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THE LONELY GUARD,

BY **NORMAN INNES,**

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eveleigh Nash, 1900); "Parson Croft" (Eveleigh Nash, 1902).

(Continued.)

His manner at once menacing and confident was not lost upon the sisters. They stood expectant, the younger half shielded by Inez von Rohm, while I waited spellbound in the deep recess of the doorway in fear of what might follow.

"This in the matter of those pearls that once collared thy neck, fair cousin," continued the Count as his eyes rested for an instant on the Lady Elsa, whose head had sunk on her sister's shoulder. By every fiend in the pit, I guessed to what shift his malice led him, and the sudden whiteness of the elder Countess told me I had guessed aright.

"The Countess laughed, his voice was grave, his speech low.

"Aye, Inez, the string of gems furnished with that old silver clasp, the jewels I lost when Bavaria was first invaded. The pearls that ye von Rohms have ever prized and which ye would have again at all hazards.

"Lost? They were robbed from us, from Rohm as thou knowest, Otto," sobbed she of the tear-stained cheeks.

"Her sister's laugh rang coldly.

"Nay, I forgot not the jewels," cried she, looking her kinsman in his knave's eyes.

"Those that were robbed from another, with which I did steal from us again in thy greed and thy fear."

"The man shrugged his shoulders as if he would ignore her thrust.

"Peace, cousin, I can tell thee a richer tale. At the worst 'tis no very grave matter, the snatching of a string of pearls in the heat of such 'tis another when they are stolen from one who can exact heavy vengeance for the crime."

"Who?" stammered the younger Countess; but the question died on her lips and the man ran on—

"Who, sayest thou, cousin mine? He that was robbed, they tell me, is none other than His Highness the Grand Duke."

"And the robber?"

"Wouldst thou hear his name, Inez von Rohm?"

Silence hung in the Red Hall, deepest silence broken only by a woman's sobbing. Then the elder Countess spake, coldly, clearly, though her face was grey.

"The robber did well," said she.

Von Wegen's lip curled, but his humour notwithstanding, grew less each moment.

"Sayest thou so, cousin?" he drawled.

"Aye," came the answer, "since he did my bidding."

And then the devil in the man blazed up in an instant, his long-spent spleen and malice finding outlet at last in a peal of laughter, triumphant, discordant.

"Then at thy bidding, and at the bidding of His Highness, Leon de Portugal will hang," he breathed for a moment as he wiped his lips—"unless—"

He had paused again, his features were set. I read the old anxiety.

the hope, the fear in that face, so thin, so wasted. Then I glanced at the woman. Elsa von Rohm had sunk upon the floor, her head bowed in her hands, but the other had drawn a step nearer this insistent lover.

"Well, sir?" demanded she almost gaily, as she fronted her cousin.

"The man was not altogether at his ease, his glance fell; he smiled, and his smile was sickly.

"You canst guess, Inez von Rohm," he snarled petulantly, as she waited his answer in silence.

"And the woman tossed her head and the colour came surging to her cheeks as she cried—

"Can I guess, Otto von Wegen? Aye, methinks 'tis within my power to plumb the depth of thy villainy, thy shame, Otto von Wegen, canst thou guess our answer to thy terms?"

The weeping woman looked up at her sister; there fell a deep hush on the room. The Count's eyes were upon the floor, and his words came hoarse and dogged.

"His life for thy sister's hand."

"And proudly the Countess of Rohm made answer, scorn glinted in those blue eyes that on a sudden had grown all liquid, quivered in a voice that I knew was all but breaking, welled from a heart soothed, yet hardened as Pharaoh's."

"His life is mine."

"Ab, nay, sister nay," cried her sister passionately, who, till that moment had scarce realized the knave's proposal. "Leon must not die. Nay, I will do aught, aught—"

"Hush, Elsa, hush," answered the other stooping beside her, and gently she soothed that grief-wrung lady, and rising, faced her foe undaunted, though a tear was upon her cheek.

"Thou hast had thy answer, my cousin," said she bitterly.

"Von Wegen clenched his hands, and his words came hissing.

"Then thy lover dies, this Spaniard spy."

"God knows, sir," replied the woman, "so thou sayest."

"A felon's death, Inez; think what thou doest."

"He dies for me and for her," answered the Countess unabashed. "He would ask no other end."

"And I, forgetting my bruised shoulder and all else, with spirit lashed by the sight of her who knew nought of faltering with the cup of Life's sorrow a-bill at her lips, tearing aside the curtain, dashed wide the door."

"Nor I," I cried, as hurling myself upon the wide-eyed knave, I flung him athwart the hearth. My left hand was at his throat as I sprang upon him. He writhed, he struggled, striving to draw his blade, choking in my grip. I had no thought for the women, for the stiffness of my limbs, for my bandaged head, I lived but to glut my hate on that craven who would buy a wife at the blood-price.

"Hound!" I panted, and strained at his blackening throat, "dost Leon de Portugal hang?"

His face was purple, his eyes a-blink with death, when the scurry of feet in the corridor told me that the outcry had been heard.

It seemed that a dozen hands would tear me from him, but grimly I clung to my prey, nor loosed my hold till by main force they prised my fingers from about his gullet. Backward upon the floor they threw me, four of those grenadiers, while others bent above their officer, wiping the blood from his gaping lips.

And then as von Wegen staggered to his feet, and leaning against the wall breathless, all but swooning, pointed to where I stood in the soldier's grip, a woman's hand fell light on my shoulder, a woman's voice fell soft on my ears.

"It was well done, Captain Lesly. We thank thee."

"And thou also did well, Inez von Rohm," I gasped. "Heaven shielded ye twin and your lover."

In broken sentences my enemy cursed each in that room, holding one and all



STREET SUIT OF CORDED LINEN.

Gored and demi-trimmed skirt with plaited front panel trimmed with cord-covered cabochons. Sides and back are bordered with three graduated bias bands, heavily stitched and headed with heavy cording above which is a sailor's knot and border. Half-fitting Empire coat is bordered entirely with the heavy white cord braid. The single breasted, sharply cut-away fronts reveal pointed waistcoat of white and black striped silk, braid embroidered. Elbow sleeves are box plaited into arm-pits beneath knotted braid band and finished with braid trimmed cuff. White chip hat is trimmed with lilacs and black velvet ribbon.

responsible for my escape from my chamber; and then there he set a double guard upon the Red Hall, saying that it should be my prison till instructions as to my disposal arrived from Salzburg or Munich. Not a word had he for me, what revenge welled in his heart I know not, but for one moment he faced me in the entrance and then he closed the door and the bolts shot home.

CHAPTER XVIII

I drain the dregs.

The sound of my name breathed soft in the silence, the outlines of a woman's figure against the deepest window through which the stars were glimmering, and I started from the mattress, dimly wondering what trick my brain was playing me. For two nights and two days I had been a prisoner in the Red Hall, and half awake, half a-dream, I fancied that my wits were falling beneath the strain of despair.

"Who's there?" I groaned, little thinking that any would answer.

The shadow drew nearer.

"Soft, soft," fell a whispered voice.

"Tis I, Captain Lesly."

I was upon my feet in a moment, half dreading that I was the sport of fancy and stretching my hands in the darkness, clutching a woman's wrist, a woman's wrists with lace about them.

I felt her start beneath my touch.

"It is I, Elsa von Rohm. Have a care, sir, have a care, the sentries are without and waking. Come with me to the window."

Together we stole across the room, my hand still on hers, and her features grew clearer in the twilight of the summer night, the oval face, the softly-rounded chin and the lips all a-tremble for fear.

As for me, fear of the future, regret for the past were forgotten as I stood beside the dark-eyed Countess. My heart was throbbing, but not for the risk of discovery, not even for surprise at my visitor's unlooked for appearance.

"I asked, wondering that neither the sound of the key in the lock nor the drawing of bolts had roused me."

"I came by no door."

"Then how, mistress? Didst thou fly?"

"Nay, I am no witch," she murmured, striving, though it was but in half-hearted fashion, to withdraw her hand.

Softly I laughed and my clasped upon her fingers lightened.

"No witch, Elsa von Rohm? Art thou blind to my case? Surely not bolt nor bar, guard nor sentry hold me thrall as of charm of thine."

She turned her head as I would have fathomed her eyes, but offer of the withdrawal of her hand there was none.

"I have come to free thee."

"From thy spell? Nay, Elsa, that thou canst not."

Her laughter rippled softly in the twilight; her face was raised to mine, her fingers rested upon my arm.

"Nay, Alan, thou mistakest me. I would give thee thy liberty, free thee from Rohm."

"But how if I would not quit Rohm?"

I asked, well knowing that it was impossible for her to make good her words.

"But thou must; for my sake, for thine. Thou must reach Vienna before the others; before our cousin or the Governor of Salzburg can send his report: 'tis our only hope."

There was no mistaking the earnestness, the entreaty of her tones.

"But how?" I stammered. "I am a prisoner, the castle alive with sentries, my horse—"

"By the way I came," she replied, beneath her breath; "come, and I will show thee."

At a loss to read her meaning, with my length in hers, I followed her through the length of the Red Hall as she stole towards the lower end where stood the hearth.

All was still as the grave in the corridor without, the night was at its blackest, waiting the lifting of the dawn.

Before the fireplace she paused. Was it to climb that yawning chimney, or to share some unhalloved ride upon a besotted, spurred by the Countess' incantation?

"Whither ledest thou, mistress mine?"

I whispered, surely the darkness gave me courage.

Assured was her answer, almost triumphant as she freed her hand from my grasp.

"By the way I came, I have told thee; by the way Leon de Portugal fled."

Faint before us loomed the outlines of the carved chimney-piece, the heavily moulded foliage, the two barbaric figures. I stretched my arm lest I should blunder against the savage that stood on the left side of the hearth and our hands met upon the boss of the club the giant carried.

"What wouldst—?" I ceased abruptly, the heavy mass of wood was yielding, was slipping from beneath our fingers; to keep my hold upon it, I had to lean sideways.

Suddenly it stopped and I stood dumb for amazement.

(To be Continued.)

FLOATING LOAF LEADS TO BODY

Wonderful Way in Which Searchers Near Almonte Found a Corpse

Carleton Place, April 29.—A strange complication of an old method of discovering the location of drowned bodies was experienced here on Friday last, and is still the sole topic of conversation. It has been shown that a loaf of bread cast on the waters will stop and sink where the body lies, but no one here can suggest the explanation. The facts are these:

As soon as 15-year-old Lorne Thoms was drowned on Thursday last men began a search for the body, but were unsuccessful that day. The search was continued on Friday by men in boats and along the river shores, but still without success until the intervention of little 13-year-old Alice Woods, daughter of Mr. Andrew Woods. The girl had lost a sister by drowning at Almonte a year ago and then and again on Friday heard old ways of locating a body described.

On Friday afternoon she went to the house of the boy's father, Mr. Frank Thoms, and asked for a loaf of bread, telling of her purpose. There was not an unbroken loaf in the house and Mr. Thoms sent the girl to a baker's shop for one.

His loaf she took to the river and gave to two men, Messrs. T. Devlin and E. Kenney, who were taking part in the search. She told them to cast the bread on the water and follow it until it stopped. This they did.

The loaf of bread floated down stream while the little girl on shore knelt and prayed for success. After going 200 yards the loaf circled six times and then sank. The men dropped the grappling irons.

The body was found exactly underneath the spot where the loaf stopped and was at once brought to the surface. The fact is undoubted, but it is a mystery to everyone.

CHANGES IN THE SCHOOLS

Some Important Matters Under Consideration By the School Trustees.

Some important changes and improvements are to be made in two of the city schools. The trustees have secured the leasehold of a lot in Spring street on the end of the Winter street school playground. It is the intention of the board to erect on this lot a two-story brick building containing four or six rooms which will be used as an annex to relieve the pressure on the rooms of the main building. The trustees of the Leinster street United Baptist church have served notice on the board to vacate the rooms used in that building. M. Coll, chairman of the building committee of the school board said last night that the board was paying more than \$800 a year to the church and that there was likely to be strong opposition to any increase in the rental. In his opinion if the church authorities insisted on receiving more money their action would hasten the erection of a new building.

The trustees of the church claim they are not receiving enough from the school board for heating, as the price of coal is much greater than it was when the contract was made.

The reading circle of the Queen square Epworth League last night held a debate on woman suffrage. The affirmative won. Some well known local advocates of woman suffrage were present, including Mrs. Fiske, the president of the local society. After the debate, Mrs. Fiske, addressing the meeting, said that probably a measure would be introduced in the local house this session to give women the right to vote.

Weak women get prompt and lasting help by using Dr. Shoop's Night Cure. These soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories, with full information how to proceed are interestingly told in my book "No. 4 For Women." The book and strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Simply write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., for my book No. 4. Sold by all druggists.

SHOT HIS LITTLE SISTER'S HEAD OFF

A Six Year Old Boy Kills a Four Year Old Girl Near Sackville.

Sackville, N. B., April 29.—News has reached here of a terrible tragedy at Upper Rockport this afternoon, whereby the three-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tower had the top of her head blown off through the discharge of a gun in the hands of her six-year old brother.

Details are lacking, but it is understood that the absence of his parents the boy took the gun from its place, and in some way discharged it, the charge striking his baby sister.

The whole top of the girl's skull was blown off and death was instantaneous.

Coroner J. M. Baird will inquire into the accident.

TO WHOM WILL CANADA BELONG?

Interesting Question Asked in Circular Distributed Among Anglicans.

(Ottawa Journal.)

"To whom will Canada belong at the close of the present century?" is the interesting question asked in a circular that has just been distributed among the Anglicans of Ottawa. What it says is interesting and the most important portion is given below:

"When we remember that last year alone 212,000 settlers came to Canada, that the vast majority of these located on the western prairies, and that a large proportion are Englishmen and Anglians, we are not surprised to find every western bishop appealing earnestly both for clergymen to open new missions, and for money for their maintenance. Four of the more populous dioceses report 57 vacant fields urgently requiring both churches and services. Saskatchewan alone built 37 churches in 1902, and placed 47 clergymen in as many different centres in this diocese.

In addition to the pressing claims of these settlers, there is the work to be maintained among the Indians and Eskimos in Moosehide, Kewatin, Athabasca, and Mackenzie River, as well as itinerant missions among the miners in the Yukon and the loggers in Columbia.

It is hardly necessary for us to emphasize the tremendous importance of this work in our own country. God has given us a great land to settle. A country not only vast in extent, but rich in almost every form of material resource. The development of this Dominion will unquestionably be the prominent feature of North American history in this century. And this connection the question naturally arises: "To whom will Canada belong at its close?" The answer to this is, that if we erect and maintain certain standards of national life, Canada will belong to Canadians, but if we fail, it will pass into the control of those people who are new drifting to our shores, some of whom are bringing with them low ideals of moral and intellectual life. We would remind you that Canada for the Canadians means not simply the preservation of our territory for the Union Jack and the Maple Leaf, not simply the supremacy of the white race, nor the Mongolian, not simply the protection of our industries from destructive competition and our resources from foreign plundering. Canada for the Canadians means Canada, a land of quiet Sundays and God-fearing people, a land of schools and colleges, a land of pure and sanctified homes, a people of sterling character, a nation whose God is the Lord."

CANADIAN COTTON MILLS CUT WAGES

Montreal, April 29.—A bombshell was thrown into the ranks of the Canadian cotton operatives this afternoon, when notices were posted on the doors of all the big mills notifying the employees that a general reduction of 10 per cent in wages would go into effect on May 1.

All the big Canadian companies have joined in this movement, and declare that they will stand together, and, if there is trouble the mills will be shut down. For some time the managers of the companies have been considering this move, and it was decided upon at a meeting last Saturday.

The cotton men state that wages today are twenty-five per cent higher than two years ago, having been forced up during the good times by a series of strikes. Since the present trade depression set in, the cotton industry has borne its full share, while in addition they had to meet the competition of the new England mills, which are now working on a reduced pay scale. Under these circumstances it was determined that there was not sufficient profit in the business to keep the mills going at present rates of pay, and that it would be better for all concerned to go on with a 10 per cent reduction rather than close the mills down.

So far the federation of textile workers has not been approached, nor has it taken any official action in the matter. It is not likely that the cut in wages will be accepted without at least a protest, as it is only a few weeks since the employees at the Hochelaga mills struck for an improvement in their working conditions and the cotton industry in Canada has been marked by a series of strikes for years past.

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, rundown nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the yearning that Dr. Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels, and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air ties up the liver, stagnates the kidneys, and oft-times weakens the heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days test will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by all druggists.

The Halifax civic elections took place yesterday. Among the successful candidates were S. Y. Wilson, who was returned from ward 1, one of the largest and most influential sections of the city. Mr. Wilson is a brother of Alexander Wilson, cashier with Andre Cushing & Co. of this city.

LICENSE COMMISSIONERS CUT OFF ELEVEN LICENSES

List of Those Whose Applications Have Been Granted.

The liquor license commissioners met last evening and went over the list of applicants for licenses and decided to strike out eleven of the applications in Kings, Prince and Queens wards and to refuse all new applications. The total number of retail licenses issued is sixty-one and the Ottawa Hotel license is cancelled making the number of hotel licenses seven—the legal number—instead of eight, as heretofore. The licenses for wholesale, brewers and clubs are the same as last year.

An interesting point has been raised regarding the three months' extension of time which it has been customary to give to dealers whose licenses are cancelled. It has been put forward that dealers who have been doing business in the wards which have exceeded the number allowed have no legal standing and that therefore no extension can be given to their licenses. The commissioners feel that they have full authority to extend to any person who has a license permission to continue for three months in order to dispose of the stock on hand. It has always been done in cases where the commissioners felt they were unable to renew the license. The point having been raised, however, the matter has been referred to the attorney-general and his decision will be awaited with interest. This affects all the ten who have been refused licenses.

The following list gives details of all licenses which have been refused or granted for the ensuing year by the commissioners:

Retail Licenses Granted.
Coughlan, Fred, 103 Union street.
Brennan, Henry, 46 and 48 Water street.
Bradley, Catherine, 81 Westmorland road.
Finney, W. O., 8 Church street.
Caples, Robert, 65 Westmorland road.
Caples, Richard, 313 Brussels street.
Caples, Wm., 714 Prince William street.
Cusack, George, 31 Marsh road.
Conlon, Felix H., 84 Brussels street.
Carson, R. W., 309 Main street.
Gronin, Ann Elizabeth, 48 Germain street.
Doherty, Philip, 132 Brussels street.
Driscoll, Thomas, 243 Union street.
Dolan, Samuel, 279 Carmarthen street.
Dolan, Henry, 15 Charlotte street.
Day, Mortimer L., 15 Hammond street.
Dalton, James H., 113 Bridge street.
Duffy, Bart., 17 Brussels street.
Finnigan, Henry, 224 Prince Wm. street.
Flood, James J., 230 Haymarket square.
Farrell, Robert, 39 Simonds street.
Gallagher, Henry, 35 Charlotte street.
Garrett, George, 701 Main street.
Haley, Thos. H., 8 Charlotte street.
Harney, Michael, 168 Prince Wm. street.
Hogan, Julia A., 55 St. John street.
Harding, M. A., 727 Main street.
Harley, Michael P., 615 Main street.
Hogan, James H., 113 Bridge street.
Lannan, Charles J., 31 St. John street.
Moran, Michael J., 78 Britain street.
Nice, H. F., 9 King square.
Magee, George, 137 City road.
Mahoney, Peter, 407 Main street.
McGinn, John, 84 Bridge street.
McGuire, James P., 222 Union street.
McDonald, James, 401 Main street.
McMeath, Eli, 451 Main street.
McGuire, Martin, 11 St. John street.
Peterson, F. L., 8 North side King sq.
O'Keefe, Wm. H., 158 Union street.
O'Brien, Thos., 168 Mill street.
O'Neill, Philip, 67 St. John street.
O'Neill, Dennis, 647 Main street.
O'Brien, John, 81 Mill street.
O'Neil, Philip M., 90 Mill street.
Power, John T., 45 St. Andrew street.
Power, Mary A., 312 Prince Wm. street.
Quinn, James, 351 Main street.
Quirk, Edward, 259 Brussels street.
Rafferty, Wm. L., 237 Union street.
Speight, Ellen, 424 Main street.
Sullivan, P., 411 Douglas avenue.
Sheehan, John, 309 Brussels street.
Savage, W. J., 236 Main street.
Trainer, Peter, 319 Charlotte street.
Ward, Charles J., One-Mile House.
Ward, John, 15 Dock street.
Walsh, John, 63 Mill street.
Williams, Wm. L., 112 Prince Wm. street.

Wholesale.
Comeau & Sheehan, 75 Prince Wm. street.
Beal, C. N., & Co., 25 North wharf.
Foster, Frank H., 62 Union street.
Labatt, John, 51 Dock street.
McIntyre & Comeau, 12 St. John street.
McGuire, Martin, 9 St. John street.
O'Neill, Philip, 54 Mill street.
Ryan, James, 1 King square.
O'Neil, John, 17 Mill street.
Sullivan & Co., 44-46 Dock street.
The National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd., 23 Mill street.
Williams, Wm. L., 112 Prince Wm. street.
Robertson, John & Son, Ltd.

Brewers.
Jones, Simeon, 2 Carmarthen street.
Clubs.
Union Club, 61-71 Princess street.
RENEWALS REFUSED.
Kings Ward.
M. J. Nugent, 24 Dock street.
A. E. Daniels, Dock street.
John A. Powers, City road.
John Travis, 25 Mill street.
William L. Hogan, 6 City road.
Queens Ward.
W. E. Baxter, 35 St. John street.
Joseph Martin, 2 Market square.
Prince Ward.
J. F. Sheehan, 192 Union street.
Mrs. Mary Corkey, Brussels street.
Hotel.
Louis Green, Ottawa Hotel, King square.

The request of J. C. Doherty, 37 Charlotte street, to be transferred from Kings to Queens ward was refused, as was also the request of John J. Connors to move from 5 Sydney street to 20 Waterloo street.

NEW APPLICATIONS REFUSED.
Patrick Clancy, Chesley street.
Margaret Lannen, Chesley street.
James Nixon, Brussels street.
Thomas Powers, City road.
Francis Stewart, Marsh road.
During the past year Terence McMurray, Chesley street and P. J. Dolan, Union street, surrendered their licenses.

Important to Read This Paper
Women are as subject to kidney trouble as men, which fact is often overlooked. Many women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they will cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings, headache and loss of amblyopia, but restored their health and strength by the use of Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

Swamp-Root brings new life and activity to the kidneys, the cause of such troubles. Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, may address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and receive sample bottle free by mail.

The Sault Ste. Marie canal has been opened for vessels.

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HERE'S A GREAT CHANCE FOR SALE A 16-Passenger Tourist Automobile

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