

Undigested Food

When any portion of food remains in the stomach and refuses to digest, it causes the torments of indigestion. This undigested food rapidly ferments, irritating the sensitive coating of the stomach, while other parts of the body, particularly the head, suffer in consequence.

So long as this undigested food remains in the stomach, the discomfort continues. A few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

stop all fermentation, sweeten the contents of the stomach and give natural assistance that relieves the stomach of its burden. The use of Beecham's Pills gradually strengthens the stomach nerves and soon restores them to a normal, healthy condition.

Beecham's Pills positively cure all stomach troubles, while their beneficial effects on the liver and kidneys greatly improve the general health.

Beecham's Pills have been used and recommended by the general public for over fifty years.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, Eng.

Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.



HER BEST EMBROIDERY FROCK.

Lingerie frocks for little ladies are delightful affairs of fine linen, batiste, much embroidery and some lace. Skirts are of knee length, but the ruffles begin far above them, measuring usually from eight to ten inches and composed chiefly of pin tucking entire deux with embroidery set upon an equally elaborate foundation, which is finely plaited into the waistband. At the moment the bib yoke is exceedingly fashionable for very young girls, as this practically covers and perfectly trims the front of the blouse as well as the top of the short, puffed sleeves, whose ruffles scarce conceal the elbow. These elaborately made frocks are prettiest in pure white relieved with satin-striped or pompadour figured sashes and bows.

lantern as a figure took shape in the chasm above us, "I knew, I knew. Thou hast come then, Leon, and hast met him?"

"Aye, I have met him, and he has gone his way," came back the answer. "He lies at the foot of Rohn."

Not without an effort, Leon de Portugal set his feet in the topmost niches and made his way down the rock-hewn stair. Dull shone the yellow light on the woman, radiant in her triumph, matchless in her beauty. With lips parted and head thrown back she stood beneath the wall, to meet the coming of this Spaniard, dusty and mired with travel as he was, with the sword in his hand dripping blood.

But more, there was blood at his breast on his lips, a catch in his breathing, and a far look in his eyes that were fixed upon the Countess. Yet his glance was high, as of yore, high as his heart's high courage, and a smile of pride and of hope achieved broke o'er the wan features as he leaned beneath the wall.

"See Inez mine," faint came his speech but there was that in his face that spoke plainer than words—"See, Fortune has smiled at the last."

Wounded and toll-worn he fronted us, yet Fortune had smiled indeed, for in his outstretched hand was the string of pearls shimmering soft in the lantern light, and in his heart a great peace, as he sank forward into the Countess's arms.

(To be Continued.)

FISHERY BULLETIN

Halifax, N. S., May 8.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Lockport. Off shore boats in port with good fares cod and few halibut. Sand Point. Lobsters fair. Salmon River. Lobsters plenty, trout fair.

Canso. Lobsters fair, cod scarce. Queensport. Haddock, herring and lobsters fair, cod and hake scarce.

West Arichat. Few herring and lobsters reported. Arichat. Cod fair, lobsters scarce.

Petit de Grat. Lobsters fair. Descousses. Lobsters fair.

Calabarus. Lobsters fair, bait reported fair.

Louisburg. Lobsters fair. St. Ann's. Herring plentiful, lobsters fair.

Cheticamp. Herring plentiful, lobsters fair mainland and island.

Margaree. Herring and lobsters fair. Port Hood. Herring and lobsters fair.

P. E. ISLAND.

Georgetown. Herring very plenty, lobsters fair.

Bloomfield. Herring fair, lobsters scarce.

All branches dull at Bonaventure, Digby, Liverpool, Lunenburg, Port Malcolm, Port La Tour, Pubnico, St. Adelaide de Pabos. So. Westport, Whitehead, Yarmouth, and Grand Pabos.

BAIT AND ICE.

Bait obtainable at Boughton Island, P. E. I. and Queensport.

Ice at Digby, Freeport. Westport, Sandycove, Tiverton, Porthound, Island, Liverpool, Lunenburg, Lockport, Queensport, Yarmouth, Clarks Harbor, Cheticamp, Pubnico, Mulgrave, and Canso.

Frozen bait at Lunenburg.

PERSONALS.

Inspectors Olive and Dalton returned yesterday from Boston, where they inspected the Eastern liner steamer Calvin Austin.

David Bradley has gone to Montreal to consult a specialist.

J. B. Lambdin, of the I.C.R., Halifax, is at the Dufferin.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Burpee, of Moncton, are at the Royal.

James McPartland and Miss McPartland, who have been spending the winter months in Boston and New York, have returned home.

Miss Edith Miller, of Douglas avenue, and her aunt, Mrs. Edwin Stackhouse, have gone to Fredericton. They will be at the Queen Hotel.

Hon. H. A. McKeown, M.P.P., returned from Fredericton last evening.

John E. Wilson, M.P.P., returned from Fredericton last evening.

Mrs. D. D. Northrup is seriously ill at her home in Kingston, Kings County.

R. C. Ritchie, of Chipman, is at the Victoria.

SKIN ERUPTIONS AND PIMPLES

Disappear Under a Treatment With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There can be health and vigor only when the blood is rich and red. There are thousands of young men just approaching manhood who need the rich, red blood that only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make. They have no energy; tire out at the least exertion, and who feel by the time they have done their work, as though the day was a week long. In some cases there is a further sign of danger in the pimples and disfiguring eruptions which break out on the face. These are certain signs that blood is out of order and that a complete breakdown may result. In this emergency Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the medicine these young men should take. These pills actually make rich, red blood. They clear the skin of pimples and eruptions and bring health, strength and energy.

Here is the experience of Adolphe Rolland, of St. Jerome, Que., a young man 19 years of age, who says: "For more than a year I suffered from general weakness, and I gradually grew so weak that I was forced to abandon my work as a clerk. My appetite failed me, I had occasional violent headaches and I began to suffer from indigestion. I was failing so rapidly that I began to fear that consumption was fastening itself upon me. Our family doctor treated me, but I did not gain under his care. I was in a very discouraged state when a friend from Montgomery came to see me. He strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did not at first think much of it, but I began to feel better; my appetite began to improve and I seemed to have a feeling of new courage. I continued the pills till I had taken ten boxes and I am now enjoying the best health I ever had. My cure surprised many of my friends who began to regard me as incurable, and I strongly advise other young men who are weak to follow my example and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anemia, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, catarrh, indigestion, all nervous troubles, general weakness and the special ailments that only women folk know. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one cure, because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. They change the bad blood into good blood, and thus bring health, strength and energy. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CONVICT SHOT BY SOLDIERS.

Burlington, Vt., May 8.—While making a break for liberty from the guard line Patrick Ryne, a convict at Fort Ethan Allen, was shot and instantly killed to-night by Private Thomas Mollory, of the Fifteenth Cavalry. Three other men, including convicts Hootz and Butler, and Private Strom, of B troop, Eleventh Cavalry, who was on duty as a sentry over the two convicts, made their escape, but were later recaptured and taken back to the fort. Ryne at the time of enlistment gave his place of residence as New York City. He was put in the guard house for being drunk and disorderly, and about two months ago endeavored to escape by jumping through a window. He was arrested as a deserter, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. The shooting occurred at about five o'clock while a squad of convicts were at work on the target range, about a mile from the fort.

Last evening in the rooms of the St. John Deaf Mute Association, a very pleasant event took place when President Baillie, on behalf of the members, read an address to Miss Beatrice E. McLean and at the conclusion of the address Miss McLean was made the recipient of a purse of gold. She was very much surprised at this expression of good will but made a suitable response. Miss McLean will leave in a few days for Chipman.

The portwainers inspected the steamer Bonin, which returned up harbor after striking an obstacle on her way out. They found that the ship was not leaking and recommended that she proceed to her port of destination, Cape Town. She sailed last evening.

Alcohol

Ask your doctor if a family medicine, like Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is not vastly better without alcohol than with it.

A Strong Tonic	Without Alcohol
A Body Builder	Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier	Without Alcohol
A Great Alternative	Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine	Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Without Alcohol
We have no secret! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.	

SPECIAL PRICES

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T-O-D-A-Y

Golden Opportunity to Get Your Summer Clothing.

Men's \$18.00 Suits, best English Fancy Worsteds, Sale Price	\$14.00
Men's \$16.00 Suits, best English Worsteds, black or grey, Sale Price	12.00
Men's \$14.00 Suits, Brown and Mixed Worsteds, Sale Price	12.00
Men's \$12.00 Suits, Progress Brand, fancy Tweeds, Sale Price	9.25
Men's \$10.00 Suits, Canadian Tweed, Sale Price	7.48
Men's \$10.00 Suits, Black Clay Worsteds, Sale Price	7.18
Boys' \$6.00 Suits, three piece, Canadian Tweed, Sale Price	3.98
Boys' \$4.00 Suits, two piece, Canadian Tweed, Sale Price	1.98
Men's \$10.00 Long Showerproof Overcoats, Sale Price	6.18
25 dozen Men's 65c. Soft Front Shirts, Sale Price	42
25 dozen Men's 65c. Soft Front Shirts, Sale Price	48
25 dozen Men's 35c. Ties, Sale Price	19
25 dozen Men's 35c. Police and Fire Braces, Sale Price	19
25 dozen Men's 35c. Black Cashmere Hose, Sale Price	19
25 dozen Men's 65c. White Shirts, Sale Price	42
25 dozen Men's 65c. Duck Shirts, Sale Price	48
Men's 25c. Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, Sale Price	13

For Men

The KING HAT

is the best \$2.50 Hat Sold in Canada.

Made by Union Labor. Every

Hat has the Union Label.

For Ladies' Feet There is Nothing Neater Than

The VICTORIA SHOE

It has all the Good Qualities and Carries the Union Label.

68 Ladies' Costumes, Manufacturers' Samples, no Two Alike, at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' \$18.00 Fancy Tweed Suits, Sale Price	\$14.00
Ladies' 15.00 Fancy Tweed Suits, Sale Price	12.98
Ladies' 13.00 Fancy Tweed Suits, Sale Price	8.98
Ladies' 15.00 Suits, black, brown or blue Vienna, Sale Price	11.98
Ladies' 15.50 Suits, black, brown or green striped Vienna, Sale Price	11.98
Ladies' \$30.00 Suits, black blue or brown Panama, Sale Price	23.00
Ladies' 35.00 Suits, black, blue or brown Panama, Sale Price	26.00
Ladies' 22.00 Suits, green, blue, black or brown Venetian, Sale Price	15.98
Ladies' \$14.00 Coats, long, loose box back, fancy stripes, Sale Price	8.98
Ladies' \$24.00 Coats, long, loose box black, Silk rubber linings, Sale Price	16.98
Ladies' \$13.00 Coats, long, loose fitting showerproof cloth, Sale Price	8.00
Ladies' \$11.00 Coats, long loose fitting showerproof cloth, Sale Price	6.98
Ladies' \$10.50 Coats, short, loose or tight fitting showerproof cloth, Sale Price	6.93
Ladies' \$12.00 Coats, short, loose or tight fitting showerproof cloth, Sale Price	8.00
Ladies' \$6.00 Coats, short, loose or tight fitting showerproof cloth, Sale Price	4.98
Ladies' \$15.00 Short Silk Coats, Sale price	11.98
Ladies' 3.75 Luster Skirts, black, blue or brown, Sale Price	2.78
Ladies' 5.50 Luster Skirts, black, blue or brown, Sale Price	4.00
Ladies' 9.00 Panama Skirts, black, blue or brown, Sale Price	5.98
Ladies' 4.00 Tweed Skirts, Sale Price	2.98

LADIES' COSTUMES MADE TO MEASURE

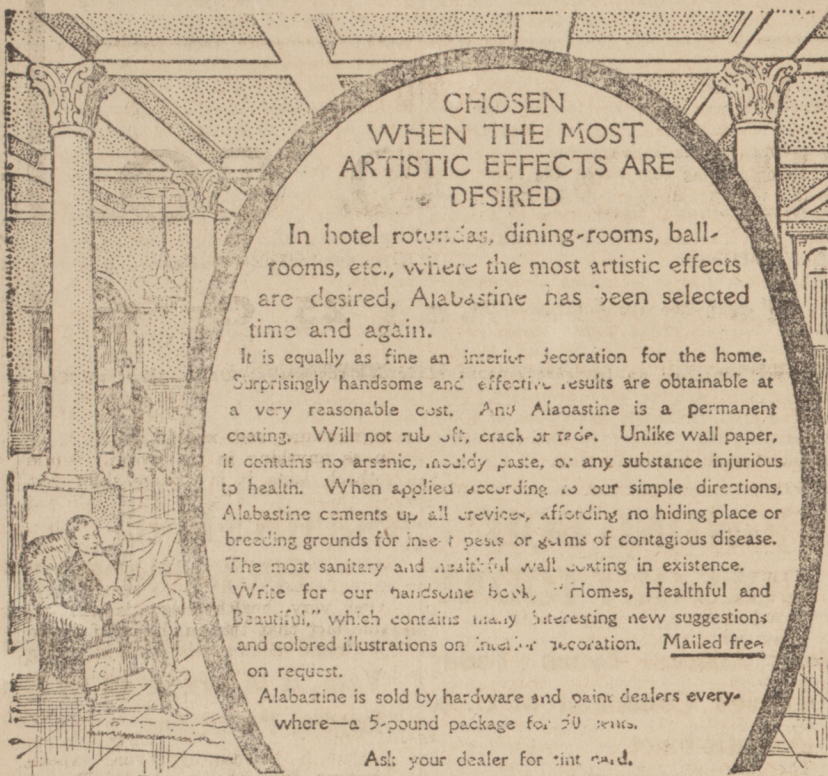
\$12.00 to \$35.00

Ladies' \$3.50 White Underskirts, Sale Price	\$2.48
Ladies' 2.75 White Underskirts, Sale Price	1.98
Ladies' 1.75 White Underskirts, Sale Price	1.25
Ladies' 1.25 White Underskirts, Sale Price	.78
Ladies' .35 Corset Covers, Sale Price	.25
Ladies' .50 Corset Covers, Sale Price	.39
Ladies' 1.00 Corset Covers, Sale Price	.75
Ladies' .25 Summer Undervests, Sale Price	.19
Ladies' .25 Cashmere Hose, Sale Price	.19
Ladies' Fancy Collars, from 19c to	1.75

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON ALL CUT GLASS AND JEWELRY.

WILCOX BROS.,

Dock St. and Market Sq.



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It is equally as fine an interior decoration for the home. Surprisingly handsome and effective results are obtainable at a very reasonable cost. And Alabastine is a permanent coating. Will not rub off, crack or peel. Unlike wall paper, it contains no arsenic, leady paste, or any substance injurious to health. When applied according to our simple directions, Alabastine cements up all crevices, affording no hiding place or breeding grounds for insect pests or germs of contagious disease. The most sanitary and beautiful wall coating in existence. Write for our handsome book, "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," which contains many interesting new suggestions and colored illustrations on interior decoration. Mailed free on request.

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Ask your dealer for this card. Never sold in bulk.

THE **Alabastine Co.** LTD.
36 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, ONT.

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—

NORMAN INNES,

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

(Continued.)

"How long have ye been in hiding?" I asked.

"Since the coming of the Austrians about sunset. We saw them from the upper gallery."

"Ye were afraid of these Austrians then?"

"We were afraid," came her reply. Never had I thought to hear a like confession from her lips.

"So ye and the good father fled hither," continued her sister, picking up the tale, "determined that we should leave Rohn this night?"

"Leave Rohn?" I cried in amazement, and the blackness above us echoed my words.

"Bitter came her answer.

"What have we in Rohn, I ask thee, Countess of Rohn though we be? Our walls are breached, strangers hold our home, and in thy place is another."

"So ye would have died?" said I, and then in pity for those two racked hearts I told of all that happened since the preceding night with the echo whispering in the vault overhead.

"And the priest?" I asked when my tale was done and the ladies were showing their joy, each after her own fashion, the elder by silence, the younger by a closer pressure upon my hand.

"He is gone and we could not stay him," replied Inez von Rohn. "Hence up the ladder by the pathway along the cliff, to seek horses for the flight. He will return doubtless within two hours."

"Gone," cried I, "and whither? Up yonder stair by which I came. Why, but ten minutes since I saw him with my own eyes kneeling before the altar?"

"My laughter fell hushed as the Countess Elsa spoke.

"Nay, Alan, nay, with our own hands we added the father, saints, his ill come to him that thou hast seen his spirit?"

But I was assured in a moment.

"Nay, harken, here he comes," said I, as a soft tread sounded on the stairway and a glimmer of light shone faint in the dimness."

To my astonishment, however, the sisters would have nought of my guess.

"It cannot be," they gasped, dragging me towards the wall. "I tell thee it cannot be. Back, back and keep silence. Father Juan has gone, and who is this?"

Who is this? came back the whispering echo as ever the light grew brighter, the footfalls plainer.

And as the silence once more fell heavy on the heart of Rohn, we had our answer—the sight of Otto von Wegen standing in the entrance of the chamber.

At my right hand stood the Countess von Rohn, at my left covered the Lady Elsa, who verily, I believe, had looked to see the good priest's shade. Involuntarily

we started—the Count, the last one on whom I had thought to set eyes.

He carried a lantern, a sword was in his hand—I knew it in a moment with its cumulous hilt and long wide blade. As sure was I he held my weapon, as I was lost in wonder as to how he had contrived to break from his prison. Was it he, then, whom I had seen on his knees in the chapel?

His face was changed since last I had looked on it, there was triumph in his eyes, a flush on his cheeks, and all his old self-confidence had returned. He appeared carefree of pursuit, satisfied that he was alone and escape assured. Besides, he held that heavy-bladed blade and knew its secrets.

He stroked to the middle of the chamber without noticing the shattered lantern upon the floor, while we stood close against the rock not a dozen paces from the foot of the stairs. He lifted his lantern, glanced curiously about him, and chuckled softly. We marked his start, the sudden whitening of his cheeks, as the echo caught up his laughter. The lantern was lowered, his blade advanced in a moment, as though he held himself mocked by an unseen foe. In the hour of disgrace, when under escort, he had been led to his prison, he had shown no sign of gloating, but as he stood hesitating in that ghostly hall, Fear had him for his own. The hem of her garment had brushed him and he trembled beneath the breath came in gasps, her wings o'er and the sweat broke chill on his brow, her breath had fanned him and his own breath came in gasps, her wings o'er and shadowed him and his limbs shook as with palsy. In the gloom I smiled, and marked the smile on the elder Countess's face.

But the man was in desperate case; he woke to his peril now and he laid his hand to the side of the wall as though myriad eyes were upon him—he who had held he was alone.

And then, with one hand upon the rock, he crept forward towards the ladder, we guessed his purpose but could but gaze at the wretch. He gained it and set down the lantern, glanced fearfully into the shadows to right and left, craned his neck upwards, and gasping, layed his hand in the niches.

Dumb, with my feet as lead, I stared at von Wegen; surely his fear was mine, as I watched him clamber swiftly upwards to be lost in the inky shadows.

Then a hand gripped my arm, a voice breathed soft in my ear.

"Now is thy time, Alan Lesly. After him, and softly."

A stifled sob and I had broken from Elsa von Rohn; yonder fled my prisoner, my foe, and follow I must. Swiftly, silently, unarmed as I was, I climbed that narrow ladder, peered upward, had all but gained the shaft, when a cry rang out from deep amid the blackness above me, a cry, a shriek of pain, of mortal terror—a cry in which agony followed hard on wildest fear. And then as I stood frozen midway on those steps, clear came the ring of steel on steel, a bitter laugh, and last a choking sob that died in a long drawn wail.

Silence swallowed the echoes and I was standing once more in the Heart of Rohn. The riddle of that shriek was beyond our solving, we could but wait, shuddering, expectant. And then when moments seemed stretching to eternity, something fell ringing at our feet. For an instant a sword—blade rather, for the hilt was lacking—glinted in the lantern's light, then the pommel struck the flags to roll away into the shadows, as loud, triumphant rose the voice of Inez von Rohn.

"Tis he," she cried, snatching up the

