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A Prince of Sinners

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Author of "The Trailers," "The Survivor," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," Etc.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"And you think that I am going to play the dilettante?"

"Not altogether. But you will want to pass from one scheme to another to see the inner workings of all. I shall be content to find occupation in any one."

"I shall be coming to you," he said, "for information and help."

"I doubt it," she answered, cheerfully. "Never mind! It is pleasant to build castles, and we may yet find ourselves working side by side."

He suddenly looked at her.

"I have answered all your questions," he said. "There is something about you which I should like to know."

"I am sure you shall."

"Lord Arranmore came to me when I was staying at the Metropole with your uncle and cousin. He wished me to use my influence with you to induce you to accept a certain sum of money which it seemed that you had already declined."

"Well?"

"Of course I refused. In the first place, as I told him, I was not aware that I possessed any influence over you. And in the second place I had every confidence in my own judgment."

She was suddenly very thoughtful.

"My own judgment," she repeated. "I am afraid that I have lost a good deal of faith in that lately."

"Why?"

"I have learned to repine of that impulsive visit of mine to Enton."

"Again why?"

"I was mad with rage against Lord Arranmore. I think that I was wrong. It was many years ago, and he has repented."

Brooks smiled faintly. The idea of Lord Arranmore repenting of anything appealed in some measure to his sense of humor.

"Then I am afraid that I did him some great harm in accusing him like that—openly. He has seemed to me since like an altered man. Tell me, those others who were there—they believed me?"

"Yes."

"It did him harm—with the lady, the handsome woman who was playing billiards with him?"

"Yes."

"Was he engaged to her?"

"No! He proposed to her afterwards and she refused him."

Her eyes suddenly grew dim.

"I am sorry," she said.

"I think," he said, quietly, "that you need not be. You probably saved her a good deal of unhappiness."

She looked at him curiously.

"Why are you so bitter against Lord Arranmore?" she asked.

"I?" he laughed. "I am not bitter against him. Only I believe him to be a man without heart or conscience or principles."

"That is your opinion—really?"

"Really! Decidedly."

"Then I don't agree with you," she answered.

"Why not?"

"Simply that I don't."

"Excellent! But you have reasons as well as convictions?"

"Perhaps. Why, for instance, is he so anxious for me to have this money? That must be a matter of conscience?"

"Not necessarily. An accident might bring his Montreal career to light. His behavior towards you would be an excellent defence."

She shook her head.

"He isn't mean enough to think so far ahead for his own advantage. Villain or paragon, he is on a large scale, your Lord Arranmore."

"He has had the good fortune," Brooks said, with a note of satire in his tone, "to attract your sympathies."

"Why not? I struck hard enough at him, and he has borne me no ill-will. He even made friends with Selma and my uncle to induce me to accept his—well, conscience money."

"I need not ask what the result was," Brooks said. "You declined it, of course."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"I refused it at first, as you know," she said. "Since then, well, have wavered."

He looked at her blankly.

"You mean—that you have contemplated—accepting it?"

"Why not? There is reason in it. I do not say that I have accepted it, but at any rate see nothing which should make you look upon my possible acceptance as a heinous thing."

He was silent for a moment.

"May I ask you then what the position is?"

"I will tell you. Lord Arranmore is coming to me perhaps this afternoon for my answer. I asked him for a few days to think it over."

let it be a hospital, if you can help it—something altogether original would be best. Set your brain to work! I shall be at your service at any moment."

He rose to his feet and began slowly to collect his belongings. Then their eyes met, and she burst out laughing as he smiled.

"You are very ingenious, Lord Arranmore," she said.

"It is my conscience," he assured her. "It is out of gear to the tune of three thousand."

"I don't believe in the conscience," she answered. "This is sheer obstinacy. You have made up your mind that I should be interested in that money somehow, and you can't bear to suffer defeat."

"I am an old man," he said, "and you are a young woman. Let us leave it where it is for a while. I have an idea of the sort of life which you are planning for yourself. Believe me, you have lived here for many months you will be willing to give years of your life, years of your labor and your youth, to throw yourself into a struggle which without money is hopeless. Remember that there was a time when I too was young. I too saw these things as you and Brooks see them today. I do not wish to preach pessimism to you. I fought and was worsted. So will you be. The whole thing is a vast chimera, a jest of the God who has made for yourself. But as long as the world lasts the young will have to buy knowledge—as I have bought it. Don't go into the fray empty-handed—it will only prolong the suffering."

"You speak," she protested, gently "as though it were impossible to do so."

"It is absolutely and entirely impossible to do good by any means which you and Brooks and the whole army of your fellow-philanthropists have yet evoked," he answered, with a sudden fierce note in his tone. "Don't think that I speak to you as a cynic, one who lingers on the edge of the cauldron and peers into gratefully cravings for sensation. I have been there, down in the thick of it, there where the mud is as black as hell—bottomless as eternity. I was young—as you—mad with enthusiasm. I had faith, strength, belief. I meant to cleanse the world. I worked till the skin hung on my bones. I gave all I had—youth—gifts—money. And, do you know what I was doing? I was swimming against the tide of natural law, stronger than all mankind, unconquerable, eternal. There wasn't a small, dark corner of the world the better for my broken life. There wasn't a child a man or a woman content to grasp my hand and climb out. There weren't plenty who mocked me. But they tell back again. They tell back always!"

"Oh, but you can't tell that," she cried. "You can't be sure."

"You can be as sure of it as of life itself," he answered. "Come, take my advice. I know. I can save you a broken youth—a broken heart. Keep away from there."

He pointed out of the window eastwards.

"You can be charitable like the others, subscribe to societies, visit the sick, read the Bible, play at it as long as you like—but keep away from the real thing. If you feel the fever in your veins—fly. Go abroad, study art, literature, music—anything. Only don't listen to that cry. It will draw you—against your will even. But not you nor the whole world of women. To the world full of gold, will ever stop it. It is the everlasting legacy to the world of outraged nature."

He went swiftly and silently, leaving her motionless. She saw him far down on the pavement below step into his brougham, pausing for a moment to light a cigarette. And half an hour later he walked with elastic tread into Mr. Ascoug's office.

Mr. Ascoug greeted him with an inquiring smile. Lord Arranmore nodded and sat down.

"You were quite right," he announced. "The tongues of men or of angels wouldn't move her. Never mind. She's going to use the money for charity."

"Well, that's something, at any rate," Mr. Ascoug remarked.

"The eloquence," Lord Arranmore said, lazily, "which I have wasted upon that young woman would entrance the House of Lords. By the bye, Ascoug, I am going to take my seat next week."

"I am delighted to hear it, your lordship."

"Yes, it's good news for the country, isn't it?" Lord Arranmore remarked. "I have not quite decided what my particular line shall be, but I have no doubt but that he papers will all be calling me a welcome addition to that august assembly before long. I believe that what's the matter with me. I want to make a speech. Do you remember me at the Bar, Ascoug? Couldn't I keep me down, could they?"

Mr. Ascoug smiled.

"You were rather fond of being on your feet?" he admitted.

Lord Arranmore sighed regretfully.

"And to think that I might have been Lord High Chancellor by now," he remarked. "Good-bye, Ascoug."

Later, at the reception of a Cabinet Minister, Lord Arranmore came across the Hon. Sir John, talking with half-dozen other men. He detached himself at once.

"This is odd," he remarked, with a whimsical smile. "What the dickens are you doing in this respectable household, Arranmore? You look like a lost sheep."

Lord Arranmore shrugged his shoulders.

PARADE OF SUFFRAGETTES

Ten Thousand Women March in London Demanding Their Suffrage—One Hundred Present from Canada

London, June 21.—The British suffragettes made good their bill parade in London. Ten thousand women who went the ballot marched from the Thames embankment to Albert Hall, where a monster mass meeting was held in support of the woman's suffrage bill, newly drafted on conciliatory lines and recently introduced in the House of Commons. The processionists came from all parts of the United Kingdom. Ireland had a special delegation including the Misses O'Connell, granddaughters of the "Liberator" of the Green Isle. Canada presented a contingent of almost a hundred, each carrying a sheet of wheat.

There were 500 women scientists, doctors, teachers and university graduates wearing their robes, hospital nurses in striking uniforms, purple and green and white. Light summer dresses were worn by a majority, giving the procession the appearance of a holiday parade. Actresses, mill girls, stenographers were all there to emphasize their demand for the franchise. There were also nearly 500 women in prison garb showing that they had "done time."

Mrs. Drummond, the grand marshal, rode a horse at the head of the column, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Haveland and Vera Holme as aides. All rode astride. The place of honor among the forty bands was given to the drum and fife corps of the Women's Social Club and the Politic Club.

Mrs. Pankhurst's appeal for funds at the mass meeting brought \$5,000 from Mrs. H. Lytton, the noted scientist. Then Petlock Lawrence arose and gave another \$5,000. Lord Lytton spoke. Approximately \$14,000 was realized. The parade caused London to rub its eyes.

Probably since 1832 no demonstration in favor of a public movement has attained such proportions. Those who have regarded the agitation as merely a curious incident admit their surprise. The thousand policemen who escorted the paraders had no trouble. The procession extended over a length of two miles. The marchers were divided into companies, according to their societies or place of residence, like so many soldiers parading. Each division was marked with huge banners which would have tried a man's strength to hold aloft in the brisk breeze.

One section, including a strong muster of women from European countries carried banners representative of their various nationalities.

H. B. TERMINALS.

To Decide on the Merits of Port Nelson and Fort Churchill.

Ottawa, June 16.—The Canadian government steamer Stanley will start next week for Hudson Bay with two parties to make a hydrographic survey at Port Nelson and Fort Churchill. The reports of these surveys will determine the deep water terminus of the Hudson Bay railroad, the first contract of which will shortly be let by the Canadian Government.

W. J. Stewart, head of the Canadian hydrographic survey, will have charge of the work, which will be divided between two parties, one under H. R. Pariseau, and the other under A. A. Bachand. One party will be assigned to Churchill and the other to Nelson.

As the approach to Nelson will have to be charted for ten or fifteen miles out, coming into the presence of sand bars, a schooner has been secured at Halifax, and will at once be sent in for use at this point. The work at Churchill does not extend so far from shore and the party at this point will make its base of operations on land and work from small boats and launches.

It is expected that the surveys will be completed this summer. The work of charting Hudson Bay and Hudson Straits will be undertaken later. A special steamer will have to be secured for this.

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PRISONER RECAPTURED.
Negro Who Escaped From Edmonton Captured in North Dakota
Overly, N. D., June 19.—Jos. Chapman, the negro, who made a sensational escape from the Stillwater, Okla., sheriff near here last week by leaping headlong through a window in the vestibule of a racing express train, was recaptured here by Conductor Galoway, of the same line, Sunday. The negro had embarked on the train to take passage back to Canada from which place he had been extradited by Sheriff Fox. Chapman was arrested at Edmonton, Canada, on a charge of murder preferred by Oklahoma authorities who had been speaking him and his white woman companion for several months. He is charged with killing his companion's husband at Stillwater. In some way the negro had released himself from handcuffs which he had on his wrists when he escaped, and although he possessed the country there was no clue to his whereabouts until he embarked on the train yesterday here. The conductor, recognizing him, covered him with a revolver until he could be placed under arrest. The reward of \$75 offered by Sheriff Fox for his re-capture has been paid to the conductor.

Immigration Statistics.
Ottawa, June 17.—According to statistics contained in a hand book being issued by the Immigration Department the immigration to Canada during the last ten years totalled 1,455,288. The fiscal year recently closed eclipses all others in volume of immigration, arrivals numbering 208,796. A grand total for the decade, amounting to 565,000 came from British Isles, 344 from the continent, and 497,000 from the United States. Americans coming across the border are therefore within 68,000 of the total British immigration. Of the immigration from the British Isles about 418,000 came from England and Wales, 108,887 from Scotland and 34,124 from Ireland.

Japanese immigration in the past three years totalled 8,867. Since 1892 deportation regulations became effective, 3,883 people having been deported.

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Shocking.
Winnipeg, June 19.—A successful police raid was made last evening by Inspector Robertson, when he entered the Tribune building and raided the room in which he discovered several employees of the paper playing poker. "You had better cash in," said the inspector, and the players then handed their chips to a man named Orris and he paid their equivalent establishing the case for the police. It is understood that they will all plead guilty.

(To be Continued.)
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