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THE LONELY GUARD,

BY

NORMAN INNES,

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

(Continued.)

"Who was he?" "Didst thou set eyes on him?"

"How did the rogue escape the guard?"

Von Wegen smiled, gratified by the interest shown in his narrative.

"Nay, I know not how the fellow got clear away. The luck of the devil aided him. Nor who he was, beyond being an ill-favored villain, beetle-browed and swart-featured. To give the man his due he was a cool resourceful robber with his trick of the cloak, though with all his cunning he carries the print of my rapier upon him."

There was a ring of triumph in his tone and tossing off the tankard before him, he sank back in his chair with the air of one not a little proud of the part he had played in an event which was the common talk of Vienna. And then as we watched this braggart I was aware of a change in his manner. The scorn on his face gave way to sudden surprise, his eyes grew fixed in a stare of blankest wonder, his hand clenched nervously upon the arms of his chair. Astonished, we followed his gaze which rested upon the figure of a man bent above a book which lay open on the table at his elbow—the stranger, who had attracted my notice earlier in the evening. Calmly, as if unconscious of being the object of sudden interest, he pored over the page before him, with the lamplight falling mellow on his clear-cut profile and a haze of tobacco smoke drifting athwart the panelling at his back. It was late and the tavern was emptying and this student sat alone at the table with a long glass all but drained beside him.

Suddenly a chair fell backwards to the ground with a crash as von Wegen staggered to his feet. His hands were upon the trestle boards—he was swaying for the wine he had drunk—his eyes were wide, his cheeks flushed ,and his words rang unsteadily through the chamber.

"See yonder, gentlemen," he cried, pointing with outstretched arm in the direction of the student, "there sits the knave . The thief for a thousand florins."

He paused for a moment, and we sat gazing at the stranger, who looked up from his book at this sudden outcry.

"Villain!" gasped the drunken man, "wilt thou deny my charge? Lay hands on him gentlemen, on the robber of His Highness' jewels."

Despite the Count's words, not a man of us sprang formard to do his bidding, the very calmness of the accused, his careless bearing, the look of astonishment in the dark eyes forbade all sudden action.

He rose in leisurely fashion and a smile flickered about his lips as he demanded courteously in a full deep voice—

"Does yonder gentleman address himself to me?"

Von Wegen lurched forward; though his brain seemed clearer he could scarce stand upright.

"Aye," he cried hoarsely. "I proclaim thee a knave in the face of this company."

The smile on the other's face broadened as he answered with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No need, methinks, for me to proclaim thee drunken. I leave it for the company to judge. But"— and the light of menace for an instant flashed up in his eye— "I shall be happy to prove that thou art in error, sir, shouldst thou see fit to repeat thy charge upon the morrow."

This answer stung Von Wegen, who was not so steeped in liquor as to fail to read the scorn in the other's tones."

"Nay, by Heaven, I'll prove my words upon thy carcase this night," he cried thickly, as with reeling steps he staggered from the table, and before I or any of his comrades could stay his hand, he had blundered o'er fallen chairs and upturned benches, and drawing his blade had lunged at the stranger.

With a light step aside that sudden thrust was avoided, and in another moment von Wegen was sprawling upon the sanded floor, bruised and somewhat sobered, while his adversary leisurely wiped some dregs of wine that had been overturned upon his book.

We had sprung to our feet in a moment and one of the fallen man's companion's his name was Tzergary, if I remember aright—must needs take a hand in what we held to be a drunken brawl and as such, beneath the consideration of those whose brains were clear.

Now, this Tzergary who, having drunk as little as any of the company, must have been well aware of von Wegen's condition, for some reason took upon himself the latter's quarrel.

"Who art thou?" he demanded as he bared his sword, "to strike an officer, a servant of His Highness who accuses thee of robbery and treason. Thy name, sir, and thy business in Vienna, or else by Heaven, thou shall spend the night in arrest."

We had risen to our feet at Tzergary's challenge, the outcome of which was like to end in blood, some holding that the young Hungarian was justified in his interference, others, old James Keith and myself amongst them, looked on his conduct as both wanton and unwarrantable.

"Nay, nay," cried du Merle, interposing in the brawl, "thy friend is in no state to make charges or to substantiate them. As for this gentleman——"

But the heady Hungarian would hear nought of reason.

"Thy name, sir, thy name?" he demanded fiercely, fronting the calm, bronzed figure beyond the narrow table, while a dozen tipplers gathered at his back and echoed Tzergary's words.

"Thy name, sir," rang the challenge through the hall, echoing upon the time-worn rafters, and old Moritz Staub with two drawers came running in at the sound of the affray to see a half-moon of wine-strung gentlemen gathered before a table in one corner of the hall and facing them another of unruffled manner, with his right hand upon his sword hilt, his left closed tightly upon a book.

And he of the tanned features and careless carriage spoke in answer to their cries with the assurance born of proud descent.

"Leon de Portugas, gentlemen, at your service."

A Spaniard, an enemy—mayhap a spy. Men caught their breath in the stifling heat; no Spaniard was welcome in Vienna in those days. Despite the self-possession of the foreigner's manner, his clear brow and his scarcely veiled contempt for his challengers, his name alone was enough to substantiate von Wegen's charge.

It was the latter who broke the silence, scornfully triumphantly, as he staggered to his feet.

"I told ye," he gasped. "A Spaniard and the very rogue that robbed the Prince. I'll wager he bears a wound an ell long upon his shoulder."

"Aye," cried Tzergary, "let him bare his shoulder and prove his innocence."

Then up spoke James Keith who saw that the liquor rather than a zeal for justice prompted these gallants.

"Not so, gentlemen," he protested. "Let the question rest until tomorrow. It's late for the settling of such matters."

But neither Austrians nor Hungarians would have aught of his counsel, though du Merle and I did our best to back my kinsman.

"The proof!" they cried hoarsely, "let this Spaniard give us the proof;" and trouble I saw was like to follow their clamour, for the stranger had drawn his blade as his accusers pressed upon him, von Wegen in their midst. But not a whit cared this Spaniard for lowering glances, for threatening speech, for brandished weapons. Coolly he faced them, a smile on his lips, defiance in his dark eyes, as if he held himself more than a match for this score of heated ruffiers.

"Gentlemen," said he, and his voice rang clear through the room above the clamor of his assailants. "We of Andalusia know nought of the dictates of others, neither is it our custom to balk such as would settle an issue between us,"—He bowed to Colonel Keith—"Though it is impossible for me to comply with your demands, having an objection to removing my coat this night and having my time fully occupied tomorrow, I shall hold it an honor if each of you in turn would exchange a few passes with me."

Silence followed his measured speech—then the storm broke.

"A Spaniard! A spy! Who would cross blades with such as he? Arrest him," rang their cries, harsh

"A Spaniard! A spy! Who would cross blades with such as he? Arrest him," rang their cries, harsh and discordant, as Tzergary and another with swords shortened, sprang forward upon the stranger. It was plainly their intention to seize him, tear the coat from his back, and satisfy themselves as to the wounded shoulder. But they had not reckoned with the man they had to deal with; as the Hungarian blundered forward he met the point of the Spaniard's blade full in the breast, while the latter gripping von Wegen with his left hand, flung him sidelong against the panelled wainscot.

As the men fell from him the Spaniard set his back to the wall and faced the ring of menacing faces. The smile still flickered on his mouth, but the tanned features had grown set, the thin lips tense—this man, I knew, reeked little of odds. And then old James Keith springs to his feet, holding it high time to take a hand in the quarrel.

"Now stand by me, laddie," cried he in rough north country speech. "We must play this stranger's part. We shall be shamed if ill comes to him in a tavern brawl."

With that he shouldered his way through the crowd, du Merle and I following close on his heels, and took his stand beside the Spaniard.

"Hold, gentlemen," cried he in German. "Is it our Austrian fashion to accuse and beset a stranger thus? It is late and we are in no condition for giving well-weighed judgment."

His words were not lost upon the sobrer of the company, but those whose wits were dulled with liquor—they were foreigners for the most part—paid no heed to my kinsman's advice and in another moment we two were winning our way towards the door in the wake of the Spaniard and du Merle, while a dozen threatening, clamouring hot-heads pressed close upon our heels, lunging at random.

No sooner had we gained the street, than falling in with a second band of tipplers making their way homewards, affairs began to look black indeed, for in ignorance of the cause of the uproar and only alive to the fact that an affray was afoot, these wine-goaded gentlemen plunged into the melee, friend and foe being indistinguishable in the narrow ill-lighted street. Close on a score men, caring as little for what they fought as for the wounds they were like to take, were engaged, cutting and thrusting in the gloom for pure love of quarrel and uproar, while honest burghers shrank into alleys and doorways or made for their homes by other roads.

Now, as it happened, I saw no more of old James Keith that night nor of du Merle either, for which no other thought than to keep a whole skin I lost them in the press, and after parrying half a dozen careless thrusts from as many reckless, staggering swordsmen, I found myself on the outskirts of the fray with the Spaniard at my side.

"Ojala! A pretty pother on my account," gasped he, leaning against the wall. "My thanks, sir, to thee and thy friends for timely aid—twelve against one are heavy odds for the best of us, though the play is like to be merry when that one is from Andalusia."

There was a ring of pride in the slow soft speech, and for a moment I wondered whether I and my kinsman had risked life and limb in a braggart's quarrel, but as I glanced in the strong impassive features on which the moonlight shone clear and cold, I was well assured that his words were no idle boast. Perhaps he guessed my thoughts, for a smile flickered across his face, his thin lips quivered.

"Aye, by the bones of Sant' Iago," said he, "it might have been an affair worth the watching but for the fact that I am wounded in the shoulder."

"Wounded in the shoulder!" gasped I in amazement, remembering von Wegen's challenge.

"Ay, sir, in the shoulder," repeated the stranger. "as the Austrian guessed; wit and wine for once were joined."

And I, scarce knowing what to think, and half in fear that we had aided in a knave's escape, cried hotly—

"Then the man spoke the truth, and thou art—"

Lightly laughed the other as he cut me short.

"Nay, sir, nay, such a name is never used of an Andalusian. And, besides, thou hast taken my part and will do me further service yet."

The assurance of the man took me aback. We were alone, and a few drunken cries from the further end of the street were the sole evidences of the late affray.

And then as I hesitated, not knowing what to do, this strange man laid his hand on my shoulder and looking in my face, said in tones from which all trace of annoyance had vanished.

"Aye, I ask thee a favour, sir, though thou art a stranger; crave thy aid, though I know not thy name. Come with me so far as my lodging; necessity must be excuse for our meeting, lack of acquaintance for the honor I seek in asking thy name."

In a moment I felt drawn to the man—his manner was earnest, nay, winning.

"I am a Scot," I replied hesitatingly. "Alan Lesly from Carrick—but it is late, as thou sayest, and thou art a stranger."

And then the Spaniard sheathing his sword, doffed his hat with a bow.

"Nay, Mr. Alan Lesly," said he in English, which if halting was well pronounced and sonorous. "No longer a stranger, if it please thee, since by the shrines of Compostella, thou hast wrought a signal service to Leon de Portugas."

(To be Continued).

To Suffer From Headaches Makes Life Miserable. . .

It takes a person that has had and is subject to headaches to describe the suffering which attends them.

The majority of cases are caused by constipation and dyspepsia. The dull throbbings, the intense pain, sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, and then over the whole head, varying in its severity by the cause which brings it on, purely indicates that there is something the matter with the stomach or bowels. To the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters reaches every part of the system is due its success in relieving and permanently curing headache. It has proven a specific for the malady in all its forms.

Mr. Wm. R. Gilchrist, New Mills, N.B., writes: "I was troubled for years with constipation and headaches, but after using four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

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TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Word reached the city Monday night that the house occupied by Bart M. Duffy at Coldbrook had been burned to the ground. No particulars could be learned beyond that the fire had broken out between 9 and 10 o'clock. It was feared that Mr. Duffy had not been able to save any of his furniture. The cottage, which was a story and a half structure, was one of several owned by Capt. Porter. Mr. and Mrs. Duffy were on the scene at the time having left the city on the 6 o'clock train. It is not known whether or not there was any insurance.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm,

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Y. M. A. of Trinity church last night in annual session elected W. A. Church, president; H. J. Dobson, vice-president; C. S. Tompkins, secretary-treasurer; A. J. McQuarrie and Hugh McKay, managing committee. F. J. G. Knowlton gave an address on Wills, and there were musical numbers by A. Chip Ritchie and H. H. Harvey.

Grippe is sweeping the country. Stop it with Preventics, before it gets deeply seated. To check early colds with these little Candy Cold Cure Tablets is surely sensible and safe. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh or sickening. Pneumonia would never appear if early colds were promptly broken. Also good for feverish children. Large box, 48 tablets, 25 cents. Vest pocket boxes 5 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Ten days per annum is the average amount of sickness in human life.

GAINS OF THE SUFFRAGISTS

(New York Post.)

The English advocates of woman's suffrage can at least boast that they have made their demands a real political issue. A resolution in their favor was recently adopted by the convention of English Liberals. Their bill was read a first time in the House, practically without opposition, though it will go no further. Press dispatches tell of a really worried London police, assert that the cabinet ministers never know what will happen to them next, and aver that Mr. Asquith never leaves home save in the company of two detectives. Even he has capitulated to the extent of receiving a deputation of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and admitted that their case was presented "with unusual precision and persuasiveness."

With us in the United States, the agitation has plainly taken on new life, not because a few Englishwomen have been here to bring encouragement and to suggest new methods, but because the national organization is hard at work and kept in funds. Direct legislative victories to record. The legislature will again refuse record. The legislature will again refuse to submit a constitutional amendment to the voters of this state, and will probably persist in its refusal to grant to women tax-payers in second class cities the rights they now have in villages and towns. But suffragists everywhere find consolation for defeats in the world-wide character the movement has assumed. All fair-minded people now admit that the demand for the ballot and other political rights is no longer confined to women of the Anglo-Saxon nations. Even in Iceland the spirit of feminine unrest has not been congealed. Not content with the suffrage in local elections, 12,000 women, or more than half the female portion of the population, have recently petitioned their parliament for equal political rights.

The presence of seventeen women in Finland's Landtag has naturally been a fresh incentive to those of their sex elsewhere who desire political privileges. They have taken their places on the standing committees and done their full share in proposing new legislation. As was to have been expected, their bills deal with matters in which they have an especial interest, such as the raising of the age of consent to seventeen years, the establishment of the legal independence of the married woman, the forbidding of all marriages of girls under seventeen, the building of more homes for orphans and waifs, the opening to women of more places in the civil service, etc., etc. School questions have, of course, received especial attention, and railroads being there, as here, a prominent issue, two bills introduced by women members have called for the construction of added lines. Apparently, the critics of the new order have as yet little to complain of, or it is perhaps due to Finland's other troubles that we have not yet heard of evil results from the experiment.

In New Zealand women seem to take as much interest in voting as their male relatives. Thus, at the last elections, 175,046 women out of 212,875 registered deposited their ballots, as did 221,611 of the 263,579 registered male voters. In fourteen election districts more women than men voted. In Holland, it is reported that the ministry has laid before both houses a law to abolish sex distinctions among voters. Naturally, this makes the German suffragists envious; but they have no progress to report save a steady growth of the national woman suffrage association and the formation in Prussia of a Liberal Woman's party. But since Von Bulow obstinately refuses to alter the present mediaeval suffrage laws for men in the face of a tremendous popular demand for recognition, the cause of woman's suffrage is probably more hopeless there than anywhere else. In Russia, the widespread demand for the enfranchisement of women side by side with that of men is one of the notable signs of a determination to make the establishment of real political liberty far-reaching, when it comes.

In all this, of course, the Socialistic movement has played a great part. The German Socialists are generally woman suffragists, and are not unmindful of the presence in the 80,000 factories of their country of 1,095,892 women workers—recruits that the party of three millions, as it profoundly calls itself, would be very glad to add to its numbers. But German women are slow to organize, as a writer in Berlin Tageblatt laments, and the tying up of their cause with Bebel and his adherents can only injure them in the eyes of the ruling classes. Determined though these are to check the democratic movement, they have nevertheless had to permit the attendance of women at political meetings—hitherto forbidden—in the new Prussian associations and public assemblies law. Intellectual sympathy the German women agitators by no means wholly lack; nor the English, as George Meredith's daughter recently wrote to the Preston Women's Liberal Association:

My father, George Meredith, wishes me to say that it heartens him to see women banded together in union. What nature originally decreed men are but beginning to see—that they are fitted for most of the avenues open to energy, and by their entering upon active life they will no longer be open to the accusation men so frequently bring against them of their being narrow and craven. Much more he could say, but he has short time at his command.

Similarly, Dr. Thiel, a high official in the German department of agriculture, has created a sensation by an article in which he advocates, among other things, the suffrage for women in communes. In the face of the international character of this agitation, it is obvious that governments ought to meet it, as they should Socialism—by calm consideration of the arguments advanced.

Jimmy's Dream

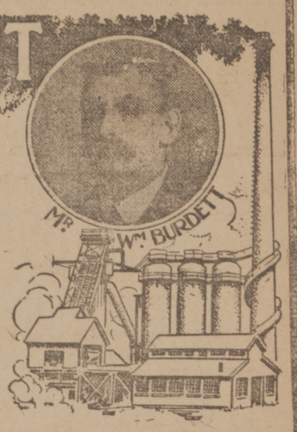


Little Jimmy dreams in school of the spring days to come.

Frank Gargulinski of Sterling has a sow that believes in exercise. She always did like to take walks, according to her owner, but the porker broke all previous records recently by walking five miles away from her pen.

FURNACE ACCIDENT

MOULDER'S HAND INJURED



Mr. William Burdett who works for the Canadian Westinghouse Co., at Hamilton, and resides at 198 Simcoe Street East, says: "As the direct result of a heavy mould being rolled over, as I was assisting other workmen to line a furnace, I sustained a severe injury to my left hand. Had this mould fallen it would undoubtedly have crushed both fingers and hand, as it was, I escaped with a bruised, blackened, and much swollen member. By the next morning my hand was so cramped and stiffened it was impossible to hold or lift any object. By noon the same day there was no improvement, although my hand had been bathed and well rubbed with liniments we had in the house. My wife having used Zam-Buk previous to this, now persuaded me to send for a box, which I did. Regular applications of this ointment well rubbed in over the injuries and swollen member, soon drew out all discolorations, banished the swelling and worked so effectually that by the beginning of the week my hand was well again and I could go to work. I have suffered no inconvenience since and would recommend Zam-Buk to all workmen." The secret of Zam-Buk's clean and painless healing lies in the fact that it imitates Nature's own "healing by first intention." It is composed of pure vegetable saps and juices, which soothe the pain and allay inflammation by effective antiseptic and germicidal action. No toiler should be without it!

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cuts, burns, chapped hands, cold sores, itch, ulcers, eczema, running sores, catarrh, piles, bad legs, abscesses, and all skin diseases. It is good also for rheumatism, sciatica, etc., when well rubbed in. Of all druggists and stores, 50c. or post-paid upon receipt of price, from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 6 boxes $2.50.

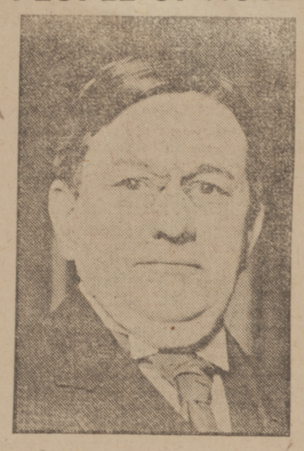
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THE GREAT "FIRST AID"

PEOPLE OF NOTE



Arthur I. Vorys, of Ohio, is one of the busiest men in the United States, and his responsibilities are likely to grow instead of lessen as time goes on. Mr. Vorys is the political manager for Secretary Taft in the canvass for the presidential nomination. There were rumors about the time Mr. Taft returned from his trip around the world that he was dissatisfied with the manner in which Mr. Vorys had directed his campaign and would depose him, but the secretary promptly denied these stories and expressed his full confidence in the Ohio politician, who has been his right-hand man since the Taft presidential boom was launched. Manager Vorys will give much attention during the next few weeks to the situation in Ohio, where the Taft-Foraker contest is fast developing into a very bitter struggle. It is, of course, very desirable that Taft should have the indorsement in the nominating convention of his "home state," and Vorys and his lieutenants will bend all their energies to securing the support of a big majority of the delegates from the Buckeye State, despite the fact that Ohio has a rival presidential candidate in Senator Foraker.

Slept Poorly Tired This Morning Health is Failing

It looks as if your nerves were burnt out—certainly your blood is thin, and your vitality is slowly ebbing away.

Prostration will shortly stare you in the face unless a powerful reconstructive tonic is taken. Physicians who have watched cases just like yours say no tonic so nourishing, so strengthening, so sure to supply the blood with the elements it lacks, as Ferrozone.

Ferrozone makes the vitality of youth sing in your veins—it circulates health and strength to every corner of the body, imparts that buoyancy and cheer that comes only with perfect health.

Rebuild, revitalize, get strong; Ferrozone provides the means—it destroys morning tiredness by making you sleep, and nothing is more strengthening than sleep.

Life will be worth living, because Ferrozone will give the vim and strength to enjoy life.

Health will be yours—health that's permanent—if you use Ferrozone regularly.

Thousands take Ferrozone every day and profit by it—why don't you?

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Billy the Buzzer

Billy Blue-Bottle, buzzing so loud,
Is a sign that Spring is here;
He buzzes against the window pane,
And he buzzes around your ear.



He buzzes at morn 'fore the sun is up;
He buzzes the live-long day;
He buzzes about you while you work,
And he buzzes while you play.

Oh, he is the buzziest buzzer of buzz,
Is this old Blue-Bottle fly;
And you really cannot get rid of him,
No matter how much you try.

Owing to the enormous advance in the price of teas at the gardens during the past eighteen months, The "Salada" Tea Co. have had to raise the price of "Brown Label" from 25c. to 30c., and "Green Label" from 30c. to 35c. per pound. No other changes in prices have been made. The chief reason for the advance in the price of Ceylon Tea is due to two causes: First, the enormously increased demand coming from Russia, which country is abandoning China Tea in favor of the finer teas of Ceylon. The other cause is due to the planting out of Rubber, which is more profitable to the grower than tea.

Thick brown bread spread plentifully with good butter, is more nutritious than any other food.

HIGHER THINGS.

Hubby—Now that Lent has arrived, I suppose your thoughts will be on higher things?

Wifey—Oh, yes. I have already begun to think of my new Easter bonnet.



ON THE CONGO.

The Cannibal Chief—Now Fdo, be a good gaitor, and mind the Missus and the house while I'm away.

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