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 56 Mrs. A. Matteson,
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 60 Herbert S. D. Bagley,
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 73 C. A. James,
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 76 W. R. Boyd,
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 91 Miss A. MacDonald,
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 93 Wm. Grant M. D.,
 94 Eleanore Welch,
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 109 T. Strong,
 110 Mrs. A. Hatt,
 111 Kathleen Farshall,
 112 Mrs. F. Skelton,
 113 Mrs. R. P. Anderson,
 114 Mrs. Robt. Hutton,
 115 Miss August Beers,
 116 Wm. Robertson,
 117 T. P. Howell,
 118 Miss Dudge,
 119 Miss Ernest Babcock,
 120 Marion Ross,
 121 Lena Lunnin,
 122 T. A. Hawkshaw,
 123 Mrs. Ellen Solly,
 124 Mrs. E. Carlett,
 125 Mrs. W. Slade,
 126 Alfred Spencer,
 127 Mrs. Emil Ross,
 128 Mrs. G. F. Holyoake.

Money orders for these amounts have been mailed the winners.

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—
 NORMAN INNES.

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eveleigh Nash, 1900); "Parson Croft" (Eveleigh Nash, 1907).

—(Continued)—

"A good evening to thee, father," said I with a smile as the old man glanced from above the spectacles before his eyes.

"Welcome, my son," he rejoined, as he closed the book. "Then thou art late returned? They tell me that thou didst leave thy father's charges to their own device last night."

"I rode into the mountains, and was caught in the storm and belated," I replied, not wishing to go further into my adventure of the preceding night. "So?" said he, leaning back in his chair with a smile. "And I lost the pleasure of trying thy strength with the chessmen?"

A ripple of merry laughter rose from beneath the open window. We both looked out into the garden to see the Countess Elsa walking with her arm in that of her guest. Her sister, seated upon the broad stone edge of the fountain, was amusing herself by tossing pebbles at the carp that swam in the basin at her side. She seemed to pay little heed to the others, who, for their part, appeared utterly oblivious of her presence.

I frowned, then smiled in an effort to hide the jealousy at my heart, and then as if by some magic, my brows lifted, and my eyes grew wide and the mirth died on my lips.

Wonder-struck I stared, gripping the sill of the window in utter astonishment. Inez von Rolin I saw no longer, von Weggen was forgotten, I had eyes for his companion alone, whose throat, full and white as ivory, was circled by a collar of pearls—the very pearls I could have taken oath that the Spaniard had entrusted to my care and which I had lost at Kitzlach.

They were the same; I would have sworn to them but for the chance of being deceived by the distance.

"See yonder, father, the necklet," I gasped.

For an instant he glanced at me curiously, as if struck by my manner.

"Aye, rare gems, my son," rejoined the priest, "heirlooms of the race. Lost some since and restored to their owners by Count Otto."

I was silent, longing for a nearer view of that string of pearls. The Kitzlach forge, my meeting with von Weggen in Seekirchen, with the dying rogues in Kels, all woke my suspicions. And then Countess Elsa turned and her voice rang out across that pleasant garden.

"Come, cousin," she cried gaily, "let us leave Inez to her day-dreams, come, for I have much to ask and much to tell thee."

At the nature of their talk, we could but hazard a guess as to what the Countess sauntered up and down those trim brick paths between borders of phlox and gladiolus, peonies and scented verbena, to be lost for a while behind the box hedge, to reappear beneath the roses that clustered upon the wall. But this I know, that at sight of her whose deep eyes and tender drooping mouth, I would willingly have risked all that is dear to me on earth, saving only my duty to Her Majesty, I gnawed my nails and clenched my hands for hatred of the other striding at her elbow in his pride.

"Nay, nay, my son," said the priest softly, looking up in my face, half-smiling, half-reproachful, "such thoughts are not worthy a Christian and one boasting gentle blood."

I stared at my elder in well feigned amazement.

"My thought, father, knowest thou my thoughts? Then thou art a wizard in deed."

"Nay, no wizard, my son, but an old

man who has seen somewhat of the world and its ways, one who was young on a day."

"Then that day was long ago, father, surely," said I in raillery, seeking to lead our talk into other channels.

"Nay, boy, not so long since but that memory can bridge the gulf of years," replied my friend, as he shook his head.

Then what are my thoughts? I cried in challenge.

"Boy's thoughts, my son, boy's thoughts, though therein lies no great sin. But what said the Wise King of youthful imaginings? Whither do they lead? Surely evil does to thee heart at the sight of the twin beneath?"

My flushed cheeks must have told their tale, for the old man's voice sunk low as he continued—

"They are cousins, Captain von Lesly, and besides, as thou knowest, a woman may make her choice."

"Then Heaven help the Countess in that choice, said I, I growled, as with her arm on the soldier's, the younger lady of Rolin leaned over the moss-grown battlement, with eyes bent on the flaming west.

The priest closed the window, gently and lightly fell the wrinkled old hand upon my arm as he murmured a soft "Amen."

Roused, perhaps by the sound of the shutting of the casement, the Countess Inez rose from her seat beside the fountain. She glanced up at the window and with hands on her hips stepped down the path towards her sister and the Count.

"And which is the fairer, Captain Lesly?" demanded the priest suddenly. "I ask thee as a man of the world."

We were standing side by side watching the trim well-built figure in the lace and orange satin who with confidence and yet with such lithesome grace was approaching the western battlements. All red and gold was the sunset, turning her tresses to flame, glinting upon her gown, lapping her in crimson glory. Some queen of the evening glow she seemed as she took her way along the sunlit terrace.

"Which is the fairer?" I echoed his words and paused as my eyes rested on the other in her dress of white, with a filmy scarf about her throat that shone whiter yet against her wealth of deep brown hair. For a moment her face was turned towards her sister, a face aflame with joy wherein her eyes shone deep and tender while her lips were parted in a smile that for sweetness might break hearts as well as win them.

"Which is the fairer?" I repeated. "Thy question is hard. The elder, surely, never in my life shall I see her peer, yet, father, it is the other that sets my soul aflame, she of the gentle manner and gracious bearing, of the eyes that can speak, can question, when the lips are dumb."

The priest nodded as he watched these two he had known since childhood.

"The elder is a von Rolin," said he, "masterful as any of the masterless men of her race, and the other is as thou sayest, a child of her mother who came from afar, from Spain, from a land of vine and olive, of smiling valleys girt with mountains sun-kissed yet crowned with snow, from Andalusia in the south."

I called to mind the unfamiliar name of the elder Countess, and the fact that the ladies as a rule addressed the priest as Juan and not Johann.

"God have them in His keeping, these children of Rolin, I pray," continued my companion, "and send them stout men and true, husbands pure of heart, strong of arm, who will shield my daughters when old Juan the priest is stretched in his last long sleep."

(To be continued.)

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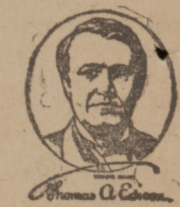
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OLD MAN KILLED ON CENTRAL ROAD

Victim Was Named Dillon,
 and Was Run Down by
 Train—News of Moncton.

Norton, March 24—Rev. A. Perry returned today from Cody where he went yesterday to officiate at the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Ann Starkey.

Last week an interesting ceremony took place in the Sacred Heart church, when the Rev. E. J. Byrne in a pleasing manner unveiled a beautiful memorial window erected by Mrs. William Kelly, of St. John, in memory of her deceased parents, Jas. and Teresa Ruland.

Today Jas. and Bertram Glendenning went through to the old home at Big Cove, Queens county. They came here on Saturday from New York where they have spent the last year. While here they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Hugard.

Hilson Keirstead, one of our local butchers, dressed a four year old Holstein bull raised by Geo. and John Raymond, of Central Norton. The animal when ready for market weighed 1,100 pounds.

Eliza Harmer left today for Lynn (Mass.), to visit his mother. He will spend a week of well earned vacation.

Between Minto and Chipman yesterday the regular train ran into an old man whose name was Dillon. He was taken to Chipman and there died. He was on the parish and was stopping with John Ward.

A week ago today Miss Sarah Byrne, eldest daughter of John Byrne, of Southfield, died at her father's home. She was twenty-seven years of age and had been in failing health for some time. She leaves besides her parents, one sister, Mrs. Alex. Grant, of Nova Scotia, and three brothers—Chas., of Boston, and John and Thos., at home.

MANITOBA MURDER MYSTERY CLEARED UP

(Special to The Telegraph.)
 Winnipeg, March 24—The mysterious murder of a Galician Alex. Ozanec, Saturday afternoon last, a few miles north of Toulon (Man.), has been cleared up by arrest, by Chief Constable Baker, of Selkirk, of another Galician, who is now lodged in the provincial jail here, and has confessed that he slew Ozanec in cold blood because the latter had informed on him to the chief game guardian for shooting moose out of season.

The net proceeds from the St. Patrick's day show given by the Father Mathew Association were \$422.53. The money is for the orphans.

MARITIME MEN FAVOR CHANGES IN SHIPPING ACT

Many Say Examinations for Masters and Mates is Too Technical and Not Practical Enough.

Ottawa, March 24—The special committee on A. K. McLean's bill to amend the shipping act, heard further witnesses today. A. J. Wolff, an examiner of master and mates, and Adam Knieble, both of Lunenburg, were heard. Their evidence in the main being favorable to the amendments proposed by the bill. Capt. Reid of Summerside (P. E. I.), also gave important evidence.

A great deal of the evidence given was beyond the scope of the bill, and was in the direction of the fact that the curriculum of subjects for masters and mates' examination was altogether too difficult, and too much stress being paid to theory instead of the practical side.

Mr. Demers, chief examiner of master and mates who was present, apparently did not quite concur in the attack upon his standard of examinations. The committee will resume some day next week at the call of the chairman.

LOW PRICE OF PULP CAUSES CHATHAM MILL TO SHUT DOWN

Chatham, N. B., March 24—Manager M. H. Spaulding, of the Miramichi Pulp and Paper Co., has announced that the mill here will be closed down for two or three weeks until the price of pulp has recovered. At present there is no or no demand for the article. The men will be engaged in making repairs during the time of the shut down.

H. C. D. Ruddock, manager of the Miramichi Foundry received a bad cut in the forehead by a piece of brass flying under a hammer blow, seven stitches were required to close up the wound.

Mr. F. Cassidy died at four o'clock this morning in the Hotel Dieu hospital, after a lengthy illness. Campbellton hockey team will play Miramichi in the Exhibition Rink on Thursday evening. The Campbellton team defeated the locals 6 to 2 in Campbellton but the Chatham team hopes to reverse the score here.

Boston, Mass., March 24—Dr. Winalow at 10 o'clock tonight, made the following statement:

"Governor Guild holds his gain of the morning. He passed a quiet day, sleeping comfortably."

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