The Adventures of Kathlyn

By
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Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

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SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allaha, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Allaha, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father being dead, she is to be queen, and must marry him. She refuses and is informed by the priests that no woman can rule unmarried. She is given seven days to think it over. She still refuses, and is told that she must undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she will be permitted to rule. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party. She takes refuge in a ruined temple, but this haven is the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a retreat in the jungle only to fall into the hands of slave traders. Kathlyn is brought to the public mart in Allaha and sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmissive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. She is rescued by Bruce and his friends. Colonel Hare also is rescued, Umballa, with soldiers, starts in pursuit. Kathlyn is struck by a bullet. The fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. Supplied with camels by the hospitable prince, they start for the coast, but are captured by brigands. Umballa journeys to the lair of the bandits, makes the colonel a prisoner and orders Bruce and Kathlyn killed. The bandits quarrel over the money paid them by Umballa and during the confusion Kathlyn and Bruce escape and return to Allaha. They concoct a plant to rescue the colonel. The colonel is nominally king, but really a prisoner. It is arranged to find a bride for him. Kathlyn gains access to the palace in disguise.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Immediately the high priest announced that the successful candidate would be conducted to the palace zenana and confined there till the final ceremonies were over.

Umballa dreamed of what he had seen.

To Ramabai was given the exalted honor of conducting the king and his betrothed to their respective quarters. Once in the private passageway to the harem, or zenana, Ramabai threw caution to the winds.

"We must go a roundabout way to the garden of brides, which will be deserted. Outside the gate Bruce Sahib and Ahmed and Lal Singh await with elephants. Once we can join them we are safe. And in a month's time I shall return."

Meantime one of the leopard keepers rushed frantically into the throne room, exclaiming that the seven guardian leopards were at large. Even as he spoke one of the leopards appeared in the musicians' balcony. The panic which followed was not to be described. A wild scramble ensued toward all exits.

The fugitives entered the royal zenana. Kathlyn proceeded at once to the exit which led to the garden of brides. There she waited for her father and Ramabai, who had paused by the door of one of the zenana chambers. Between them and Kathlyn lay the plunge.

Ramabai addressed the lady of the zenana, telling her that if guards should come to state that Kathlyn was concealed in her own chamber. To this the young woman readily agreed.

Suddenly a leopard appeared behind the colonel and Ramabai. Kathlyn, being first to discover the presence of the animal, cried out a warning.

"Fly, Kit! Save yourself! I am accursed!" called the colonel.

Ramabai and the young woman at the chamber door hurriedly drew the colonel into the chamber and shut the door. The colonel struggled, but Ramabai held him tightly.

"We are unarmed, sahib," he said, "and the memsahib never loses her head."

"Ramabai, I tell you I shall die here. It is useless to attempt to aid me. I am accursed, accursed! Kit, Kit, Kit!"

The leopard stood undecided before the door which had closed in his face. Then he discovered Kathlyn, fumbling at the wicker door at the far side of the swimming pool. There was something upon which to wreak his temper; for all this unusual commotion and freedom had disturbed him greatly. Kathlyn opened the wicker door closing it behind her. Clear headed, as Ramabai had said, she recollected the palanquin which had been last to enter the garden of brides. She ran into the garden, flew to the palanquin just as she heard the leopard crash through the flimsy wicker door. She reached and entered the palanquin not a moment too soon. She huddled down close to the floor. The leopard trotted round and round, snarling and sniffing. Presently he was joined by another. From afar she could hear shouting. She readily understood. Through some carelessness the leopards of the treasury were at liberty, and that of her own and her father was in jeopardy. Just without the garden of brides was Bruce and help, and she dared not move.

Bruce, from his howdah, heard the noise in the palace; female shrieks, commands, a shot from a musket. What in heaven's name had happened? Where was Kathlyn? Why did she not appear? He fingered his revolvers. But Ahmed signaled to him not to stir. The knowledge of whatever had happened must be brought to them; on their lives they dared not go in search of it.

"This comes from your damnable oriental way of doing things. If I had had my way, Umballa would be dead and buried."

"All in good time, sahib."

The elephants stirred restlessly, for they scented the cat whom they hated.

Within the palanquin Kathlyn dared scarcely to breathe; for outside seven leopards prowled and sniffed and snarled!

CHAPTER XV.

Panthers.

Crouched in the palanquin, Kathlyn waited for the onslaught of the leopards. Once she heard a tremendous scratching at the rear of her hiding place; the palanquin tottered. But the animal was not trying to get inside; he was merely sharpening his claws after the manner of his kind, claws which were sharp enough, heaven knew, since, regularly, once a month the keepers filed them to needle point.

An elephant trumpeted near by, and Kathlyn could have wept in despair. Outside the wall were friends, doubtless by this time joined by her father and Ramabai, and all wondering where she was. She dared not call out for fear of attracting the leopards, whose movements she could hear constantly; the jar of their padded feet as they trotted under and about the palanquin, the sniff-sniff of their wet noses, an occasional yawning.

By and by her curiosity could not be withstood, even though she might be courting death. Cautiously and soundlessly she moved the curtain which faced the wall. A mass of heavy vines ran from the ground to the top of this wall. If only she could reach it; if only she dared try! Presently the keepers, armed with goads and ropes, would be forthcoming, and all hope of flight banished. Umballa, upon close inspection, would recognize her despite her darkened skin and Indian dress.

From the other window she peered. There, in the path, were two leopards, boxing and frolicking in play. As she watched, always interested in the gambols of such animals, she noticed that two other leopards left off prowling, approached, sat upon their haunches, and critically followed the friendly set-to. Then the other three, seeking diversion, sauntered into view. Kathlyn quickened with life and hope. The seven leopards were at least half a dozen yards away. It was but a step to the vines sprawling over the wall.

To think that all depended upon the handle of the palanquin door! If it creaked she was lost; for she would fall into the hands of the keepers if not under the merciless paws of the cats.

But the longer she hesitated the less time she would have. Bravely, then, she tried her hand upon the door handle and slowly but firmly turned it. There was no sound that she could hear. She pressed it outward with a slow, steady movement. Fortunately the dress of the Hindu was short, somewhat above the ankles, and within her strong young body was free of those modern contrivances known as corsets and stays.

She sprang out, dashed for the vines, and drew herself up rapidly. In unison the seven leopards whirled and flew at her. But the half dozen yards which they had first to cover to reach the wall saved her. Up, up, desperately, wildly, with a nervous energy which did far more for her than her natural strength. The cats leaped and snarled at her heels. She went on. Beneath her the leopards tore at the vines and and tried to follow, one succeeding in tearing her skirt with a desperate slash of his paw. He lost his hold and tumbled back among his mates.

But every minute the vines, sturdy as they were, threatened to come tumbling to the ground.

Her long and lonely experiences in the jungle had taught her the need of climbing quickly yet lightly. She flung herself across the top of the wall, exhausted. For the time being, at least, she was safe. She hung there for a few minutes till she had fully recovered her breath. Below the

Rescued by the Shepherd.

leopards were still leaping and striking futilely; and even in her terror she could not but admire their grace and beauty. And, oddly, she recalled the pet at home. Doubtless by this time he had fallen back into his savage state.

When she dared risk it she gained a securer position on the wall and sat up, flinging her legs over the side of it. She saw things in a bit of blur at first, her heart had been called upon so strenuously; but after a little objects resumed their real shapes, and she espied the two elephants. She called, waving her hands.

"It is Kathlyn!" cried Bruce; for the eyes of a lover are always keenest.

"Kit!" shouted the colonel, who shared the howdah with Bruce. "Kit, hang on for a moment longer! Ahmed, to the wall!"

The colonel and Ramabai had left the zenana by one of the windows overlooking the passage which ran past the garden of brides. They had had no trouble whatever in reaching the elephants. But the subsequent waiting for Kathlyn had keyed them all up to the breaking point. The pity of it was, they dared not stir, dared not start in search of her. Had it been leopards only, Bruce would have made short work of it; but it would have been rank folly to have gone in search of the girl. If she had been made captive, she needed their freedom to gain her own. Besides, the counsel of both Ahmed and Lal Singh was for patience.

Ahmed had the greatest faith in the world in Kathlyn's ability to take care of herself. Think of what she had already gone through unscathed! Kathlyn Memsahib bore a charmed life, and all the wild beasts of the jungles of Hind could not harm her. It was written.

And then Bruce discovered her upon the wall.

It took but a moment to bring the elephant alongside; and Kathlyn dropped down into the howdah.

"A narrow squeak, dad," was all she said.

"Let us get on our way," said the colonel, hoarsely. "And remember, shoot to kill any man who attempts to stop us. My Kit!" embracing Kathlyn. "Perhaps the escape of the leopards is the luckiest thing that could have happened. It will keep them all busy for an hour or more. Since Umballa believes you to be dead, he will be concerned about my disappearance only. And it will be some time ere they learn of my escape. Forward, Ahmed! This time . . ."

"Don't father!" interrupted Kathlyn. "Perhaps we shall escape, but none of us is sure. Let us merely hope. I'm so tired!"

Bruce reached over and pressed her hand reassuringly; and the colonel eyed him as from a new angle.

"Good!" he murmured under his breath. "Nothing better could happen. He is a man, and a tried one, I know. Good! If once we get clear of this hell, I shall not stand in their way. But, Winnie, Winnie; what in God's name will that kitten be doing all these terrible weeks? Will she try to find us? The first telegraph office we reach I must cable her under no circumstances to stir from home. Ahmed," he said aloud, "how far are we from the nearest telegraph station?"

"Three days, sahib."

"Shall we be obliged to stop at the gate to change our mounts?"

"No, sahib; only to take supplies enough to last us."

"Lose as little time as you can. Now drop the curtains, Bruce."

So through the streets they hurried, unmolested. Those who saw the curtained howdah took it for granted that some unsuccessful candidate was returning to her home.

It was well for Kathlyn that she had made up her mind to leap for the vines at the moment she did. For the elephants had not left the first turn in the street when keepers and soldiers came running pell-mell into the street with ropes and ladders, prepared for the recapture of the treasury leopards, which, of course, were looked upon as sacred.

At the ancient gate the fugitives paused for the supplies awaiting them. Ahmed was not known to the guards there; that was good fortune. In the dialect he jested with them, winked and nodded toward the curtained howdah. The guards laughed; they understood. Some disappointed houri was returning whence she had come. Ahmed took his time; he had no reason to hurry. Nothing must pass which would arouse the suspicions of the guards; and haste always alarmed the oriental.

To the colonel, however, things appeared to lag unnecessarily. He finally lost patience and swept back the curtain despite Bruce's restraining hand. A native mahout, who had been loitering in town that day, recognized at once the royal turban which the colonel still wore. The colonel's face meant nothing; the turban, everything. The mahout stood stock still for a moment, not quite believing his eyes. By this time, however, Ahmed was comfortably straddled back of his elephant's ears and was jogging along the road.

"The king!" shouted the surprised mahout to the guards, who had not seen the man or the turban.

"What king, fool?" returned the guards.

"The white king who was betrothed this day! Ai, ai! I have seen the royal turban. It is he!"

The guards derided him. So, finding no hope in them, he ran to his elephant, mounted, and rode back into town. Durga Ram would pay well for this news.

"Father," said Kathlyn, reproachfully, "that mahout recognized you. I warned you not to move the curtain."

Bruce shrugged.

"But, Kit," returned her father, "Ahmed was so infernally slow! He would spend time in chattering to the guards."

Ahmed heard, but said nothing.

"Never mind," interposed Bruce pacifically. "At any rate we shall have the advantage of a couple of hours, and Umballa will not catch us with the elephants he has at hand. By the time he starts his expedition we shall be 30 miles away. Let us be cheerful!"

"Kit," said her father, "I couldn't help it. I can't think quickly any more. I am like a man in a nightmare. I've been down to hell, and I can't just yet realize that I am out of it. I'm sorry!"

"Poor dad!" Kathlyn pressed him in her arms, while Bruce nodded enviously but approvingly.

By and by they drew aside the curtains. Kathlyn saw here and there objects which recalled her first journey along this highway. If only she had known!

"One thing is forecast," said Bruce. "When Ramabai returns it will be to fight. He will not be able to avoid it now. I shouldn't mind going back with him. Ahmed, what is this strange hold Umballa has over the actions of the Council of Three? They always appear to be afraid of him."

"Ah, sahib," said Ahmed, resting his ankus or goad on the skull of his mount, "there is said to be another prisoner in the palace prison. Lal Singh knows, I believe."

"What's your idea?"

"Sahib, when I put you all safe over the frontier I am coming back to Allaha to find out." And that was all Ahmed would say regarding the subject.

"I'll wager he knows," whispered Bruce.

"But who can it be? Another poor devil of a white man? Yet how could a white man influence the actions of the Council?" The colonel spoke irritably.

"Look!"—from Kathlyn. "There is one of those wonderful trees they call the flame of the jungle." She called their attention to the tree merely to cause a diversion. She wanted to keep her father's thoughts away from Allaha.

So they journeyed on into the sunset, into twilight, into the bright, starry night.

Back in the city the panic was already being forgotten as a thing of the past. The leopards were back at their patroling; the high officials and dignitaries, together with the unsuccessful candidates, had gone their several ways. Umballa alone paced the halls, well satisfied with the events of the day, barring the disturbance caused by the escape of the leopards.

His captain entered and saluted.

"Highness, a mahout has news."

"News? Of what?"

"He claims that he saw the king's turban in a howdah which passed the ancient gate about an hour gone."

"That is not possible," replied Umballa.

"I told him that the king was in his chamber."

"So he is. Wait! I will go myself and see," all at once vaguely perturbed. He was back in a very short

Surrounded by Wolves.

time, furious. "It is true! Woe to those who permitted him to escape!"

"Highness, the escape of the leopards and the confusion which followed. . . ."

"By all the gods of Hind, and 'twas you who left the door open! You opened it for me to pass out first. Summon the Council. Off with you, and give this handful of silver to the only man who has sense enough to believe his eyes. Hare Sahib is mine, and I will follow him into the very house of the British raj! Guards and elephants! And the bride to be, what of her? Look and see. Nay, I will go with you."

Umballa found an empty chamber; the future queen was gone. More, he found one of the women of the zenana—his favorite—bound and gagged with handkerchiefs. Quickly he freed her.

"Highness, the bride's face was dark like my own, but her arms were as light as clotted cream! And she spake the tongue of the white people."

Kathlyn Hare! She lived; she had escaped the brigands; she had fooled him! And Ramabai had played with him as a cat plays with a wounded mouse. O, they should see this time!

Suddenly he laughed. It echoed down the corridor, and one of the treasure leopards roared back at the sinister sound.

"Highness!" timidly.

"Enough! I hold you blameless." He rushed from the palace.

Poor fools! Let them believe that they had escaped. There was still the little sister; in a short time now she would be inside the city walls. The Colonel Sahib would return; indeed, yes. There would be no further difficulty regarding the filigree basket of gold and gems. Still, he would pursue them, if only for the mere sport of it. If he failed to catch them all he had to do was to sit down and wait for them to return of their own volition.

Ramabia, however, was a menace; and Umballa wondered how he was going to lay hold of him. While waiting for his elephants to be harnessed he summoned the Council. Ramabai's property must be confiscated and Ramabai put to death. Here for the first time the Council flatly refused to fall in with Umballa's plans. And they gave very good reasons. Yes, Ramabai was a menace, but till the soldiery was fully paid, to touch Ramabai would mean the bursting forth of the hidden fire and they would all be consumed.

"Open the treasury door for me, then!"

"We dare not. The keepers understand. They would loose the leopards, which we dare not shoot. The law . . ."

"What is the law to us?" demanded Umballa frankly. "Let us make laws to suit our needs. The white man does. And we need money; we need each other," pointing a finger suggestively toward the floor.

"Only when we have the troops," replied the Council firmly. "We have bent our heads to your will so far in everything, but we refuse to sacrifice these heads because of a personal spite against Ramabai, whom we frankly and wisely fear. We dare not break into the treasury. The keepers are unbribable; the priests are with them, and the people are with the priests. Bring back the white man and his daughter first; if that is impossible, marry this second daughter, and we will crown her; and then you may work your will upon Ramabai. You have failed in all directions so far. Succeed but once and we are ready to follow you."

Umballa choked back the hot, imperious words which crowded to his lips. These were plain, unvarnished facts, and he must bow to the inevitable, however distasteful it might be. For the present, then, Ramabai should be permitted to go unharmed. But Ramabai might die suddenly and accidentally in the recapture of the Colonel Sahib. An accidental death would certainly extinguish any volcanic fires that smoldered under Allaha. So, with this secret determination in mind, Umballa set forth.

Ahmed, his mind busy with a thousand things, forgot the thousand and first, at that stage most important of all; and this was the short cut, a mere pathway through the jungle but which lessened the journey by some thirty miles. And this pathway Umballa chose. The three hours' headway was thus pared down to minutes, and at the proper time Umballa would appear, not behind the pursued but in the road in front of them.

There was, to be sure, a bare possibility of the colonel and his party getting beyond the meeting of the path and the road—that is, if he kept going forward all through the night, which, by the way, was exactly what the astute Ahmed did. But Kathlyn's curiosity the next morning neutralized the advantage gained.

A group of masked dancers, peripatetic, was the cause. Confident that they had outstripped pursuit, she saw no reason why she should not witness the dancing.

How Umballa came upon them suddenly, like a thunderbolt, confiscating the elephants; how they fled to a nearby temple, bribed the dancers for masks and garments, fled still farther into the wooded hills, and hid there with small arms ready, needs but little telling. Umballa returned to the city satisfied. He had at least deprived them of their means of travel. Sooner or later they would founder in the jungle, hear of the arrival of the younger daughter, and return.

Ahmed was grave. Lal Singh had gone. Now that the expedition had practically failed, his place was back in the shoe shop in the bazaars. Yes, Ahmed was grave. He was also a trifle disheartened. The fakir had said that there would be many disappointments, but that in the end . . . He might be a liar like all the other Hindus. Yet surely one part of his foretelling was correct: many disappointments.

"Kit," said her father, "Ahmed warned you not to stop."

"I am sorry."

It was on the tip of her tongue to retort that his own carelessness was the basic cause of the pursuit; but she remembered in time what her father had been through.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORY OF VISITING CARD

Became Popular in Europe in Time of Louis XIV and at One Period Was Ornamental.

Some authorities hold that the origin of the visiting card lay in the circumstance that when Pericles first laid siege to the heart of Aspasia he sent her a bouquet to which, fearful lest she might not guess from whom the compliment proceeded, he caused to be attached a strip of wood wherein his name was cut.

According to Bertarelli, who, among others, has been at much pains to compile the history of the card, it is difficult to say whether it was first used in Greece or in China. However that may be, it seems to be an ascertained fact that the visiting card did not really obtain to any extent in Europe until the time of Louis XIV. It crossed the Pyrenees with Philip of Anjou when he was installed in the palace at Madrid, and Louis himself was the cause of its being introduced into the Netherlands.

Then it was adopted in Italy, where it was subjected to much elaboration. First, the cards showed a modest border of flowers or leaves; then appeared landscapes, bits of architecture, allegories, etc. Finally came scenes of rural life, alternating with views of monuments and towns. The name was printed on the picture of a wall, a tree or a fountain.

A view of the Adriatic figured on the card of Count Alexandre Papoli, while the Franco family favored a large stone guarded by two dogs, with the amphitheater of Verona in the background.

Simple Headache Remedy.

There is a simple remedy for headache which can be concocted with half a lemon, a glass of water, a small teaspoonful of sugar and an eighth of a teaspoonful of baking soda. Put the lemon juice and sugar into a glass of water, stir well, then add the soda, stir again and when it foams nicely drink the mixture immediately. This is an agreeable as well as a very excellent remedy for some kinds of headache, and certainly is one of the most harmless.

Getting Down to Work.

"The reformer who arrived yesterday to clean up our town understands his business all right."

"What are his plans?"

"He says he will wrestle the devil five weeks, catch-as-catch-can, for a purse of $10,000."

Type Made in Japan.

Most of the type used by Chinese printers is made in Japan.

DEMAND FOR QUICK ACTION

Mrs. Bargainhunter Rudely Awakened From Contemplation of That Duck of a Hat.

As usual, the road was "up" and so was part of the street, for that matter. But it takes more than this to keep Mrs. Bargainhunter at home. Her two children comfortably ensconced in the baby carriage, she sailed down the yawning street.

"Oh, what a darling of a duck of a sweet hat!" she murmured. And, leaving the carriage, she walked to the shop window for a closer look. Absorbed in that darling of a hat, she gazed at it all unconscious of the fact that the baby carriage had rolled away into a trench, until at last she was awakened from her blissful dream by the gruff voice of a workman.

"Say, missus," he said, "d'yer want these kiddies any more? 'Cos we're just going to fill the hole up!"

Fatal Disease.

A young painter who had just finished a picture insisted upon a friend calling to see it. "There, now," enthused the artist, "you see my picture. What's the matter with that?"

"I don't know," replied the bored friend, "but I should say it it was a case of art failure."

Plant of the Pessimist.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"But it has its suspicions."

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Coming Into Line.

Two smartly dressed young men were discussing the present economic situation when a third whose holiday suit, straggling hair and grimy hands betokened a holiday at some distance from a hairdresser's and a hasty journey home.

"Well," observed number one, "the pater says it's not only sensible but it's patriotic to economize just now, so he and I have given up the two 'B's' and the mater the two 'T's.'"

His hearers looked puzzled till he explained that the initial letters indicated respectively "beer and baccy" and "tea and toast."

"Since you put in that way," said number two, "I've dropped the two 'C's'—coffee and cigarettes."

The third man, evidently feeling out of it, began to explain that he had only just got back from the North of Scotland and hadn't really had time, you know, to think it out, but of course he'd have to come into line, etc.

"Don't worry, old chap," interposed number one. "You go on just as you are, and everybod 'll know that you're economizing on the two 'S's'—scissors and soap!"

Couldn't Reciprocate.

"Hum ho!" sighed the New Hampshire farmer, as he came in from down town, "Deacon Jones wants me to be pallbearer again to his wife's funeral."

"Wal, you're goin' to be, ain't ye?" asked the farmer's better half.

"I dunno. Y' know, when Deacon Jones' fust wife died, he asked me to be a pallbearer, an' I did; and then his second wife died, an' I was the same again. An' then he married thet Perkins gal, and she died, and I was pallbearer to that funeral. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em."

Take It or Leave It.

Traveler (in Southern hotel)—Can I get anything to eat here?

Sambo—Yes, sah.

Traveler—Such as what?

Sambo—Such as it is, sah.

Foolish Question.

She—Is it a secret society?

He—No. Didn't I tell you there were women in it?—Judge.

A cynic may be one who has discovered the bitterness in stolen sweets.

Curious Suit.

A curious exposition of callousness and greed was recently made in a civil suit brought against a Colorado surgeon. He became interested in the case of a cripple whom he found begging in the street, and by an operation requiring great skill removed his disability. The relatives of the cripple promptly brought suit against the physician for removing their means of support, claiming that, as a cripple, the youth had brought them in an average of about five dollars daily, while now they were compelled to support him until he could gain the means of earning his living. The judge promptly dismissed the suit on hearing the case for the prosecution.

Exquisite Pleasure.

Mr. Grimbattley—One would think that Talkington had had enough of his wife's tongue, but he had her make a lot of phonograph records and he runs them over every day while she's away.

Mr. Nix—But think of the pleasure he gets in talking back when they run down.

A Rebuke.

"Run along, Willie, and play with your tin soldiers."

"Mother," said the serious-minded and precocious younster, "when I grow up I expect to work for universal peace and I do not wish to cultivate a martial spirit either in myself or in others by playing warlike games."

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160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada, but there is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government this year is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

W. V. Bennett, 220 17th St., Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.
Canadian Government Agent