picions he had formed as to the
ssessor of the portmanteau which
onsieur Leblanc was taking back to
nsley.

nce had another short colloquy with
own driver, as soon as he had as-
tained that the other fly had taken
e Densley road.

"Do you know of a short cut to
nsley?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. There's one across the
lds. But it's for foot passengers; not
r horses."

James Ince asked for the direction,
d when the fly had reached the spot
here the path across the fields began,
and Miss Densley and Saunders got
t of the vehicle and started at a rapid
ce by the short cut, in order to reach
ss Grey's cottage before Monsieur Le-
anc and his unknown companion.

The fly was to come on slowly, and to
ait at a point outside the village in
se it should be wanted.

Ince had St. Quintin's overcoat on his
rm, and led the way at a flying pace,
hile "Miss Densley" proved almost
qually fleet of foot, and the tall, mus-
lar-looking Saunders brought up the
ear not many feet away. In silence
hey went, just able to pick their way
cross a country that was fortunately
ery open by the light of a misty moon.

They succeeded in reaching Densley
efore the appearance of the fly which
ontained Monsieur Leblanc and his
ompanion, and they dashed up to the
ottage, where there was a light burn-
g in the top front room.

They knocked, and James Ince, think-
g that the solitary female occupant
light, perhaps, be alarmed to see so
any nocturnal visitors, directed Saun-
ers to take up a position at the rear
f the cottage, where he would be want-
d later, if things turned out as ex-
pected.

Then Ince and his pretty girl com-
anion waited for a few moments, until
hey heard a female voice on the other
de of the front door.

"Who is it?" asked the voice querul-
usly.

"It's I. Don't you remember Miss
ensley?" said the girl.

Miss Grey drew back the bolts and let
er and her companion in at once.

"Lor, Miss Densley, I've had such a
ay of it, with gentlemen coming and
oing! And I thinking you and Ma-
ame weren't come after all! Where is
he now?"

"I've not come with Madame Le-
blanc," answered the girl, quickly, with
n involuntary shudder.

"Well, come in and go upstairs. I've
ot your room ready."

And Miss Grey turned curiously to
he gentleman by her side.

"And who is this gentleman?"

"My name is Ince. I've come to try
o find a friend of mine, Mr. St. Quin-
in. Have you seen anything of him?"

"Mr. St. Quintin! Oh, dear, yes. He's
been in and out all the afternoon. He
and Monsieur Leblanc and Mr. Wil-
liams."

"Mr. Williams, eh?"

Both Ince and the girl turned curi-
ously at the name. This was the man
then, who had been spoken of as her
guardian, the man on whose opinion so
much depended. They looked at each
other.

"Well, I want to meet them when
they come back. They told me they
should come here," said Ince to Miss
Grey.

She frowned and looked worried.

"Oh no, not here," she said. "They've
gone away for good, as I understand.
They've been about all the evening, as
I say, smoking and drinking and going
in and out. But they're gone now,
thank goodness. I hope I'm not offend-
ing you, sir, but really there was such
a commotion going on, what with them
and Mr. St. Quintin, that I'm very glad
to have the house quiet again."

"They're coming back, though," said
Ince, quietly. "And now, Miss Grey,
I want you to help me, if you can, by
letting me know all you can about their
doings this afternoon. I'm sorry to say
there's a doubt about them being all
that one would wish them to be, and
that we may want very particularly to
know all about them."

Miss Grey, an elderly woman of the
small farmer class, looked at him
shrewdly.

"I knew there was something wrong
about them," she said sharply. "And
if they come back here, I shan't let
them in—begging your pardon, Miss
Densley, for having to say such a
thing of your own uncle."

"He's not my uncle," said the girl.
"And I've just found out that my
name's not Densley at all."

Again Miss Gray looked shrewd, and
Ince broke in:

"When they come back, as they will,
I want you to show them into a room,
and I want you to lock up this coat
somewhere in it. They'll ask for it,
and you will say Mr. Ince left it for
them."

"And you're sure they'll come back?"
asked Miss Grey, apprehensively.

"Quite sure."

"And will they go away again?"

"I don't know. But I should think
so. Now will you tell me when you
last saw Mr. St. Quintin?"

"He left here at 8 o'clock for Don-
caster," she said, "and the other two
gentlemen began to shift a lot of
their heavy luggage from here to the
Red Lion. At least, that was what
they said they were going to do, but
they didn't go to the Red Lion, I
noted. They went the other way, to-
ward the back of the park."

Her hearers listened breathless.

"And presently," she went on, "Mr.
St. Quintin came back from Doncas-
ter, and asked for the gentlemen.
And I told him they were out and he
went the same way as they did, and
I've never set eyes on him since. But
I fancy they must, some of them, have
been looking over the big house,
Densley Place, for I saw lights in the
windows, and there's no caretaker
lives in the house."

James Ince uttered a low cry. "Miss
Densley" looked at him with wild eyes.
Miss Grey went on:

"Monsieur Leblanc and Mr. Williams
came back presently, and they brought
Mr. St. Quintin's coat, and said he was
gone to meet the ladies; but as Mr. Wil-
liams had to go back to London then
couldn't wait to see them, but would
pass them on the road, they said, and
give Mr St. Quintin his coat."

"Let us go to the house. I know the
way," said the girl, breathlessly, read-
ing aright the anxiety in her compan-
ion's eyes.

James Ince nodded.

"Yes," said he; "we'll go there togeth-
er if you know the way. How shall we
get in?"

"We'll manage it somehow," said the
girl, who was in a fever of nameless
dread. Ince turned to Miss Grey.

"Show me the sitting room where you
will bring these gentlemen," said he.

She led him into the little room where
they had all sat that evening. The fire
was low and the lamp turned down, but
there was light enough for him to see
that the little window was shuttered
and barred and that there was a key in
the lock of the door. He transferred it
from inside to outside.

"Now," said he, quickly, to Miss Grey,
"show them into the room and tell them
you have put the coat in the cupboard.
See, I'll put it in here."

As he spoke he opened the door of the
cupboard by the fireplace, placed the
coat inside, turned the key in the lock
and then taking the key out gave it to
Miss Grey.

"They will ask for the key of the cup-
board," said he, "and you will say you
have it and will fetch it. And when you
leave them just lock them in and go
into the front garden and beckon to the
man you will find there hiding behind
the bushes."

Miss Grey looked alarmed, but she
was no coward, and she only asked:

"And who's to pay for the damage if
there's any done, for I suppose, sir,
you're connected with the police?"

"I'll undertake to pay for all damage
done," said Ince, not undeceiving her
about the other part of her speech.
"And now we must go."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

DEATH OF A. P. KETCHEN

Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture Has Sudden Call at Creelman.

It was quite a shock to the citizens of Regina when word reached the city on Saturday last of the sudden death at Creelman of Mr. A. P. Ketchen, Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture.

In company with Mr. Angus Mackay, director of the Indian Head Experimental Farm, Mr. Ketchen was attending a plowing match and general agricultural fete day held under the auspices of the local agricultural society at Creelman. Having completed his work of judging, Mr. Ketchen and Mr. Mackey were being hurriedly driven back to town in order to reach there before a storm which was seen approaching. About fifteen minutes after leaving the grounds, Mr. Ketchen complained of an intense pain in the head, and almost immediately sank into a comatose condition. On reaching town he was put to bed in the hotel, and Dr. Mahan of Fillmore, who happened to be in Creelman, was called. His services, however, proved unavailing as Mr. Ketchen sank into complete unconsciousness from which he never recovered, and died shortly after ten o'clock Friday night.

Meanwhile news of his illness had been communicated to Regina and Mrs. Ketchen was informed. Shortly afterwards telegraphic communication was interrupted by a severe storm so that it was impossible to get any further information, and news of the death did not reach the city until late on Saturday morning, and Mrs. Ketchen did not know of it until, accompanied by Dr. Charlton, she reached Creelman on the morning train, when the sad news was broken to her by Mr. Angus Mackay.

The body was brought to Regina on Saturday and the funeral service which took place on Sunday afternoon was of a most impressive character, being conducted by Wascana Lodge, A.F. & A.M., deceased being a member of the Masonic order. Over 100 Freemasons were in the procession which, after assembling at the Temple, proceeded to the residence of the deceased on Smith St. After a short service conducted by Rev. Mr. Henry of Knox Presbyterian church, the beautiful Masonic ritual appropriate to the occasion was carried out by W. Bro. L. T. Macdonald, W.M. and the brethern present. The procession was then formed and proceeded to Knox church, where a short religious service was held, in the course of which the anthem arrangement of Rock of Ages was beautifully rendered by the choir and a short and appropriate address delivered by Mr. Henry. The pallbearers were: W. Bros. W. Mollard, W. M. Martin, E. B. Hutcherson, A. Sheppard, A. M. Fenwick and J. R. C. Honeyman. After the service the procession accompanied the body back to the house and on Monday morning it was taken east under the personal care of Mrs. Ketchen and Dr. Ballagh of the departmental staff. The coffin bore many beautiful floral tributes from loving friends, prominent among which was a beautiful wreath from the members of the Department of Agriculture.

Hon. Walter Scott, Hon. W. R. Motherwell and Hon. J. A. Calder attended the funeral on behalf of the government.

The deceased deputy commissioner was well known throughout the west, having been at one time assistant live stock commissioner and later editor of the Nor'West Farmer. The latter position he assumed on the appointment of its former occupant, George Harcourt, B.S.A. to the position of superintendent of farmers' Institutes for the North-West Territories. Mr. Ketchen was appointed to the position he occupied at the time of his decease about eighteen months ago, and though much of the work was new to him, he entered upon it with zeal and carried it on with credit to himself and the department. Unfortunately he did not enjoy very robust health and to some extent this probably accounts for his sudden death which was caused by a cerebral hemorrhage thought to have been induced by the excessive heat on Friday.

In Mr. Ketchen the province loses the services of one of the best all-round live stock men and judge of horses in Canada, and a modest, capable and conscientious official.

Killing Time in Toronto

The following incident reported in The Toronto News did not it is needless to say, take place in Regina:

Making ropes of sand has never been regarded as a paying proposition, but this is a "cinch" compared to a new-found occupation. Of the hundreds who cross Yonge street tracks on their way to and from the boats few have missed the humor of a unique spectacle the last last few days. A little east of Yonge and above the railway tracks was to be seen a man standing in the middle of a miniature lake trying to lift, transport and annihilate this pond by means of a small shovel. The drain stood several inches above the water level, and this enterprising laborer was not daunted by this trifling obstacle. What did he care if the puddle extended fifty feet by twenty, and was a foot deep in places? He was supremely self-satisfied. Now and again, when his hand was exceptionally steady he would manage to scoop out a large spoonful. At other times, the shovel would reach the drain quite empty. Yet it was touching to see the workman ply this primitive labor with all the pride of an epoch-making inventor.

"There's what I like to see," exclaimed an admiring spectator; "there's a man not afraid to work."

"Here is an industrious chap worth knowing." The News reporter thought, opening a conversation from the shore.

"Do you expect to scoop this pond out with a shovel?" was the first query.

"No!" the scowling laborer thundered.

"What's the good of all your work then?"

"Dunno but I done it other mornings, too."

The News looked mystified, wondering who had money to burn, or rather pour it away.

"It's the city's job you know," volunteered the alleged worker.

Then all was clear.

The G. T. P.

(We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.—Ed.)

(To the Editor, The West.)

Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

Dear Sir,—I enclose copy of correspondence between myself and the above company, from which you will see that I have been denied the ordinary privilege of a shareholder, viz: a copy of the list of shareholders or an inspection of the Register of the same.

You will also observe that the secretary of the above company has informed me, in his letter dated the 1st inst.:

"that as the company does not come under the English Limited Liabilitity Acts, I am unable to comply with your request to be allowed to inspect the Register."

and in a further letter, dated 22nd.

"I have laid your letter of the 9th inst. before the Board, and I am directed to inform you that they are not prepared to supply you with a list of the shareholders."

Notwithstanding the above statement, which I have no doubt is technically correct, the Grand Trunk Directors are all resident in England and make their appeals for financial support to Englishmen, and govern and manage the company from England, yet do not, when it does not suit their purpose, hold themselves amenable to the ordinary laws governing companies in England, viz.: the right of a shareholder to inspect and obtain a copy of the list of shareholders.

In these circumstances, I am unable to send my fellow shareholders the circular (copy enclosed herewith) which I had prepared to send them, following the strong expressions of approval given by the press and shareholders to the reform I advocated at the yearly meeting held, April 9th last.

I intend to send to every shareholder in the above company a copy of this circular, but the Directors, apparently fearing this, have adopted the policy of refusing me the necessary list of shareholders.

Apologising for trespassing on your space, and trusting that you will publish this letter, as also the enclosed circular, and, if possible, a copy of the correspondence between the secretary of the Grand Trunk Railway and myself in an early issue, I remain,

Yours faithfully,
JAMES FAIRBAIRN.

52, Russell Square,
London, W.C., 30th May, '08.

(Owing to pressure on our space, we are unable to publish the correspondence referred to by Mr. Fairbairn.—Ed.)

THE BARNACLED CIRCUS

The circus that's billed as the
"greatest of shows;"
The dust and the din and the benches
that jerk us
Each time that the peanut man
stands on our toes,
The clowns and the freaks and the
faikers that work us,
The pink lemonade and the lemon
skin ring,
The rancid peanuts, but hurrah for
the circus!
The old-fashioned circus that greets
us each spring!

—Chicago News.

BITTEN BY CAT

The little two-year old boy of A. Fuller of Prince Albert, was bitten by a cat while playing in the yard. The cat chewed up the little fellow's arm in a horrible manner. The cat acted very strangely, and Dr. David, who attended the boy, fears hydrophobia. The cat's head was sent to a Regina specialist who wired that it was best to take no chances as the case looked suspicious.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Walter Lynch one of the best known stockmen of Manitoba died last week. He was chairman of the Manitoba Agricultural College board.

SECURING A BANK

Members of Grain Growers Co. Pushing the Home Bank.—Farmers Taking Stock.

On Saturday afternoon John Kennedy, vice president of the Grain Growers' Grain Co., addressed a public meeting at Souris, Man., on the question of banking, and explained the action of the company in securing a block of Stock in the Home Bank and urged on the farmers and business men to subscribe for shares in that bank and thus become independent of other banking institutions. He also explained how a local branch of the bank could be secured for Souris and the following resolution was unanimously passed: "Resolved that this meeting declare itself in favor of the plan explained by Mr. Kennedy, of the Grain Growers Grain Co., in reference to the subscription for shares and the establishment of a branch of the Home Bank in Souris and would recommend that steps be taken to secure the sale of sufficient shares to secure the establishment of such branch."

Before the meeting closed quite a number of farmers subscribed for shares and J. G. Moffat was appointed local agent.

SECRETARY TAFT

Mail and Empire.

If William H. Taft realizes his ambitions, he will have one claim at least to distinction when compared with any of his predecessors at the White House. He will be the biggest president the United States ever had. Just how many stone over 300 pound he weighs is a matter upon which the secretary preserves a dignified silence, but it is safe to say that he weighs as much as you and your neighbor put together. His too solid flesh has been the subject of considerable mirth, official and otherwise, and the cartoonists have made it as conspicuous as the gleaming teeth of President Roosevelt, or the lutting jaw of Speaker Cannon.

Even so grave a gentleman as Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, once made a joke at Mr. Taft's expense. He was said Mr. Justice Brewer, the politest of men. "Why," he explained, "I once saw him give up his seat to three ladies" Secretary of State Root is credited with an official jibe at his ponderous colleague. The latter was in the Philippines, and on the occasion of an important journey, wired to Washington:

"Arrived safe and sound after riding one hundred miles muleback."

Mr. Root telegraphed back:

"Congratulate you. How is the mule?"

The Democratic cartoonists depict Mr. Taft as a steam roller. When he was a boy he was called "Lead head and cotton body," because of his unfortunate propensity for landing on his head whenever he fell.

The New York Tribune loyally insists that the secretary is not a soft man physically, and gives illustrations of his prowess. In his college days it appears he was a fine wrestler, and it even goes to cite an authority to the effect that Mr. Taft is a better put up man than John L. Sullivan, the authority being Mr. Taft, senior. His modesty in not claiming that his son could "lick" Sullivan is striking. Mr. Taft like many fat people, was a fine dancer, and quick on his feet. He could use his fists, and it is on record that he stretched out a powerfully built stone mason with one blow. The mason's offence lay in intimidating voters at a polling booth where Taft was a scrutineer.

It is not every judge who has the moral courage to fine his own father-in-law, but on one occasion Mr. Taft as judge, decided against John W. Herron, his father-in-law, much to the latter's annoyance. He appealed the case and lost. Judge Taft on another occasion, nearly fined Myron T. Herrick, one of his great friends, who afterwards became governor of Ohio. Merrick, as receiver for a railroad paid $80,000 to certain shippers but was able to show Judge Taft that the payment was an obligation he had inherited. According to the Tribune, Mr. Taft's appointment to the Philippines was forced upon him. When asked by President McKinley to accept the post, he said: "Why, I am not the man you want. To begin with I never approved of keeping the Philippines." Whereupon McKinley told him not to worry about that as he didn't approve either.

Lyman Abbott once described Mr. Taft as "a great brain and a great heart in a great body." It is certain that he is a good natured man, fond of laughter and not hunting trouble. He is held responsible for the sounds of mirth that so often came from the president's office in Washington. It is a wonder that he has escaped having the nickname "Little Sunshine" tacked on him. He has been called the "merry candidate" and his jovial manner and friendly handshake justify it. He has the humorous point of view, which is much better than being the author of frequent bon mots.

Although his brother Charles is a millionaire, the secretary is said to be a poor man, and, by the way, have you ever heard of a political candidate laying much stress on the fact that he is a sale distance from the workhouse? It is said that when Mr. Taft returned from the Philippines he had only $1,500 to his name and that when he and Mrs. Taft took their trip around the world "Mr. Secretary" had to act as his wife's maid.

Brush Cutter

Gus. E. Roose, of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, is the inventor of a new machine now being placed on the market and that is known as the Roose Brush Cutter. It is a triangular platform on wheels to which is attached a heavy knife seven feet long set at an angle of forty-five degrees. To resist the side pressure of the knife as it strikes the brush the rear wheels are flanged and shaped much like the discs of a harrow. It is claimed that the work already performed by this machine is truly marvellous, and that it solves the problem of removing brush from the lann at a low cost. A correspondent in a recent issue of the settler independent says:

"With it and a team two men can cut as much brush in a day as twenty men could by hand. Not only does it cut small young trees, but large willows four and five inches thick fall before it as grass before a mower. It also cuts close to the ground. One man on the platform drives the horses, while the other fellow removes the brush, so that the horses can readily pass over the ground on the next swath.

"When one considers the immense quantity of splendid land throughout the west that is now practically useless on account of the brush, it is easy to see that this machine will be a great boon to the western farmer. Without a doubt it will increase the value of the land from $5 to $10 an acre.

"We understand that demonstrations will be given in a great many of the towns of Alberta and Saskatchewan as soon as sufficient machines can be manufactured and that the machine will be on exhibition at the Dominion Fair in Calgary.—Nor-West Farmer.

Minnesota Cyclone

Clinton, Minn., June 28.—Six persons are dead, one missing and very nearly two score injured, at least ten of them seriously, and the residence section of the town is in ruins as the result of a cyclone which hit here about 5.45 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Twenty houses were blown over, a combination train carried bodily off the track, and 17 passengers injured. Outside of the Advertizer printing office, which was completely destroyed the business section of the town suffered little damage, and loss of life, limb and property was confined to the residential portion of the place. The surrounding country in the path of the storm suffered great loss.

The entire west side of the village which had a population of 500 people, is flattened to the ground, nothing in the path of the storm withstanding the fury of the violently whirling eddy. The cyclone's path covered an area of about six miles long and one-half mile wide, was literally swept clean of human beings livestock and property. Nothing remains to mark the former sites of the cozy little homes and modest buildings, but razed, splintered heaps of debris.

Akoos Wins Race

(Continued from page 1.)

Victoria avenue was reached. Victoria avenue was followed east to Rose street, and a home stretch of three blocks was taken to the finishing post in front of the Standard office.

The Indian won the Kelly prize for crossing the bridge first as well as the cup.

About fifty minutes after the start a stir was caused by two runners returning and it was thought that the racers had returned. However, it was only D. R. Patti and F. G. McDonald, two of those who had started, but not going all the way, had returned.

The runners finished as follows:

1. Paul Akoos, Grenfell, 1 hr., 4 min. 6 sec.
2. E. M. Groutage, Moose Jaw, 1 hr. 13 min. 2 sec.
3. J. W. Hawthorn, Moose Jaw, 1 hr. 15 min 4 sec.
4. A. Birtwhistle, R.N.W.M.P., 1 hr. 16 min. 1 sec.
5. A. Ritter, Regina, 1 hr. 17 min. 4 sec.
6. J. W. Lewis, Regina, 1 hr. 19 min. 3 sec.
7. E. Jarvis, Regina.

The officials of the race were:

Cup trustees: J. F. Bole, M.L.A., J. G. Black, W. M. Williamson.

Starter: Jas. Balfour.

Judges at finish: H. F. Myston, J. Allan Wetmore.

Clerk of course: Ger. R. Whitmore

Timekeepers: S. Golder and Jas. McAra.

For the next provincial elections in Saskatchewan several names are mentioned as likely candidates for the constituency of Lumsden. With the exception of one none are very popular, although old residents. Wouldn't be surprised to hear of a former Lumsdenite appearing at the convention whose name has been frequently spoken of.—News-Record.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

The general disposition of the politicians at Ottawa is faithfully expressed in Mr. Fisher's bill to reform the civil service. It will be admitted that the system of competitive examinations is distasteful to patronage-mongers in parliament and patronage traders in constituencies. In particular there would be fierce objection to any system of independent control of the outside service. Probably the outside service is the seat of the graver evils of patronage. It is there that the patronage committees chiefly operate. It is over the local offices that the mercenary element organises to control party conventions, and to send obedient instruments to the house of commons. Hence, the Fisher bill excludes the outside service from its operations, and leaves this whole great field of patronage subject to party control.

It cannot be doubted that the great independent body of the people dislike the whole patronage business, and would support the government in a far more radical measure of reform than is now proposed. Why then does the government hesitate to consult the sounder and more progressive opinion of the country? Why does it content itself with a half-way measure? Why is the outside service left to the mercy of the patronage element? Why are the commissioners vested only with the authority of deputy-ministers, and made substantially servants of the administration, instead of independent officers, subject only to the authority of parliament, and competent to guarantee the absolute independence of the civil service? It is easy to supply the information. The government serves the party first and the country second. It is ready to take chances with the independent electors in order to ensure the support of the more extreme partisan element. It will fight for its partisans. It will not advance one step further than partisan safety permits in order to accomplish a great and thorough reform, and heal a noxious sore in the public life of the country.

In this subservience to partisan considerations lies the despair of reformers, and the strength of mercenaries and corruptionists. It is this slavish obedience to party which explains the Patronage List, with its bald corruptions and daily robbery of taxpayers. It is this devotion to party which leads to obstruction in parliamentary committees, and the protection of thieves and rascals. It is this which fills the senate with docile partisans, defeats the intentions of the fathers who founded the constitution, and makes the upper chamber an instructed agent of the administration. It is this which protects unworthy ministers from the penalties of inefficiency and misdoing and blocks all thorough inquiry into feebleness and rascality in the public departments. It is this which excuses corruption in elections, and explains the angry defence of graft and waste by the responsible guardians of the public honor and the responsible trustees of the public interest and the public property.

The attitude is wholly mischevous and absolutely inconsistent with all the sound principles of free government. It was not intended that the government should be a league of plunder, but an organisation for the furtherance and protection of public welfare. It is reasonable to expect that the government will be as eager as the opposition to check waste and punish wrongdoing. It is natural to think that it would sweep technicalities aside, deal mercilessly with attempts at obstruction, drive unfaithful officials out of the public service, and hold all other considerations as secondary to its own honor and the reputation and welfare of the country.

No obligation rests upon the prime minister to protect incompetent or dishonest officials. It is a criminal notion of loyalty which leads governments to prefer the ease, safety and dignity of its partisans to the interests of the people and the honor of the nation. The Patronage List, which reserves public contracts and the sale of supplies for supporters of the government, with the extortion, collusion and infinite dishonesties which are rooted in the system, outrages the basic principles of responsible government, and denies the equal citizenship which is the very foundation of democracy.

A partisan civil service is essentially founded on the notion that the party is superior to the nation, and that the first duty of the King's ministers is to employ the public offices and the public resources for the benefit of ruling politicians. These notions persisted since confederation, and the government now in office at Ottawa has developed the system into a science which was hardly approached by any of its predecessors. We have broken down the forms upon which the Old Family Compact governed, and the memory of those iniquities drives Mr. Aylesworth to the verge of tears, and moves Sir Wilfrid Laurier to press his hand upon his breast in majestic expostulation. But still the old spirit lives and thrives and the practical results of the old system are avariciously harvested by the Liberal successors of Mackenzie and Bidwell and Baldwin. It is time to issue a new call to freedom, and finally to close with ballots the great contest which was begun with bullets.

All over this country there are young men, yet full of the eager and disinterested enthusiasm of youth, and inspired by high and ingenious zeal to conquer a proud destiny for the land of their birth and affection. To these may be joined the increasing number of Canadian citizens in all the provinces who have grown restless under the slavery of party when party means an agency of extravagance and jobbery and a refuge for abuses. United in a generous determination to restore conditions of political equality, to establish the independence of the civil service, to end party ownership of the public offices and the public resources, and to establish equal and honest dealing with public supplies and public contracts, they can hold the balance of power and determine the electoral result in two-thirds of the constituencies of Canada.—Toronto News.

Get my "Book No. 4 For Women." It will give weak women many valuable suggestions of relief—and with strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Simply write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Book No. 4 tells all about Dr. Shoop's Night Cure and how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories can be successfully applied to correct these weaknesses. Write for the book. The Night Cure is sold by the Regina Pharmacy Stores.

Ex-President's Funeral

New York, June 28.—With a simplicity befitting his final life as a country gentleman, Grover Cleveland ex-president of the United States, was buried at six o'clock this evening in the unpretentious cemetery at Princeton, N.J. From the time the service began at Westland until the body was lowered in the grave, less than an hour elapsed. There was no sermon of eulogy from any of the four well known ministers officiating. Rev. Henry Van Dyke read Wadsworth's famous poem. Not a musical note, vocal or instrumental, was sounded at either service. President Roosevelt came by special train, but he came as a private citizen, as likewise did Governor Hughes, of New York; Governor Fort of New Jersey; Governor Hope Smith of Georgia, and many other prominent men were also present. President Roosevelt showed more outward signs of emotion than most of those attending. Several companies of New Jersey militia were on hand to do guard duty, but Mrs. Cleveland forbade a military funeral.

Kennell

A game of football was played here on Saturday evening between Tregarva and the Northern Lights. The game was close, but the Tregarva boys won out the score being 2-0. Ernest Seed refereed the game to the satisfaction of both teams.

The crops in this vicinity are looking well. The wheat is in the shot blade and will be headed out about the 15th of July. Some of the wheat measures 42 inches. A sample from the farm of Wm. Conbin measured that this week.

Haying will be the order of the day in about a week.

Alfred James O'Brien has been appointed fire guardian for this district.

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Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of liniments and they did me no good.

One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on flannels and applied on my chest, cured me completely.

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Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold only—you should always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated bronchial tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a stupefying poison. It's strange how some things finally come about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cough mixtures or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now—a little late though—Congress says "Put it on the label, if poisons are in your Cough Mixture." Good! Very good!! Hereafter for this very reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chances then, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

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