

There is Only One
GLYCERINE PUMICE
 that perfectly cleanses without injury.
 10c PER CAKE
 The Toilet Soap that Cleans.
 Made by
THE YOUNG THOMAS SOAP CO., LTD., REGINA.

A Prince of Sinners
 By E. Phillips Oppenheim
 Author of "The Treason," "The Sorcerer," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," etc.

Chapter V—Continued.
 "I must eat, mother, or starve," Sybill declared. "I have never been so hungry."
 A somewhat ponderous lady, who was the wife of a bishop, felt bound to express her disapproval.
 "Do you really think, dear," she said, "that you are wise in encouraging a charity which is not in any way under the control of the Church?"
 "Oh, isn't it?" Sybill remarked. "I'm sure I didn't know. But then the Church hasn't anything quite like this has it? Mr. Brooks is so clever and original in all his ideas."
 The disapproval of the bishop's wife became even more marked.
 "The very fact," she said, "that the Church has not thought it wise to institute a charitable scheme upon such a sweeping line, is a proof, to my mind, that the whole thing is a mistake. As a matter of fact, I happen to know that the bishop strongly disapproves of Mr. Brooks' methods."
 "That's rather a pity, isn't it?" Sybill asked, sweetly. "The Society has done so much good, and in so short a time. Every one admits that."
 "I think that the opinion is very far from universal," the elder lady remarked, firmly. "There appears to be no discrimination shown whatever in the distribution of relief. The deserving and undeserving are all classed together. I could not possibly approve of any charity conducted upon such lines, nor, I think, could any good churchwoman."
 "Mr. Brooks thinks," Sybill remarked with her month full of cake, "that it is the underserving who are in the greatest need of help."
 "One could believe anything," the bishop's wife said stiffly, "of a man who adopted such principles as that. And although do not as a rule approve of Mr. Lavlette or his paper, I am seriously inclined to agree with him in some of his strictures upon Mr. Brooks."
 Sybill laughed softly.
 "I hadn't read them," she remarked. "Mother doesn't allow the man's paper in the house. Do you really mean that you have it at the palace, Mrs. Endicott?"
 The bishop's wife stiffened.
 "Mr. Lavlette has at times done great service to the community by his exposure of frauds of all sorts, especially charitable frauds," she said. "It is possible that he may shortly add the number."
 Lord Arranmore shook his head slowly.
 "Mr. Lavlette," he said, "has also had to pay damages in one or two rather expensive libel cases. And, between you and me, Mrs. Endicott, if our friend Brooks chose to move in the matter, I am afraid Mr. Lavlette might have to sign the largest cheque he has ever signed in his life for law costs."
 The bishop's wife rose with an icy smile.
 "I seem to have found my way into Mr. Brooks' headquarters," she remarked. "Lady Caroom, I shall hope to see you at the palace shortly."
 "Poor me," Sybill exclaimed, as their visitor departed. She only asked you, mummy, so as to exclude me. And poor Mr. Brooks! I wish he'd been here. What fun we should have had."
 "Oh, these Etruscans," Lord Arranmore murmured. "I thought that a bishop was very near heaven indeed, all sanctity and charity, and that a bishop's wife was the concentrated essence of these things—plus the wings."
 Sybill laughed softly.
 "Sanctity and charity," she repeated, "and Mrs. Endicott. Oh!"

CHAPTER VI.
 The Reservation of Mary Scott.
 The two girls were travelling westward on the outside of an omnibus in itself to Sybill a most fascinating mode of progression, and talking a good deal spasmodically.
 "It's really too bad of you," Miss Scott. Sybill declared. "Now to-day, if you will come, luncheon shall be served in my own room. We shall be quite cosy and quiet, and I promise you that you shall not see a soul except my mother—whom I want you to know."
 Mary shook her head.
 "Don't think me unkind," she said. "I really must not be visiting. I have only just time for a hurried lunch and then I must look in at the office and get down to business."
 "You might just as well have that hurried lunch with me," Sybill declared. "I'll send you anywhere you like afterwards in the carriage."
 "It is very kind of you," Mary answered, "but my visiting days are over."

Brooks nodded.
 "She is a very reserved young woman," he said.
 "Yes, but isn't there some reason for it?" Sybill continued eagerly. "I have asked her lots of times to come and see me. She admits that she has no friends in London and I wanted her to come very much. You see I thought she would be sure to like mother, and if she doesn't care for society, we might go to the theatre or the opera, and it would be a little change for her, wouldn't it?"
 "I think it is very kind of you, indeed," Brooks said.
 "Well, she has always refused, but I have been very persistent. I just thought that she was perhaps a little shy, or found it difficult to break through her retirement—people get like that, you know, when they live alone. So this morning I really went for her, and I happened to be looking, and I saw something in her face that puzzled me. It stopped my asking her any more. There is something underneath her quiet manner and self-devotion. She has had trouble of some sort."
 "How do you know?" he asked.
 "A girl can always tell," Sybill answered. "Her self-control is wonderful, but she just let it slip—for a moment. She has some trouble, I am sure. I thought perhaps you might know. Isn't there anything we can do?"
 Brooks was very grave and his face was curiously pale.
 "Are you quite sure?" he asked.
 "Certain!"
 They walked on in silence for a few moments.
 "You have asked me a very difficult question," he said at last. "She has had a very unhappy sort of life. Her father and mother died in Canada—her father shot himself and her mother died of the shock. She went to live with an uncle at Medchester, who was good to her, but his household could scarcely have been very congenial. I met her there—she was interested in charitable works then, and she came to London to try and attain some sort of independence. At first she had a position on a lady's magazine which took her mornings, but we have just induced her to accept a small salary and give us all her time."
 "That seems a very comprehensive sketch of her life," Sybill remarked, thoughtfully, "but are you sure—that you have not missed anything?"
 "So far as I know," he answered, gravely, "there is nothing new to tell. They walked the rest of the way to Berkeley Square in absolute silence."
 "You will come in to lunch," she said.
 He looked down at his clothes.
 "I think not," he answered.
 "We are almost certain to be alone, and you have not seen mother for a long time," she answered.
 "I am sorry," Sybill answered softly, "for though Mrs. Brooks' tone had been so single, she had nevertheless for a single moment lifted the curtain, and Sybill understood in some vague manner that there were things behind it which she had no right to inquire."
 The two girls parted at Trafalgar Square, and Sybill, still in love with the fresh air, turned blithely westward on foot. In the Haymarket she came face to face with Brooks.
 He greeted her with a delightful smile.
 "You alone and walking," he exclaimed. "What fortune. May I come?"
 "Of course," she answered. "You know where I have come from, I suppose?"
 He glanced at her plain clothes and realized that the odor of disinfectants was stronger even than the perfume of the handful of violets which she had just bought from a woman in the street.
 "Stepney!" he exclaimed.
 "Quite right. I had a card last evening and was there at nine o'clock this morning. I suppose I look a perfect wreck. I was dancing at Hamilton House at three o'clock."
 He looked towards her marvellingly. Her cheeks were prettily flushed, and she walked with the delightful springiness of perfect health.
 "I have never seen you look better," he answered.
 "And you," she remarked, glancing in amusement at his blue serge clothes, which, to tell the truth, badly needed brushing. "What are you doing in the West End at this time of the morning?"
 "I have been to Drury Lane," he answered, "with some survivors from the County Council. There is a whole court there I mean to get condemned. Then I looked in at our new place there; but there was such a howling lot of children that I was glad to get away. How they hate being washed!"
 "Don't they!" she exclaimed laughing. "I had the dearest, haughtiest, little girl this morning, and, do you know, when I got her clean, her own brothers and sisters did not know her. I'm so glad I've seen you, Mr. Brooks. I want to ask you something?"
 "Well?"
 "About Miss Scott. She's been so good to me, and I like her awfully. We've just come up on the omnibus together."
 "She has been my right hand from the very first," Brooks said slowly. "I really don't see how I could have done without her. She is such a capital organizer, too."
 "I know all that," Sybill declared. "She's wonderful. I don't want, of course, to be inquisitive," she went on, after a moment's hesitation, "but she interests me so much, and it was only this morning that I felt that I understood her a little."
 "Well," Brooks answered, "I have not altogether made up my mind. Perhaps your lordship would permit me—since you have mentioned the matter—to ask you for advice?"
 The bishop inclined his head. This was by no means the truculent sort of young man he had expected.
 "You are very welcome to it, Mr. Brooks," he answered. "I should advise you most earnestly to at once justify yourself—not to Mr. Lavlette, but to the readers of his paper, whom he may have influenced by his statements. One charitable institution, however different its foundation, or its method of working, or its ultimate aims, leans largely upon another. Mr. Lavlette's attack, if unanswered, may affect the public mind with regard to many other organizations, which are grievously in need of support."
 "If that is your opinion," Brooks answered after a moment's hesitation, "I will take the steps you suggest, and set myself right at once."
 "If you can do that thoroughly and clearly," the bishop said, "you will render a service to the whole community."
 "There should be no such difficulty," Brooks remarked helping himself to omelette. "I never applied for subscriptions, but directly they began to come in I engaged a clerk and a well-known firm of auditors, through whose banking account all the money has passed. They have been only too anxious to take the matter up."
 "I am more than pleased at your decision, Mr. Brooks," the bishop said, generally. "I rejoice at it. You will pardon my remarking that you seem very young to have inaugurated and to carry the whole responsibility of a work of such magnitude."
 "The work," Brooks answered, "has largely grown of itself. But I have an excellent staff of helpers."
 "The sole responsibility rests on you," the bishop said.
 "I am arranging to evade it," answered Brooks. "I am going to adopt commercial methods and inaugurate a Board of Directors."
 The bishop hesitated.
 "Again, Mr. Brooks," he said, "I must address a suggestion to you, which might seem to require an apology. You have adopted methods and expressed views with regard to your scheme which are in themselves scarcely reconcilable with the point of view with which we churchmen are bound to regard the same question. But if you thought it worth while before finally arranging your Board to discuss the whole subject with me, it would give me the greatest pleasure to have you visit me at the palace at any time convenient to yourself."
 "I shall consider it a great privilege," Brooks answered promptly, and I shall not hesitate to avail myself of it."
 The little party broke up afterward but Lady Caroom touched Brooks on his shoulder.
 "Come into my room for a few minutes," she said. "I want to talk with you."
 CHAPTER VII.
 Father and Son.
 "Do you know," Lady Caroom said, motioning Brooks to a seat by her side, "that I feel very middle-class and elderly and interfering. For I am going to talk to you about Sybill."
 Brooks was a little paler than usual. This was one of those rare occasions when he found his occasions very hard to endure. And it had come so suddenly.
 "After we left Enton," Lady Caroom said, thoughtfully, "I noticed a distinct change in her. The first evidences of it were in her treatment of Sydney Molyneux. I am quite sure that she purposely precipitated matters, and when he proposed refused him definitely."
 "I don't think," Brooks found voice to say, "that she would ever have married Sydney Molyneux."
 "Perhaps not," Lady Caroom admitted, "but at any rate before our visit to Enton she was quite content to have him around—she was by no means eager to make up her mind definitely. After we left she seemed to deliberately plan to dispose of him finally. Since then—I am talking you in my confidence, Kingston—she has refused the Duke of Atherstone. Brooks was silent. His self-control was being severely tested. His heart was beating like a sledge hammer—he was very anxious to avoid Lady Caroom's eyes.
 "Atherstone," she said slowly, "is quite the most eligible bachelor in the whole of England, and he is, as you know, a nice, unaffected boy. There is only one possible inference for me, as Sybill's mother, to draw, and that is that she cares, or is beginning to think that she cares, for some one else."
 "Some one else?" he asked.
 "If you do not know," Lady Caroom answered, "I do not."
 Brooks threw aside all attempt at disguise. He looked across at Lady Caroom, and his eyes were very bright.
 "I have never believed," he said, "that Sybill would care for me. I can scarcely believe it now."
 Lady Caroom hesitated.
 "In any case," she said, "could you ask her to marry you? You must see that as things are it would be impossible!"
 "Impossible!" he muttered. "Impossible!"
 "Of course," she answered briskly. "You must be a man of the world enough to know that. You could not ask a girl in Sybill's position to share a borrowed name, nor would the other conditions permit of your marrying her. That is why I want to talk to you."

"Well?"
 "Is there any immediate chance of your reconciliation with the Marquis of Arranmore?"
 "None," Brooks answered.
 "Well, then," Lady Caroom said, "there is no immediate chance of your being in a position to marry Sybill. Don't look at me as though I were saying unkind things for I am not. I am only talking common-sense. What is your income?"
 "About two thousand pounds, but some of that—half, perhaps, goes to the society."
 "Exactly. It would be impossible for you to marry Sybill on the whole of it, or twice the whole of it."
 "You want me, then," Brooks said, "to be reconciled to my father. Yet you—you yourself will not trust him."
 "I have not expressed any wish of the sort," Lady Caroom said, kindly. "I only wish to point out that as things are you are not in a position to ask Sybill to marry you, and therefore I want you to keep away from her. I mean this kindly for both of you. Of course if Sybill is absolutely in earnest, if the matter has gone too far, we must talk it all over again and see what is to be done. But I want you to give her a chance. Keep away for a time. Your father may live for twenty-five years. If your relations with him all that time continue as they are now, marriage with a girl brought up like Sybill would be an impossibility."
 Brooks was silent for several moments. Then he looked up suddenly.
 "Has Lady Sybill said anything to you—which has led you to speak to me?"
 Lady Caroom shook her head.
 "No. She is very young, you know. Frankly, I do not believe that she knows her own mind. You have not spoken to her, of course."
 "No!"
 "And you will not?"
 "I suppose," Brooks said, "that I must not think of it."
 "You must give up thinking about her, of course," Lady Caroom said, "until—"
 "Until what?"
 "Until you can ask her—if ever you do ask her—to marry you in your proper name."
 Brooks set his teeth hard and walked up and down the little room.
 "That," he said, "may be never."
 "Exactly," Lady Caroom agreed. "That is why I am suggesting that you do not see her so often."
 "I do stop opposite her."
 "Does he—does Lord Arranmore—know anything of this?"
 "Not from me. He may have heard whispers. To tell you the truth, I myself have been asked questions during the last few days. You have been seen about a good deal with Sybill and you are rather a mystery to people. That is why I felt compelled to speak."
 He nodded.
 "I see!"
 "You must not blame me," she went on, softly. "You know, Kingston, that I like you, that I would give you Sybill willingly under ordinary circumstances. I don't want to speak to her if I can help it. And, Kingston, there is one thing more I must say to you. It is on my mind. It keeps me awake at night. I think it will make an old woman of me very soon. If—if she would be wrong?"
 "There is no possibility of that," he answered sadly. "Lord Arranmore is candid itself, even in his selfishness."
 "His face haunts me," she murmured. "There is something so terribly impersonal, so terribly sad about it. He looks on at everything, he joins in nothing. They say that he gambles, but that he never knows whether he is winning or losing. He gives entertainments that are historical, and remains as cold as ice to guests whom a prince would be glad to welcome. His horse won that great race the other day, and he gave up his place on the stand just before the start to a little girl, and never even troubled to watch the race, though his winnings were enormous. He bought the Frivolity Theatre, produced his new farce, and has never been seen inside the place. What does it mean, Kingston? There must be suffering behind all this—terrible suffering."
 "It is a law of retribution," Brooks said, coldly. "He has made other people suffer all his life. Now perhaps his turn has come. He spends fortunes trying to amuse himself and cannot. Are we to pity him for that?"
 "I have heard of people," she said looking at him intently, "who are too proud to show the better part of themselves, who rather than court pity or even sympathy will wear a mask all ways, will hide the good that is in them and parade the bad."
 "You love him still?" he said, wondering.
 "Kingston, I do. If I were a brave woman I would risk everything. Sometimes when I see him like a Banquo at a feast, with his eyes full of weariness and the mummy's smile upon his lips, I feel that I can keep away no longer. Kingston, let us go to him, you and I. Let us see if we can't tear off the mask."
 He shook his head.
 "He would laugh at us!"
 "Will you try?"
 He hesitated.
 "No! But, Lady Caroom, you have no such debt of bitterness against him as I have. I cannot advise you—I would not dare. But if there is a spark of soul left in the man, such love as yours must fan it into warmth. If you have the courage—risk it."
 Brooks left without seeing Sybill again, and turned northward. In Pall Mall he heard his name called from the steps of one of the great clubs. He

Phone 932. S. Fielding Mgr.
SASKATCHEWAN COAL
 First-class for Stove and Furnace
\$4.25 a ton
 at the sheds
 Office and Sheds: Dewdney St., between Ross and Broad, and opposite Cameron & Heap's Warehouse.

The Utopia
 Regina's
 Up-to-Date Cafe
 Is now open for business, serving the best of foods in the neatest style.
 Visitors to Regina are asked to come here for their meals; satisfaction guaranteed.
 A full line of Fruits and Confectionery Always in stock. Winter Apples of highest grade by the barrel.
 Highest prices paid for Eggs, Butter and Fowl; only the best wanted.
 GIVE US A TRIAL
The UTOPIA
 1843 Scarth St. Phone 891

Geo. Speers & Co.
 REGINA UNDERTAKERS
 1761 Hamilton St., Phone 219
 (Next door to C.P.R. Telegraph)
 Ambulance in Connection.
 Open day and night. Large stock to select from.

MONEY TO LOAN
 LOWEST CURRENT RATES
 No waiting to submit applications.
DEBENTURES
 Municipal and School Debentures Bought and Sold
FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE
J. ADDISON REID & CO.
 Limited
 305 Darke Block Telephone 448

WINTER APPLES
 5 Carloads—5
 Spys, Baldwins, Russetta, Greenings, Tolmon Sweet, Kings, 20 oz. Pippin, Haas, Grimes' Golden, Bailey Red
 Crab Apples, Pears, Grapes

Williamson's FRUIT EXCHANGE

GALT COAL
 CLEANEST AND BEST
The Smith & Ferguson Co.
 Sole Agents
 Phone 45 Smith Block, Ross St.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
 TRADE MARKS
 DESIGNS
 COPYRIGHTS
 A. S. MUNN & CO., INC.
 312 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.
 A. S. MUNN & CO., INC.
 312 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

INTL
 A
 The Ty
 sary
 Angl
 Next
 HALIF
 England
 Septemb
 two hund
 lavation,
 of seven
 of the Cath
 Nova So
 \$175,000—
 ready be
 in view
 of All Sa
 commens
 services
 hundred
 Foot Roy
 may not
 history o
 relations
 lon.
 Three
 Champlai
 from Hav
 Western
 weary m
 ed the AP
 After spe
 wick, the
 Basin, fo
 there.
 Member
 names di
 a histo
 Champlai
 Louis H
 Daniel H
 In 161
 priest, w
 and bap
 mces, an
 berton—
 The tri
 tenary c
 event wa
 From t
 was in a
 owing to
 French an
 American
 In Octo
 October
 ed as a
 Church of
 this date
 Although
 founded f
 tury after
 Scotia, co
 vines of
 Breton)
 its pres
 of Ne
 Ontario,
 founding
 the digni
 Diocese
 in
 Exceptio
 cul, New
 established
 date of the
 dia's first
 oldest of
 gikan dic
 tignets no
 land as th
 On this
 history of
 is full of
 world ove
 On Mar
 efforts, to
 time had
 used Seab
 than a 70
 bishops o
 Church,
 man in
 tion, in
 Brunwick
 The ye
 still grea
 tis. Just
 of the Cou
 suited in
 Seabury,
 York and
 purpose
 present w
 bury, him
 ten Islan
 D. D., "the
 sides sign
 cedded to
 This C
 New York
 Gay Car
 the clerg
 secretion
 tia Dr.
 then in
 gyan,
 one of the
 in North
 in ill he
 from whi
 sequently
 bishop of
 him to n
 clerical
 latest m
 Trinity c
 gils, D. I
 In 185
 Bishop J
 founded
 erected, a
 of, Frede
 vince of
 ed.
 RHEIM
 Paul de
 yesterday
 his moto
 aeroplane
 a few br
 Minard's