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IN OUR TAILORING  
DEPARTMENT

C. H. GORDON & Co.  
The Wage Earner's Store - Scarth St.

# The West.

MANY CLEARING  
LINES OF SUMMER  
GOODS, SPECIALLY  
LOW PRICES.

C. H. GORDON & Co.  
The Wage Earner's Store - Scarth St.

Vol. 9 No. 18

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1907.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR

## Your Peace of Mind

Is easily worth the small premium that is required to keep your property well insured.

In fire insurance you do not have to be burned out to win. That feeling of security which you enjoy, whether at home or away from home, when well protected, is, in fact, priceless.

In ten minutes a fire might wipe out your savings of years! Make sure NOW that you have absolute protection against loss. You owe it to yourself and you owe it to your family.

Look your policies over to-day. "An ounce of action is worth a ton of I think it over." Phone 118

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On exhibition of any house  
west of Winnipeg.

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call and inspect them

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PHONE 219

## MAGISTRATE TRANT TAKES FIRST COURT

Initial Case is Three and Costs--Mack Sing  
Is Charged With Murder



MAGISTRATE TRANT

Police Magistrate, William Trant opened his first court in the city hall this morning, his initial case being that of Chas. McDougall charged with assaulting G. Fitzsimmons. The prisoner pleaded guilty, no doubt as a mark of courtesy to his worship and paid three and costs with an independent air.

The next case was that of King vs. Mack Sing, who is charged with murder as a result of poisoning porridge. The first witness was W. J. Steele, who reiterated the story told at the inquest. H. V. Biglow appeared for the crown and Hon. P. W. G. Haultain for the defence.

## FOR EXPLOSION SOME ONE WILL PAY PENALTY

Car of Explosives Often Comes in Marked Merchandise Without Shipping Bill--Was Awful Crash

Essex Centre, Ont., Aug. 13.—Coroner Brien is making extensive preparation for the inquest into the fatal dynamite explosion and wreck here. The coroner has summoned Wallace Ritchie of the Ritchie Lang company planting mills, whose place came toppling over their heads. Ritchie is expected to say that the car of explosives remained from Friday morning over night within the town limits, and this is said to be illegal.

Ritchie was looking at the car half an hour before the crash and saw the stuff leaking onto the track. Leo DeLong, expert on nitro glycerine and high explosives generally, is to be brought from Leamington to testify.

J. H. Rodd of Windsor, county crown attorney, will have charge of the proceedings. The other witnesses who saw the car blown up are J. H. Coulter, and E. C. Taylor, members of the firm of Dunbar and Sullivan of Detroit, contractors, to whom the explosives were consigned.

The Michigan Central officials and others are subpoenaed. It is said that the Michigan Central officials have no knowledge of the liability for damages, at least to a limited extent.

The coroner found that the car was labelled "Explosives." It bore a placard that it was dangerous and must not be placed within eight cars of the engine or caboose.

The county attorney wants to examine the firm that sent the dynamite. Both packing and sending in the manner done are against the law. The railway company will probably settle all damages without a lawsuit. The property loss will exceed over two hundred thousand.

The car of dynamite reached Essex Centre on Friday night, and was placed on the side track to be taken to Amherst in the morning. The train was in charge of Conductor Tom Barry, Engineer David Coitrell, picked up the car and was backing up to the depot to await the arrival of the mail from St. Thomas. Conductor Barry noticed that the nitro glycerine was leaking from the car, as the drops fell on the rails they popped. Barry drew the attention of the depot agent Stimers, and these two, with brakemen and others went into the car and readjusted the boxes to try and stop the leak. Half an hour later the explosion occurred.

Much indignation is expressed by the townspeople at the negligence of the railroad officials and shippers for their careless way of handling explosives.

The car of dynamite is said to have gone over the Amherst line twice a week labeled merchandise. In this particular case no bill could be found for the car of dynamite, but one was discovered for a car of cartridges.

Officials say that leaving the car in the hot sun caused the dynamite to melt and explode.

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## A Carload of Trunks

IT'S WORTH WHILE to have a proper trunk for your holiday trip. We have almost any style of trunk or valise you may want. Prices for trunks start at \$3.50

### Special Ladies' Trunk

Style 65  
42 inches long with four trays, canvas cover, with heavy brass trimmings, 2 straps - \$20.00

Style 41  
Extra heavy box covered with waterproof canvas. Leather bound, heavy brass trimmings, 2 trays, 2 straps. Size 34. - \$12.00

### Special

Man's Trunk

A strongly built trunk with waterproof canvas cover, 2 trays and velvet-lined hat box - \$15.00

### Suit Cases

Some special values in these.  
FIBRE SUIT CASE, with steel frame. Good strong lock, 24 ins. - \$8.50  
LEATHER SUIT CASE—Steel frame, linen lined. A very strong case - \$6.00  
Others: \$7.50 \$10.00 \$12.00 \$15.00

### Club Bags

A full assortment of bags in all sizes and styles. Prices run from \$2. to \$20

### Special

Solid leather club bag with leather lining, 2 pockets, 2 handles, deep style. A very handsome bag - \$15.00

## R. H. Williams & Sons, Ltd.

THE GLASGOW HOUSE

"THE STORE THAT SERVES YOU BEST."

## STONE WARE

We will sell the balance of our stock of Butter Crockets at the following prices This Week.

1 gallon	-	10c
2 "	-	20c
3 "	-	30c
4 "	-	40c
5 "	-	50c

Stone Jugs and Jars at a Snap

## PEART BROS. HARDWARE CO., LTD.

THE ECONOMY HOUSE

## The McCarthy Supply Company, Ltd. AUGUST - CLEARING - SALE

August is our sweeping month, holes and corners are garnished and cleared, what odds and ends found must move out, and so 'tis a Sale

### DRY GOODS STORE

STOCKTAKING SALE—Stocktaking is over, and we have hundreds of odds and ends to clear, including Dress Goods, Flannelettes, Print and Shirting which must be sold at once.  
COME AND SEE THEM

65 doz. Turkish Towels at 25c pair  
These are imported towels, the best value in Canada. We sell them at per pair - 35c  
Easily worth 35c and 40c pair.

Ladies' Caps at 35c each  
About 10 doz. Ladies' Caps to sell at each 35c  
These were sold for 45c to 75c, good colors and styles

Ladies' Hose  
A good Cashmere Stocking at 85c per pair, in ladies' and children's sizes. Look at the price 35c per pair and CASHMERE.

### MEN'S STORE NEWS

\$1.00 to \$1.50 Shirts at 50c and 75c  
50 doz. men's Shirts to clear out, in print, seersucker, or drills with or without collars, all sizes, 14 to 17, value up to \$1.50. On sale now at 50c and 75c

Men's Suits at \$6.00  
100 Men's Suits we want to clear, all sizes, 35 to 42, in round or square cut. Up to \$12. at \$6.00  
15c Sox at 10c  
50 doz. men's grey or black cotton Sox. We sell them at 15c but now we clear at 10c

25c Neckwear 12 1/2c  
5 doz. men's silk and summer Neckwear. A 35c line at 12 1/2c  
125 Hats at 75c  
Men's black or colored fedoras Hats, all sizes. \$1.25 value 75c

\$1.25 Underwear for 75c  
50 doz. Men's summer underwear in black or fawn, sizes 33 to 44. We have set the price for these \$1.25 and \$1.00 value now at 75c per suit

The Economy House

## The McCarthy Supply Company, Ltd.

## Imperial Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized \$10,000,000  
Capital Paid Up \$4,850,000  
Reserve \$4,850,000

D. R. WILKIE, President  
HON. ROBT. JAFFRAY, Vice-President  
AGENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN—Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 11 Lombard Street, London.  
BRANCHES IN PROVINCES OF MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA, QUEBEC, ONTARIO, BRITISH COLUMBIA  
Farming and general business transacted.

Foreign Bank Department—Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit and credited quarterly.

REGINA BRANCH

J. A. WETMORE MANAGER.

## Have You Used

the great cooling  
Summer Drink,

## San Fernando LIME JUICE ?

Sold Only  
by

O. A. ANDERSON & CO.

Chemists and Druggists

MEDICAL HALL

SCARTH STREET - REGINA

## Speers Marshall & Boyd

2216 SOUTH RAILWAY ST.

The Leading

Undertakers &

Embalmers

Orders Promptly

Attended to

LARGE STOCK TO

SELECT FROM

Open Day and Night

PHONE 219

## FARMERS

Wanting Loans Would do Well to Apply to

## The Canadian Loans and Securities Co. Ltd.

## W. PERCY GILLESPIE

AGENT AND VALUATOR

STRATHCONA BLOCK, SCARTH ST.

REGINA, Sask.

P.O. Box 497

One of the most interesting attendants at the provincial synod here is Rev. I. O. Stringer, of Selkirk. He and his family have just returned from a visit to the old country where he went in the interest of mission work.

Fifteen years of laborious work shows the ardent devotion of the man to the cause. For nine years missionary to the Esquimaux at the Mackenzie river, hundreds of miles from civilization, and more latterly engaged in working among the miners and Indians of the Yukon, is a summary of the record of Bishop Stringer.

Going to the far north shortly after leaving college, he has remained at his post of duty with the exception of a few months which were spent on business, for the past fifteen years carrying on the good work instigated by Bishop Bompas and Archdeacon McDonald, who are perhaps

the most picturesque figures the north has known.

Forty-three years ago Archdeacon McDonald who had been then in the far north only two years, was stationed at Fort Yukon, then a Hudson Bay trading post. He was taken sick, and was said to be going into a decline and was not expected to live through the winter. A volunteer was asked for to take Archdeacon McDonald's place and Bishop Bompas then a very young man volunteered to take the post. Strange to say that when Bishop Bompas reached Fort Yukon the following summer, Archdeacon McDonald was completely recovered from his illness and the two continued the work. Bishop Bompas died a little over a year ago, and Archdeacon McDonald whom he went to succeed forty-three years ago, is still robust.

(Continued on page 2.)

CALLED FROM THE WILDS

Bishop Reeves Returns from Far North to Become Assistant in Toronto

Edmonton, Alta., Aug. 12.—Bishop Reeves, of Athabasca Landing, arrived in the city today by stage from the north. He is on his way east to Toronto, where he has accepted the position as assistant bishop of Toronto. Bishop Reeves has been stationed at the Landing for a number of years and has endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. His labors there have been distinctly successful and he has done much to advance the cause of the Anglican church in the far north, and to bring the scattered settlers, whites, Indians and half-breeds, on the sparsely settled parts of the country to live better lives and have nobler aims. The bishop has not left his work in the north in an unsettled condition. Although he received the appointment of assistant bishop of Toronto in the spring he determined to make once more the long trip to visit his missions in the north. He has just returned from his toilsome journey and is now on his way east. Before he left the Landing the bishop was present at a meeting of the synod of the diocese, and received the hearty thanks of the other members of the synod. Bishop Reeves goes to his new duties in the east with the assurance that the many people on the outskirts of civilization in the far north west will be better for his labors among them, no less by his example than by his precept.

Additional Locals

Hon. J. A. Calder and Norman Mackenzie will leave Liverpool shortly for home.

The King's hotel was formally opened on Saturday last. The grill is one of the latest innovations Regina has experienced.

Mrs. Begin and daughter of Prince Albert are guests at government house. They accompanied Madame Forget back from the Saskatoon fair.

Neil McInnis came up from Moosomin yesterday where his company is putting in the waterworks and sewerage. Neil says that they have been hampered by wet weather, they having forty one days rain in seventy-one days. He returns tomorrow morning.

A sealed envelope was found a few days ago which had been pushed under one of the front entrances at the Glasgow House. It contained a note and a dollar bill in payment of a yard and a half of lace, a ladies' belt and a pair of stockings, stolen some days previous by this conscience smitten shop hifter.

Commenting on the visit of the British Journalists, the Victoria Colonist says: "If the visiting pressmen who are being piloted across Canada by an officer of the government for the purpose of showing them the opportunities for colonization, are being jerked along at the rate of speed shown in the day assigned to Vancouver Island, they will have to take a good deal for granted." Regina's comment is that the Colonist has not much to kick about considering the editors only stayed here about a minute and a half. P. Cooper, president of the Board of Trade wired J. Obed Smith thanking him on behalf of the city for the courteous arrangement.

The advt. which appeared in the West last week regarding a young lady who wanted a position brought a host of replies. The lady has secured here position and incidentally paid the advertising value of this paper a high compliment.

BISHOP RETURNS TO NORTHERN WILDS

(Continued from page 1.)

It might be interesting to say that a life of Bishop Pompas is now being published in Toronto by the missionary society of the church in Canada.

SAVE YOUR HORSE. BOG SPAVIN, CURB, LAMENESS, SONE SPAVIN, SPLIT, SWELLINGS, RINGBONE, POLL EVIL, SOFT BUNCHES. KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. No matter what you have tried—no matter how many veterinarians have failed—KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, use it as directed and it will give perfect results.

The diocese of Selkirk, which comprises over two hundred thousand square miles inhabited mostly by Indians and prospectors, is the vast territory over which Bishop Stringer watches. The Dominion government is erecting places of worship and educational institutions all over the country, but so rapid is the progress that it has been impossible to keep pace and as a result in many places of the north, in order for a resident to get to a church service, they have to travel for miles through ice and snow.

The Indians in the more remote parts of the Yukon take very readily to Christianity and prove to be good converts. Many who profess faith have been made deacons and are doing good work among their people. The Indians who are contaminated by associating with white miners are more difficult to Christianise because of their quick learning of the white's vices as well as his virtues.

The Indians in some places are almost destitute owing to the scarcity of game which, with the advent of prospectors into the various regions, is being rapidly killed off.

The work among the Esquimaux is accomplished much more slowly than that among the Indians. They are less comprehensive. The distance to be travelled to reach them is also very large. The people in themselves are interesting. The country, however, on the Arctic circle is bleak and the sun, which shines in the spring for two months without setting, glaring in the snow, is very trying on the eyes. The Esquimaux, however, are a very appreciative people.

The work among both the whites and Indians in the Yukon is itinerary holding a service wherever they can be interested. Sometimes preaching to a couple of hundred, and again to perhaps a dozen. In some of the more remote districts the natives have not yet been reached and it is in the hope of interesting new men in the work that Bishop Stringer has taken the time to journey to England.

BIG STORMS FURTHER EAST

Heavy Rain and Hail in Rainy River District—Crops Ruined, Roads Washed Out

Fort Frances, Ont., Aug. 12.—The Rainy River district was visited by severe thunderstorms, there being no less than eight distinct storms in twenty-four hours accompanied by heavy rain and hail. The railway track between Fort Frances and Rainy River was badly damaged. The west-bound train that should have arrived Sunday morning did not arrive until Monday afternoon, yards of track having been washed away.

The hail stones were particularly large and great damage was done to crops east of here. Work on the swales had to be stopped owing to the water backing up in the ditches. Such a rain has not been seen before in this district. The water in the river rose and ran over the coffer dam on the great water power works in parts the land is still under water and many potato patches are ruined. The Rainy Lake and Winnipeg railway construction train arrived at Rainy yesterday, the track being all completed up to the bridge at Fisher's Point.

In an interview with Mr. Cook the president of the line, he said that the C.N.R. would start the permanent work shortly, but that they would be running freight trains to Rainy in a week. This new route enables passengers from Chicago to Winnipeg by journey twenty-four hours quicker than by any other route.

JIM HILL LOSES CONTROL

G.N. Magnate Forced to Let Go N.P. Securities—Morgan was with him and also Lost

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 12.—The control which J. J. Hill and the Great Northern stockholders had over the Northern Pacific for some years have been forfeited, according to the latest current railroad gossip. While it had been reported for several weeks that the control of the road had been lost, little credence was given to the

WOMAN IN TROUBLE SEEKS BETRAYER

Brandon Girl arrives in the City to meet her Former Friend, but he is Absent—Telegrams not Answered—Will Issue Warrant—Said He would Protect Her

A machine agent travelling out of this city is wanted badly by a young woman. She says he got her into trouble and is not making good in protecting her. The girl came in from Brandon Saturday and has since been writing to various points to locate the fellow who was her companion and friend, but she now regards him as a betrayer.

She says she has his letters and he will either keep his promise and marry her, or put up for the support of herself and later her child.

The man is at present up the north line and telegrams from the girl have evoked no response and she naturally thinks he is trying to evade her. On this supposition she has engaged counsel and will swear out a warrant for his arrest.

"I was an innocent girl," said she. "All I met that man, but he won't get away from me as easy as he thinks. If I was good enough for him to ruin he should not leave me in this condition."

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I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart, or The Kidneys. Troubles of the stomach, heart or kidneys, are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating the symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—means stomach weakness, always. And the heart and kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the inside nerves. Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me today for samples and free book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by the Regina Pharmacy Stores.

MR. BORDEN STARTS OUT

Leader of Opposition Begins Tour of Canada—Begins in Maritime Provinces

Ottawa, Aug. 14.—Next week the opposition leader will leave for Nova Scotia where on Wednesday he will address the first of a series of meetings to be held during August, September and October in all the provinces of the Dominion. He left Ottawa yesterday for the east. In this comprehensive tour Mr. Borden will not only discuss and criticize the policy and administration of the Laurier government, but will set forth, explain and defend his own program and that of his party. During the last two sessions the Opposition leader has in speeches in parliament and in resolutions supported by the Conservative party in the House declared his policy on many important questions. It may be expected that in the important series of meetings now to be held these propositions will be reaffirmed, and that Mr. Borden will take occasion to declare his policy on the other questions which may be before the people in the next federal election.

BUNKER WITH CORPSE

Junction City, Ky., Aug. 12.—Mr. James Morton, editor of the Hardman Free Press, unwittingly went to bed with a corpse in Junction City last night. He had missed his train and going into the hotel, asked for a room. The clerk said that the house was crowded but assigned the editor to a room with another man. By mistake the clerk sent him to the wrong room.

BREACH OF FAITH

Vancouver, Aug. 13.—Only three hundred Japanese are on board the steamship Indiana, which sailed from Honolulu a week ago, for British Columbia. First advisers from Honolulu were in error stating that two thousand was the number on board. It developed today that the Indians may not come to Vancouver at all. It is learned that she cleared from Honolulu for Victoria, and her Japanese may be put off there. They will cross the gulf by ferry so this city will get them anyway.

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Mrs. Begin and daughter of Prince Albert are guests at government house. They accompanied Madame Forget back from the Saskatoon fair.

Neil McInnis came up from Moosomin yesterday where his company is putting in the waterworks and sewerage. Neil says that they have been hampered by wet weather, they having forty one days rain in seventy-one days. He returns tomorrow morning.

matter of this immigration and there appears to be no reason to doubt that the Ottawa government is in full knowledge of the fact, and does not resent. The Japanese government agreed that no more than four hundred odd Japanese should be permitted to immigrate to Canada in twelve calendar months, more than that number have already arrived direct from Japan, and over a thousand have come via Honolulu.

NAY & JAMES Municipal Debentures

REGINA SASK.

Good GOODS AT FAIR PRICES

It is reported that Mr. Hill and his friends first began to lose control when the last great shrinkage in the market values commenced, about a year ago. The great Northern was selling at over the three hundred mark, and the Northern Pacific was near it. In a few weeks they sagged however and now both stocks are quoted around the one hundred and twenty mark. It is said that Mr. Hill borrowed much money on his stocks and in that way kept his controlling interest. When the market values sagged so heavily, however, it was necessary to cover and a great amount of money was used in paying collateral loans. Finally the strain upon the resources, it is said, came to the breaking point and a large amount of stock was sacrificed. It is said that J. P. Morgan, who sided with Mr. Hill in all his deals, also lost very heavily in the shrinkage and was forced to drop much of his stock.

The forthcoming series of meetings will enable the opposition leader to bring together these declarations and present them in a form where they can be taken as a whole. He will be able to take up any questions on which the public may desire a clear statement of the opposition policy.

GEO. STURDY CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

House Mover and Raiser. All kinds of Moving done on short notice. Mail orders promptly attended to.

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Phone 246. K. BOCZ Broad Street. Ideal Meat Market Broad Street. For Choice Fresh and Cured Meats give us a call. We are headquarters for the above. Try our Fresh Sausage. Phone 168. A. E. H. M. A. H. K. GOLLNIOK, Manager.

Wm. Keay Teaming & Draying. OSLER ST. REGINA. Phone 178. P.O. Box 198. ICE. Having arranged to store an unlimited quantity of ice, I am consequently able to deliver daily all ice ordered for the season. Orders received by ice man or at office over Armoor's Butcher Shop.

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F. M. Crapper

Dealer in PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PICTURES and PICTURE FRAMES. Frames Made to Order. Unlike other houses, we have the latest imported goods. Also Paper from 5c up. Write for Samples. Particular attention given to work outside the city.

FOR Carpenters' Tools, Shelf, Hardware, Building Papers, Nails, Screen Doors and Windows. Shingle Stains, Island City Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Brushes, Etc. Call at Boez's Hardware, Broad St. where you will be convinced that prices are most reasonable. We are prepared to serve you and wish you to keep us busy. Have received a car of Empire Queen Ranges and Cook Stoves. These will be sold at very close figures. Get prices before buying elsewhere. Balance of Crockery below cost to make room. Phone 246. K. BOCZ Broad Street.

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F. M. Crapper

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At that Mistress only started, inn... "No. Why sh... "Besides?" he s... "I did not want... "Want whom?"... "My father and... "Sir John is my... husband," sugges... ter, with just a s... speech. Blazing with... Mistress Percy in... does not entitle... over me. I am n... in a wedding rin... "Mademoiselle" l... ly reproving the... to engage her th... "Oh, you need... believe all I'm s... ring away from... ming her fingers... "book his head d... spoke it was in a... "Mademoiselle... a glass of water... May Percy turn... "Now, don't take... Then with a quick... like my father ne... has been kind to... him to say goodby... then, forthwith, Sir... then went out wit... "the righteous pro... has lost half a fort... fought once about... up his hands in hol... father grow sarcas... I go over tonight... to express my than... paid service. "Oh, I... She was miserabl... sudden her old April... an arch smile, brok... on her face, and a... new thought swept... gloom. "Do you really suppo... father meant that... not a dutiful daught... struggling to contain... At the angry outbu... started to walk up... This last change wa... man helplessly, hop... There was but one sa... and toward stiffly... "I know one thing... molesse must be goin... It was a command... Mistress Percy drew... "And you, too, s... give me. I had not... the dancing master... with unexpectedne... the dainty, sarcastic... made her face the... "monstrous has lost... cards and fought tw... girls." Plagued, tempted p... the Frenchman lost... would be nearer," h... anger. For a moment h... him all swept over... breath, while her e... "Then monstrous is... He interrupted quic... barre, poor French... Next he drew back... bow, added, "To list... lady." Slowly the seagun... the girl's face. He... she held out her ha... "Forgive me, mon... must intrude upo... "Mademoiselle's o... ness makes her forg... brokenly. "And I shall thin... "Dubarre shrugge... "There a foolish ma... to curb a woman's... belle." She continued, "The... tleman, a soldier per... a little English girl... dance." "Now he shook h... slightly, but when... was deeply serious... "And a poor French... will know that he... sometimes one of his... driven to stand down... these struggling, bel... foretense, a promise... le bon Dieu. Then... away." With a shrug, the m... mantal and teared... hopeless beyond fur...

# The Castle Comedy

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

At that Mistress Percy's face showed only startled, innocent surprise. "No. Why should I? I was not afraid." Besides," she hesitated. "Besides?" she asked. "I did not want to know," she blurted out impulsively. "Want whom to know?" "My father and Sir John." "Sir John is mademoiselle's affianced husband," suggested the dancing master, with just a shade of reproof in his speech. Blazing with sudden, splendid anger, Mistress Percy turned on him. "That does not entitle him to hold authority over me. I am not yet cramped within a wedding ring, thank heaven!" "Mademoiselle!" His tone was wholly reproving now, but that served only to enrage her the more. "Oh, you needn't take his part. I believe all you men are alike. I hate you all. I'm sure I do." And, whirling away from him, she stood drumming her fingers on the table. Dubarre shook his head despairingly. When he spoke it was in a suave, soothing tone. "Mademoiselle is excited. May I get a glass of water for mademoiselle?" May Percy turned back impulsively. "Now, don't take that tone. You'll be



Then with a quick start she threw the dancing master aside.

like my father next. I say some one has been kind to me, and I will see him to say goodby and thank him; and then, forsooth, Sir John—she paused, then went on with sneering contempt—"his righteous, proper Sir John, who has lost half a fortune at cards and fought once about a girl, must throw up his hands in holy horror and my father grow sarcastic and suggest that I go over tonight to pay a formal visit to express my thanks in person for a paid service. Oh, I despise you men!" She was miserably angry, but of a sudden her old April self predominated. An arch smile broke through the clouds on her face, and a gay laugh at some new thought swept away all trace of gloom. "Do you really suppose, monsieur, my father meant that seriously? Am I not a dutiful daughter?" She stepped, struggling to contain her laughter. At the angry outcry Dubarre had started to walk up and down the room. This last change was too much for a man helplessly, hopelessly in love. There was but one salvation. He stopped and bowed stiffly. "I know one thing, which is, mademoiselle must be going." "It was a command." Mistress Percy drew herself up proudly. "And you, too, M. Propriety—forgive me, I had not properly estimated the dancing master. He fairly bristles with unexpectedness. Possibly—with the dainty, sarcastic smile that only made her face the more adorable—"monsieur has lost a whole fortune at cards and fought two duels over two girls." Plagued, tempted past all endurance, the Frenchman lost his head. "A dozen would be nearer," he blurted, in sudden anger. For a moment May Percy looked at him helplessly. Then the meaning of it all swept over her. She drew a long breath, while her eyes grew big and anxious. "Then monsieur is—?" He interrupted quickly. "Gaston Dubarre, poor French dancing master." Next he drew back and, with a low bow, added, "To mademoiselle, grand lady."

Slowly the anger faded out of the girl's face. Her head drooped as she held out her hand kindly. "Forgive me, monsieur. I did not mean to intrude upon a possible secret." "Mademoiselle's own heart's kindness makes her forgiveness," he said brokenly. "And I shall think—?" Dubarre shrugged his shoulders. "There's a foolish man who would try to curb a woman's thought, mademoiselle." She continued, "That a French gentleman, a soldier perhaps, has honored a little English girl by teaching her to dance."

Now he shook his head, smiling slightly, but when he spoke his tone was deeply serious. "And a poor French dancing master will know that le bon Dieu permits sometimes one of his own bright children to steal down from above to give those struggling below just one little foretaste, a promise of the kingdom of le bon Dieu. Then—he snatches it away."

With a shrug, the man, walked to the mantel and leaned against it, dejected, hopeless beyond further speech. The

girl's face was a reflection of his attitude. After a pause she spoke timidly, "But the children from above, as you call them, they stay on earth, monsieur?" He turned and came to her quickly, sudden resolve in every movement. "Mademoiselle," he said, and now in turn his tone was eager, "could a man pretend to be what he is not?" "That you must depend, monsieur," she interrupted softly. "Suppose, mademoiselle"—Dubarre spoke more carefully, weighing every word—"suppose a man had sworn an oath to her he loved best in the world?" "May Percy started—"suppose, mademoiselle?" He smiled. "Ah, this is all a little game of suppose—that young man gets release from his chief, forswears his friends, for a time gives up his life and, meanly attired, at great peril attempts to follow out the path made to her he loved most as she lay dying?" "Frenchman paused. His quick eye had noted the girl's signs of embarrassment. "Is the little game of suppose too long, mademoiselle?" Her tone was ample encouragement. He took up the game again more eagerly. "Suppose, then, mademoiselle, he fulfills his oath. Could you—a moment he paused for a word—"respect that man?" "Yes—yes, monsieur," she cried impulsively. Dubarre shook his head, smiling. "You speak too quick, mademoiselle. The game, our little 'suppose' game, is not finished. Suppose, mademoiselle, that young man met danger, great danger, greater than he knew, you know the danger, mademoiselle. It is the light that le bon Dieu puts by life's sea to save or wreck men—a woman. If he steers headlong, reckless, willing to die on the rocks, if only struggling for that light, could you—could you think such a man worthy?" He paused for a reply. May Percy stood at the edge of dreamland, looking into the far away. At last she spoke, and it was very soft. "You say the danger is sent by God, monsieur? Then man should try to conquer it."

He stepped back and bowed deeply, then moved toward the door. "May I have the honor of seeing mademoiselle safely to the house?" And then, almost as he said it, the door shook from a mighty pounding. CHAPTER VIII. A GAIN the door rattled and shook under the weight of a hammering sword hilt. Within the room the man and girl, struck still, stared blankly at each other. Surprise, dark anger, quick blushing shame and, last, white fear succeeded in her face. Her lips trembled, the hands clasped and unclasped nervously. Thrice she essayed to speak and could not. Only the eyes spoke plainly her fright and her appeal. Dubarre recovered first. "Is he there?" he shouted, and the tone was not that of the humble dancing master in the least. From without sounded a voice, hoarse with anger. "Open! Open! 'Tis I! Open quickly!" "Sir John!" It came at last, a low, faint gasp of horror from May Percy. Now she realized her false position—Dubarre's consideration of it. "What can I do?" she begged, low. Silent, lightly as a cat, the Frenchman sprang to the door and noiselessly turned the key. Another second and he was back beside her. "Sh!" he whispered. Then aloud: "And who may I be? No unknown I's have entered here." Again he whispered to the girl, "Try the window. As in a dream, she tiptoed to it, but the heavy shutter was closed and barred. "Open! On a once, I say!" Sir John's voice bore wild rage now. Every instant the door threatened to give way under his furious assault. May Percy had stolen back to Dubarre. "The shutter—I can't manage it," she whispered faintly. "And now from beyond the door another voice broke in upon them. "The Frenchman started after her. "Not here," he muttered fiercely, "the closet." Then he sprang to the mantel, knocked over the candlesticks and kicked over an andiron to make a big crash. "Mon Dieu," he cried, loudly angry, "there goes the candle. That comes at being in a hurry." Next he was beside May Percy, opening the closet door and shouting all at once.

"Patience, messieurs! In a moment when I get a light." Sir John Wilmerding was becoming wider every second of delay. "We'll make light enough when we get in," he roared. Dubarre had stepped into the closet with May Percy. Now they came out, he shaking his head. "Hopelily, be done?" whispered the girl in low tones of agony. Again the man shook his head. "I can't kill both." Thus they stood gazing at each other, twin statues of despair. From without the stern voice of Captain Thorncliffe punctuated their lethargy. "Open, Dubarre, immediately or we'll force a way." And again a sword hilt began playing upon the door. As at a deathbed one looks for the time, now Dubarre raised his eyes. His searching gaze, wandering from the girl, found the face of the big clock. Suddenly his own face brightened. Aloud, in laughing tones, almost triumphant, he cried: "Mon Dieu! Don't, captain! I'm coming." Seizing May Percy by the arm, he hustled her with desperate speed over to the big clock. The door of it came open easily. "Be quiet and trust me," he whispered. A moment more and the girl was locked in behind the woodman door. And the face of the clock above told nothing of it. "I'm coming, messieurs; I'm coming." Dubarre was leaping across the room for the other door. And as he sprang he jerked off his coat and threw it on the table. Quickly he turned the lock and threw open the door with a grand flourish. "What has brought the humble dancing master this honor?" asked the obsequious, bowing Frenchman as Sir John Wilmerding and Captain Thorncliffe crossed the threshold. "Are gentlemen to be kept waiting by a paid jumping jack?" demanded Sir John Wilmerding, striding to the center of the room. For the fifth time the dancing master bowed to his waist. "But see, monsieur," he protested, "I did not stop even to finish dressing." Captain Thorncliffe turned impatiently to his companion. "Come, Jack. We are not here to bandy words. State what you want to the Frenchman. What has happened? You are wearing swords. Do you expect attack? What can be the matter?" In surprise and sudden anxiety he piled questions one upon another. "Matter enough!" roared Wilmerding. "We are searching for Mistress Percy."

Dubarre was the picture of horrified astonishment. "Mon Dieu!" he cried. "Has some beast stolen her?" He rushed to the table and began slipping on his coat. "For her I, too, could seize Sir John by the arm, began pulling him toward the door, all the while crying: "But come, come, monsieur! We are losing time! Your best-trothed may be—?" Sir John started him off with a fierce oath, so that the smaller Frenchman staggered back several paces. "Secondly, she's here!" "Mistress Percy's dancing master straightened himself. A look of wonder crept into his face. "This a strange jest, monsieur. The words were spoken very slowly. "If it only were a jest!" roared Wilmerding. "I tell you, I saw her come." Straightway Dubarre was swept into equal rage. With his hand twitching, he stepped close to Wilmerding and thrust his own blazing eyes within a foot of the snarling lover's. "If you say that," Englishman, like many another spy, you lie!" Sir John sprang back and half drew his sword. Captain Thorncliffe leaped beside him in time to catch his arm. "Steady, Jack; steady," advised the captain soothingly. "I knew there must be some mistake." The Frenchman's anger had changed to cold contempt now. "And a mistake monsieur will rue when Mistress Percy hears of it," he sneered. Sir John Wilmerding shook off the restraining arm bitterly. "Loose me, Hal. I tell you I saw her come not twenty minutes ago. I watched the door and sent for you that I might have witness when I killed the low born lover."

He turned again fiercely on the sneering Frenchman. "Quiet, Jack. Be calm," soothed Captain Thorncliffe. Dubarre bowed with most exaggerated politeness. "Monsieur greatly honors the poor dancing master when he admits him as a rival." "And you, Dubarre, be silent!" ordered Thorncliffe sternly. Again the Frenchman bowed humbly. "The poor dancing master should always strive to please monsieur. And of a truth, I'm to die for it. It pangs me deeply that, dying, I cannot at the last please Sir John by producing the lady." His manner expressed only the great sorrow that his failure to do so should give the lover pain. Sir John shot back looks all about the room. "If she's here we'll find her," he declared eagerly. Dubarre seized the opportunity for vindication. "Yes, yes. Let us search." As he spoke he rushed to the bed and laid hold of the curtains. Sir John winced visibly at that. It did not escape the Frenchman. Still holding the cloth, he turned, blandly questioning. "Pray, where did the titled lover expect to find his mistress? Was she the dancing theology with the humble dancing master?" Then, without wait-

ing for reply, he jerked down the curtains, drew them off the bed and began to shake them in violent style. "Is the fellow mad? What are you doing?" demanded Captain Thorncliffe. Dubarre looked up apologetically. "One never can tell, monsieur. I thought perhaps a girl, a half girl or possibly a girl and a half might be hidden in the curtains." Thorncliffe exclaimed sternly: "Dubarre, enough of this trifling." The dancing master was all eagerness to please. "As monsieur le capitaine wishes," he said snarling, "but monsieur knows all manner of queer things may happen when a titled lover traces his affianced bride to the room of an absent dancing master." Then, turning from the captain to Sir John, he made a gesture toward the mattress. "Monsieur thrust his sword into the bed?" The lover winced again. "I'm sure," added Dubarre, with great earnestness, "she must scream if it touches her."

"Cease such unseemly jesting!" shouted the indignant one. "Enough!" said Captain Thorncliffe. "Was your own suggestion," he said, "I wished but to make sure. Will monsieur lend me the sword?" "No," answered Wilmerding shortly. "Enough!" said Captain Thorncliffe. Dubarre drew a small knife from his belt. "Then by myself I'll make sure," he declared, and springing suddenly on the bed, thrust the knife repeatedly into the mattress. "Is it enough?" he asked, after a dozen thrusts, looking up. "Come down, Dubarre," ordered Thorncliffe, laughing in spite of himself. The Frenchman climbed down. Then, looking at his work, apostrophized the bed angrily. "Poor bed, it was cruel treatment after the many times you have comforted me, but, shaking his head sadly, "when ladies of fashion seek to hide the rooms of renegade dancing masters, then all things must be changed about."

"Sir John had moved over beside the mantel. "The window—she might have got out by this." Then he and Captain Thorncliffe struggled with the bar. It took several minutes of tussling before the heavy shutter yielded. Dubarre laughed and thanked them for doing something that he had been unable to do for himself. Now the searchers stood perplexed. The simple room seemed to afford no other hiding place. Suddenly Wilmerding caught sight of the closet door. He trembled as nothing since his entrance had made him tremble. Here was the quarry run to earth at last. "The closet!" he exclaimed and rushed toward it, crying: "Watch the French scoundrel, Hal. Don't let him escape!" Dubarre's lips were smiling. About the eyes he had grown ten years. Then Wilmerding stumbled against the clock. The Frenchman's smile seemed frozen on his face. "Has the clock?" cried the lover and reached for the closet door. "Poor clock!" murmured the dancing master, and as Wilmerding paused before the door he added, "For a man who has sought so earnestly, Sir John Wilmerding displays rare diffidence at meeting his betrothed."

Sir John whirled that way and drew his sword. "Be still, Frenchman." The other only continued in the same reflective tone. "If a titled lover cannot keep his betrothed from the room of a poor dancing master before marriage, how difficult afterward it should be to hold the wife from gentlemen of fashion and soldiers." Wilmerding still wavered before the closet door. "Hal," he said at last, "I'm not myself. I can't face her. Let me watch the Frenchman. You open the door. And as for you"—raising his sword above Dubarre—"Hil!" With a quick jerk Captain Thorncliffe had pulled open the closet door. "It's empty!" he cried in joyful tones. Wilmerding's sword fell to a moment with a crash. The lover shook a floor with joy. "Thank God!" he said earnestly at last. The Frenchman looked at both with a sneer. "Are you quite sure, messieurs?" he asked. "I was before I came," declared Thorncliffe heartily. Dubarre turned now on Wilmerding. "Twas a brave deed, monsieur, for the titled lover with sword on hip to

insult the poor, unarmed dancing master." "No harm was done," blurted Sir John, the more brutally to cover his confusion. The Frenchman merely looked at him. "Doubtless Mistress Percy will be glad to hear that she was proved innocent," he said. Captain Thorncliffe had to bite his lips at that. "Don't push Jack so hard, Dubarre," he urged. "The dancing master continued to Sir John: "But is monsieur sure—quite sure—that she is innocent? One never can tell of women. Is there not some other place to look? Possibly she may have hidden behind the facing of the clock. It stopped this morning. A shaking up may do it good."

Captain Thorncliffe felt called upon to interfere. "Enough, enough, Dubarre!" he begged. "Don't you see her's sorry?" "Yes," said Wilmerding angrily, "I'm sorry." He thrust his sword in its scabbard and stalked toward the door. The Frenchman looked after the departing lover. "One would think he was sorry he had not found her," said the indignant man sarcastically. Captain Thorncliffe held out his hand. "I know you will say nothing of this, Dubarre. I am grieved and jealous about it. Enough, enough, Dubarre!" he begged. "You have acted splendidly throughout."

Dubarre smiled as they shook hands. "You should know," he said, then added: "Twas sad. Pierre came in wearing a long cloak against the rain, but that fooled him. Good night, monsieur." Captain Thorncliffe followed Sir John Wilmerding out. Dubarre locked the door after them. Next he straightened, with a monstrous sigh of relief, and in the candle light his face was lit with a great fatigue. A moment he stood thus, then stepped quickly across the room. He turned the key and opened the door of the clock. "They are gone, mademoiselle. Now I shall see you safely to the house." From her narrow hiding place the "clock" looked out on him with her eyes full of a wonderful light that had never shone there so plainly before. "For my good name what return can I make to the noblest gentleman I ever knew?" she asked. Dubarre bowed low over her extended hand. "None to the dancing master—just now, mademoiselle," he said, with meaning. Then Mistress Percy stepped out from the clock, and as she did so the figures of two men passed the window. Sir John Wilmerding, on the outside, started forward, but Captain Thorncliffe thrust one hand over the lover's mouth and pushed him back into the shadow, and from the captain's lips came the muttered exclamation: "By gracious! She was in the clock!"



"The closet!" he exclaimed and rushed toward it.

But thinking did no good, and impatiently he turned back to the discarded Gazette. He picked it up again, and almost as he did so his glance caught an item that made him start. He took his pipe from his mouth to whistle, then laid it on the bench while he read the growing bigger from astonishment until the close he slumped his leg and burst out with a hearty roar: "By the Lord Harry, it's just like him!" Ethel Courtleigh, coming along the garden path, heard the enthusiastic rejoicing. Captain Thorncliffe sprang to his feet and snatched off his cap, all confusion. "I—er—ah—big pardon—deed I do, Mistress Courtleigh, I—er—didn't know you were here." "I think you might ask me to sit down," she said, laughing at his confusion. Now, the captain's idea of war was to go right after the enemy. (To be continued.)

## A HERO SAYS BORDEN

### Conservative Leader Says That Hoodlum Treatment of Bourassa is Not Hurting Him

Toronto, Aug. 8.—The leader of the opposition, Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., arrived at the King Edward this morning from Montreal. "I have every reason to believe there will be another session before the election," said Mr. Borden. "This of course, I look at as the last of the present parliament, and the last session is usually an active one." When asked about his visit, Mr. Borden replied: "This is only a private trip. The political tour which I have planned begins on the 20th of August, when I will address a meeting in the Maritime provinces. I will be in Ontario in September. I really can't say whether I will speak in Toronto or not, as I have left the arrangement of my addresses with the different provincial associations. The tour through to the coast will be completed by Nov. 1st."

"Bourassa will not be injured by the abuse he received from the crowd at his meeting in Quebec city," Mr. Borden said in answer to a question. "The event has simply made him a hero all over the province, and has strengthened him rather than otherwise. It was a mistake on the part of those who were responsible for the disturbance, and it hardly agrees with the Liberal principle of freedom of speech."

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## GOOD WHEAT IN FAR NORTH

### Samples Brought From 160 Miles North of Prince Albert—The Script Commission

Prince Albert, Aug. 9.—George Russell returned from Portage la Prouche and Isle la Crosse, where he went with Commissioner Bothwick, who was north making treaty with the Cree and Chipewyan Indians at these points. In the party were the following scrip buyers, Alex. McDonald, Horace Halcore, Horace Adams, Tommy Davis, Jos McKay, Chester Thompson, Lawyer Kent, of Winnipeg, Dr. Coleridge, Geo. Russell, Mr. Bernard of Revillon Bros., had charge of the transportation. At Portage la Prouche and Isle la Crosse the party had green onions and radishes in July from the Mission gardens. The party lived on fish and moose meat. The white fish from Buffalo lake weighed ten pounds and were delicious. The commissioners left Isle la Crosse about the tenth of July for Stanley lake and Lake LaBruche. They will return by Montreal late. Mr. Russell says that Tom Bothwick makes a very good commissioner. He is well liked by the Indians and takes pains to do his work well. The party travelled north from here over five hundred miles. The trip was made by water and in all they ran about forty rapids. It is wonderful to see how well dressed the people are and how comfortable. They live chiefly on fish. On the first of July there were fine sports at Isle la Crosse. There were horse races, tug-of-war, boat races, foot races and jumping. The Indians entered into the spirit of the sport and the party had a great time. W. J. McLean, of Winnipeg and A. W. Bell are acting as secretaries to the commissioner. The wheat at Green Lake, 160 miles north of here was as far ahead as at Prince Albert.

## DRAWN NEARER DAY BY DAY

### Imperial Sentiment Expressed By British Journalists—Dawson a Statesman

The visit of the British journalists is doing a great deal to cement the ties of the empire. Speaking of his impressions of Canada, Mr. A. J. Dawson, of the London Standard, said: "Those who write and those who read the journal I have the honor of representing, the London Standard, hold strongly to the belief that Canada is more emphatically the country of the twentieth century than the United States was the promised land of the nineteenth century. We think there is another vital difference between these two countries. Canada we think of as the first great independent nation of the British empire. We hope to see more and more good men and women of British stock and more and more of British capital take part each year in the development of this most magnificent among the overseas works of the empire. We hope and work for the closer union between Canada and the rest of the Empire, based not alone on patriotic sentiment, but upon trading reciprocity, upon imperial preference, and upon a sure belief in the advantage of the whole cause of civilization which is gained by the spread and dominance of that rule and constitution which unite us all, four hundred million strong under the one well loved flag which stands the world over for real justice."

"We attach great importance to the rapidly growing movement for fiscal reform, not alone upon commercial grounds, but because we are assured, that preference, the principle of treating our kin a little better than the stranger, must make for the further strengthening of the greatest and most beneficent union that the world has ever seen. In this we look for the loyal patience of Canada, and the strong unanimous voice of Canada's approval when the good time comes. It is drawing nearer day by day."

## MANY TRACK SITES SOLD

### Commissioner Lawson Presents Quarterly Report

One of the important features of the report of H. C. Lawson, to the board of trade on Thursday evening when the publicity commissioner submitted a return showing the scope of his work during the last quarter, was the fact that in the last four months the city had sold at a nominal sum, subject to building conditions at least, eighteen warehouse track sites. Mr. Lawson produced copies of articles which appeared in leading magazines in Great Britain, and the United States, respecting the city and district. Stock Centre About a year ago a committee of the board of which H.W. Laird was chairman, took up the matter of a permanent stock yards at the exhibition grounds and tentative plans were submitted. In the meantime the city has built a large amphitheatre and show ring which has been very serviceable for the spring stock show, but as Mr. Laird pointed out to the board on Thursday last, nothing further is being done with regard to the big stock yards for monthly sales. A board of commissioners could operate the yards for the city. The following committee was appointed to wait on the city again respecting the matter: Messrs Laird, McArthur and McCausland. The question of postal delivery was taken up and it was disclosed that the department would not give Regina free delivery till the population reached twelve thousand. The business men's committee reported on the postal service to the effect that at present there is no reason for complaint regarding the Regina office. Messrs W. H. Laird and A. T. Hunter who represented the city at the Winnipeg sitting of the railway commission reported on their trip. Mr. McCausland gave notice that he would introduce a motion urging the appointment of a commission to administer our civic affairs. Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for pills and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by the Regina Pharmacy Stores.

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THE WEST

Published every Wednesday by The West Company, Limited, at their office, Ross Street, next New City Hall.

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THE MANAGER, The West Company, Ltd., Regina, Sask.

WEDNESDAY, August 14, 1907.

Guaranteeing Bonds

The resolution of the recent municipal convention in this city to ask the government to guarantee the bonds of municipalities raises a very important question which the government will no doubt consider most seriously before coming to a decision in the matter.

It is urged that a government has as much right to assist municipalities in this matter as they have to aid railway companies, but it does not appear to us that because the whole province stands behind a railway company with a provincial system, that the government is therefore called upon to help in a similar manner ambitious and competing municipalities.

With regard to the financial situation many of those qualified to express opinions on the subject say that the worst is yet to come. Not within the last twenty years has such a financial stringency arisen, and the conditions are universal.

Producing industries offer better returns on investments than either government or municipal bonds, and when money is scarce and times are prosperous the less competition there is for municipal securities.

Under these circumstances we cannot see to what extent municipalities will benefit by having the government at their back, but if the government undertakes this obligation, they make their own securities worth that much less in the same market even if what is claimed for a government guarantee be true.

She Was Dreaming

It is not until you come to Regina and see the grass parched brown and dry, not a tree or shrub between you and the horizon, and the land so vast and level that an Indian has been able to signal to another in a camp fifty miles away.

neath a glass. A hopeless, helpless feeling comes over you; you can see to the uttermost horizon north, south, east and west, and there is no habitation upon it to which you can turn.

The above was written by Miss McDonald, "Claudia" to the Toronto News. The writer was with the National Council of Women who stopped off at Regina on their way to the coast.

The prairie at the time of "Claudia's" visit was about the same as it is now, clothed in richest verdure and profusely decked with a great variety of flowers. The sloughs were filled with water so that to cut hay was impossible except on the highland. The grain was so rank with the frequent showers that much wheat was threatened with being drowned out.

"Claudia" failed to grasp the important features of this country; did not note the heavy wheat crops; the enormous railway traffic; the inrush of settlers; the steam plowing outfits dotting the prairie; the hurry of an industrious population, or the many other characteristics that appeal to the average visitor.

"A helpless, hopeless feeling comes over you," she says, but "Claudia" was wasting words, for she could have expressed her feelings by saying she got "cold feet."

This part of the country is certainly well settled, but we are told that "there is no habitation upon it to which you can turn." That is certainly the limit, but why comment further, for it is evident that "Claudia" was dreaming and home sick.

A Caretaker Needed

The city council should not delay in appointing a caretaker for the exhibition grounds, either that, or the grounds must be closed. It is not safe for the people to have access to the grounds where on Sundays many young fellows sit around the grand stand smoking.

Party Hoodlums

It is a noticeable fact that whenever a striking figure in the Liberal party differs from his leaders, notwithstanding that he is consistent with the principles of his party, the hoodlums of the machine are set after him and he is pursued from one platform to another and every attempt is made to discredit him, not with arguments, but with disorder and eggs.

Henri Bourassa is the latest victim of these tactics. He was good enough for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to try to charm into silence in the lobby of the House of Commons when he had given notice of his motion respecting "women, wine and graft." The premier, it is said, followed Mr. Bourassa out of the House on several occasions, and placing his velvet hand upon his shoulder whispered honeyed words into his compatriot's ear.

Mr. Borden says that the treatment handed out to Bourassa, however, has made him a hero.

We had almost a similar case in this province two years ago. When stalwart Liberals broke away from the party leaders on the autonomy issues, hoodlums tried to prevent one of them getting a hearing in this city.

More money was spent against him in his constituency than the Provincial Rights party had altogether for their organization campaign, yet he won a sweeping victory. Mr. Scott himself took a rather humiliating part in that affair, but he too got on the raw edge of public scorn.

The hoodlum game will not work and if a man cannot be beaten fairly, the only sure way is to stuff the ballot box, for disorder at public meetings only makes the fellow popular.

A Time for Caution

A careful review of the financial and industrial condition of the United States and a consideration of the factors influencing them in the near future, leads the New York Journal of Commerce to conclude that a period of severe money stringency may not be at hand, but that trade and labor must retrench, while business must be marked by caution and good management.

The excessive cost of copper is leading the telephone companies to restrict extensions; railway companies are limiting their endeavors to finish projects entered upon before the pinch. The sales of jewelry and automobiles show that the very rich are becoming cautious.

Every elector knows who made this fight in his behalf; few know the terrific influences combined against him. But to all good citizens the judgment of the railway commission will come as a message of hope and encouragement.

Now will follow the lingering appeals to the supreme court of Canada and, perhaps to the privy council, but the people know that this company has been adjudged a law-breaker and that no relief, however distant is in sight.

PRESS COMMENTS

Justice may move with leaden feet but she does arrive. The order by the railway commission, calling upon the C.P.R. to furnish a third class service for the carriage of passengers at the maximum rate of two cents a mile, may produce no immediate effect, because the usual delays and legal appeals are to be taken for granted.

Only last session it petitioned parliament to repeal the clause of its charter requiring the penny-a-mile service and then introduced the bill

SUNSHINE FURNACE

NO BENDING DOUBLE AND POKING AROUND THE ASH-FIT WITH A SHOVEL TO GET THE ASHES OUT OF THE SUNSHINE.

The Sunshine is furnished with a good, big ash-pan. All you have to do is to grasp two strong, firmly attached, always-cool, bale handles and the large, roomy ash-pan easily comes out.

A minute or two is all it takes to perform the operation. All the ashes are in the pan, too.

Because they are guided into it by means of ash-chutes attached immediately below the fire-pot.

Sunshine is the simplest, easiest-managed, cleanest kind of a furnace. You don't have to wear overalls and a smock when attending to the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine" write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B. PEART BROS. HARDWARE CO., Local Agents

GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

Open season—Antelope Oct. 1 to Nov. 14th. Deer, caribou, moose, elk—Dec. 1st to 15.

Ducks, geese, swans, rails, coots, snipe, plover and curlew—Sept. first to Dec. 31.

Chickens, partridge, grouse—Sept. 15 to Nov. 30.

Cranes—August 1 to Dec. 31. It is unlawful to shoot on Sunday.

A general license to shoot may be procured from guardians for one hundred dollars.

A bird license may be procured from guardians for fifty dollars.

Permits to guests or residents may be procured from guardians for one dollar.

For violation of the law penalties may be imposed from fifty to five hundred dollars or imprisonment.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have smouldering duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating medicine.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmful character, but is a standard and proven compound, with a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper.

PRIZE SHIP ON LAKES

The steamer Don Juan de Austria, one of the Spanish vessels captured by Admiral Dewey in the Spanish-American war, recently passed down the Welland canal enroute to Detroit where she will be stationed as a naval reserve ship.

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.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. On the tongue and you cure the disease. Easy to take and steady.

Welded Edge Vitrified Plain White Hotel Ware

Strongest Earthenware made. In appearance equals China. Almost unchipable, and washes clean if chipped.

- Cups and Saucers, double thick, welded edge... \$1.45 per doz.
5 inch Plates, extreme width, 7 inches... \$1.10
6 inch Plates, " " 7 1/2 inches... \$1.10
7 inch Plates, " " 9 inches... \$1.50
8 inch Plates, " " 10 inches... \$1.50
Oyster Bowls... \$1.30
Deep Bakers or Vegetable Side Dishes, 8 inch length 5 1/2 inch... \$1.50
4 inch Side Dishes... \$1.50
5 inch Side Dishes... \$1.50
Butter Chops... \$1.40

These are but a few of the many lines we carry. We have all sizes in Jugs, Dishes, both Vegetable and Meat—in fact everything necessary for the table. Write for sample plate and prices.

Simpkins Bros.

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MAKE A SPECIALTY OF IMPROVED FARMS AND ALSO HAVE A LARGE LIST OF WILD LANDS TO DISPOSE OF NO CHARGES FOR SHOWING LAND. INFORMATION FREE

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OUR BRANDS "Capital" and "Regina" Makes beautiful Bread and Pastry. Light, White and Delicious. Sold by all the principal store-keepers.

REINA FLOUR MILL CO. McCormick Agency

Just Arrived! A car lot of McCormick twine which we guarantee to be first class in every particular. Prices are right.

We have always on hand the New McCormick 1907 Binder which was thoroughly tested last year and proved to be one of the lightest draft Binders built, combined with its other many perfect qualities makes it a favorite with the farmers.

A call will convince you and will be much appreciated.

R. E. Mickleborough ROSE STREET

BILL MINER Noted Outlaw Re-capture

Vancouver, Aug. 13. Bill Miner and his slippers under the peeped into the bushes lost as completely as swallowed up in the in finding Miner him but the fact that the no one of them succeeded in effecting the eyes of the police causing much public authorities.

That Miner had of is certain. Popular it is being housed right minister or Vancouver that he will be spirit travelling becomes sa the other hand with three days a score are mentioned. He taken down the river boat, hundreds of y on the Fraser river may have got away national boundary in his old haunts, where he robbery of the sion junction two ye he knows every foot like the hunter he friends would give tance.

Public sympathy for least remarkable feat remarkable escape. Nety twenty people me declare that they he away; indeed it is co is now somewhere a reach of the officers. day that he has a brothers living in Van they are well suppli Rumor has it that a the train robber, H meen, arrived in Van ago with five thousa he delared would be s freedom for the aged.

There appears to no doubt that Mine scrounded that he is, ments beforehand, s equipment to secure some way or other s fortunate enough to the bars. With twenty minut day afternoon he appe ample time to get a hunt for Bill Miner s timentary guards and nice bright uniforms, of twos and threes b woods on the outski ster. One bloodhoun tracking and led the mile and a quarter had wisely separated the other fellows and himself.

One convict, perhap burglar, was seen of Vancouver the fol when he stopped at a get a drink. He still on clothes. Beyond t trace of the man ha The Dominion govern no reward for their c rank and file of dete in Vancouver and mainland are certain themselves 'getting' Fill Minee.

Up in Nicola, wh and horse traded for years, the entire p sympathy with Miner but even the "best"

POISON

Food Was Eat Came Fro

A sensational pois Steele restaurant n the death of John F. Winters is the abso version at the pres there, is much specu the fugitive G Mack who it is allea for the murder of t men, will ever be b as at present, there is whereabouts.

On Thursday mo guests at the Stee their breakfast and s half a dozen of the ical aid was call the people were tak tal. Those affecte

Cyrus Wintels, de John Fortuna, dea Mrs. W. J. Steele Harry Stewart, re Roy Campbell, re E. O. Shalk, rec George Love, rec Samuel McKibbin. It appears that M Charlie Mack in the ness went over to S previous and borrow oatmeal, and it is oatmeal returned poisoned the board

The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion. It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system. ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

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# BILL MINER IS STILL AT LARGE

### Noted Outlaw Made Escape and Has Not Been Re-captured--Looks Like Friendly Assistance

Vancouver, Aug. 13.—From the time Bill Miner and his three companions slipped under the penitentiary walls last Thursday afternoon and disappeared into the bush, they have been lost as completely as if they had been swallowed up in the earth. Difficulty in finding Miner himself was expected but the fact that the three other men no one of them particularly clever, succeeded in eluding themselves from the eyes of the penitentiary posse, is causing much public criticism of the authorities.

That Miner had outside assistance is certain. Popular belief is that he is being housed in New Westminster or Vancouver, by friends, and that he will be spirited away when travelling becomes safer for him. On the other hand with the elapse of three days a score of possibilities are mentioned. He may have been taken down the river in a fishing boat, hundreds of which are plying on the Fraser river just now, or he may have got away across the International boundary into the woods of his old haunts, where he escaped after the robbery of the train at Mission Junction two years ago. There he knows every foot of the ground like the hunter he is, and many friends would give him every assistance.

Public sympathy for him is not the least remarkable feature of the remarkable escape. Nineteen out of every twenty people met on the street declare that they hope he will get away; indeed it is conceded that he is now somewhere safe out of the reach of the officers. It developed today that he has a sister and two brothers living in Vancouver and that they are well supplied with money. Rumor has it that a former friend of the train robber, living in Similkameen, arrived in Vancouver ten days ago with five thousand dollars which he declared would be spent in securing freedom for the aged train robber.

There appears to be no room for doubt but that Miner, cautious old scoundrel that he is, made arrangements beforehand with money and equipment to secure his release in some way or other should he be unfortunate enough to be placed behind the bars.

With twenty minutes start, Thursday afternoon he appears to have had ample time to get away. The man hunt for Bill Miner is a farce. Penitentiary guards and policemen all in nice bright uniforms, have in parties of twos and threes been scouring the woods on the outskirts of Westminster. One bloodhound was secured for tracking and led the trailers for a mile and a quarter to where Miner had wisely separated himself from the other fellows and started off for himself.

One convict, perhaps McCusk, the burglar, was seen at the outskirts of Vancouver the following morning when he stopped at a small hotel to get a drink. He still wore his prison clothes. Beyond that no accurate trace of the man has been received. The Dominion government has offered no reward for their capture, and the rank and file of detectives and police in Vancouver and throughout the mainland are certainly not bothering themselves getting in the way of Bill Miner.

Up in Nicola, where Miner lived and horse traded for a number of years, the entire population is in sympathy with Miner. Not only that but even the "best business" people

of the district state that they would go out of their way to give Miner all the assistance possible and shelter him against the police. In the meantime an apathetic watch is being kept along the Fraser river and in Vancouver, but the capture of Miner tomorrow or a year from now would be the biggest surprise possible to the people of the coast.

It is the proud boast of Deputy Warden Bourke that during his twelve years of service here, and while in Manitoba, whence he was transferred no convict in his keeping escaped and retained his liberty.

The way he made his escape is made in the first despatch from Vancouver. Bill Miner has escaped from the New Westminster Penitentiary. He is the most mysterious prisoner in America, and has the distinction of being the only man who ever held up a train in Canada. He is tonight believed to be heading for the International boundary, only fifteen miles distant from New Westminster, if he has not already crossed it on the fastest horse he can steal.

His pals, "Shorty" Dunn, serving a life term; and Colquhoun his Ontario confederate in the Kamloops train robbery, are not with him, not having had old Bill's opportunity to get away. Three others escaped with Miner, but he will likely drop them all being juniors in the game. Miner plays. They are Clark of Nanaimo, three years for forgery; W. J. Wood, Victoria, like term; and A. F. McClosky, Vancouver, seven years for forgery.

All had served over one year of their terms.

With these Miner was working in the brickyard. They dug a hole under the wall and made their escape nearly an hour before it was discovered at four p.m.

Ottawa and every police centre in British Columbia and Washington state were immediately wired, and every available officer in New Westminster and Vancouver were pressed into service.

Miner was the best behaved prisoner in New Westminster penitentiary. Only a few weeks ago he joked about his life to a mounted officer who had assisted in his memorable capture.

Sergt. C. J. Wilson, the man who was behind the two guns which held up the famous Bill when the Mounted policemen from Calgary captured the famous trio of train robbers shortly after their hold up at Ducks, was very much surprised when told of the escape, and immediately asked: "Did Shorty get away too?"

During the trial at Kamloops the little fellow frequently told the officers and press correspondents that he would not spend very long in the jail even if he was convicted. He at one time stated that "bird cage over there," referring to the Kamloops jail, could not hold him overnight.

Miner seemed resigned to his fate though and it really looked as if the wild, disparate days of the old outlaw were over.

When Sergt. Wilson was in Westminster recently he called on the old fellow and had a long interview with him.

At that time Miner presented him with his automatic gun found on him at the time of his arrest, and as a return favor asked the sergeant to sign a pardon for his release in a few years, when as he stated, himself, "I am too old to rob a train."

Mack took it away. The same evening while witness worked at his stove the Chinaman returned with some meal. Mrs. Sayce held the sack and witness poured the meal into it. Mack remarked, "You do good business. I do no business. How much boarder have you?" "I have seventeen," witness replied and the Chinaman remarked, "I have only five. I had fifteen in for dinner, but that business no good. I soon go Winnipeg." Witness replaced the bag on the shelf, and the next morning used it to make porridge with about the same quantity of meal as the Chinaman brought. Witness served the boarders with bacon and eggs, and when they had gone out witness noticed that most of the food had not been touched. He remarked, "I wonder what's the matter with the men that they don't eat their breakfast." Mrs. Steele replied, "I don't think there is anything wrong, except that they nearly seven o'clock. We had better have breakfast now," she added, "for the other boarders won't be in till about eight." She took some porridge and filled up a plate of it for witness, and went out to wash up some dishes. As witness was about to eat his porridge one of the men came from the stable, and standing in the door exclaimed, "Have you any more of that porridge Jack for God's sake don't give them any more." "Why?" asked witness, "what's the matter?" The stableman replied "all the men who have eaten it are sick." Witness rose and went to the stable, where he saw two men one lying on the floor vomiting, the other sitting against the wall. In reply to witness a stableman named Judd, said he had sent for a doctor. Suddenly witness recollected that his wife had taken some of the porridge, and after having telephoned for a doctor to attend to her ran back to the house. Mrs. Steele asked if the men were very sick, and said that she herself had vomited two or three times. Witness returned to the stable and took Dr. Thomson the water and salt he required for first aid and helped him to apply it in the case of fortune. When Mrs. Meek and Thomson came to the house witness showed them the meal and they told him to keep it. He was assured that Mrs. Steele would get better, and went away to other patients. When he returned his wife's condition had grown worse. Dr. Meek to the porridge and milk and announced that he would have it analysed. After the analysis he told witness that arsenic had been found in the porridge.

In reply to the coroner, witness said that he took the sack from the shelf on Thursday, it was in the same position as on the previous night. He did not know anyone who would be likely to tamper with it meanwhile. Mrs. Sayce left as soon as the crockery was washed up, and none of the boarders ever went into the kitchen. He thought all the eight boarders at the first table had porridge.

Second Death

The second victim of the poisoning was Cyrus Winters who died at the hospital Tuesday morning. There will not be an inquest, the coroner's certificate being sufficient after the finding of the jury in the Fortune case. Winters' remains were removed to Speers, Marshall and Boyd's undertaking parlors to await orders from the relatives of the deceased at St. Thomas, Ont.

Mack Sing

Mack Sing the Chinaman in custody, is charged with the murder of these two men. He was brought before the coroner yesterday to give evidence. The oath administered was the Chinese form. A saucer was placed in his hand and he threw it to the floor and broke it, the coroner saying: "You shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, or as this saucer is broken so shall your soul be broken," the Chinaman kneeling while taking the oath.

Accused was examined by H. V. Biglow. He said that he was a servant of Charlie Mack. Sometimes he cooked but Charlie made the porridge. Witness borrowed meal from Mrs. Steele's on Wednesday morning and returned it on Wednesday evening. He did not know how much meal was in the house when he borrowed it from Steele's. Witness was accused of having three different names in Regina, but he would not admit this.

Dr. Thomson

Dr. Thomson testified to being called to Steele's boarding house where several men were ill. He and Dr. Meek went to the B. C. Restaurant where they saw the accused Mack Sing and asked him about the bag from which he had taken the meal returned to Steele's.

Miss Hulsmitz who worked for the Chinaman gave evidence but threw little light on the case.

Mrs. Sayce who worked at Steele's restaurant also gave evidence. She remembered Mack Sing bringing back the oatmeal about 7 o'clock in the morning.

Dr. Charlton

Dr. Charlton analysed the porridge alleged to have contained the poison which killed the two victims. He said that oatmeal was the very best kind of food to put arsenic into, as the slightly bitter taste of the meal disguises the poison. It was present in the porridge in large quantities.

J. S. Donahue owner of the property where the Chinese restaurant was located swore that the lease was signed by Charlie Mack and Mack Pugh, whom he identified as the accused.

finding of the jury was: "We, your jury, empaneled to enquire into the death of John Fortune find from the evidence submitted that the said John Fortune came to his death from arsenic poisoning, the arsenic being taken in porridge eaten by him on Thursday, August 8th, in the Capital restaurant, conducted by W. J. Steele, and that the porridge was made from meal delivered to the said W. J. Steele by Mack Sing of the British Columbia restaurant."

# PROVINCIAL SYNOD MEETS HERE TO-DAY

### Very Important Church Business--Ven. Archdeacon Lloyd's Motion--High Dignitaries Present

The provincial synod of Rupert's Land which opens here today is one of the most important church functions in Canada. This triennial synod should meet next year but important unfinished business was left over from Calgary meeting two years ago and the interests of the church necessitates the calling of the synod this year. The opening service took place in St. Paul's church this morning at 10 a.m., representatives both clerical and lay being present from the diocese of Keewatin, Selkirk, Rupert's Land, Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, Calgary, McKenzie river, Athabasca and Moosonee.

At the opening ceremony this morning the Bishop of Saskatchewan officiated. One of the first matters to come up for discussion is the application of the bishop of Qu'Appelle for the appointment of an assistant bishop. Another important matter is the notice of motion by the Ven. Archdeacon Lloyd, respecting the organization of the diocesan boundaries in the ecclesiastical province of Rupert's Land. The motion is as follows:

Whereas the northern part of the diocese of Calgary has been for some time past being rapidly filling with white settlers and is of itself an enormous area.

And whereas the city of Edmonton has been made by the civil power a chief city and seat of government, promising to be of great importance in the near future;

And whereas the endowment of the diocese of Calgary is now to be annually completed by taking a part from the original endowment of Saskatchewan;

And whereas the southern part of the diocese of Athabasca will in the near future become the field for white settlement and expansion--the first movement of which has already begun;

And whereas the diocese of the McKenzie river, as at present constituted, is not considered by some to have a sufficient Indian population to warrant the continuance of a bishopric for that sphere alone;

And whereas the Bishop of Qu'Appelle has already made application to the provincial synod for the appointment of a coadjutor bishop in view of the large size of that diocese;

And whereas the diocese of Saskatchewan has now a vast Indian population attached to the north of its rapidly developing and large area.

And whereas the diocesan lines of Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan do not now conform as before with the civil (and new provincial) lines on the west;

And whereas it is reported in the public press that the bishop of McKenzie river or Athabasca is accepting the assistant Bishopric of Toronto, thus leaving McKenzie River and Athabasca vacant;

Therefore resolved: That this House respectfully invite a conference with the House of Bishops in committee of the whole with a view to the re-organization of the boundaries of the several dioceses, named according to the following or some other accepted plan, viz.:

Qu'Appelle to be reduced in size by adding to Calgary all the territory west of the 114th meridian.

The northern part of Calgary to be cut off to become part of the new diocese of Edmonton.

Saskatchewan to be reduced by adding the northern part to MacKenzie River, and the territory west of the fourth meridian to Edmonton.

The whole endowment of Athabasca to become that of Edmonton and to be completed at once.

The two new civil provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta to be thus divided (roughly speaking) as follows:

The two southern thirds to be Calgary and Qu'Appelle.

The two central thirds to be Edmonton and Saskatchewan.

The two northern thirds to be added to MacKenzie River.

Alberta Coal Commission

Edmonton, Aug. 9.—The report of the Alberta Coal Commission was published today. The report contains a synopsis of the evidence and several recommendations by the commissioners as follows:

A closer inspection of some of the smaller mines.

Erection of bath houses at the mines to be compulsory.

The minimum age for boys to be employed in mines to be 16 years.

All necessary timber for the use of miners to be brought as near to the working face as practicable, and in no case further away than the nearest cross-cut in the working face.

The distance between the first and

second openings to the mine should not be less than one hundred feet. Inspectors reports should be posted at the mines.

The government should make every effort to induce individuals and companies who are able to do so, to keep a supply of coal on hand and stored during the summer for winter use.

Compensation for injuries to be decided by special commission from which there can be no appeal.

Legislation compelling the erection and licensing of warehouses which would enable agents and dealers to better finance the purchase and storage of coal during the slack season.

Legislation compelling the furnishing of cars to shippers in Alberta.

Reciprocal demurrage is suggested.

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if you want to please your family. A 'Jumble' is not only satisfying but is the correct thing with coffee. There is no heavy after feeling from eating a 'Jumble' providing it is one of the

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All kinds of blacksmithing done promptly and in a workmanlike manner.  
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A. F. ANGUS,  
Manager Regina Branch.

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# POISONED PORRIDGE KILLS TWO MEN

### Food Was Eaten at Steel's Restaurant, but Oatmeal Came From Chinamen--The Inquest--One Chinaman Escapes.

A sensational poisoning case at the Steele restaurant which resulted in the death of John Fortune and Cyrus Winters is the absorbing topic of conversation at the present moment, and there is much speculation as to whether the fugitive Chinaman Charlie Mack who it is alleged is responsible for the murder of these two young men, will ever be brought to justice, as at present there is no clue as to his whereabouts.

On Thursday morning last the guests at the Steel restaurant took their breakfast and shortly afterward half a dozen of them became ill. Medical aid was called in and some of the people were taken to the hospital. Those affected were: Cyrus Winters, dead. John Fortune, dead. Mrs. W. J. Steele, will recover. Harry Stewart, recovered. Roy Campbell, recovered. E. O. Shalk, recovered. George Love, recovered. Samuel McKibbin, recovered.

It appears that Mack a partner of Charlie Mack in the restaurant business went over to Steele's a few days previous and borrowed a quantity of oatmeal, and it is thought that the oatmeal returned was that which poisoned the boarders. Charlie Mack

has made his escape, but Mack Sing is held in custody. Mounted police and the city force have searched all Chinese places of abode but they have not discovered whether the fugitive is in the city or not.

On Friday evening the case assumes its most serious phase when John Fortune, one of the poisoned men died at the hospital. A jury was empaneled Saturday and in the evening Coroner Seymour commenced the hearing. The jury were W. Hindson, J. K. R. Williams, H. E. Armstrong, J. F. Bole, E. McCarthy and F. C. Simpkins.

The remains were examined by the jury at the undertaking parlors of Speers, Marshall & Boyd, to which place it had been removed from the hospital.

H. V. Biglow represented the Crown, and F. W. G. Haultain watched the case for the defence.

Steele's Statement

William John Steele, caterer and restaurant keeper of Lorne street, stated that on Wednesday morning about 5.30 the Chinaman Mack Sing came to his restaurant and said: "Give me some porridge, please." He then stepped in, saying, "It's meal I want." Witness filled up a can and

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Applications for admission and all information from J. S. ROBERTSON, Secretary National Sanitarium Association, (Saturday Night Building), 25 Adelaide Street, W., Toronto, Canada.



# The Castle Comedy

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

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"May I have that rose?" It was his very first question after they sat down. She looked at him in a surprise. "Why, how impudent you soldiers are! You'd take a town before you begin the siege."

"Some citadels are best taken by storm," he answered meaningly.

Mistress Courtleigh threw up her head. "No, sir, she snatched the rose shall be a reward if merit. I'll give it to you when you tell me what interested you in the paper just now."

Thorncliffe shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, that?" he said carelessly.

"Oh, that?" she mocked him. "Yes, you said, 'It's just like him.' Now just like who?"

"Why, that harum scurum young fool, Percy Latapie, of course. The scapegrace is in England."

"The French Percy in England?" cried the girl in horrified tones.

"Truly."

"Why, we shall all be killed!" she exclaimed in mock terror.

"Or led captive," he laughed slyly.

"But how do you know?"

"Listen." The captain picked up the paper and began to read:

"Word has just reached the war office that the notorious band known as 'French Percy' has left France and is supposed to be in England. Heretofore his disappearance from the English camp has always been regarded as a disaster to England. He is the man who entered the English camp in the guise of a trooper and stole the papers of the commander in chief, escaping safely with them and delivering them into the hands of Napoleon. The French Percy is supposed to be a scoundrel. Numerous other desperate enterprises are credited to this Percy Latapie. It is reported to be his boast that he has never failed in anything yet undertaken. From a source within the French lines it is known that Percy Latapie, saying that he wished to visit his family home in England in accordance with the dying wish of his mother, who passed away a year ago. His mother belonged to the well known family of Percys on the east coast. She ran away years ago with the young Viscount de St. Croix. The family estate by entail has become the property of Sir Henry Percy, a staunch Tory, who would be only too glad to deliver over his renegade cousin. The place is now being watched. It is safe to wager that 'French Percy' will fall in this, his last daring escapade, or if he gets to the castle will certainly be captured. In that event the death of a spy awaits him. A reward of 500 guineas has long stood for the body of this Percy Latapie, dead or alive. The commander in chief himself offers, in addition, £100 for the capture of 'French Percy.'"

The captain paused and looked up. "And to think that little more than five and one-half feet of dead scapegrace should be worth £600!"

"But he is such a brave soldier," said Mistress Courtleigh.

"Do girls always love brave soldiers?" asked Captain Thorncliffe.

"Would Sir Henry Percy arrest his cousin?" she countered.

"Of course," answered the captain.

"And you?" she persisted.

"Perhaps," he laughed. "You see, I owe him one. I'll ride over to the garison today and tell them to be on the lookout."

"Will you take your reward before you go?" she smiled, holding up the rose tantalizingly before him.

"And more, too?" he cried, seizing both hand and flower in his big grasp.

The girl gave a little scream. "What a grip, captain! Do you 'ways'—are you 'ways'—squeeze so hard?"

"I—didn't mean to hurt," he blundered. "You know, Ethel, I beg—I meant—"

She interrupted, laughing. "Come, I'll tell your fortune with the flower!"

They bent over side by side with their heads close together. She held the flower, he pulled off the petals, and as one they repeated:

"One I love,  
Two I love,  
Three I love, I say;  
Four I love with all my heart!"

Unnoticed May Percy had slipped across the lawn. She crept just behind the pair on the bench, then put her hands over her eyes.

"I'm not looking!"

"As if by magic the soldier and the girl stood upright a good yard apart.

"We were—er—just seeing how many leaves there are on a rose," murmured Mistress Courtleigh, confusedly, holding up a disarranged flower.

May Percy came gaily around the bench to kiss her blushing friend. "And to think, sweet, that I never knew before you were nearighted," she said sympathetically. Then, turning to Captain Thorncliffe, "And how hard it must be on a brave soldier to have poor eyes. How can you see to shoot? And yet they say you are a famous shot."

Captain Thorncliffe drew himself up stiffly.

"My eyes are very good," he said. "Sometimes they see strange things!"

"Like a flash came the reply: "And being an English soldier the tongue never tells them. But, captain, would you ask Sir John Wilmerding to meet me here? I wish to speak to him."

Her woman's intuition told her that they knew. The Percy headlong courage sought quick battle if it must come.

Captain Thorncliffe bowed ceremoniously. "Certainly, Mistress Percy," he said, and started away to find Sir John.

May Percy turned to her friend. "Now, sweetheart, what were you doing? Tell me all about it."

Ethel Courtleigh's face showed only blank surprise. "Doing? Why, nothing," she said, "but reading in the paper about your cousin."

"My cousin?" asked Mistress Percy.

"Yes, the French Percy, your over the water cousin. Here it is," and she offered the other girl the paper.

May Percy ran through the piece hastily. "Why, father would never give him up!" she exclaimed as she finished.

"Indeed he would, though!" cried Mistress Courtleigh, with conviction.

"Captain Thorncliffe said so, and the captain is going to ride over to the garison this evening and warn the soldiers to be on guard."

"Ethel!" A sudden wonderful thought seemed to strike May Percy. Her

cheeks became red, her eyes big and sparkling. "Suppose"—she began.

"Oh, I know what you were going to say!" cried the other. "I thought so, too, as I read it. You are thinking of the two Frenchmen who came yesterday and slipped away last night. The little one, he had Percy's grey eyes. I wish he had stayed. We might have found out for sure."

"Yes," said Mistress Percy absently, "we might." Apparently she had lost all her enthusiasm, for she sat thinking deeply.

And now Captain Thorncliffe was bringing on Sir John. They came across the lawn together, talking low. "You ought to have allowed me to settle it last night," declared Wilmerding bitterly.

Captain Thorncliffe laid a soothing hand upon his arm.

"Be calm, Jack. 'Twas but a girl's freak. All will be right. You must not fight or kill him. You should not have worn your sword."

They were too close now for confidences, and the captain cried aloud to the girls, "Ah, Mistress Percy, see, I've brought your lover, and now I claim my reward."

"Do you think she is worth the service, captain?" laughed May Percy.

Mistress Courtleigh drew herself up with assumed haughtiness.

"Well, if you don't want me—come, captain! And they started for the garden.

Mistress Percy and Sir John looked at each other, and both knew that each understood.

CHAPTER X.

FOR quite a minute the man and girl looked at each other.

"You sent for me?" he questioned after a pause.

Mistress Percy raised her eyes, steeled now, and looked Sir John over casually.

"I only wanted to tell you," she remarked in an even, polished tone, "that I think Dorothy Stanfield would make you a much better wife than I. She wants the position, you see."

"A mere excuse which means you don't love me," he blurted angrily. "You wish, then, to be released from our compact?"

Already she had forced him on the defensive.

"Do you wish so much now to marry me?" she asked with meaning.

"Certainly you must have good cause for your decision," he retorted.

Her eyes flashed a bit, but she controlled herself.

"I might say 'because'—that's a woman's reason—well, besides, it would save your self love a few wounds."

Sir John bowed. "Mistress Percy is strangely considerate. But do you remember you have promised to become my wife?"

The girl raised her hands protestingly.

"Don't, don't! Why remind me of my misfortunes? Remember it was my father's plan."

"True," he admitted, "your father's and mine. It was their plan first."

"Yes, Sir John," she said, "but I would like the dainty nose titted a bit more superciliously. As I have remarked once before, you have always been a very dutiful son." Her tone was one of polite encouragement to a little boy for a good deed. Then as they faced each other Gaston Dubarre prepared for his going away and, wearing the coat left by Jacques Fournay, the spy, came along the garden path from the lodge. He started to cross the lawn, but seeing Sir John and Mistress Percy talking, paused at the bench to wait until they should move away. His eye caught the paper thrown aside by May Percy. He picked it up curiously. In a moment Dubarre was reading with eager haste.

Meanwhile the lover who came out to demand had instead drifted ignominiously into helpless supplication.

"May, you know not what you are saying. I have been your lover since childhood, since those days when we played make believe knight and lady in the park together, and I defended you with my wooden sword and killed a vicious dog for you. I don't remember when I haven't loved you. The love has grown with me. It is part of me. I couldn't rid myself of it if I would. Once we were friends and playmates. Then you liked me, I thought you loved me, and I spoke to your father. He was glad. You were willing. In the past few weeks has come a change. Why is it?"

Mistress Percy had taken a flower out of her belt and was pulling the petals from it in absent fashion. Now she gazed, looked up into her lover's absent face, then, with a shrug, cast the mutilated flower far from her. No words were needed with that answer. Sir John's teeth came together hard.

"What o'clock is it?" said Mistress Percy, yawning. "It must be almost noon come, and she turned toward the castle.

The man sprang after her and caught her arm. "I won't be put off this way!" he exclaimed. "You have agreed to marry me. I have your and your father's word. The betrothal has been publicly announced. I'm ready to perform my part of the contract, and I demand to be treated as your betrothed."

The girl released herself and faced him. The scant Percy patience was all gone now.

"Ah, Sir John demands!" she sneered. "Has Sir John always in thought and word and deed treated May Percy with the consideration and respect due his affianced wife? Let Sir John question himself closely on this point."

At that speech Wilmerding went white and weakened. Only dogged desire kept him pleading.

"If there was any lingering hesitation or you did not expect to fulfill it, why did you promise?"

The dancing master had finished a second perusal of the story about "French Percy." Now he slipped the

paper in the breast pocket of his coat and, attracted by Sir John's loud speech, stood up to listen. He rose just in time to hear May Percy, losing an instant her stately calm, blurt angrily:

"Because, loving no other, to gratify my father's hearty desire and save him from disappointment I would even marry you, John Wilmerding, though I did not love you."

Dubarre, standing beside the tree, smiled quickly and drew in a long breath. For an instant Sir John was stunned.

"I presume, then, that now you do love some one," he said at last bitterly. That was a home thrust.

"Do you?" the girl sneered and raised her chin very high, but her cheeks were flaming. The dancing master saw the red signals, and instantly his fierce jealousy swept him into rage.

"Yes, and I came here to have a settlement with you about that very thing, and I will have it," he cried.

Mistress Percy stiffened.

"What do you mean?"

Rage blinded, Sir John swept on. "And I'd have had it last night but for Thorncliffe!"

At the words Dubarre started suddenly, then stopped as quickly and gripped the back of the bench to hold himself behind the tree.

"Sir John Wilmerding," the girl cried, "my father shall"—But the man had swept too far past the point of reason to heed her warning.

"Yes, he shall know it though I'll break his proud heart!" he cried. "You are an honest name then. Sir Henry will be proud—all will be proud of you—a Percy, with a lowborn lover."

May Percy suddenly became white like death, then burning rage and shame made her eyes roll back. Her eyes opened wide, her nostrils dilated. She trembled and could not speak.

The blood was all gone from under Dubarre's nails, and he held to the bench to keep himself from starting forward. Now the girl came close to Sir John.

"Do you presume, sir?" she almost whispered, so low and fierce the tone.

"I don't presume," he cried. "I know, for I saw you in his room last night—the room of that lowborn French jig stepper."

From the jig stepper, standing just out of sight beside the bench, came a low gasp of agony. He let go his hold, then quickly slipped out of his coat, dropping the garment upon the bench and laying his hat upon it. Next he rolled up the right sleeve of his shirt above the elbow and stood upright again beside the tree, waiting—tensely waiting.

May Percy was sneering now. "A brave lover, truly, to doubt the honor of his affianced wife! Then her anger blazed out once more beyond all bounds. "Now, I'll never marry you, no, never! Never!"

The tense listener behind the tree gave a great, heaving sigh of joy. That last made it all worth while to him.

"You say well," sneered Sir John in turn. "Doubtless you thought it a great joke to hide in his clock. I hope you confined your explorations of his apartment to the interior of the clock."

"Quick! Quick!" the girl cried, very white.

An avenging shadow flashed from the shrouding tree, like lightning. Straight as a bolt it went. In three leaps Dubarre had reached his little May Percy. He gave a startled little scream. Wilmerding glanced that way. He turned in time to meet the Frenchman's blazing eyes—in time to catch the slashing, open handed blow that sent the blood tingling to his cheeks.

"Quick! Quick! Trudger of women, fight quickly, that I need not tell you the sun stops to shine for shame of you!"

The words, rushing from Dubarre's lips, came tumbling, almost telescoping one another.

Sir John sprang back, red, angry and laid his hand on the sword. With accustomed gesture the Frenchman reached for his own, only to find himself unarmed. Then he cried again: "Quick! Quick! Give me a sword, I say!"

Wilmerding dropped his hand from the hit with a sneering laugh. "Do you think I'd fight you, you renegade, you lowborn French mountebank?"

Dubarre was calmer now. "From knowing how I shall dance the merrier at your burial, monsieur," he retorted.

"A sword, forsooth!" sneered Sir John. "I'll give you a rope, and the horse boys shall lay it on your back."

The Frenchman sprang toward him. "Would you have me strangle you like a dog that is choked?"

The Englishman whipped out his weapon. "A step nearer and I'll kill you as one." Then, returning his sword to his scabbard, he changed his tone. "I forgot I was dealing with a servant, here!" He drew some silver from his pocket and threw it toward Dubarre. "Take this, my man, and forget your spleen."

"For shame! For shame!" burst impassioned from May Percy's lips. "If you are a man, Sir John, an Englishman—give him a sword and fight!"

For the first time Dubarre took apparent notice of her.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," he said. "Then as the three stood there Captain Thorncliffe and Mistress Courtleigh appeared coming along the path from the garden, and they were but the yard guard for the others. The captain's war trained senses quickly caught the signs of strife. He reached the bench just in time to hear Sir John exclaim as he drew himself up, "I fight my equals only."

"What's this? What's this?" cried Thorncliffe. "Not a duel?"

Dubarre turned to him. "Will you, captain, lend me your sword?"

"To attack a my best friend? Not much, Sir Frenchman!"

But still Dubarre pleaded. "I'll not disgrace it, captain."

May Percy and Ethel Courtleigh had

drawn together and stood silent, fearful, toward the rear, holding each other's hands. The men seemed to have forgotten their presence entirely. Sir John was bent on further humiliating his lowborn antagonist.

"French canaille touch the point of Captain Thorncliffe's sword only," he laughed.

Unheeding, the Frenchman continued to beg. "You, monsieur, are a soldier—a real soldier; I, too, have fought in the ranks. By the camaraderie of battle I plead with you. On my knees I will beg you lend me your sword for just one little instant that I may avenge a black insult."

Thorncliffe guessed the quarrel and the cause, but loyalty to his friend left him no choice.

"It is useless, Dubarre," he said. "You cannot fight him."

The dancing master turned back with stinging invective on his enemy. "What accident of birth permits you to refuse me, monsieur? The line of ancestors you hide behind would be the first to scorn



"I am Percy Latapie, vicomte de St. Croix."

you. Are you afraid to die? Come, throw away your sword and fight without it. I'll promise not to kill you."

"Stung at last to anger, Wilmerding sprang at him, then paused. Dubarre stood unmoved.

"Possibly monsieur is afraid of the disgrace of being beaten by a dancing master. If so, I'll fight you secretly."

"You'll fight the stocks in public," roared Sir John.

"Coward!" muttered May Percy. And then in a straggling rush the others came along the garden path.

"Too base to retract a lie—too cowardly to fight! Mon Dieu—an English gentleman!" exclaimed Dubarre in absolute disgust as he turned to meet the rest. "Come—come all!" he cried.

"Yes, come to see a Frenchman punish a craven."

"What's this?" exclaimed Sir Henry Percy. Sir John answered him.

"Your French per's crazy. I hinted that he could not dance daintily."

The English chorus came in strong at that. "Don't mind him, Sir John!" "Give him to the grooms!" "Let him cool his blood in the duck pond!" "Match your man 'galut him stings sticks. 'Tis a great sport!"

The ballet one was in despair. "If I were a gentleman," he muttered.

Wilmerding heard.

"Then I'd kill you like one. I fight my peers."

A look of supreme resolve sprang in Dubarre's eyes.

"Monsieur fights his peers!" The tone rang clamorous joy. With a panther-like surge the Frenchman was beside Captain Thorncliffe. An instant and he had wrenched out the captain's sword and was back before Sir John. The rest looked on, amazed. The man had moved almost too quick for wits to know, let alone hands to stop him. Now he saluted his enemy. It was the sword salute of a French officer.

"An English gentleman must fight when his peer demands it!" cried the dancing master.

In laughing delight he continued: "Monsieur has asked the hand of a Percy in marriage. The Percys are anybody's peers. Only last night myself and those gentlemen here heard 'French Percy' at his sword point. Monsieur shall have that wish!" He paused a brief instant and drew himself up proudly. "I am Percy Latapie, vicomte de St. Croix. I am 'French Percy.' Again he stopped and saluted. "Now will monsieur fight?"

An instant amazement held the circle dumb, but in that brief space Sir John's sword was out. Now he rushed wildly, strong in the might of his double cause for hate. Daintily the Frenchman parried and sprang back.

"Hold, monsieur—hold!" he cried.

Wilmerding checked, snarling, "Have you got enough so soon?"

Dubarre laughed in his face.

"I wish to kill honorably, not murder, monsieur," he said. "If Sir John will not remove his coat and scabbard, he will not be encumbered"—with his old dancing master grace he bowed—"then we can resume, and I promise monsieur not to be the one to cry 'Hold' again."

Sir John looked his astonishment.

"You are a gentleman," he blurted at last and turned to remove his coat.

Smiling, the other awaited him. A great change had come over this Frenchman. The clock of steel had quite transformed him. It was not the humble dancing master, with his profound grace, nor yet the eager, impetuous fire eater Dubarre, but a new man—the courtly, dashing, utterly rec-

less "French Percy," who stood easy and graceful, poised for the attack. Still smiling, he watched Sir John's preparation, and he did not look at May Percy at all.

On Sir Henry Percy's quick command the other girls had hurried for the house, but Mistress Percy merely shook her head, and after one look the father dared not order her to go. Silent and white she stood, watching the smiling man who had so proudly, so gladly, spoken his own death warrant for her honor. She knew 'twere best for him to die on Sir John Wilmerding's sword, for if he lived and Sir John fell might but a spy's death awaited her.

There had never been a thought of stopping the duel. The Englishman's bulldog hate and courage would not have permitted that. Only the watching men hoped and prayed that their countryman might win.

And now Sir John was ready. Strong, built, his blood red from hate, he advanced, gripping his sword. Slender and alert, his smiling antagonist awaited him, the imperiousness of nervous force. They saluted.

"Begin," said Captain Thorncliffe.

With a snarl Wilmerding came forward. The Frenchman gave. Back and still farther back he was pressed, but like a swallow, darting in and out, this way and that, he kept the heavy Englishman at bay. His sword seemed rather to anticipate than meet Wilmerding's thrusts. He had no time to thrust himself. And still Sir John pressed in. Dubarre was parrying, leaping, dodging—here, there, everywhere—and all the while laughing with the eager abjectness of a boy.

The bench beside the tree was Sir John's objective point. Slowly, carefully, he forced Dubarre toward it. Hemmed in against that bench his legs could not save him. Sir John must win. The Frenchman seemed to fall into the trap. Now he was scant three feet from the bench. Anxious, breathless, the crowd bent forward, waiting for English victory. Alone an alien was about to die.

"The bench, Gaston! The bench!" The warning cry burst from May Percy's lips without her knowing. Wilmerding heard it and, baffled, thrust the harder. Dubarre heard it, too.

"Thanks, mademoiselle," he cried slyly, and between two quick parries leaped backward upon the bench.

"The tumbling jack tricks help, monsieur," he laughed.

Wilmerding was too terribly in earnest to talk. With tigerish savagery he still pressed in. His sword, hate aimed, was as a white streak of mirror flashed sunlight playing too fast for eye to follow about his victim. His anger had grown to murder lust now. And all the while, poised lightly on his unstable foothold, the Frenchman joked and played with death. A dozen times he seemed touched. He had a score more, his fate on a hostile sword point was scarce an inch away, but after each good thrust he never failed to cry, "Well done, M. Anglais!" then laugh at his opponent.

Half a dozen Englishmen prayed that each thrust might end it. Only a girl, white, fascinated, was watching one face smiling amid a flashing halo of sword blades and murmuring over and over to herself: "God help him! God help him!"

With a last rush Sir John came on. Dubarre sprang lightly over the back of the bench to the ground, and then they were fighting across a barrier.

"Monsieur is so impetuous," protested the laughing Frenchman.

For reply the other rushed after him around the bench. And now the Frenchman was quivering back to the crowd again. He twisted and turned so as to face them, and then, for the first time, over Wilmerding's shoulder Dubarre saw May Percy's face. That glance changed everything.

"Pardon, pardon! I did not think!" he cried, as though to no one, but one did understand. Then "French Percy"—not Dubarre—took up the fight. The blades slipped past until the hills clinked, and Sir John gave back. And now straight through the midst of his friends, "French Percy" drove the Englishman. The avenger's sword was as lightning, fearful and appalling, that would not be denied. He had ceased to laugh. Helpless, Sir John gave, striking from a million points that threatened him. Back, back they went.

"French Percy" feinted low, then high and low and high again. The lightning flash drove in. A white blade licked red through the big Englishman's neck, and Sir John fell.

In the pause that followed nothing could be heard but the low sobbing of the girl.

His sword red, "French Percy" faced them all. Then, with a bitter sneer, he threw down his weapon.

"Now, take me to your hangman."

CHAPTER XI.

FOR three hours Wellington's spy and his assistant had remained shut up in a room of the White Falcon Inn. Jacques Fournay still paced angrily across from wall to wall, while Jean, the weaker of the two, utterly dejected, had thrown himself down on the floor in one corner. From there he now cursed bitterly at the crop eared fool of an innkeeper and then bemoaned his own fate.

Fournay stopped in his hurried walk to berate his cursing comrade.

"For the love of heaven, Jean, be quiet, and let us make some plan for getting out."

"Get out?" ejaculated Jean. "How in God's world can we get out of this hole here's tricked us into? If you had not left your pass in that coat the Frenchman's fool wore off, we had not been stopped."

"We brought the signet ring, clear proof of 'French Percy's' presence. A good exchange, I think it," protested Fournay.

(To be continued.)

## BAD GANG STILL AROUND DIRT HILLS

### Horse Thieves Hang Around the Border and Swoop Down on the Farmers in Boldest Manner

Estevan, Aug. 10.—Within the past two weeks a considerable number of horses have disappeared from the southern townships, and all efforts for their recovery have proved fruitless. Of late, the opinion has been growing that there were horse thieves operating in the district, but no direct evidence of their presence could be gathered. It may be that success in evading notice has made them grow bolder, for on Friday last, one of the rascals rode across the border and in open daylight, went the round of a number of pastures examining the stock before making his raid the following night.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when a stranger rode into Axel Vinge's pasture, on section 26, and carefully examined the horses, then on to Ole Soldberg's; the latter was at home and the stranger rode back to an empty shack on Enderickson's place, where he proceeded to make camp for the night. Soldberg was not satisfied with the appearance of the man, and went over to question him as to the purpose of his visit. He did not get any very satisfactory explanation, and as the man's appearance was enough to excite suspicion, he rode to Vinge's and advised him to get his stock in for the night. The unwelcome visitor was a young man undersized and of a forbidding presence. He was armed with a rifle and two revolvers, and carried a belt filled with ammunition. He rode a white faced horse, and carried two capital halters besides his tethering rope. When Soldberg had got well out of sight on his way to Vinge's the

stranger coolly rode over to his place and examined the stables, returning to his hiding place before Soldberg got back.

That night Axel Vinge was wakened while watching over his five sick children, and when the dogs raised the alarm, he thought of the suspicious stranger but did not go out to investigate. Next morning he found his stable open and two horses missing, one a two year old colt which the stranger had been examining in the pasture. One of the horses was later found having apparently escaped from the thief.

It was thought that the Dirt Hills had been pretty well cleared of the bands of outlaws who have for years made their hiding place in that region, but others have come to take the places of those whose careers have ended with long terms in the penitentiary or well aimed bullets of the police. The region is well adapted to the purpose of the outlaw, by reason of its uneven formation and its location along the border, and as on both sides of the line it is sparsely settled and difficult of access from the centres of population, it is chosen as a last resort by evil-doers where the influx of population has brought with it law and order. Another year or two will see the Dirt Hills well hemmed in by well settled and policed districts, and the outlaw will disappear, but for the present he flourishes to an unpleasant degree, and is a constant menace to the poor settler whose entire working capital halts besides his tethering rope. It is staked in two or three horses when Soldberg had got well out of which may disappear from his stable sight on his way to Vinge's the

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## Local and General

Geo. Ens, M.L.A., of Rosthern was in the city yesterday.

Qu'Appelle, and the firm name will be Nay & James.

The body of John Fortune has been sent east for interment.

W. Browning of the Delcarie M.T.G. Co. is in the city in connection with the installing of the incinerator.

On Friday 14th inst. Balgonie will celebrate Incorporation Day when a big race program will be pulled off.

Dr. Cash and Mrs. Cash of Yorkton returned from the east yesterday and stopped off here.

John McGuire of the Moosomin Plating Mills was in the city on Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Cooper left on Tuesday morning for a holiday trip to the coast.

R. E. Gordon of Arcola is in the city. Mr. Gordon feels assured that the district court announcement will be favorable to Arcola.

The well known firm of Nay, Anderson & Co., have dissolved partnership, Mr. Anderson retiring. His place is being taken by F. J. James of

B. B. Tweed of Alameda is in the city on business. He says that the crops are coming along fast and cutting will be general in his district in about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Burdette left on Friday for the coast for a holiday trip. They were joined by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Rigby and Miss Boyle of Balgonie.

Mrs. T. J. Bennett accompanied by her sons Amedee and Charlie left on Monday evening to spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Brett, at Balgonie.

Sheriff Inaker of Winnipeg is in the city attending the provincial synod. Before returning home he will visit Prince Albert, where he was a resident in the early days.

Mr. Mackenzie-Ellis of McDowall was in the city last Friday the guest of Mr. Kingsley the fuel merchant. Mr. Mackenzie-Ellis is one of the largest fuel contractors and wholesale dealers in the province.

Graham Mercer, of Winnipeg, died last Thursday of hemorrhage of the brain at the Grey Nun's hospital. The remains were taken charge of by Undertaker Speers, and shipped to Winnipeg.

The death of Mrs. Chester Murdoch occurred at her home south of the city on Sunday last. The remains were interred in Regina cemetery on Tuesday. Deceased came from the east about two years ago and kept house for her brother Jas. A. Wilson and was married last Christmas. She leaves a husband and two brothers here and a sister at Disley.

The Moosomin Tennis Club will hold their annual tournament from August 22 to 24th. Henry Birk & Sons, jewelers, Winnipeg, offer a valuable bronze medal to the gentleman winning the most sets in the tournament. The Hon. Mr. Justice Wetmore offers a silver headed umbrella valued \$10 to the winner of the ladies' singles. In addition valuable prizes are offered for each of the winners in each of the other events.

J.-R. C. Honeyman who has been touring the two provinces for the Royal M.T.G. Co. returned last week from Southern Alberta. He reports the crops good in that part of the country and the spring wheat is much ahead of Saskatchewan. Mr. Honeyman who was so long connected with the department of agriculture takes a deep interest in farming operations and he says that the farmers of Alberta are meeting with greater success in wheat growing than formerly because they are learning how to work the land.

The members of the city council went to the cemetery yesterday to locate a site for the mortuary chapel. They have decided to erect the building on a portion of the property recently acquired from the Dominion government, east of Hamilton street.

Supt. Brownlee met the waterwork committee yesterday and discussed the company's account with the city. A mistake was made last year and the city was billed a thousand dollars too much. The mayor insists that he will not favor a lower rate than ten cents.

NOTICE.—M. Mecklenburg, the celebrated and eighteen year experienced eye specialist will be at the drug store, Balgonie, Saturday, August 17th. Now is your time to have your eyes properly and thoroughly examined, tested and fitted to the proper glasses. Satisfaction guaranteed. Spectacles and eye glasses from \$1 upwards.

Among the delegates attending the provincial synod in Regina this week is the Rev. Mr. Hawkesly, of Carleton Place, or as it is now Carleton Place, Yukon Territory. Mr. Hawkesly has had an experience in missionary work dating back to 1887 when he went up the Mackenzie river. The story of those twenty years would fill volumes and would make very interesting reading. His Indian and Eskimo experiences together with his acquaintance with the early administration of justice in the Yukon, are revelations to the outside world and are worthy of record. During his stay in the city Rev. Mr. Hawkesly is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Westgate, Lorne street.

On Friday last the funeral of the late Mrs. McRae took place from the residence of her daughter Mrs. J. K. R. Williams to the Regina cemetery. Deceased had been quite ill for some time previous to her death and for several days had been unconscious. She had many friends in the city.

The Grey Nun's hospital bylaw was defeated last Thursday, but the Y.M.C.A. bylaw carried. The latter would have been defeated had not the secretary, Mr. Clarke thoroughly organized ward five which polled the biggest vote on record.

His Honor Lieut. Gov. Forget went to Warman from here on Thursday in Supt. Abbott's private car to take a trip over the C.P.R. main line to Winnipeg.

Capt. Blenkhorn, who has been in the city in the interests of the Canada-Racine Sattley Co., has been in the hospital for some days but is improving favorably. He had been out of St. Boniface hospital only a short time before coming here to arrange a machinery exhibit at the fair and he was overworked during exhibition week. His assistant is W. Barber who is still in the city.

**\$1,000** Worth of Silverware went astray in transportation just arrived. Will be sold at bargain prices.

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R. S. Lake, M.P.P. of Grenfell in the city today.

Hon. F. W. G. Haultain was a visitor at Indian Head fair yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McRae are at Ft. William, where Mr. McRae is representing the Saskatchewan Union of Municipalities at the big Canadian convention.

### REGINA MARKETS

Regina Flour Mill Prices

WHEAT—

No. 1 Northern	75
No. 2 Northern	72
No. 3 Northern	67
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Oats	30
Butter	25-30
Eggs	15
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IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF WESTERN ASSINIBOIA

Pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr. Justice Newlands, made in the action of

The Excelsior Life Insurance Company Limited, Plaintiff,

—and—  
Karl Galenzowski, Jacob Frombach, Wheeling Slack, Imperial Bank of Canada, F. W. Law Co., Ltd., Cotville Geogon Company, Ontario Grape Growing & Wine Manufacturing Co., Defendants.

There will be offered for sale at King's Hotel in the town of Balgonie, at Twelve o'clock noon, on Saturday, the Seventh day of September, A.D. 1907, all and singular the North-West Quarter of Section Fourteen (14) and the South-West Quarter of Section Twenty-three (23), both in Township Twenty (20) in Range Seventeen (17) West of the Second Meridian, in the Province of Saskatchewan.

The purchaser shall pay ten per cent. of the purchase money at the time of the sale and the balance within one week thereof without interest and subject to further conditions of sale approved herein. Full particulars may be had from the undersigned.

**JONES, GORDON & BRYANT,** Advocates for the Plaintiffs, Regina, Sask.

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Premier, 600 feet	-	-	13c "
Blue Ribbon, 650 feet	-	-	15c "

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