

NEW DISTRICTS AND NEW RAILWAYS

WESTERN CANADA AFFORDS BETTER CONDITIONS THAN EVER FOR SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor—Sir:—Doubtless many of your readers will be pleased to have some word from the grain fields of Western Canada, where such a large number of Americans have made their home during the past few years.

The new homestead regulations which went into force September, 1908, attracted thousands of new settlers. It is now possible to secure 160 acres in addition to the 160 acres as a free grant, by paying \$3.00 an acre for it.

The development throughout Western Canada during the next ten years will probably exceed that of any other country in the world's history. It is not the statement of an optimistic Canadian from the banks of the Saskatchewan, but of Mr. Leslie M. Shaw of New York, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury under the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt, and considered one of the ablest financiers of the United States.

The editor of the Monticello (Iowa) Express made a trip through Western Canada last August, and was greatly impressed. He says: "One cannot cross Western Canada to the mountains without being impressed with its immensity of territory and its future prospects.

Colombia's One Iron Foundry. The only iron foundry in Colombia, South America, is at Bogota. It is known as La Paradera and is operated on a small scale, native ores being smelted, the iron being subsequently remelted for casting purposes.

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to the authorized Canadian Gov't Agent: H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Various "Schools" of Painters. The Munich Jugend has discovered five signs by which to detect the school to which a painter belongs: (1) If he paints the sky gray and the grass black, he belongs to the good old classical school. (2) If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist. (3) If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist. (4) If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist. (5) If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows possession of great decorative talent.

SERIAL STORY THE ESCAPEE A POST MARITAL ROMANCE By Cyrus Townsend Brady ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapee opens, not in the room preceding the marriage of Ellen Strathgate, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tiff, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle, preparing to flee, leaving Carrington and her young daughter, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m. he agreeing to see them safely sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and following her pursuers. Carrington, Lady Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I see," returned the admiral. "Lord, what a woman that is! She has spirit and resource and readiness enough to command not a frigate, as I said before, but, by gad, sirs, a fleet! A lucky dog, Carrington!"

"The unluckiest on earth, I think, admiral," returned the baronet, warmly, "and as for me, I prefer the gentler, more womanly kind of women."

"Like Mistress Deborah, eh?" laughed the old sailor. "Well, everyone to his taste. And she went along, too, I have no doubt, under coercion."

"Admiral," returned Sir Charles, haughtily, "from the evidences I have had—"

"Over Baxter's 'Saints' Rest?" said the admiral.

"Quite so."

"Well, what do you propose now?" "I have no proposition to make. I suppose we can't hope to find them now."

"Might as well try to hunt for a needle in a haystack as to try to find them in this darkness," said the admiral. "It'll be ten hours at least before it's light enough to see anything, and by that time they may have gone anywhere. I'm expecting orders any day for sea, and I shall have to get back to the anchorage. There's no help for it, Sir Charles. I'm sorry for you, but you'll have to take a new departure and follow the course in another way. Mr. Collier, bid Captain Beatty make the best of the way to the anchorage without further delay. I can offer you a berth yonder, Sir Charles. I have no doubt you'll want to turn in after all you've gone through and the disappointment you've met with."

"Thank you," said Sir Charles, "I do feel rather done up."

"Oh, these women," mused the old admiral as Sir Charles disappeared in an adjoining stateroom. "It's lucky that I have no greater attachment than his majesty's ships. God bless him! And then an admiral has all he can do to rule his fleet without having to take orders from a pair of petticoats—" which was the sailor's quaint euphemism for the other sex, and he did not even know that the useful article of dress he cited did not come in pairs!

A couple of hours after the arrival of the two hot-headed lords at the Blue Boar, an officer from the squadron inquired for Lieutenant Carrington. A servant carried his message up to the room where Carrington was lying down waiting for the next turn of events, and he was instantly admitted. He proved to be Lieutenant Miller, a shipmate and intimate friend of Carrington's, who had come from the Niobe to the inn for two reasons. One was in response to Carrington's urgent appeal that he act as his second in the approaching affair with Strathgate, and the other was because he bore orders from the captain of the Niobe directing Carrington to report on board at once, as the Niobe was under orders for the Mediterranean without delay. It was already quite late in the afternoon when Mr. Miller laid his orders before Carrington.

"I can't go," said the earl, resolutely. "I have to meet Strathgate in the morning and beside that I can't leave the country now."

"Captain Careysbrook is in a good deal of temper about the matter now. The orders were sent on to your house and followed you here. He should have gone two days ago and he's fuming like a caged lion."

"I can't help it. You'll have to go back and explain the circumstances to him and tell him if he can't wait until to-morrow morning, he'll have to sail without me."

"But that's disobedience of orders," returned Miller.

"Man," said Carrington hotly, "don't you see this infernal scoundrel Strathgate ran away with my wife—"

"With your wife!" exclaimed Miller. "Well, not exactly," replied Carrington, "that is, they went away together. Oh, hang it! I've got to kill him and I have to find my wife if it costs me my commission. I can't go. No, you needn't remonstrate with me," ran on my lord, hotly, "just simply tell him that that's the end of it and if he wants to order me under arrest, he can do it. I'll face a court-martial rather than—"

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Carrington," returned Miller, "but I can't stay with you. I am ordered to return to the ship without delay."

"All right, but I must have some friend here. Let me have Parkman. He's on the Renown. She's not under orders, is she?"

"No, I believe not, although since the Britannia sailed—"

"Where did the Britannia go?" "We don't know anything about it. A small boat came alongside, looked like a soldier in her, and then the ship got under way, signaled to us to disregard the motions of the commander-in-chief and left Lascelles in command."

"A small boat with a soldier in her," mused Carrington. "Which way did the Britannia go?" "At nightfall she was going up the channel in the wake of a big merchantman."

"By heavens!" roared the earl, "that'll be Seton."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Miller.

"Never mind," returned Carrington, visibly perturbed, "send me Parkman."

Plunged Him into a Black Fit of Jealousy of Seton. Ask Captain Lascelles to let him off for the night. Explain to him—"And what shall I say to Captain Careysbrook?" "Say anything you like, except that I can't come off, and I'll explain when I can."



Seton on the Britannia! I see it all now," mused Carrington. "What a fool I was not to think of it myself. They'll overhaul her without fail. The Britannia will be back to her anchorage at daybreak and I'll be there." He stopped. "No, I have this cursed duel on hand. I wonder if it couldn't be postponed!"

For the moment his intense love for Ellen overbore every other possibility. The thought that at last she would be restored to him made him for the moment forget the pressing demands of the early morning hour, but further reflection plunged him into a black fit of jealousy of Seton. It was he who had the wit and address to capture Lady Carrington. It was he who would reap the reward that might come to him from his skill and daring and devotion. And Carrington swore to settle with him as soon as he had arranged matters with Strathgate.

His reveries were interrupted toward evening by the arrival of Parkman, to whom Lascelles had readily granted permission to go ashore for the night. Parkman had brought with him a case of dueling pistols, having been informed by Miller of what was on. The two at once settled down to business, but not until Carrington had catechized Parkman as to what was known about the movements of the admiral and the Britannia. Nothing further was elicited than what he had obtained from Miller. A challenge was duly drawn up and Parkman carried it to Lord Strathgate.

The baron of Blythedale had a seat a few miles east of Portsmouth. He was a bachelor, a congenial spirit and an old friend of Lord Strathgate's. He had agreed to act as Strathgate's second. He and Lieutenant Parkman soon came to an agreement. The encounter would take place in the park at Blythedale, where the combatants would be free from any possible interruption or from prying eyes of any sort. Strathgate, as the challenged, had the choice of weapons, and selected

swords, to Carrington's great satisfaction. The other preliminaries were soon settled. A surgeon was also designated, and Parkman came back to report the progress of events, most agreeable, from his point of view, to his principal.

Carrington was as expert with the sword as with the pistol, and he made no demur to any of the conclusions of the seconds. All he wanted was to have his deadly enemy opposite him, with no one to intervene. He had duties to perform before he went to rest. One of them was the writing of a letter to Ellen, which, after he had signed and sealed it, he gave to Parkman, with instructions to turn it over to my Lady Carrington in case the approaching encounter should terminate fatally for my lord. When Parkman asked where Lady Carrington was to be found, Carrington replied bitterly that in all probability she could be seen on the Britannia in the morning with Sir Charles Seton.

"And hark ye, Jack," said Carrington, clapping his hand on his friend's shoulder, "say to Sir Charles Seton that as regards the unsettled difference between us, I'm ready to meet him here and now, if he'll come ashore in the proper mood for an encounter. I might as well finish up all my enemies in one day and leave myself free for dealing with my wife, or get a clearance for Davy Jones' locker myself from one or the other of them."

CHAPTER XVIII. The Witnesses in the Coppice. Carrington was up early the next morning. Parkman had procured a carriage, and as the meeting had been arranged for seven o'clock, the two drove out to Blythedale hall, whither Strathgate had preceded them the night before. The way lay along the strand, and Carrington was not too preoccupied to notice that the Niobe was gone and the Britannia had returned. His wife was probably on that ship. He looked long and earnestly toward it. If he had consulted his inclinations he would have repaired aboard of it at once and asked forgiveness for all his folly and injustice toward her, but the conventions of life—spelled in this instance by honor—constrained him.

He gave a thought, too, to the frigate which had departed without him. For the first time in his life he had failed in his duty. Kephart was a kind old man, and well-affected toward Carrington, who had been a midshipman under him, but with the admiral duty was always first and he knew that there would be no condoning his offense. He expected an order of arrest before the day was out. Thereafter he would come before a court-martial.

To what a sorry pass he had brought his fortunes by his own unmistakable folly! In the bright light of the fresh, brisk morning, he saw Ellen in her right relation to affairs, a woman, brave, strong, noble, true. What if she did not shine amid the hothouse conventionalities of the fast and vapid life of the crew whom he had gathered at Carrington. Instead of being ashamed of her, he should have rejoiced from the bottom of his soul that she was so frank and fresh and free. What a splendid woman she was! Whatever she did, how well it was done! No veteran of a thousand exciting nights over the gaming table could have played with more coolness and daring than she did in that famous duel at cards with Strathgate. And, although the minut was outside of her accomplishments, how swiftly had twinkled her flying feet when she danced the sailor's hornpipe. It carried him back to slanting decks and fresh breezes and bright skies. Would they ever return? Would he himself return unscathed from this adventure? It was by no means certain, for Strathgate was a man of proven courage; he had demonstrated that, and his reputation as a sword player was deservedly high.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS ARTISTIC SOUL REVOLTED.

Young Painter Saw Period of Suffering While Earning Needed Money.

The young artist, almost on the verge of starvation, had just accepted an order from an elderly spinster to paint her portrait. When the terms and appointments had been fixed and the spinster was descending the rickety studio stairs, a student friend of the young painter, who had overheard the deal, rushed in from the next room to offer his congratulations.

To his surprise, however, he found his friend sitting downcast before his case, his head in his hands.

"Why, Francois, why so downhearted?" he inquired, stopping short to stare at the artist. "Didn't I just overhear you bagging an order to paint a face at 1,000 francs?"

"Yes," replied Francois, sadly. "And your need of the money is something fierce, isn't it?"

And the other nodded.

"Then, my friend, you should be kicking the ceiling in your lucky strike!"

The artist now lifted his head slowly and gazed piteously at his companion. "Melvin," said he, "did you get a glimpse of her?"

"No."

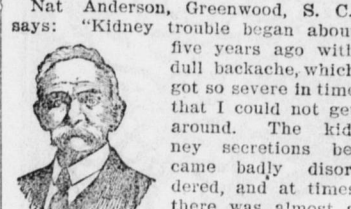
"Then," said the other, allowing his head again to fall into his hands, "you do not know, my friend, what torture I will have to undergo from morning till night for a whole week studying that face!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Lesson Taught by Life's Ills. He who has not known poverty, sorrow, contradiction and the rest, and learned from them the priceless lessons they have to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling.

KEPT GETTING WORSE.

Five Years of Awful Kidney Disease.

Nat Anderson, Greenwood, S. C., says: "Kidney trouble began about five years ago with dull backache, which got so severe in time that I could not get around. The kidney secretions became badly disordered, and at times there was almost a complete stop of the flow. I was examined again and again and treated to no avail, and kept getting worse. I have to praise Doan's Kidney Pills for my final relief and cure. Since using them I have gained in strength and flesh and have no sign of kidney trouble."



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Savagery in Civilization.

It is no time to say that man cannot, in civilized society, be guilty of cannibalism. I tell you there are more cannibals in New York than in the isles of the Pacific; and if to-day you were suddenly to take away the support that comes from eating men, there would be thousands and thousands of empty maws to-morrow in that city.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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Stealing time from sleep is a poor way to beat it.

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