Canada the

Canadian public



FOR CONSUMPTIVES

dings, providing hich the trustees nt it, to 100 beds. Canada, without disease in the

ne public instituway to pay the

istration, salaries staff, besides the tient, are dependbutions that come t the Dominion.

titute.

KINMOUNT, ONT .:in, unmarried and ed with lung trouble, o send to the Muspital for Consumpt me know what we gain admission for

More Good? EDITH, Kt., Chief GAGE, Esq.,

information from rium Association, , Toronto, Canada.

TTING

ONE!

ne should be withs. If you have a nder let us know and we will send largest dealers in ovince. Records Get our prices. ile that runs ten Information free.

change

P.O. Box 199

The Castle Comedy SERO THE ASS. By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

that pass, taken the alarm and gone while we are waiting for the idiot downstairs to send for soldiers to take

"The more reason we must work our way out by morning. I'll fix it." And on the race. The day was almost breaking. Fourney began again to walk.

The White Falcon inn was but a scant five miles from the castle. When they slipped from Dubarre's room that night, the spies had made straight for the inn. It was after 10 o'clock when they got there and doors were closed | tight. With difficulty they aroused the place, and the sleepy landlord stood aghast at two strange wayfarers who wanted horses at that time of night. They were dirty and torn and scratched from walking through the muddy fields. Ill looking customers any one would have called them. Then mine host caught sight of pistols ill concealed, and that decided him.

"Highwaymen who have lost their went off accidentally. mounts." he thought. No, they could not have horses. He kept none for hire there, he said. Fourney begged, pleaded, insisted, all in vain. It was the king's business they were on, he urged. The loyal innkeeper pursed up his lips and asked for proofs. Fourney could show nothing. His only credentials were in the coat left at the

Mine host became in turn obstinate, sulky, suspicious. At last, angry, the chief spy drew a pistol, promising great rewards, but threatening dire vengeance if the horses were not forthcoming. Then mine host seemed to yield and straightway invited them into the house to drink a bottle of wine, while the grumbling hostler stumbled sleepily out to prepare horses for the "noble gentlemen." Mine host lured the unsuspecting travelers into an upstairs room while he went for the wine. He was gone so long that Fourney started after him, only to find the oak door barred on the outside. Thus were the spies trapped. In the morning. mine host, as he informed them through the door, would send for the soldiers "to selze and hang the highwaymen."

The soldiers were fifteen miles away. They would not reach the inn perhaps for thirty hours. By that time "French Percy" might have escaped. It behooved the blood seekers to hurry. Fourney stopped suddenly in his hurried walk about the room.
"Jean, I have it!" he exclaimed and

darted to the fireplace. The prison evidently had been once a chamber for important guests. Though now dismantled of fine furniture, its size and the big open fireplace showed the quality.

"Can you make it?" asked Jean. Fourney, the small one, shook his head. "I'll try." And without more ado he thrust his head up into the

Ten minutes later a slight, soot begrimed figure crept cautiously along the ridge pole of the White Falcon. The roof sloped down to a low kitchen.



the ridge pole of the White Fulcon.

Carefully Fourney slipped over the roof down that way. His stockinged feet made no noise on the old shingles. Soon he had reached the lowest spot. It was a short eight foot drop to the soft grass below. The kitchen window stood invitingly open. Through it the spy crawled quickly. Then, with all the daring and skill of his calling, he snaked through the inn toward the upstairs room where his assistant was

still confined. Secure in his belief that the highwaymen could not break through barred windows and oaken doors, mine host had gone to sleep. The country lout he left to watch the prisoners' door snored loud enough to drown the slight noise made by Fourney raising the bar from place. Now the comrades were reunited. They lifted the stable key from the sleeping hostler and started downstairs. Then some

grim humor made Fourney pause. "Inside," he whispered. Returning, the spies picked up the sleeping man carefully and bore him within the room. He only mouned a bit in his. slumber. When the door was safely barred again they crept down through the house and out of the kitchen winthe house and out of the kitchen win-dow. Not a soul had been disturbed. Then be held out his hand—"run, my led them out just as the moon was

"We'll reach the garrison about day-reak," said Fourney as they started. "But, cousin, what of mademoisellebreak," said Fourney as they started. On through the black night the pair Node, hard as horses could drive, for this was the king's business. Five, plexity, then his face brightened.

"Why, if you leave an address, she

"But 'French Percy' will have found road were passed over. The horses begun to flag now, but under the magic of the whip trees and fields went by almost as fast as at first. Then the brown road unwound before them for a straight last dash. Madly they urged

> In that gray, dead hour of the early dawn a yawning sentry shifted his musket and wondered "where was that relief." Then horses' hoofs in wild race pounded along the country road. Alert, the sentry sprang to the charge. "Halt!" The sudden challenge rang

ont elear. "'French Percy's' ours!" spoke Fourney to Jean.

"Halt, there!" sounded the second "All right, We surrender!" answered

Fourney. As he rode forward his tired horse stumbled and the pistol in his holster

CHAPTER XII. NTER!" cried Dubarre, as there came a knock at his prison

There was the sound without of a heavy bar being raised, the big doors swung open, and Sir Henry Percy stalked in. The Vicomte de St.

my cousin! The prison was the old waiting chamber at the castle. They called it | ried." the waiting chamber because of an ancient story that in the Roundhead days the Percy then at the head of the family retired to this room, swearing never to smile again or to move forth until the king over the water should come to his own. And that old Peres held to his oath and lived in that room, keeping always a weather eye open for the Roundhead invasion. And there one morning they found him dead. And so they called it the waiting chamber. At any rate, the room, with its barred, single stained glass window, its dark furnishing and somber hangings, well fitted the legend. It was lu this waiting chamber that a later generation of Percys had confined this second conqueror, who had come to his own from "over the water."

Sir Henry Percy stood in the middle of the floor, embarrassed, "I've come to see you," he said at last. His cousin smiled. "To lead me forth to the hangman? Truly, I'm honored." More embarrassed than ever,

the blunt old squire held out his hand. "No, to thank you for your noble, though misguided, defense of my daughter May. They've told me of it." It was the Frenchman's turn to be

"Misguided!" he cried, seizing his cousin's hand. "Why, sir, he put a breath of insult upon an angel." "Tut, tut, my boy!" answered Sir Henry hastily. "Twas but a lovers' quarrel, and since no great harm came of it I can the more rejoice, for it showed you can't hurt the old stock. You can't ruin a Percy, even if you

make him a Frenchman. That's why I am glad." And he slapped the dancing master on the shoulder right St. Croix was not so enthusiastic. "Harm enough for me," he said. "Sir

John dead, I am to be hanged." The squire only laughed delightedly. "No, no." he cried. "Your sword passed through the fleshy part of his passed through the fleshy part of his neck. The bilt struck him in the face and knocked him senseless. Zounds, of the morning quite drove the thought man, you did thrust bard! But now of eating from our minds." John is not much the worse and able to be about with his neck bound up and a splitting head. And as for me"-he paused to poke Dubarre in the ribs slyly-"I've come to get you out of

To hold a chance for life before a Eighty-sixth foot left the camp?" nan condemned to certain death is dangerous. Even the hardened "French Percy" gave a great gasp of joy.

"Me, free! Ah, monsieur-cousin-I do not understand!" he cried. Sir Henry was himself affected, "It means," he blurted huskily, "I could not let so plucky a Percy hang. Even if he is part Frenchman by birth, he must be a Percy true to run such risks to see his family home. And Captain Thorncliffe set the other story straight."

Then the old suring want on to tell.

Then the old squire went on to tell how Captain I horncliffe had explained that May's woman wit saw through the disguise of her cousin; that she came to warn him and was near to be: ing caught, and only to save him had

hidden in the clock. "It must have been sport for you," roared Sir Henry, finishing. "It was," answered his French relative dryly. Then he came back to the main subject. "But, Cousin' Henry,

how am I to get away?" "Trust me, my boy," laughed the squire. "We are guarding the door by to you." turns-Thorncliffe, John and I. 1 am on from 9 to 10 o'clock tonight. The soldiers who have been sent for cannot reach here before midnight. On my watch I will leave the bar up. About half past the hour you will hear me sing. Then slip out. Strike me, but not too hard, and I'll fall senseless and so remain for half an hour."

The eyes of the Vicomte de St. Croix sparkled. At the chance for life he "Mademoise" was again "French Percy," daring and "Can I procure a horse?" he asked

Sir Henry nodded. "My own pet hunter will be waiting near the lodge gate, a long cloak on the saddle, plsdow. Not a soul had been disturbed.

A number of horses stood within the stable. They picked the two best and stable. They picked the two best and blew his nose hard. He turned and blew his nose hard. had almost reached the door when the

my cousin May?"

"But could I not see her, thank her,

say farewell?" begged St Croix, his The other shook his head. "Not easily, but I can take a message of fare-

d diplomacy.
"Come, come, Mistress Courtleigh," he "Not farewell, but au revoir," an-swered the French cousin, smiling. Mistress Percy's father was more puzzled than ever oom at a time! I must ask you to step to take no chances." "What?" he asked.

The prisoner drew himself up and tain!" answered the girl, in mock re-"A St. Croix would reunite the Perbelifon, as, dropping her basket, she hurrled for the door. cys, cousin." And his meaning was

risked that for me! Even now,

love you and appreciate you."

"If all who love me are in France-

rushing to her cheeks; her bosom rose

cheap!" said St. Croix

tle sobs and murmurings of leve.

St. Croix nodded.

about his neck, a look and one word

"Do you think, dear, I can touch

"But, Gaston," she murmured pro-

He kissed her hair and her eyes be-

ended it-"sweetheart."

then indeed it was a useless throw!"

slowly, meaningly.

cause of me, you stand in the shadow

"They are necessary with desperate cutthroats," replied the captain stiffly, bowing her out. Then he turned, all For a full minute Sir Henry looked only blank. Then gradually the astounding proposition sifted through into his consciousness. An offer of marneed me," he said, "or the prisoner beriage from a Frenchman! His honest comes violent, call." English heart blazed fierce anger at the

the room heard the bar without fall Furiously he strode up to St. Creix and shook his fist in the face of that into place. Quickly May Percy turned with shy, sweet imp astonished young man, "You insolent Croix, holding out both hands. "Nowpuppy! You renegade! Love my now I can thank you, cousin."

He seized her hands and bent over daughter-my May! What do you

to kiss them fervidly. "And she loves me, I'll swear it!" was "Ah, mademoiselle-cousin"- and his the quick retort, for this bit of Engvoice shook. "You always so overpay lish steel, tempered in French fire, a service." He was standing close beseemed not to fear the hottest blast of side her, still holding her hands. British rage.

spoke very slowly.

very clear.

"You low brave!" roared Sir Henry. The other corrected him very quiet-"You forget, cousin, I'm a Percy My blood's as proud as yours. My mother was one of the older branch. There's no taint in the St. Croix line." Sir Henry tried vainly to emulate

his calmness. "By the eternal! I'm glad you told

me," he blurted. Then, rage swept, he continued furiously: "Do you think I'd let her marry you, a traitor outcast, an enemy of the king-you, who have English blood on your hands-you, a spy, a thief, who stole over here from Croix arose and bowed deeply. "Ah, France, plotting to rob me of my dearest treasure? But you'll never get her, for you'll be dead before she's mar-

> "Aye, that I will before she marries Wilmerding," interrupted St. Croix Sir Henry had as last secured rea-

> "Right you are," he sneered. "I'll have my friend the bishop over from Sir Harvey Johnston's tomorrow. Hanged you'll be, and we'll marry her to her true lover the day after." And with that parting shot the rag-

ing squire pounded on the door to be Utterly dejected, St. Croix threw himself in the only chair the waiting chamber afforded. Without he could hear the sound of the heavy bar falling into place and the loud voice of Sir Henry admonishing Captain Thorncliffe to "watch that cutthroat Frenchs man close."

CHAPTER XIII. AST into uttermost despair, St. Croix did not hear a modest knock upon his prison door. Again the knock was repeat-"Well, do you think I'm out?" he called impatiently. Then the bar was raised, the door opened slightly, and Cantain Thorneliffe's head and the called into the room. She came to wreck the lowers' regardless.

Captain Thornchine's n "May I come in, Colonel Lataple?" "Have I any choice, monsieur?" the prisoner retorted sarcastically. The Englishman's face hardened.

"Certainly I would not intrude if possible to avoid it, sir," he said Instantly, stung at his rudeness to

the man who so far as he could honorably had befriended him, the generous Frenchman sprang to his feet. Percy ran to the right hand wall. St. "Pardon, monsieur-pardon," he cried. Croix sprang after. Turning her back "A soldier should always be glad to sympathetically, Mistress Courtleigh

welcome a brother soldler. It felicimade a great ado at setting out the tates me to greet Captain Thorncliffe.' dishes upon the table. May Percy was fumbling at a panel in the wall. Now the captain entered smiling. "I feel I bring my welcome with me," he said, "as I am but the courier

St. Croix bowed. "I hope I've not caused you inconvenience, captain." The Englishman smiled. "Do you remember a misty dawn at a certain outpost in the Spanish hills, colonel, and how a returned soldier of the

"And you were that lieutenant!" exclaimed St. Croix joyfully. Then in the eloquent silence that followed Frenchman and Englishman,

victor and defeated in that old outpost duel, with hands tight clasped, looked into each other's eyes. "I always hoped he was but slightly

er I ever saw," replied the generous Englishman—"the man who held my life and let me go with but a trifling wound. I owe you something." Then, being English, he swallowed all his feelings to blurt out suddenly, "Where are those girls?"

**Costs twings to be swallowed as the conduction of the cost of the co Englishman-"the man who held my

"Girls!" exclaimed St. Croix, trying the door at 9 o'clock, then try it. I'll have my mare Nellie tied behind the lodge. Then—then"— Her arms stole hard to keep the joy out of his voice. Courtleigh. They've prepared your din-ner with their own hands and have been waiting an hour till Sir Henry should get out of the way to bring it they seemed to forget all else. Now

Even as the captain spoke May Percy and Mistress Courtleigh appeared at the door, carrying a basket large enough to hold dinner for half a company.

Do you think, dear, I can total the carry in the aven and lose it? There must be two horses. Nellie could not carry us both. We'll meet the ship at midnight close to him.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he exclaimed the priest an hour before."

"May we come in, captain?" asked Mistress Courtleigh gayly. The prisoner sprang toward them. May Percy let go one half the basket and stood looking fore he spoke.

at St. Croix. "Together, sweetheart, from this

time forward. Here or there?"
"There, there!" she cried impulsively "Mademoiselle," he began. "Cousin, if you please," she correct-

shall write you an invitation to the jed him and tried to look archness from "Then in the but at 9," And as misty eyes.
"Cousin-May." And at the tone ow-the shadow of Sir John Wilmerding-crossed the stained glass win-dow. Within the room they could Captain Thorncliffe and Mistress Courteigh looked quickly off, for it was as hough the two were alone and all oth- hear Captain Thorncliffe ask:

though the two were alone and an ers thousands of miles away. For the first time Captain Thorncliffe develop- are first time Captain Thorncliffe develop- I feared that Frenchman might estimated to put cape, Hal. And I've decided to put cried, "it's against all prison rules for my servant on guard here and stay in more than one visitor to be in this the room with him myself. It's best

"You must go at once," whispered "What dreadful, dreadful rules, cap. May Percy. "Hide in the passage. ain!" answered the girl, in mock re-Then Sir John, without, cried, alarmed, "Why, Hal, you've left the door ty.

open!" "Au revoir, sweetheart! Nine o'clock," uilitary, to Mistress Percy. "If you Croix prepared to step within the passage.

May Percy moved over to the big

A moment more and the pair within prison door. Standing there beside "But your life!" she cried. "You of an outrageous death. Oh!" She drew her hands away from him and began to walk up and down the room hurriedly. "I can't think of it! I must get you out some way. It's for that I am here—to help you back to France, to those you love and who "Mademoiselle." At his tone she paused, facing him. St. Croix came very close to her before he spoke, She tried to get away from the love in his eyes and could not. Then a great heart leap of joy sent crimson

and fell quickly; her eyes softened.
"You do-you mean" she murmured. St. Croix only took her in his arms and held her close, so close that she could just hear his half whisper—
"That gallows death hereafter—are as nothing if le bon Dieu but speak "Come back, you spy, or I'll stab her!" Mistress Courtleigh, she watched St. Croix. He was watching her. Suddenly, without slightest warnhis message of perfect love through

ing, the big door opened, and Sir John Wilmerding stepped quickly in. One glance showed all. Hate gave him you, mademoiselle!"

Once she looked up, and her eyes invited him. Slowly his head bent short hunting knife. Raising it, he

"My life for this!" he murmured, and their lips met. In a moment he "Come back, you spy, or I'll stab raised his head. "And, oh, how

"Gaston! Gaston!" May Percy's CHAPTER XIV. arms were about his neck, and she was AREFULLY St. Croix stepped kissing him convulsively between litback into the room. "No, no! Go on, Gaston!" A hurried knocking at the door exclaimed Mistress Percy hys dropped them from heaven to earth terically. But instead he closed the again. The lovers sprang apart: May panel after him with elaborate atten-Percy rushed to the table. Dubarre ion, then turned and bowed deeply to brought the basket, and between them "Monsieur has the advantage," sneer

they began setting out the lunch. The bar without was raised, the door shot ed the Frenchman, "for he fights with weapons which are impossible for a gentleman to use." And, saying this, the man thus brought suddenly back lovers' paradise to tell them that their time was up, for Sir John Wilmerding would come on guard in five "Have you shown him what you eyes against a murky outside through came for, May?" she asked, and then, blue stained glass.

seeing the girl smiling, trembling, blushing, Mistress Courtleigh under-Sir John released the girl and put up his knife. stood that the reason for their coming "I would thank Mistress Percy," he among other things had been forgotsaid, "for her valuable assistance in preventing the escape of so desperate "Quick!" she commanded, and May

ruffian. But your father would like to see you. Will you go to him?" He might have been a reptile, the girl drew back from him with such loathing, wiping her arm hard, as though his mere touch had defiled it. Without even a look for reply, she walked over and leaned against the "What is it?" asked St. Croix eamantel, a beautiful picture of col-

"A secret way!" she exclaimed. "Oh, where's that spring? I've known it since a child. Oh, that catch!" She "As you will," sniffed Sir John, and, jaunty now in spite of his bandaged was fumbling all over the panel exthroat and generally dilapidated appearance, he strode over to the pane "Quick! Quick!" cried Mistress to block up the only remaining way

Courtleigh from the table as there came a warning knock at the door.
"Does Captain Thorneliffe know?" of escape. But, try as he might, the Euglishman could not find the secret spring. All questioned St. Crolx.
"No, but at heart he'll be glad. Oh, over the panel he fumbled, poking this here it is!" Mistress Percy cried out joyfully as she touched a spring and a small door slid back. way and that at every suspicious knob and smooth place, but still the secret point eluded his hardest efforts. From "It's dark enough," smiled the lover, sniffing at the dank smell that came the window St. Croix watched him. To the Frenchman, defeated now at every turn, with his last card of luck out through the narrow patch of blackplayed out, it was the time for utter spair. Dejectedly he turned from "Yes, and small." continued May Percy. "Part of the way you must crawl. I've been through. It comes out at a big oak near the little lodge-our lodge, you know." Sir John and started toward the chair beside the table near the center of the room. As he moved he thrust one hand carelessly into the pocket of his

coat-the coat once worn by Jacques Fourney, the spy.

May Percy, watching his face as

began to glide slowly, cautiously to-ward the chair. Sir John, fumbling at the panel, saw ended it—"sweetheart."

He held her to him, and straightway was directly behind him now, still moving toward the chair.

"I hope his wound does not trouble monsieur extremely," ventured St. Croix over his right shoulder as he

aloud, "you have dropped your hand-kerchief—permit me." Then, as their hands met over the dainty bit of lace. the girl felt her fingers pressed with sudden ardor.

"Trust me," he whispered low, and

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

C.M.R.'s Are Now Preparing to Go Into Camp on September 3rd.

The officers and non-commissioned | next for a period of twelve day. A officers are now undergoing a course few recruits are still wanted to fill of instruction conducted by Capt. up the ranks. Each troop lieutenant Bell and Sergt, Instructor Dougher- has been and is still recruiting men for his troop.

The officer commanding has receiv- This will be the last opportunity ed instructions from headquarters in for men to join before this camp and and with a hasty snatched kiss St. Winnipeg that the squadron will com- those who are desirous of joining had nence its annual camp on Sept. 3rd better do so at once.

LONGEST BRIDGE

three hundred feet above the surface to its great height, will be unequall- the judge and court officials for the ed in bridge building. The cpur district. structure will be carried on great I have the honor to be, steel girders, which will rest on very strong piers.

ARCOLA GETS THE SEAT

Arcola, Aug. 20.-In the following letter to Editor McLeod of Arcola, Premier Scott hands out the deciion of the government respecting the annington Judicial seat:

Regina, August 12, '07. D. McLeod, Esq., Arcola. Sir,-Respecting the slection of the Pharmacy Stores.

indicial centre for the proposed new Cannington district I have the honor Contracts for the longest high to inform you that after very carebridge in the world was awarded by ful consideration on the question Canadian Pacific Railway Co. The from all points of view, which evolved study of many representations Bridge is to be on the Crow's Nest sent us from various parts of the dis-Pass branch and will cross the Belly trict and information furnished us giver. It will be over a mile in leng- otherwise as well as obtained by the th, and the centre will rise nearly attorney general on his recent personal visit to several competitive points, the government upon the recof the water. The bridge crosses at ommendation of the Attorney Genera place where there are high and al, have decided to name the town of steep banks on each side, and, owing Arcola as the place of residence of

Sir. Your obedient servant WALTER SCOTT. Premier of Saskatchewan,

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass-jars 50 cents. Sold by the Regina

glance showed all. Hate gave him wif. Springing to May Percy's side, he seized the girl and whipped out his Farmers!

We have arranged to accommodate farmers

who wish to borrow money on easy terms.

dow, where he stood drumming his fingers on the sill and straining his Trusts Corporation

are big money lenders in the west, and we are agents here at the Provincial headquarters of

Correspondence Solicited, or call at

the large concern.

'The West' Building, Rose Street

P.O. BOX 394, ..

lhe only a loving woman watches, caught the sudden lightning look of joy that flashed upon it and was as quickly gone. With his eyes he told her to come to him, and, understanding, she been to glide slowly cautionally to Agency

Haultain & Cross,

Solicitors,

REGINA

BRING YOUR PRINTING TO

"The West" Job Department

No Order Too Large

No Order Too Small