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ohnston, (Kinistist informed memwas deprived of by the Premier the action was in public career of

rain buyer for the Co., at Grenfell. from the top of a bin and was in-

cts to have a visit ngs Bryan during

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA

By Anthony Hope

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda"

Copyright, 1905, Anthony Hope Hawkins.

Yes, it was strange! Yet already, even now-when he had known her again for half an hour, had seen ber and talked to her-gradually and insidiously it began to seem less strange, less fantastic, more natural. Dunstanbury had to give himself a mental shake to get back to Essex and to Sophy Grouch. Volseni set old and gray amid the hills, the king whose breath struggled with his blood for life, the beautiful woman who would be with the king if and so long as he lived-

(Continued.)

these were the present realities he saw in vivid immediate vision. They made the shadows of the past seem not indeed dim-they kept all their distinctness of outline in memory-but in their turn fantastic and in no relation to the actual. Was that the air of Kravonia working on him or was it a woman's voice, the pallid pride of a woman's

"In Slavna they call me a witch," she said, "and tell terrible tales about this little mark-my red star-but here in Volseni they like me-yes, and I can win over Slavna, too, if I get the opportunity. No, I shan't be a weakness to monseigneur if he lives."

"His wife?" she interrupted. "Yes." She smiled again-nay, almost laughed "That seems worst of all-worse than anything else?"

Dunstanbury allowed himself to smile too. "Well, yes, of course that's true," he said. "Out of Kravonia anyhow What's true in Kravonia I really don't know vet."

"I suppose it's true in Kravonia, too. but what I tell you is monseigneur's He looked hard at her. "You love

him?" he asked. "As my life, and more," said Sophy simply. At last Dunstanbury ceased to look

at her. He laid his elbows on the bat tlements and stood there, his eyes roaming over the lake in the valley to the mountains beyond. Sophy left his side and began to walk slowly up and down the rugged, uneven, overgrown surface of the walls.

The moon was sinking in the sky There would be three or four dark hours before dawn. A man galloped up to the gate and gave a countersign in return to a challenge; the heavy gates rolled open; he rode in; another rode out and cantered off along the road to ward Praslok. There was watch and ward. Volseni was not to be caught napping as Praslok had been. Wheth er the king lived or died, his Volsenians were on guard. Dunstanbury turned his back on the hills and came up to

chance that has brought me here, but I'm glad of the chance now, and it's beginning to feel not the least strange. So long as you've need of help count me among your soldiers."

"But you oughtn't to mix yoursel "Did you act on that principle when you came to Kravonia?" With a smile Sophy gave him her

hand. "So be it. I accept your service "I give it to you," he persisted. "Yes, and all that is mine I give to

monseigneur." said Sophy. Any man who meets or after an interval of time again meets an attractive woman only to find that her thoughts are pre-empted and totally preoccupied suffers an annoyance not the less real because he sees the absurdity of it. It is to find shut a gate which with better luck might have been open. The unusual circumstances of his new encounter with Sophy did not save Dunstanbury from this common form of chagrin. The tragic element in her situation gave it a rather uncommon flavor. He would fain have appeared as the knight errant to rescue such beauty in such distress, but the nature of the distress did not seem favorable

to the proper romantic sequel. He made his offer of service to her. She assigned him to the service of monseigneur! He laughed at his own annoyance and determined to serve mon seigneur as well as he could. At the same time, while conceding most amply -nay, even feeling-monseigneur's excuse, he could not admire his policy in the choice of a bride. That was doubtless a sample of how things were done in Kravonia. He lived to feel the excuse more strongly and to pronounce the judgment with greater hesitation.

Sophy had given him her hand again as she accepted his offer in monseigneur's name. He had not yet released it when she was called from the street below in a woman's voice—a voice full

of haste and alarm. "Marie Zerkovitch calls me! I must go at once," she said. "I expect monseigneur is awake." She hurried off, with a nod of farewell.

Dunstanbury stayed a little while on the wall, smoking a cigarette, and then went down into the street. The door of the guardhouse was shut. All was very quiet as he passed along to the market place, where the inn was situated. He went up to his room overlooking the street and, taking off his coat only, flung himself on the bed. He was minded thus to await Basil Williamson's return with news of the king, but the excitement of the day had wearied him. In ten minutes he

was sound asleep. He was aroused by Basil Williamson's hand on his shoulder. The young doctor, a slim built, dark, wiry fellow, looked very weary and sad,

"How has it gone?" asked Dunstan bury, sitting up. you've had some sleep. He awoke after an hour. The hemorrhage had set

"It's been a terrible night. I'm glad in again. I had to tell him it was a thousand to one against him. He sent for her and made me leave them alone star. together. There was only one other room, and I waited there with a little of sight. Immediately the crowd bewoman—a Mme. Zerkovitch—who cried gan to disperse, though most of the terribly. Then he sent for Lukovitch. men with arms gathered around Luko-

who seems to be the chief man in the place. Presently Lukovitch went away,

and I went back to the king. I found bim terribly exhausted. She was there, sitting by him and whispering to him now and then. She seemed calm. Presently Lukovitch came back. The Zerkovitches and the German man came too. They all came in-the king would not hear my objections-and with them came a priest. And then and there the king married her! She spoke to nobody except to me before the service began, and then she only said, 'Monseigneur wishes it.' I waited till the service was done, but I could hear no more. I went outside while they

"They were married?" "Oh, yes. _It's all right, I suppose not that it seems to matter much now, does it? Put on your coat and come to the window. You'll see a sight you'll remember, I think."

man was looking extraordinarily hap-

py, Dunstanbury."

Together they went to the window. The sun had risen from behind the mountains and flooded the city with light. The morning air was crisp and fragrant. The market place was thronged with people-men in line in front, women, girls and boys in a mass behind. They were all absolutely quiet and silent. Opposite where they were was a raised platform of wood, reached by steps from the ground. It was a goods by auction in the market, A board on trestles had been laid on this, of the royal house as warrant for its preciate its value as a curative. Try it. and on the board was stretched the body of the king. At his feet stood Lukovitch. Behind were Max von Hollbrandt, Zerkovitch and Marie. At the king's head stood Sophy, and Peter Vassip knelt on the ground beside her. She stood like a statue, white and still, but Dunstanbury could see the red star

Lukovitch seemed to have been speaking, although the sound of his voice had not reached them through the closed window of the topmost room in the inn. He spoke again now-not loudly, but in a very clear voice.

"The king lies dead through treachery," he said. "In Slavna the German woman rules and her son and the men who killed the king. Will you have them to rule over you, men of Volseni?"

A shout of "No!" rang out, followed again by absolute silence. Lukovitch "We Essex folk ought to stand by one drew the curved sword that he wore and raised it in the air. All the armed men followed his example. The rest, with the women and young people, raised their right hands. It was their custom in calling Heaven to witness. "God hears us!" said Lukovitch, and all the people repeated the words after

> Dunstanbury whispered to Basil, "Do they mean to figut?" An eagerness stirred in his voice.

"Listen! He's speaking again." "Whom, then, will you have for your king, men of Volseni?" asked Lukovitch. "There is one on whose finger the king has put the silver ring of the balliffs of Volseni. With his own hand he set it there before he died-he set it there when he made her his queen, as you have heard. Will you have the bailiff of Volseni for your king?" A great shout of "Yes!" answered



avenge him! God hears me!" "Will you have Sophia for your

"Sophia for our king!" they cried. Lukovitch raised his sword again All raised swords or hands. The solemn words "God hears us!" were spoken from every mouth. Lukevitch turn ed to Sophy and handed his drawn sword to her. She took it. Then she knelt down and kissed the king's lips. Rising to her feet again, she stood for a moment silent, looking over the thronged market square. Yet she seemed hardly to see. Her eyes were vacant, At last she raised the sword to her lips, kissed it, and then held it high in the

avenge him! God hears me!"

"God hears you!" came all the voices. The ceremony was finished. Six men took up the board on which the king lay, carried it down from the rostrum and along the street to the guardhouse. Sophy followed, and her friends walked after her. Still she seemed as though in a dream. Her voice had sounded absent, almost unconscious. She was pale as death save for the red

Following her dead, she passed out

ZAM-BUK ENDS YEARS

gesture of dejection. "I wish we could get her safe out of it," he said. "Isn't it wonderful, her

vitch and seemed to await his orders. Basil Williamson moved away from

the window, with a heavy sigh and a

"I say, Dunstanbury, I wish I could have saved him!" "So do I. Did you notice her face?" Williamson gave a scornful toss of

"Well, yes, I was an ass to ask that!" Dunstanbury admitted candidly. It avoid noticing Sophy's face.

Hollbrandt took horse for Slavna. His Everybody's Magazine. diplomatic character at once made it proper for him to rejoin his legation and enabled him to act as a messenger with safety to himself. He carried the tidings of the death of the king and of the proclamation—of Sophy. There was no concealment. Volseni's defiance to Slavna was open and avowed. Volseni affections of the throat and lungs. It tidings of the death of the king and of choice. The gauntlet was thrown down with a royal air.

It was well for Max to get back to his post. The diplomatists in Slavna and their chiefs at home were soon to I'm warned not to obstruct traffic." be busy with the affairs of Kravonia Washington Star. Mistitch had struck at the life of even more than his king-that was to be come evident before many days had CAUSE AND CURE

(To be continued)

The Veteran Had Him. "Were you ever in prison?" demand ed the prosecuting attorney insinuat-

"Yes, sir," admitted the gray beaded witness for the defense. "Aha, I thought so! And what for, may I ask?" "Assault with intent to kill."

"Until I escaped, sir." to the gentlemen of the jury. here as the chief witness for the dejustice, by his own confession!"

"And how long were you in prison?"

fense an ex-convict and fugitive from

my escape while being transferred to Salisbury, N. C. As to"-

But that was already more than the prosecutor wanted to know.-Everybody's Magazine.

What He Got. A good many years ago, in the state of lowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said, "Bub, what do you get for boeing those potatoes?" "Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and

hell of I don't."-Saturday Evening Excusable Resentment.

"It's really provoking," said the fond mother, "baby always cries when we have company." "Well," answered Mr. Groucher, "you can't blame children for disliking com-

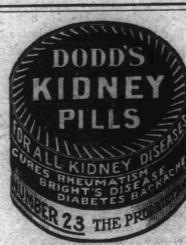
pany. If it weren't for visitors they wouldn't have to recite or play pieces on the plano."-Washington Star. Here It Is. "Mum, could you give a poor man a ville, Ont.

arctic exploration?" "Arctic explorer indeed! I think you're a fraud." "No. mum. I could prove it only 1

A Building Paradox. "Houses are notoriousty unsafe in an earthquake region, and yet they should be the steadlest built,"

"Because in an earthquake region up a pink bottle, "is a splendid thing for baldness."

"Now this," said the barber, holding up a pink bottle, "is a splendid thing for baldness."



OF PAIN.

Powerful Proofs of Its Healing

Governor Glasscock of West Virginia, while travelling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country. "Doesn't it ever rain around here?"

he asked one of the natives.
"Rain?" The native spat. "Rain? would certainly not have been easy to Why, say, pardner, there's bullfrogs avoid noticing Sophy's face.

At 6 o'clock that morning Max von that hain't learned to swim yet."—

The efficacy of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is curing coughs and colds, and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hunvendors, because they know and ap-

"What's worrying you?"
"Motor-car," answered Mr. Chug-ns. "It either goes so fast that I'm

OF NEURALGIA

Modern Methods Dispose of the Cause Instead of Treating the Symptoms.

Neuralgia means simply "nerve pain," so there may be a great vari-ation in the character and intensity of the pain and any nerve in the body may be affected. There are a number of causes of neuralgia, but the most common is a general rundown condi-tion of the system. The discovery of the gentlemen of the jury.

this fact from reliable statistics led to
"So, gentlemen," he said, "we have
the new treatment for neuralgia which consists in building up the general health by the tonic treatment and so Justice, by his own confession!"

He turned again to the witness.
"When and where were you in prison.
sir?" he sheered.

The old man straightened up and spoke in a strong, clear voice:
"I was captured, sir, at the battle of Fort Harris on Sept. 29, 1864, and sent to Libby prison, Richmond. I effected my escape while being transferred to way without his being consciously able to perform this duty satisfactorily when it is weak or impure. Build up the blood and the neuralgic pain will disappear as the nerves become better nourished. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-making tonic, and for this reason cure even the most obstinate reason cure even the most obstinate cases of neuralgia. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which feeds the starved veins and drives out the sharp, darting, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Mrs. John Tibert, Little River, N.S., says:—"A few years ago I was a great sufferer from neuralgia in my head and face. At times the attacks were simply exeruciating, and I would be forced to remain in bod. I tried doctors' medicines, but did not receive any benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am happy to say that the benefit I received from these was wonderful. I may also add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter of anaemia and indigestion, at a time

of anaemia and indigestion, at a time when we began to despair of her get-ting better. I can highly recommend ting better. I can highly recommend these Pills to anyone suffering from

these troubles. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicines or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

"Have you ever walked in your sleep?"
"Sure. How could a man get mar-"No, mum. I could prove it only 1 ried if he didn't, while in a trance, left my records at Etaw."-Kansas walk up to the altar?"-Chicago Record-Herald.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Halloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

"Thank you," replied his victim, coldly, "I have all the baldness I re-

A young man lived at some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful day he set of for the station in good time, but, being delayed by friends, he missed his train. Then he bethought himself of the telegraph. "Don't marry till I come.—William!" was the message he wired.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"You claim to be a sailor?" sniffed the doubtful housewife.

"Yes, mum," hastened Hornpipe Harry, as he took a reef in his trous

"But you don't make use of that nautical expression 'Shiver my tim-"O, no, mum. say 'Shiver me gas bag!' or 'Shiver me wings!' I'm an airehip sailor, mum." — Pearson's

MOORISH SOLDIERS.

Their Methods In Battle and Their System of Signals.
At fighting on horseback the Moors

are adepts and extremely mobile. But they are incorrigibly lazy and seldom

shrived him, but I was called back hurriedly. Then the end came very soon—in less than half an hour. He sent everybody away except her and me, and when I had done all that was possible I went as far off as I could into the corner of the room. I came back at a corner of the room of the

an excellent one, and the tribes are seldom without information regarding the movements of an enemy. They have also an excellent system of signaling at night by means of small fires dotted about the hills and ravines, which are obscured and revealed in accordance with an ingenious code of signals known to themselves .- Chicago

DREAM INSPIRATION.

Intellectual Achievements Born Visions In Sleep. It is well known, says H. Addington Bruce in Success Magazine, that dreams have stimulated men to remarkable intellectual achievements and have even supplied the material for these achievements. Thus Coleridge composed "Kublai Khan" in a dream. Tartini got his "Devil's Sonata" from a dream in which the devil appeared and challenged him to a musical competition. It was a dream that

gave Voltaire the first canto of his

"Henriade," and Dante's "Divina Comsion have obtained the plots for some of their best works from materials provided in dreams. A particularly impressive instance is that of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Cherical and not for food at the strange in the change in his pocket and handed it to the stranger. "Say, old fellah," proposed the man, "if you feel like makin' that a quarter, danged if I won't set 'em up." Louis Stevenson, whose "Chapter on Dreams" in his book "Across the Plains" should be read by all who would learn what dreams can do for a man intellectually. The solution of baffling mathematical problems, the ideas necessary to complete some invention, have been supplied by dreams.

Occasionally the dreamer has been known to rise in his sleep and jot down the information thus acquired In such cases he usually forgets all about the helpful dream and on awaking is greatly surprised at finding the record he has made of it, which shows that—as with the visions so potently influencing health-it is possible for dreams to aid a man in an intellectual

aware of them. "I fed him with bird's milk." This curious expression was used by the old sultan of Turkey, while a prisoner on his way to Saloniki, with reference to his brother Mohammed, his predecessor on the throne. Abdul Hamid was lamenting his own fate and telling his captors how little he deserved it and how kind he had been to his brother. "I fed bim with bird's milk," he said, as if that were the greates kindness he could show. What is bird's milk? Not the Turkish equivalent of the milk of human kindness but a European brand of condense milk bearing on the can a picture of a bird on a nest.

His Conundrum. "Mistah Walkah, kin yo' teli me de diff'unce 'tween a cold in de head an' a-a chicken coop wit' a hole in de

"No, Sam; that's a hard one. What is the difference between a cold in the head and a chicken coop with a hole "De one am a case o' influenza, an' de uddah am a case o' out flew bens,

"Ladies and gentlemen, the vocal wonder, Professor Wabbles Izzeers, will now sing the popular ballad entitled 'The Lips That Caress a Stogy Shall Never Touch Mine.' "-Chicago

What's In a Name. Returned Traveler-By the way, Mr. Mann, your daughter, Miss Etta, is married, isn't she? Old Resident-No; she could have married a fine young fellow once, but she threw him over on account of his name. She said it was bad enough to be Etta Mann, but she drew the line at Etta Knox.-Chicago Tribune.

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a cross-roads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully, and in the ensuing glimmer read: "Wet paint." ensuing glimmer read:

—The Argonaut.

Don't let your Cough reach the danger stage use Shiloh's Cure now - banishes Coughs

are prone to say "it's not serious, I'll let it wear off." That's an

unsafe attitude to take-GET SHILOH'S CURE IN TIME One of the children goes about coughing—"Oh, Willie is pretty strong, I'll keep him home a day or so and the cough will go."
Perhaps it will. Perhaps it won t—

Yes-this asthma doesn't give me much rest and I've tried nearly everything." Friend says: "My father cured me of asthma thirty years ago with Shiloh's Cure— START SHILOH'S CURE TO-DAY"

USE SHILOH'S CURE NOW

Baby is croupy, whooping cough developing—"What can we get that we can rely on to cut that dangerous, choking phlegm?"

It banishes Asthma, makes strong the vocal chords and stimulates the whole breathing tract to health and strength. Just try

is settling on his lungs. He says they're sore, feverish, weak—there's danger." There is— THE REMEDY—SHILOH'S CURE

Wife says: "John, you really must stay home and doctor that cold— you can't keep up with it." Valu-able time lost—situation imper-illed. Needlessly. For in one night— SHILOH'S CURE CURES COUGHS

"Bronchitis again—I get it every winter—do wish I could cure it." Cure—it allays inflammation, builds up weakened lung tissues. SHILDH'S CURE IS GUARANTEED It banishes Asthma, makes strong

THE FAMILY FRIEND FOR 40 YEARS-SHILOH'S CURE



Willing to be a Good Fellow.

tones and the hat down over his eyes he had in his mind when he menstops you to ask the price of a light luncheon recalls the tale of Price Mc
"Oh, well," sighed McKinney, "I

The man looked him in the eye, The approach of the season when the dropped his head, gulped and owned forlorn stranger with the whispering up that it really was a good drink that

kinney and the generous pan-handlers, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

McKinney, walking up Superior Avenue, was accosted by a man with a breath like a ventilator in a distillery. He said he had not tasted food for many days. Even so small a sum as 15 cents, he suggested, might be sufficient to stave off actual starvation.

"See here," asked McKinney, stern-"

"Oh, well," sighed McKinney, "I suppose if you want a drink that bad you'll get it sooner or later, and I want it for. Besides, I feel that I should give you something for telling the truth." He picked a dime and a nickel out from the change in his pocket and handed it to the stranger. "Say, old fellah," proposed the man,



Dainty Silver Possessing a charm equalled only by its fine wearing quality, silverware marked 1847 ROGERS BROS. who want the best in knives, forks, spoons, etc. Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO.

"Silver Plate that Wears



WHAT every cook should know is, which wheat makes the best flour, and why.

Winter wheat is put into the ground in the fall, but does not ripen until the following July. It matures slowly, is soft and very starchy.

Spring wheat is sown in April or May, and ripens in August. It's a flinty, translucent wheat, rich in gluten and contains nearly twice as much nutriment as winter wheat.

Royal Household Flour

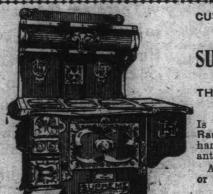


tious spring wheat, carefully selected from all the wheat of this kind grown in Canada, Royal Household is fine, light and pure-milled by the most improved methods-in a mill as clean as your

is made entirely from the hard, nutri-

own kitchen. Ask your grocer for Ogilvie's Royal Household — just enough to try. You won't mind the slight advance in cost when you see the results in your bread and pastry.

Oghvie Flour Mills Co., Limited,



CUT YOUR FUEL BILL IN HALF by using a SUPREME STEEL RANGE

THE SUPREME HEATING CO., Welland, Ont. Is the only Second Combustion Range made in Canada. Is very handsome in appearance and guar-anteed to save 50 per cent in Fuel. Ask your hardware man ofor it,

made only by

or write our western agents. WALDON COMPANY, 92 Princess St.,

