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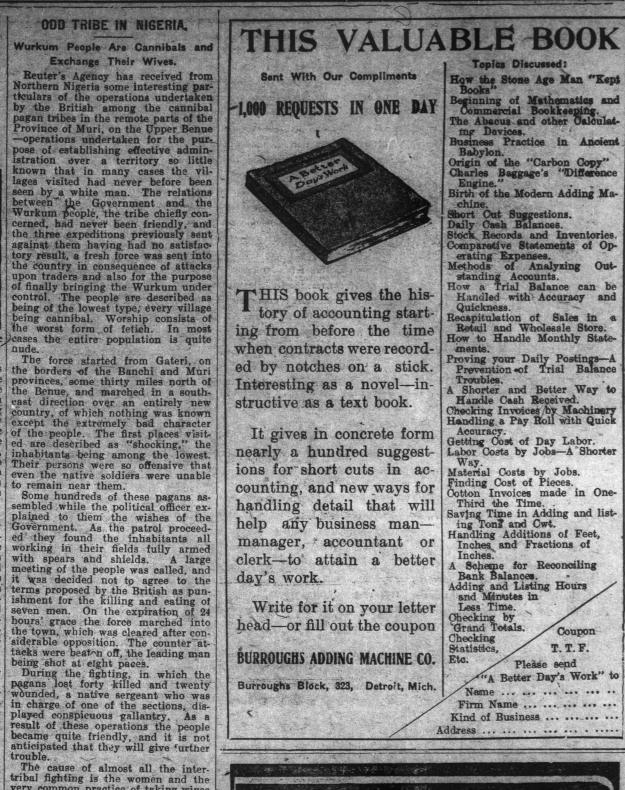
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## THE WEST, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN.





quickly and low. "I'm seeking a man's life in this exdition," she said. "It's his or mine before we part." "I don't blame you for that." "Oh, no!" The reply sounded almost contemptuous; at least it showed plainly that her conscience was not trou bled. "And he won't blame me either When he sees me, he'll know what it means." "And, in fact, I intend to help. So do we all: I think." "It was our oath in Volseni." she answered. "They think monseigneur will sleep the better for it. But I know well that nothing troubles monseigneur's sleep. And I'm so selfish that I wish he could be troubled-yes, troubled about me; that he could be riding in the spirit with us tonight, hoping for our victory, yet very anxious, very anxious about me; that I could still bring him joy and sorrow, grief and delight. I can't desire that monseigneur should sleep so well. They're kinder to him-his own folk of Volseni. They aren't jealous of his sleep-not jealous of the peace of death. But I'm very jealous of it. I'm to him now just as all the rest are. I, too, am nothing to monseigneur now." "Who knows? Who can know?" said Dunstanbury softly. His attempted consolation, his invoking of the old persistent hope, the sav ing doubt, did not reach her heart. In her great love of life the best she could ask of the tomb was a little memory there. So she had told monseigneur. Such was the thought in her heart tonight. She was jealous and forlorn because of the silent darkness which had wrapped her lover from her sight and so enveloped him. He could not even ride with her in the spirit on the night when she went forth to avenge the death she mourned! The night broke toward dawn, the horizon grew gray. Lukovitch drew in his rein, and the party fell to a gentle trot. Their journey was almost done Presently they halted for a few minutes, while Lukovitch and Peter Vassip double row of low trees which marked "What of the farmer?" asked Dunstanbury. and his wife," said Lukovitch. "There's this time. only the pair of them. They keep the lock and have a few acres of pasture land to eke out their living. They'll give us no trouble. If they do, we can lock them in and turn the key. Then we can lie quiet in the barn. With a bit of close packing it'll take us all. Peter Vassip and I will be lock keepers if But Danstanbury pressed him down which he afterward sold for \$50,000.

"This is

W. N. U. NO. 773.

A Remarkable Record. Few living peers have changed their names as often as the Earl of An-caster. Born Gilbert Heathcote, he succeeded his father as second Lord Aveland at the age of thirty-seven. Twenty years later, on the death of his mother, he became the twenty-fourth Baron Willoughby de Ersby, and finally, in 1892, was created Earl of Ancaster. His pedigree goes back to the Conquest and to Anarawd, King of Wales, and one of his ancestors was Lord Mayor of London in 1711. The boy is the father of the man. The boy that learns to be a gentle-man in his sports, that can trust him-celf in a crowd, and that would scorn to win by unfair means, has already laid the foundations of good allians. laid the foundations of good citized ship.—Sentinel-Review, Woodstock 

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How Could He Do It. "Dear me," gasped Mrs. Hollonut, here's a terrible item in the paper. My word, how the poor man have suffered !"

'Well, what is it?" asked the hus

"Why, one of those unfortu Marathon runners over in New York swallowed a sponge."

"What? Let me see." After carefully reading the paragraph, Mr. Hollonut fung the paper down. "There never was a woman yet who could grasp a simple fact in print. This doesn't say the fellow swallowed a sponge." "I know it doesn't in those exact words," assented his wife; "but, then, how on earth could the poor man throw up the sponge if he didn't swal-low it?" "What? Let me see." After

When a woman is in doubt she usually chooses the more article.-Detroit Free Press. expensive



