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SOPLY OF KRAYONIA

By Anthony Hope

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda"

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(Continued)

They looked at one another's faces. "Can there be anything wrong in Slavna?"

"You mean the troops?"

"I had thought of that."

"I can think of nothing but that. If it were anything from the palace it would come by a royal courier sooner than by any other hand."

"I can hear plainly now," said Peter Vassip. "Listen!"

They obeyed him, but their ears were not so well trained. A dull, indefinite sound was all they could distinguish.

"Horses—a number of them. Mounted men must be, the hoofs are so regular. Cavalry!"

"It's the prince coming back from Volsen!" cried Sophy.

"No; it's from the other direction, and besides, there are too many for that."

Mounted men on the Slavna road, and too many to be the prince's guard!

"What can it be?" asked Sophy in a low voice.

"I don't know. Zerkovitch's arrival must be connected with the same thing I think."

"There! There are their shaboes coming over the rise of the hill!" cried Peter Vassip.

The next moment showed the company. They rode in fours, with sergeants on the flanks. The officer in command was behind. The three on the causeway could not see him yet. They were Hussars of the king's guard, the best regiment in the army. The Prince of Slavna had made them good soldiers. They hated him for it. But Slavna was their colonel. On they came. In their blue tunics and silver braids they made a brave show in the sunshine.

The three watched now without word or motion. The sudden sight held them in their spellbound. Not one of them thought of sending to warn the prince. If they had the thought would have been useless unless it had chimed in with Mistsitch's will. Twenty men could have been on them before there was time to saddle a horse. If the expedition was a hostile one the castle was caught napping in very truth!

Sophy stood forward a pace in front of her companions. Her hand rested on the little revolver which was tucked in her belt. On came the company. The foremost file reached within twenty yards of the causeway. They halted. Half of them dismounted, each man as he did so intrusting his horse to his next fellow. Half of the men left mounted repeated this operation, leaving the remaining twenty-five in charge of all the horses. The seventy-five took position, four deep, on the road. They separated, lining either side.

The signs of their command now appeared. He rode to the foot of the causeway, then dismounted and gave his horse to the sergeant who attended him. His men followed and drew up in the road, blocking the approach to the castle. Big Mistsitch began ascend the causeway, a broad smile on his face. It was a great moment for Captain Hercules—the day of revenge for which he had waited in forced patience and discreet unobtrusiveness. It was a critical day also in view of the instructions he had. To do him justice, he was not afraid.

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The king's orders are that we take Baroness Dobra to Slavna, no matter what happens. If need be, these orders stand over against the prince. Slavna's soldiers—the men he petted, the men who had felt the prince's stern hand—were only too glad to hear it. To strike for the king and yet against the hated prince—it was a luxury, a happy and unlooked-for pleasure of their duty and their pleasure. Their answering cheer was loud and fierce.

It struck harsh on the ears of the advancing prince. His face grew hard and strained as he heard the shouts and saw the solid body of men across the path barring access to his own castle. And within a yard or two of their ranks by the side of the road sat the figure which he knew so well and so well loved.

"Mistsitch played his card, that morning he caught twice by the submission to his demand had for the moment thwarted, but to which the prince's headlong anger and fear now gave an opening, the opening which Slavna had from the first foreseen. It would need little to make the very prince forget prudence when he was face to face with Mistsitch. It was not a safe game for Mistsitch personally—both Slavna and he knew that—but Captain Hercules was confident. He would not let the soft, grassy road-side trick of sword! The satisfaction of his revenge and the unstinted rewards that his colonel offered made it worth his while to accept the risk and rendered it grateful to his heart.

Sophy sat motionless. She could faintly have cried the encounter and had shaped her maneuvers to that end. It was not to be so, it seemed. Now, she did not doubt Mistsitch's success, but she wished that Zerkovitch had not reached Volsen so quickly; that the prince had stayed behind his walls till his plans were ready, and that she was going a prisoner to Slavna to see the king, trusting to her face, her tongue, her courage and the star of her own fortune. Never had her buoyant confidence been so sorely tried.

On the top of the causeway Max von Hollbrand looked to his revolver. Peter Vassip loosened his knife in its leather sheath. A window above the gate opened, and Marie Zerkovitch's face looked out. The women servants looted old Vassip in the doorway. The grooms stood outside the stables. No one moved. Only the prince's little troop came on. When they were fifty yards away, Mistsitch cried to his men, "Draw swords!" and himself pricked his horse with his spur and rode up to where Sophy was.

Mistsitch drew his horse up parallel to Sophy's, head to tail, on her right side, between her and the approaching force. With a shout he struck her with his hand, and she fell from her horse. He was pulling her from her horse, while again he cried out: "In the king's name! On guard!"

It was a high jump from the top of the causeway, but Mistsitch took it as a matter of course. He had his revolver in hand, Peter Vassip, with knife unsheathed.

As they leaped, another shout rang out: "Long live King Sergius!"

The prince rode his fastest, but faster still rode Zerkovitch. He stretched the reins, and rode right in among Mistsitch's men, crying loudly again and again: "The king is dead! The king is dead! The king is dead!"

Then came the prince, rode full at Mistsitch, and followed him, and dashed, with a shock, against the troopers of Mistsitch's escort. As they rode they cried, "Long live King Sergius!" They had unburied a dozen men and wounded four or five before they were stopped. Mistsitch's men did not defend themselves, puzzled and in doubt, turned to their battle—their king—for his orders.

As the prince came up Mistsitch hurried Sophy from him. She fell from her horse and lay on the ground, her head on the side and sprang up unharmed save for a cruel pain in her crushed wrist. She turned her eyes whither all eyes were turned now. The general battle was stayed, but not the single combat. For a moment more she waited, and the two who were now to engage.

The fight of the Street of the Fountain fell to be fought again, for when Peter Vassip was darting forward, the men he could and follow him. A moment more, and he would be in the hands of the king's men. It was the old cry when they shot wild boar in the woods about Dobra, and he restored Peter Vassip to a stand. Max von Hollbrand, too, lowered his pointed revolver. Who should stand between his quarry and the king, he had been Sophy's lover and the man who had so outraged her? Big Mistsitch was the king's game and the king's only that day.

(To be continued)

A Tree Curiosity.

In California there is a tree trunk which has stood for the last fifteen years entirely covered from its base. The stump is fifteen feet in diameter, and the trunk towers seventy-five feet in the air. This remarkable freak is located near the aqueduct works in Tulare county, California. It was saved off by lumbermen for timber. Through some miscalculation when the cut was finished the tree still held its position, and dynamite was resorted to to bring it to the ground, which accounts for the deep scar on its trunk. After the first charge of the explosive had been ignited the tree still remained standing, and it was discovered that the entire trunk had been shattered by the discharge of dynamite. The stump was therefore useless for lumber. As the giant had remained upright, notwithstanding some of the severest winds that the state has known, held in its natural position by its great weight—Wide World Magazine.

Just Outside.

Two women changed to meet on a street car in Chicago. "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Thompson?" exclaimed one of them. "I called at your home one day last week and there was nobody at home."

"We've moved, Mrs. Giles," said the other. "Didn't you know that?"

"When did you move?"

"About two weeks ago. We got tired of living in all the noise and bustle, and we went away out in the suburbs."

"What is the name of the new place?"

"North-west."

"And where are you located now?"

"It's a new neighborhood. Mrs. Giles and I can't describe it exactly, but if I had a map of the city here I could show you. We live just half an inch outside the city limits."

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer in any latitude, whether in the torrid zone or Arctic temperatures, Paine's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him wherever he goes. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, and are equally good in many pills now on the market.

While riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to a neighbor, he remarked in an awestruck voice: "They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE IS HER BABY'S WELFARE

The great desire of every mother is to have her little ones healthy. Every mother can keep her little ones in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure Colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, teething troubles, and other minor ailments. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff."

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Mrs. H. Irvine, North Portal, Sask., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets when our baby was teething, and have found them all you claim for them. I always keep them in the house." Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"No," said the doctor, "it wouldn't be safe to let your husband leave the hospital yet. I don't believe he is well enough."

"What's the matter, doctor? He seems to be convalescing. I think he's convalescing, too, and yet he hasn't once complained about the hospital meals served him."—Success Magazine.

Minard's Liniment cures gargat in cows

A Hereford gentleman met an eccentric old squire of his acquaintance riding with only one spur.

"What have you done with the other spur?" he asked.

"Why, what would be the use of the other?" said the squire. "If one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

CURED IN ONE MONTH.

If every woman, who has Kidney or Bladder trouble, could go to David's Pills, they would do just as she did. Take Gin Pills and cure themselves.

"For 14 or 15 years I had Kidney or Bladder trouble, suffering at times intense pain. I doctored continually but nothing gave me permanent relief until I was persuaded to try Gin Pills. Within a couple of days I received great relief, and after taking one box was completely cured."

MRS. A. SIMPSON.

Write National Drug and Chemical Co. (Dept. N.U.) Toronto, for free sample. 50 cents a box—6 boxes for \$2.50 at all dealers.

"Pa," said little Willie Skulbagger, "teacher told us to be prepared tomorrow to tell what meter 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' is in."

"The meter," replied W. Skulbagger, the elder, "Gas meter, of course."

The Catholic Standard and Times.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bad-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Bamford, Box 77, Winsor, Ont., will write free to any mother her successful and safe home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children are troubled in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults suffering with people troubled with urticaria difficulties by day or night.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "it's lucky not to be too wise. De crew that hon. boy 'n' 'n' ten to de sewerrow is de one de farmer is 'bliged to go after wit a shotgun."—Washington Star.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hoarseness. It is used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy aid are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

"Now, Mr. Blank," said a temperance advocate to a candidate for municipal honors, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take alcoholic liquors?"

"Before I answer the question," responded the wary candidate, "I want to know whether it is proper as an enquiry or an invitation?"—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The Last Turn.

"My turn will come," the actor cried. "Some day I'll turn the dollars!"

Alas, he failed in all his tries.

And now, he turns his back on the Chicago News.

Exactly.

"After all, what difference would es plurers find between the north pole and the south pole?"

"Oh, all the difference in the world!"

The Silver Lining.

Some joyful compensation will come from every pain. Now, you'll recall when you had mumps and things you stayed away from school. A child's school days are full of such things.

He is on to the Job.

"When you encounter an obstacle that do you do?" queried the youth.

"I make a stepping stone of it," answered the successful man.—Pittsburg Post.

Why Stanfield's Use Nova Scotia Wool

THE chief reason is because the Stanfields have never found any other wool that makes Underwear so peculiarly suited to Canadians.

The salty, ocean breezes and healthful climate, coupled with the rich grazing, give Nova Scotia wool a quality which is not found anywhere else.

Nova Scotia wool is perfectly blended. It is soft and smooth, yet staunch and strong. It can be spun like silk and wears almost like steel. Garments, knitted of this fine wool, give the desired warmth and are not heavy or bulky.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Stanfields get the pick of the Nova Scotia wool. The founder of these mills did much to develop the sheep-raising industry throughout the Maritime Provinces. The farmers saved their best wool for him, and continue to send their high grade wool to the Stanfield mills.

Then, too, this wool reaches the mills in the best possible condition. There are no long railroad hauls—no lengthy journeys in the holds of tramp steamers. The wool is shipped direct to Truro as soon as sheared. Experts sort, clean and make it ready at once for its trip of transformation into Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear.

Stanfield's Underwear is made by the only process which takes the shrink out of the wool before the garments are knitted.

The value of this discovery—made by the founder of the Stanfield Mills—is shown by the growth of this business, which is now capitalized at \$750,000.00 and employs over 300 operatives.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is made in 3 standard weights—Light (Red Label), Medium (Blue Label) and Heavy (Black Label) and will give them every need and requirements of every man and woman.

The best dealers everywhere handle Stanfield's Underwear. Catalogue showing styles, and sample of fabric, sent free for your address.



For four consecutive nights "he hotel man had watched his timing. He had seen his pitcher at the water-cooler.

"Madame," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That bell!" she exclaimed.

"Why, the boy told me that was the fire alarm, and that I wasn't to touch it on any account."—Success Magazine.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parnee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work as can be testified to by thousands.

The Hairless.—But why should I marry you? I don't love you, says the hairless man.

"Oh, that's all right. I shouldn't be at home very much, you know."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c

TRADE IN SIBERIA.

Canada Seems to Have an Excellent Market in Vladivostok.

In a recent issue of The Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association, there appeared an article by Mr. Allen Lebridge on the market which Siberia offers for Canadian manufactured goods. With regard to the possibilities for trade, Mr. Lebridge has this to say:

"Vladivostok, the harbor of Siberia, is situated approximately at the same distance from Vancouver as Yokohama, and is open to navigation at all times of the year. Canada should therefore be in a position to supply, easily and economically, a great proportion of imported goods, as at present these must either travel from Moscow by a single line of rail, or by sea, occupying over two months, or must make the long sea voyage via the Suez-Canal and Singapore, occupying over two months. The Canadian agricultural implements are favorably known in Western Siberia, where they are in successful competition with those of the German and American makes. The International Harvester Co. of Chicago are opening a branch at Vladivostok, thus showing that they are alive to the possibilities of the situation, and intend making a bid to capture the market. Owing to the fact that this corporation are willing to grant more extensive credit facilities than the Canadian firms, it is probable that they may succeed. Carefully consider this question of credit, as it must prove the keynote of success. The demand for agricultural machinery of all kinds must be a growing one to keep pace with the increase of population caused by the influx of immigrants."

A number of English papers have taken up this matter to some extent, and The Canadian Gazette of London, says:

"Siberia will outlive its ill fame as an icy wilderness as the Canadian West has done, and there is no limit to its expansive capacity. Canadian industrialism has here a great opportunity."

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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SUPREME STEEL RANGE

OUT YOUR FUEL BILL IN HALF by using a SUPREME STEEL RANGE made only by THE SUPREME HEATING CO., Welland, Ont.

Is the only Second Combustion Range made in Canada. Is very handsome in appearance and guaranteed to save 50 per cent in Fuel.

Ask your hardware man for it, or write our western agents, WALDON COMPANY, 82 Prince Street, Winnipeg.

THE RIGHT WAY

In all cases of DISTEMPER, BRUCELLE, INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC.

"SPOHN THEM"

on their progress on the feet-out Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It rids the disease by expelling the disease germs. It rids the system of the trouble no matter how they are exposed. Absolutely free from anything harmful. A child can safely take it. For sale at 25¢ and 50¢ and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by druggists and harness dealers.

Distributors: Spohn Medical Co., Toronto, Ont. and Winnipeg.

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