

**NEW RAILWAYS IN CENTRAL CANADA**

**AMERICAN SETTLERS WELCOME AND DOING WELL.**

The Portland Oregonian, of Portland, Oregon, published a cartoon on the immigration of U. S. people to Canada, in its issue of October 5, 1909. The picture was accompanied by the following article:

"Losing American Citizens. The exodus of American farmers to Canada continues to be a phenomenon of the first importance. More of them are crossing the border this fall than ever before, and they are flocking from all parts of the country. Formerly it was the Middle West alone which thus lost the heart of its citizenship. Now all sections of the Union suffer alike. The regret which we cannot help feeling over the migration of many thousands of excellent citizens has an economic side which causes some concern. The 70,000 farmers who will go to Canada this fall will take with them some \$70,000,000 in cash and effects. This is by no means a negligible sum, and makes a very appreciable drain on our resources. But, of course, the most serious loss is the men themselves and their families, who have forsaken the land of the free and the home of the brave to dwell under the rule of a monarch.

Why do they go? Naturally the cheap and fertile land of Western Canada attracts them. Each emigrant goes with a reasonable expectation of bettering his fortune. Indeed, in a few years he may grow rich through the abundant crops he can raise and the increase of land values. But perhaps that is not the sole reason for the astonishing migration. There is a common notion abroad that in Canada life and property are appreciably safer than they are here. Murders are not so frequent, and are more speedily and surely punished. Mobs and the so-called 'unwritten law' are virtually unknown in Canada. Again the law is a vastly more ascertainable entity there. Canada does not permit its judges to veto acts of the legislative body. When a statute has been enacted it is known to be the law of the land until it is repealed. This naturally imparts to Canadian civilization a security and stability which we have not yet attained.

"We must remember, in the same connection, that the Canadian protective tariff is far less exorbitant than ours, and much less badly arranged for the benefit of special favorites. Hence there is an impression, very widely diffused, that the Canadians are not so wickedly robbed by the trusts as we are in this country. Reasons like these sufficiently account for the exodus of a body of citizens, whom we can ill afford to lose, but they do not much assuage our regret that they cannot be retained in the United States."

Speaking of this, a Canadian Government representative says that the Americans who cross the border are most welcome. The splendid areas of virgin soil, a large quantity of which is given away as free homesteads, lie close to existing railways and to those under construction. The railway lines that are assisting in this development are the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. The latter is built entirely on Canadian soil, and has opened up a wonderful stretch of land. Along this line during the year about closed thousands of American settlers have made their homes. They have built the towns, and immediately began as factors in the building up of the great Canadian West.

Agents of the Government are located in various cities throughout the United States who will be pleased to give any information that may be desired to further the interest of the settler.

**POOR BILL.**



Noble Sportsman—Whatever it is I've shot, it makes a most unorthodox row.

Keeper—Yes; poor Bill ain't got a very musical voice, has he?

An Ever Ready Opening. The editor suddenly became conscious that some one was standing behind him. Looking round, his glance fell upon a seedy looking individual with the eyes of a crank.

"I beg your pardon," said the newcomer, "but is there an opening here for a first-class intellectual writer?"

"Yes," grimly responded the editor. "An ingenious carpenter, foreseeing your visit, has provided an excellent opening. Turn the knob to the right, and do not slam the door as you go out."—The Sunday Magazine.

Good for the Nerves. At a recent archery tournament in London 300 women took part in the contest, the game having become very popular. It is recommended by London physicians as splendid for the nerves. American women have never taken very kindly to the sport, but the renewal of interest abroad may effect a change in this country.

Was a Father, Too. "Say, Mr. Editor, I'm the father of twins."

"All right; we'll put it in the paper under the head of 'Double Tragedy.'"

One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Enthusiasm is something that causes a man to shout when the crowd is shouting, even if he doesn't know what it is about.

HAVE YOU A COUGH, OR COLD? If so, take one Allen's Lung Balsam and watch results. Simple, safe, effective. All druggists. Popular prices—25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

As an eye-opener, what's the matter with an alarm clock.

**ROSALIND AT RED GATE**

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
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**SYNOPSIS.**

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A fourth sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who would be his Harry, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left surely. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting country church with \$1,000.

**CHAPTER VI.—Continued.**

Just then I heard the voice of my fool raised so that all might hear:

"Friends, on the dusty highway of life, I can take none of the honor or credit you so kindly offer me. The money I have given you to-day I came by honestly. I stepped into your cool and restful house of worship this morning in search of bodily ease. The small voice of conscience stirred within me. I had not been inside a church for two years, and I was greatly shaken. But as I listened to your eloquent pastor I was aware that the green wall paper interrupted my soul currents. That vegetable-green tint is notorious as a psychical interceptor. Spend the money as you like, gentlemen, but if I, a stranger, may suggest it, try some less violent color scheme in your mural decorations."

He seemed choking with emotion as with bowed head he pushed his way through the circle and strode past me. The people stared after him, mystified and marveling. I heard an old man calling out:

"How wonderful are the ways of Lord!"

I let Gillespie pass, and followed him slowly until a turn in the road hid us from the staring church folk. He returned and saw me.

"You have discovered me, Donovan. De sur your sins will find you out! A simple people, singularly moved at the sight of a greenback. I have rarely caused so much excitement."

"I suppose you are trying to ease your conscience by giving away some of your button money."

"That is just it, Donovan. You have struck the brass tack on the head. But now that we have met again, albeit through no fault of my own, let me mention matters of real human interest."

"You might tell me what you're doing here first."

"Walking; there were no cabs, Donovan."

"You choose a queer hour of the day for your exercise."

"One might say the same for your ride. But let us be sensible. I dare say there's some common platform on which we both stand."

"Well, assume I," I replied, dismounting by the roadside that I might talk more easily. Bandages were still visible at his wrists, and a strip of court-plaster across the knuckles of his right hand otherwise testified to the edges of the glass in St. Agatha's garden. He held up his hands ruefully.

"Those were nasty slashes; and I ripped them up badly in climbing out of your window. But I couldn't linger; I am not without my little occupations."

"You stand an excellent chance of being shot if you don't clear out of this. If there's any shame in you you will go without making further trouble."

"It has occurred to me," he began, slowly, "that I know something that you ought to know. I saw Henry Holbrook yesterday."

"Where?" I demanded.

"On the lake. He's rented a sloop yacht called the Stiletto. I passed it yesterday on the Annandale steamer and I saw him quite distinctly."

"It's all your fault that he's here!" I blurted, thoroughly aroused. "If you had not followed those women they might have spent the remainder of their lives here and never have been molested. But he undoubtedly caught the trail from you."

Gillespie nodded gravely and frowned before he answered.

"I am sorry to spoil your theory, my dear Irish brother, but put this in your pipe: Henry was here first! He rented the sloopboat ten days ago—and I made my triumphant entry a week later. Explain that, if you please, Mr. Donovan."

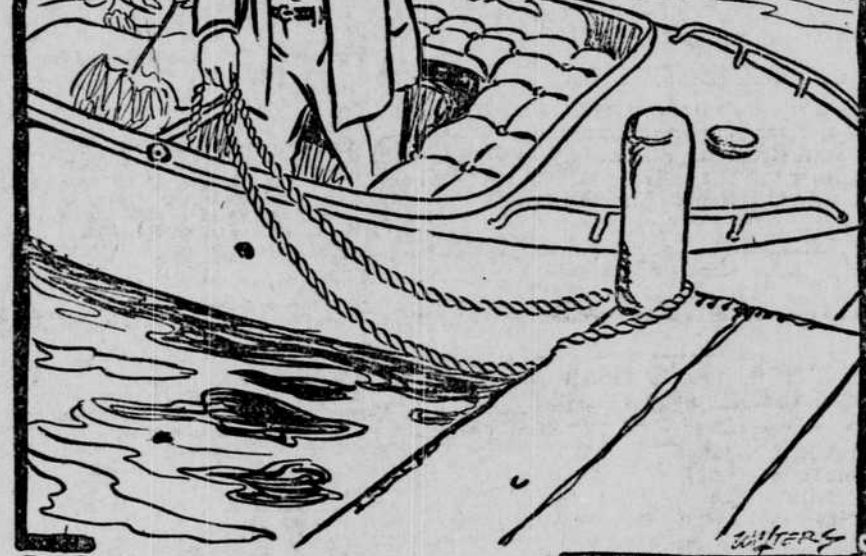
"I was immensely relieved by this disclosure, for it satisfied me that I had not been mistaken in the identity of the canoe-maker. I had, however, no intention of taking the button king into my confidence."

"Where is Holbrook staying?" I asked casually.

"I don't know—he keeps afloat. The Stiletto belongs to a Cincinnati man who isn't coming here this summer and Holbrook has got the use of the yacht. So much I learned from the boat storage man at Annandale; then I passed the Stiletto and saw Henry on board."

It was clear that I knew more than Gillespie, but he had supplied me with several interesting bits of information, and what was more to the point, he had confirmed my belief that Henry Holbrook and the canoe-maker were the same person.

"You must see that I face a difficult situation here, without counting you. You don't strike me as a wholly bad lot, Gillespie, and why won't you run along like a good boy and let me deal with Holbrook? Then when I have settled with him I'll see what can be done for you. Your position as an unwelcome suitor, engaged in annoying



Embarked the Two Exiles Without Incident.

the lady you profess to love, and causing her great anxiety and distress, is unworthy of the really good fellow I believe you to be."

He was silent for a moment; then he spoke very soberly.

"I promise you, Donovan, that I will do nothing to encourage or help Holbrook. I know as well as you that he's a blackguard; but my own affairs I must manage in my own way."

"But as surely as you try to molest those women you will have to answer to me. I am not in the habit of beginning what I never finish, and I intend to keep those women out of your way as well as out of Holbrook's clutches, and if you get a cracked head in the business—well, the crack's in your own skull, Mr. Gillespie."

He shrugged his shoulders, threw up his head and turned away down the road.

There was something about the fellow that I liked. I even felt a certain pity for him as I passed him and rode on. He seemed simple and guileless, but with a dogged manliness beneath his absurdities. He was undoubtedly deeply attached to Helen Holbrook and his pursuit of her partook of a knight-errand quality that would have appealed to me in other circumstances; but he was the most negligible figure that had yet appeared in the Holbrook affair, and as I put my horse to the lope my thoughts reverted to Red Gate. That chess game and Helen's visit to her father were still to be explained; if I could cut those cards out of the pack I should be ready for something really difficult. I employed myself with such reflections as I completed my sweep round the lake, reaching Glenarm shortly after two o'clock.

I was hot and hungry, and grateful for the cool breath of the house as I entered the hall.

"Miss Holbrook is waiting in the library," Ijima announced; and in a moment I faced Miss Pat, who stood in one of the open French windows looking out upon the wood.

She appeared to be deeply absorbed and did not turn until I spoke.

"I have waited for some time; I have something of importance to tell you, Mr. Donovan," she began, seating herself.

"Yes, Miss Holbrook."

"You remember that this morning, on our way to the chapel, Helen spoke of our game of chess yesterday?"

"I remember perfectly," I replied; and my heart began to pound suddenly, for I knew what the next sentence would be.

"Helen was not at St. Agatha's at the time she indicated."

"Well, Miss Pat," I laughed, "Miss Holbrook doesn't have to account to me for her movements. It isn't important—"

"Why isn't it important," demanded Miss Pat in a sharp tone that was new to me.

"Why, Miss Holbrook, she is not accountable to me for her actions. If she fibbed about the chess it's a small matter."

"Perhaps it is; and possibly she is not accountable to me, either."

"We must not probe human motives too deeply, Miss Holbrook," I said, evasively, wishing to allay her suspicions, if possible. "A young woman is entitled to her whims. But now that you have told me this, I suppose I may as well know how she accounted to you for this trifling deception."

"Oh, she said she wished to explore the country for herself; she wished to satisfy herself of our safety; and she didn't want you to think she was running foolishly into danger. She chafes under restraint, and I fear does not wholly sympathize with my runaway tactics. She likes a contest! And sometimes Helen takes pleasure in—"

"—being perverse. She has an idea, Mr. Donovan, that you are a very severe person."

"I am honored that she should entertain any opinion of me whatever," I replied, laughing.

"And now," said Miss Pat, "I must go back. Helen went to her room to write some letters against a time when it may be possible to communicate

with our friends, and I took the opportunity to call on you. It might be as well, Mr. Donovan, not to mention my visit."

I walked beside Miss Pat to the gate, where she dismissed me, remarking that she would be quite ready for a ride in the launch at five o'clock.

The morning had added a few new-colored threads to the tangled skein I was accumulating, but I felt that with the chess story explained I could safely eliminate the supernatural; and I was relieved to find that no matter what other odd elements I had to reckon with, a girl who could be in two places at the same time was not among them.

**CHAPTER VII.**

**A Broken Oar.**

The white clouds of the later afternoon cruised dreamily between green wood and blue sky. I brought the launch to St. Agatha's landing and embarked the two exiles without incident. We set forth in good spirits, Ijima at the engine and I at the wheel. I drove the boat toward the open to guard against unfortunate encounters, and the course once established I had little care but to give a wide berth to all the other craft afloat. Helen exclaimed repeatedly upon the beauty of the lake, which the west wind rippled into many variations of color. I was flattered by her friendliness; and yielded myself to the joy of the day, agreeably thrilled—I confess as much—by her dark loveliness as she turned from time to time to speak to me.

"Aunt Pat is a famous sailor!" observed Helen as the launch rocked. "The last time we crossed the capta'n had personally to take her below during a hurricane."

"Helen always likes to make a heroine of me," said Miss Pat with her adorable smile. "But I am not in the least afraid of the water. I think there must have been sailors among my ancestors."

She was as tranquil as the day. Her attitude toward her niece had not changed; and I pleased myself with the reflection that mere ancestry—the vigor and courage of indomitable old sea birds—did not sufficiently account for her, but that she testified to an ampler background of race and was a fine flower that had been centuries in making.

"We cruised the shore of Port Annandale at a discreet distance and then bore off again."

"Let us not go too near shore anywhere," said Helen; and Miss Pat murmured acquiescence.

"No; we don't care to meet people," she remarked, a trifle anxiously.

"I'm afraid I don't know any to in-

terduce you to," I replied, and turned away into the broadest part of the lake. The launch was capable of a lively clip and the engine worked capably. I had no fear of being caught, even if we should be pursued, and this, in the broad light of the peaceful Sabbath afternoon, seemed the remotest possibility.

It had been understood that we were to remain out until the sun dropped into the western wood, and I loitered on toward the upper lake where the shores were rougher.

"That's a real island over there—they call it Battle Orchard—you must have a glimpse of it."

"Oh, nothing is so delightful as an island!" exclaimed Helen.

Ijima had scanned the lake constantly since we started, as was his habit. Miss Pat turned to speak to Helen of the shore that now swept away from us in broader curves as we passed out of the connecting channel into the farther lake. Ijima remarked to me quietly, as though speaking of the engine:

"There's a man following in a row-boat."

And as I replied to some remark by Miss Pat, I saw, half a mile distant, its sails hanging idly, a sloop that answered Gillespie's description of the Stiletto. Its snowy canvas shone white against the green verdure of Battle Orchard.

"Shut off the power a moment. We will turn here, Ijima,"—and I called Miss Pat's attention to a hoary old sycamore on the western shore.

"Oh, I'm disappointed not to cruise nearer the island with the romantic name," cried Helen. "And there's a yacht over there, too!"

I already had the boat swung round, and in reversing the course I lost the Stiletto, which clung to the island shore; but I saw now quite plainly that a rowboat Ijima had reported as following us. It hung off about a quarter of a mile and its single occupant had ceased rowing and shipped his oars as though waiting. He was between us and the strait that connected the upper and lower lakes. Though not alarmed I was irritated by my carelessness in venturing through the strait and anxious to return to the less wild part of the lake. I did not dare lope over my shoulder, but kept talking to my passengers, while Ijima, with the rare intuition of his race, understood the situation and indicated by gestures the course.

"There's a boat sailing through the green, green wood," exclaimed Helen; and true enough, as we crept in close to the shore, we could still see, across a wooded point of the island, the sails of the Stiletto, as of a boat of dreams, drifting through the trees. And as I looked I saw something more. A tiny signal flag was run quickly to the topmast head, withdrawn once and flashed back; and as I saw the bow again the boatman dropped his oars into the water.

"What a strange-looking man," remarked Miss Pat.

"He doesn't look like a native," I replied, carelessly.

The launch swung slowly around, cutting a half-circle, of which the Italian's boat was the center. He dallied idly with his oars and seemed to pay no heed to us, though he glanced several times toward the yacht, which had now crept into full view, and under a freshening breeze was bearing southward.

"Full speed, Ijima."

The engine responded instantly, and we cut through the water smartly. There was a space of about 25 yards between the boatman and the nearer shore. I did not believe that he would do more than try to annoy us by forcing us on the swampy shore; for it was still broad daylight, and we were likely at any moment to meet other craft. I was confident that with any sort of luck I could slip past him and gain the strait, or dodge and run round him before he could change the course of his heavy skiff.

I kicked the end of an oar which the launch carried for emergencies and Ijima, on this hint, drew it toward him.

"You can see some of the roofs of Port Annandale across the neck here," I remarked, seeing that the women had begun to watch the approaching boat unceasingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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That was Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins' introduction to his sermon in the Pilgrim Congregational church which, in part, was as follows:

"Flirtation is the cause of our social evil. It undermines the home. It makes marriage look like a failure. The rapidly increasing number of women who drink and smoke in fashionable restaurants shows where stations on the route are located and the

Chicago Pastor Sees Homes Wrecked and Divorce Decrees in "Menacing Evil."

**CALLS FLIRTING A PERIL**

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