young for ever.

(THE END.)



THE DERNIER CRI OF FASHIONS.

Every feature of this dressy tailored costume marks it as the very latest of Fashion's whims. The hat, a black Milan with trimming of violet velvet ribbon, gray osprey plume and violets, is one of the ultra high-crowned shapes which is forcing itself into favor over the head of the large chapeau. The costume, a demi-tailored model in white mohair, embodies the newest elements in tailored styles. It has a tunic skirt, otherwise plain, and a semi-fitting coat of a cut which is becoming to almost any type of figure; this discreetly trimmed with black satin and white cotton embroidery rings, buttons and tassels.

C. P. R. STRIKERS AND POLICE CLASH

Eight Men Injured, Two of Them Possibly Fatally, at Owen Sound.

Owen Sound, May 11.—Four men, seriously wounded, by being struck on the head with lumps of coal, three men suffering from gun wounds and one unmercifully beaten over the head with clubs and kicked were the casualties that occurred in a battle between strikers and fifty constables sent up from Toronto by the Canadian Pacific railway this morning.

The trouble began when it was learned that during the night the company had brought up fifty special service men. There was an immediate rush for the yards, and in a few minutes nearly 1,000 people, including strikers, sympathizers and spectators, swarmed over the docks.

The first move of the company was to begin operations on the steamer Dundee loaded with grain at Elevator B. No sooner had the men gone into the hold than the crowd made a rush. The constables used their clubs freely but were forced back and a torrent of coal was rained on them. One of them was caught after he had struck down one of the crowd.

At this juncture a constable came up and deliberately fired at the men. Another constable opened fire promiscuously on the crowd, who stood their ground, and dropped coal on the retreating constables' heads.

At the east end of the sheds another battle was in progress. The mob forced the constables stationed at the foot of George street to retreat to the east end of the slip. Here on a small bridge they caught John McIntosh, one of the strikers, and five men began to club him viciously. After he had been knocked down he was kicked unmercifully about the head and face.

The specials, who came up from Toronto, were accompanied by General Superintendent. Oborne and Divisional Superintendent Nelson. Provincial Detective Rogers also came up, under the direction of the provincial government, to act, if possible, as intermediary in securing a settlement.

While the battle was at its height, in company with Mayor Kennedy, the officials boarded the steamer Dundee, where the riot act was read. In the lull that followed, the provisions of the Lemieux act were explained to the men, and on the company undertaking not to begin operations for at least two hours, hostilities ceased.

The most serious injuries were sustained by Charles Clarke, a recently arrived Englishman, who refused to work when he found that a strike was on. He was shot in the hip and the wound is serious. The bullet has not yet been located, but there is a chance of his recovery, if blood poisoning does not set in.

Edward O'Brien, a Toronto druggist, who came up to go in the steward's department on one of the steamers to recuperate his health was hit on the leg above the ankle, the bullet embedding itself an inch and a half deep among the bones.

McIntosh, the man who was so viciously clubbed and kicked, is in a serious condition at his home, Bay street, and serious possibilities are looked for.

The constables who suffered most are Robert Somerville, of Toronto, who is seriously injured about the head from being struck with coal and had his right hand fractured; John Powers, of Toronto, has a serious scalp wound; William Fernemount, of Milton, had his head and face badly cut and his teeth knocked out in the bombardment of coal.

Chief Detective Wright, of the C. P. R. force, was shot through the ankle.

During the cessation of hostilities following the reading of the riot act Detective Rogers got in touch with the committee and the proposition was submitted of fifteen cents an hour for day work, sixteen cents an hour for night work, twenty cents an hour on coal and grain, with the reinstatement of all old men and the transportation to Toronto of those who cannot find employment here. This was agreed to, but Supt. Oborne and his men went back to work at 2 o'clock.

Three constables who are picked out as having done shooting are under arrest.

Toronto, May 11.—(Special.)—At Stanley Barracks 100 men were drawn up to go to Owen Sound this afternoon, at request of the mayor, but word of settlement was received shortly before the 2 o'clock train left.

Miss Winifred Elms, of Melrose (N. B.), has entered the order of Sisters of Charity in St. Vincent's Convent.

HON. WM. PUGSLEY AND HIS ACCOUNTS WITH PROVINCE

The Amounts He Owed the Province at Various Times Placed Before the Legislature---The Overdraft at One Time Was $8,000.

Fredericton, N. B., May 11.—The house met at 3 p.m.

The act to amend the probate courts act was read a third time. Several bills passed their second reading. The report of the standing committee was presented by Hon. Mr. McLeod, recommending a number of private bills.

In answer to Mr. Sproul's inquiry regarding the circumstances connected with Hon. Wm. Pugsley's overdraft of $4,331.64, Hon. Mr. Flemming said the overdraft of the amount stated as it appeared on Oct. 31st, 1907, was not an advance for overdraft for that particular amount. It was a balance of overdraft account running for several years and amounting to different sums at different times. He then submitted the account of Hon. Wm. Pugsley with the province from January, 1901, to the time that the advance was repaid in full. The balances due the province by Hon. Wm. Pugsley at the end of each fiscal year were as follows: Oct. 31, 1901, $2,163.60; 1902, $1,748.54; 1903, $6,227.04; 1904, $7,314.64; 1905, $7,030.64; 1906, $6,605.64; 1907, $4,331.64.

This amount was repaid by cheques dated Feb. 27, 1908, and it passed to the credit of the province the March following. No interest had ever been paid on this overdraft by Hon. Wm. Pugsley but the deputy receiver general was making the interest account from the daily balances and when the same was completed it would be submitted to the house.

In answer to Mr. Currie's question as to the amount at credit of the road tax fund in Restigouche, Hon. Mr. Morrissy said the secretary-treasurer for Restigouche reported to the department of public works April 2, 1908, that he had on hand on March 1 last $1,995.09 to the credit of the road tax fund.

Hon. Mr. Flemming, replying to Mr. McKeown's question as to a bill for professional services submitted by Hon. Mr. Pugsley against the province, said Hon. Wm. Pugsley had submitted an unsettled account against the province for professional services, the total amount being $3,670. He then gave the items.

Mr. Munro enquired if the government had been informed as to irregularities in the polling booth at Arthurette in Victoria county and as to whether or not the sitting member for Victoria, Mr. Tweeddale, was present at the poll in question.

Mr. Munro applied for leave of absence for one week for Mr. Smith.

Hon. Mr. McLeod presented a petition from the town of Marysville for amendments to its incorporation act and introduced acts to authorize the city of Fredericton to establish a gold medal for the University of N. B., to aid the Hartt Boot and Shoe Co., and to issue debentures.

Mr. LaBillois, on behalf of Mr. McKeown, presented a petition to secure amendments to Chapter 59, 5th Edward 7th, in reference to the water level in Loch Lomond and making the city of St. John liable to owners of land adjacent for damage from flooding.

Mr. LaBillois, in making his motion for a return of all correspondence between the Dominion government, the Quebec government and the government of New Brunswick in regard to the Inter-provincial highway bridge at Metapedia, said he felt it his duty to bring this matter before the government and legislature. The Intercolonial Railway had decided some time ago to replace their present bridge at Metapedia by a modern structure and it was thought by the federal and local members of Bonaventure and Restigouche that the old structure might be used as a highway bridge.

A meeting was held at which the Dominion, Quebec and New Brunswick governments were represented with their engineers and it was found that the present piers were long enough to carry two bridges. An understanding was then arrived at to endeavour to get the three governments to come to some arrangement whereby the old superstructure and the present piers could be utilized for a highway bridge. Afterwards there was a dispute among the people interested as to the best location for a bridge. This led to another meeting and additional reports from engineers. Mr. LaBillois then read the report of the Dominion engineer which stated that the bridge could and should be built upon the present bridge piers at an estimated cost of $40,635. Continuing he said that Hon. Mr. Pugsley had suggested that if New Brunswick and Quebec would each give $5,000 the Dominion would make up the balance. The late government had passed an order-in-council to give the $5,000. This order was not on file through some misunderstanding but he could assure the house that it had been passed and he read a copy. He asked the government to favorably consider the matter as it was a public work very necessary to the business interests of all the people in the upper part of Restigouche Co.

Mr. Currie, in seconding the motion, warmly endorsed all Mr. LaBillois had said.

Hon. Mr. Morrissy said the papers asked for would be brought down without further formality. He had thought this matter was all previously arranged and was surprised at the present condition of affairs. He would say, on behalf of the government, that they were fully cognizant of the great development along the North Shore and would always be ready and willing to consider any proposition to advance the interests of the people not only there but everywhere in the province.

Hon. Mr. Hazen said under the rules of the house the time for introducing private bills had elapsed. He moved that the time be extended for one week and urged all members to get their proposed legislation in within that time.

Hon. Mr. Grimmer presented a petition from the town of St. Stephen asking to have its act of incorporation amended.

The house went into committee, Mr. Sproul in the chair to amend the act respecting the protection of the woods from fires.

Hon. Mr. Grimmer explained that the object of the bill was to provide a penalty for tearing or otherwise destroying notices posted up in different parts of the crown lands for the protection of those forests. At present it was found that damage was done in this way and no punishment was provided. It was therefore proposed to make it an offense to destroy any such notices under a penalty of not less than $50.

Mr. LaBillois, while approving of the object of the bill thought the minimum penalty was rather high and it might work an injustice is case of any person mistaking the notice for one of the other numerous kinds of private notices posted up. He thought a penalty of $10 would be ample.

Mr. Grimmer said it was quite impossible for any one to make a mistake and it was most important that the notices should be kept up at any cost.

Mr. Currie wanted to know what would happen in case a man could not afford to pay a $50 fine. It might be that a notice might be torn down or destroyed by accident.

Hon. Mr. Hazen said that a man would have to go to prison for such period as the magistrate should consider the case deserved. If if could be proved that the offence was an accident the magistrate would take that into consideration. The bill was agreed to.

The bills to amend the consolidated statutes, 1903, relating to the law library and respecting notaries public were also agreed to.

The house adjourned at 5 o'clock.

There is a Pink Pain Tablet made by Dr. Shoop, that will positively stop any pain, anywhere in 20 minutes. Druggists everywhere sell them as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, but they stop other pains as easily as headache. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax blood pressure away from pain centers—that is all. Pain comes from blood pressure—congestion. Stop that pressure with Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets and pain is instantly gone. 20 Tablets 25c. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. J. R. Inch, chief superintendent of education, was at the Royal yesterday. In answer to a question he said he had no official communication relative to the proposed visit of Canadian and United States teachers to the old country. The League of the Empire, London, have, however, notified him that they would do all in their power to facilitate the visiting teachers in their examination into the public school system there. Dr. Inch said he would endeavor soon to get into communication with Mr. Mosely, who is at present in upper Canada, and who is in charge of the project, as he wished to get information to lay before the provincial teachers' meeting in June.

We Tell
Show this to your doctor and ask him if he knows anything better for coughs, colds, bronchitis.

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Water—Sufficient to make one fluid ounce.

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