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 Men's Regular 12.00 Suits, Today 6.59
 Men's English Worsteds Suits, Regular \$15.00
 Value, Today 10.00
 Silk Ties, Regular 25c. Value, Today 2 for .25
 Men's Negligee Shirts, Regular \$1.00 Value,
 Today .67

Union Clothing Company

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

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—
NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eveleigh Nash, 1900); "Parson Croft" (Eveleigh Nash, 1901).

—(Continued)—

And they, doubtless regarding my thoughts, broke into a peal of merry laughter and cried in a breath—

"Wilt thou blame us, sir, for courtesy to thy guest? In thy absence we held it our duty to honor the white uniform."

I bowed my thanks, scarce knowing what to make of conduct so at variance with their professions, but in a moment, von Wegen, perhaps in accordance with a preconceived plan, had disabused my mind and dashed my hopes of a visitor's coming being the stepping stone to friendlier relations between us.

The man shrugged his shoulders with a grimace, half-contemptuous, half-appealing.

"Alas, Captain Lesly," said he with a glance at his cousin, "my hope is that my hostesses are not so exacting in thy case, so bigoted in their allegiance to the Bavarian Elector. Believe me, sir, not a mouthful of supper would they suffer to pass my mouth, nay, they would not so much as permit me a seat at this table until I had exchanged my uniform for civil attire."

So, thought I, this gallant is less soldier than courtier, and had a dim vision of my begging a ussack of Father Johann that I might be admitted to these ladies' company.

"Nay," I rejoined, not without a suspicion of jealousy. "My position in Rohn differs somewhat from thine. I represent Her Majesty's authority in this castle, you are but my guest."

"Thine?" His eyebrows lifted somewhat. "I presume I have that honor," answered I, "since no other may receive a guest at Rohn."

The Countess Inez was up in arms in a moment. "Save the mistress of the castle," she cried with a toss of her head, while her foot in its jeweled slipper drummed fretfully upon the flags. "Did thy Hungarian Queen forbid us to extend our hospitality to her own officers?"

And she of the gentle features and deep brown eyes backed her sister with subtle reproach. "If we are thy prisoners, Captain Lesly, surely thou wilt not enforce thy power in the presence of our cousin, of one of thine own service."

At this von Wegen must needs laugh lightly, and add to my further confusion. "A reconnaissance," said he, "doubtless kept you from the castle last night, duty and duty alone I am assured could hold you from the company of the mistress of Rohn."

I flushed at this speech, which was delivered with a suavity of manner that left little doubt in my mind that I was the object of his mockery. The ladies could scarce have passed an evening with their kinsman without acquainting him with the relations existing between them and the officer quartered in their house.

"I trust," I replied, as my cheeks grew scarlet, "that it is duty alone that sets a barrier between me and the Countesses."

At that Inez von Rohn must needs drop me a contemptuous courtesy with a scornful glance at my travel-stained uniform, while the Lady Elsa's face grew graver yet.

Run Down

If your doctor says take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, then take it. If he has anything better, then take that.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

NON-ALCOHOLIC

If you are all run down, easily tired, thin, pale, nervous, go to your doctor. Stop guessing, stop experimenting, go direct to your doctor. Ask his opinion of Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla. No alcohol, no stimulation. A blood purifier, a nerve tonic, a strong alternative, an aid to digestion.

Free from Alcohol

J. C. AYER CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

HEINZE PAYS \$22,000 FINE

Helena, Mont., March 22.—The fine of \$22,000 imposed upon F. Augustus Heinz and his two mine superintendents Frank and Terria, for contempt of court, was forwarded to the national treasury at Washington yesterday, being the last day of extension allowed by Judge Hunt.

BRITISH NAVAL CAPTAIN 3 DAYS IN OPEN BOAT

Picked Up by the Scylla Thirtieth West of St. Thomas in an Exhausted Condition.

St. Thomas, D. W. I., March 22.—The British cruiser Scylla has picked up thirty miles west of here the small boat in which the war ship's captain put out to his ship while that vessel was stationed at Grenada, B. W. I., March 18.

The captain was in an exhausted condition when found and the boat was waterlogged.

A despatch from Grenada on Friday said that the captain of the cruiser Scylla put out to his ship from that port on Thursday night in a small boat manned by one sailor. Apparently the men lost their bearings.

The British Navy List for March, 1903, gives Crawford Maclellan as commander of the Scylla.

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."

Mr. John T. Kidner, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I was troubled for several years with headache. I tried a number of remedies but they did me no good. I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and it cured me completely."

For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

SHIPPING

Cleared.

Schr Wm L Elkins (Am), 229, Dixon, for New York, Stetson, Cutler & Co, 246, 822 feet spruce deal.

Coastwise—Stmr Granville, Collins, Annapolis.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, Mar 22—Ards, stmr Ulunda, Liverpool via St. John's (Nfld); Rosalind, New York (and called for St. John's (Nfld)); ship Oddero, Buenos Ayres. Sld—Stmr Senale, St. John via ports. Sld—Schr Scylla, Sherbrooke (N. S.). Lunenburg, N. S., Mar 19—Ards, schr Gladys Belmont, Corkum, from Cadiz. Liverpool, N. S., Mar 20—Sld, stmr Vera, Port Antonio.

BRITISH PORTS.

Brow Head, Mar 22—Singed, stmr Montezuma, St. John and Halifax, for London and Antwerp. Liverpool, Mar 22—Ards, Stmr Virginian, St. John and Halifax. Glasgow, Mar 22—Ards, Stmr Tritonia, St. John. Greenock, Mar 21—Sld, Stmr Cassandra, St. John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Portland, Me., Mar 23—Ards, Schr Ida May, Gale, St. John for Quincy; Roger Drury, do for Vineyard Haven for orders. Sld—Stmr Calvin Austin, Boston for St. John. Vineyard Haven, Mar 23—Ards, brig Lady Napier, New York for Halifax. Sld—Schr Golden Ball, from St. John, New Bedford. Trapani, Italy, March 23—Sld, bark Annella for St. John.

Furness line steamship Rappahannock, now on her way to London from this port with a cargo of \$41,000.

C.P.R. steamship Montclair, for Bristol via Liverpool, took away from here a large outward cargo, the value of which is: Canadian goods \$236,585, foreign goods \$113,370. She has \$7,917 bushels of wheat and 30,113 of barley.

The following charters are announced by Messrs. Seaman Brothers, New York, March 21: British steamer Trebia, 22,000 qrs, Philadelphia to one, two or three ports Mediterranean, 2 a. 64, 24, 71-2 to 26, 9d.; late April. British bark Conductor, 1,062 tons, Jacksonville to Las Palmas, lumber, 88. British bark St. Croix, 653 tons, Fernandez to Las Palmas, lumber, 88. Norwegian steamer Ravn, 795 tons, Baltimore to Halifax, coal and coke on contract. Danish steamer M. C. Holm, 1,572 tons, Philadelphia to Montreal, coal, 81 and discharged; late April. British schooner Unity, 248 tons, Halifax and Sherbrooke to New York or Philadelphia, lath and lumber, 2. British steamer Cheronea, 2,060 tons, Huelva to North of Hatteras, ore, 78. 7 1/2d. British bark Annie, 1,340 tons, same, \$12.50 to \$13.50, option Bahia Blanca, \$13.75.

Alexander Rankin, a coal trimmer on the Donaldson liner Salacia, met death by smothering under the coal when two days out from Glasgow on the 9th inst.

Mayor Sears announced yesterday that he will be a candidate for re-election on April 21.

Miss Mamie Wallace left last evening for Glouce Bay, where she has accepted a position.

WHALE DRIVING

Scene in the Faroes—The Great National Sport in a Strange Land.

(Manchester Guardian.)

Terraced cliffs, naked and black, rising sheer from the water's edge on either side of a narrow sound; rifts in the rock where fleecy tufts of cloud, imprisoned in the gaps drifted over green patches of cultivation and primitive turf-roofed houses—this was the strangest land I had yet seen. The echoes of the wind, which had scarcely died away before we were surrounded by boats—boats that seemed to come out of some old Norse tapestry, high at stem and stern, built with a graceful curve that gladdened the eye of a discriminating seaman. And the oarsmen were in keeping with their craft—blue-eyed, tawny bearded, shaggy headed, wearing Trojan shaped caps that at a distance looked like Viking helmets, dark knee breeches, and hide shoes moulded to the shape of the foot.

A few minutes later I stood for the first time on Faroese soil, but this is a meaningless phrase in this case. To be accurate, I jumped ashore on a slippery layer of cold refuse and clambered over the omnipresent rocks, which cropped out even in the narrow passages between the houses and explained why man himself is almost the only beast of burden in these rugged islands. A couple of mongrels ran out to growl at the stranger. Otherwise, my presence in the settlement called for no more than a friendly "Good-day" from men and women scurrying pell-mell to the boats. I reached the waterside breathless. "What is it?" I cried, and an exultant chorus answered me: "Grindabud!"

I understood; a shout of "grind" (i. e., haul) was the signal for the men and every able-bodied man and half-grown lad was eager to join in the "drive"—the great national sport of the Faroes. With the freemasonry of the sea I was accepted as a volunteer, and took my place in the eight-oared boat without more ado. Time was of paramount importance, and in addition to our "lookout" in the bows we carried two brawny fellows, besides our oarsmen, so that each couple might be relieved in turn. Passing out of the sound through high gates of rock, we met the first shock of the Atlantic swell, which still spoke of yesterday's gale, and on we toiled, threading our way among islands which seemed to be all black basalt rising steep and jagged like the top of some half-submerged mountain. When muscular exertion did not demand all our attention my companions talked volubly of whale driving past and present, of the growing scarcity of shoals, of the huge slaughter of bygone years. But when at length we sighted a long line of boats stealing stealthily along a leeward coast, the silence of tense excitement fell upon us all, and as we too, joined the ranks of the whale drivers there was a splash and a glimpse of an undulating black back, which told us that the shoal was between us and the shore. And now the leader of the "drive" whose boat drew the Danish flag, in token of his temporary authority, issued orders for a series of strategic movements, each of which was carried out with due regard to the sudden halts and rushes of the whale, and the manoeuvring of the fleet in action would have shown greater skill nor have called forth more intelligent obedience, with the result that within a few minutes the boats had formed a line, including the unsuspecting animals on three sides.

Suited our speed to the pace of the shoal, we carefully guided it past narrow straits leading to the open sea, for, once out of the Atlantic, the best of flotillas would have been lost to the chase. The most dangerous kyles, however, were yet to be passed, and, to our dismay, the whales began to take alarm; after an unusual amount of splashing and jumping they stopped in the midst of a dense rush forward so abruptly that the nearest pursuers almost collided with the hindmost animals. There was a moment's confusion; then the boats wheeled and headed the whales, and the chase began. At lightning speed we closed with the charged a volley of stones into the struggling shoal just in time to turn it. For my part, I do not doubt that a few stragglers broke through the cordon unperceived, but my Faroese friends scouted the idea.

The tide was low when we dashed into the narrow, sandy creek in the wake of the terrified whales. There our tactics changed. We spread out in our compact line from shore to shore, and at the word of command, amid ear-splitting yells, the first spear was thrown and the massacre began. A shower of spears whizzed through the air, bores crashed into each other, the whales flapped about helplessly in the shallows, and cannoned against their fellows until one actually heard the grating of their rough skins.

A quivering spear, a crimson track marking the course of each poor, wounded beast, and the boats darted and twisted like live things in their endeavors to get alongside some monster, when an iron gaff was thrust into its side and the head almost severed from the body. The more picturesque victims became the more they tried to leap out of the water, though those furthest from the shore could easily have evaded their pursuers by diving and passing under them; but afterward I was told that, however hard pressed they have never been known to escape by diving, which tempts one to conclude that their chief enemy is some deep sea creature from whose presence they are accustomed to fly to the surface. Some of the less severely wounded beasts managed to force their way beyond the line of boats, but their daring secured them no pity; they were ruthlessly run down and attacked this time with harpoons.

To the Faroese this was no more than stocking the winter larder; to me, who have no taste for whale meat, it was a scene of cruel butchery that outweighed the excitement of the drive; and I was glad when the last whale had lashed out its life in the crimson shallows and the men began wiping their bloodstained knives to clean the victims of the chase.

WILLIAM JACKSON, OF SHEDIAK, DEAD

Shediac, March 22.—The death of William Jackson, which occurred here on Sunday, the 21st inst., removes from the town an old landmark, and highly respected citizen. Born in Longtown (Eng.), in 1827, he came to this country in 1854, and two years later married Miss Elizabeth Welling, daughter of the late William Welling of Shediac Cape. He is survived by his widow, two daughters—Mrs. Jas. A. McQueen, and Mrs. Jas. Wilson, of this town, and one son—William Jackson, of Sydney (N. S.).



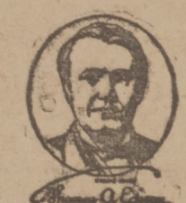
The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

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9794 Marche Turque—Patrol	Edison Concert Band	9805 Call of the Wild March	Edison Military Band
9795 There Never Was a Girl Like You	Byron G. Harlan	9806 I'm Looking for the Man That Wrote	The Merry
9796 Under Any Old Flag at All	Harry Anthony	9807 The Vagabonds	Edward M. Favor
(A song hit from "The Talk of New York")	Billy Murray	9808 See-Saw (by the composer of "School Days")	Ada Jones
9797 Horpelle Medley (Violin)	Charles D'Almaine	9809 Sweetheart March (Xylophone)	Albert Benader
9798 Rumbling Rose	Harry Anthony	9810 Flanagan's Mother-in-Law (Monologue)	Steve Porter
9799 When You Steal a Kiss—Or Two One of the good things from "The Girl Behind the Counter" (Ada Jones and Billy Murray)		9811 Lord, I'm Coming Home (sacred selection)	Anthony & Harrison
9800 When the World Don't Treat You Right, Come Home	Bob Roberts	9812 Got to See de Minstrel Show	Arthur Collins
9801 Spangles—Intermezzo	Edison Symphony Orchestra	9813 Christ Arise (an Easter selection)	Edison Concert Band
9802 When We Listened to the Chiming of the Old Church Bell	Manuel Roman	9814 The Message of the Eyes	Allen Waterous
9803 Way Back (a lively rube duet)	Collins and Harlan	9815 31 and 32, the Musical Spoon, Ada Jones and Len Spencer	Edison Male Quartette
9804 The Roman Lass (a Gypsy love tale)	Frank C. Stanley	9816 Nancy Lee	Edison Military Band
		9817 Rain-in-the-Face Medley	Edison Military Band

Go to your dealer or write to us today and get these three booklets: COMPLETE CATALOGUE, SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE and the PHONOGRAM. They tell about all the Records, old and new.

We desire good, live dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

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CHILDREN'S SHOES for 28c., 48c., 68c., 88c., 98c. Were 50c. to \$1.50.
 GIRLS' BOOTS for 88c., 98c., \$1.18, \$1.28, \$1.38. Were \$1.25 to \$2.00
 BOYS' BOOTS for 98c., \$1.18, \$1.28, \$1.38, \$1.48. Were \$1.25 to \$2.25.
 WOMEN'S SHOES for 88c., \$1.28, \$1.48, \$1.68, \$1.88, \$2.48. Were \$1.50 to \$3.50.
 MEN'S BOOTS 98c., \$1.28, \$1.48, 1.68, \$1.98, \$2.48. Were \$1.50 to \$4.00.

The above arrangement is only an abridged list of our tremendous underpricing in tomorrow's offerings. Hundreds of other bargains all through the entire store, and many bright new offerings in handsome Spring Merchandise.

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