

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CANADA

Those who are wondering why the number of Americans going to Canada year by year increases in the rates that it does, would not be so surprised were they to accompany one of the numerous excursions that are being run under the auspices of the Government from several of the states, and remain with the settler until he gets onto the free homestead, which, as stated by Speaker Champ Clark, in the U. S. senate the other day, comprises 160 acres of the most fertile soil and with remarkably easy settlement conditions. Then watch the results, whether it be on this free homestead of 160 acres or on land which he may purchase at from \$15. to \$20. per acre, fully as good as the \$100. and \$150. per acre land of his native state, and which his means will not permit his purchasing. On the part of the members of the U. S. Senate and Congress there is nothing but praise for Canada. Canadian laws and Canadian lands although the reasonable desire is shown in their remarks, that they pass legislation, (which is very praiseworthy) that will make the land laws of the United States much easier.

It is the success of the American settler in Canada that attracts others, and when experiences such as the following are related to the friend "back home" it is any wonder that increased interest is aroused and a determination arrived at, to participate in the new-found way up in Canada that means wealth and health and all that accompanies it.

William Johnston, who formerly lived at Alexandria, Minn., settled in the Alberg District near Battle River and in writing to one of the Canadian Government agents, located in the United States says: "We have had no failures of crops during our nine years in Canada. I threshed 1208 bushels of wheat and 1083 bushels of oats in 1911, off my 160 acres. This is a beautiful country. I keep six good work horses and milk seven cows, getting good prices for butter and eggs. We get our coal for \$2.00 per ton at the mine, about one mile from the farm. Am about one and a half miles from a fine school. As for the cold weather it is much milder here than in Minnesota, where I lived for 21 years. Our well is 35 feet deep and we have fine water. Wild land is selling for \$18. to \$25. per acre. Improved farms are much higher. I am well satisfied with the country, and would not sell unless I got a big price, as we have all done well here."

Good reasons to account for the number going to Canada.

Denied the Allegation.
"You are being trodden under foot," howled the campaign orator. "You are surrounded by neurotics—there is a paranoiac standing at your very elbow, and—" "Stop right there," yelled Pat, "stop there. There's not a par—por—there's not one of them there fellers in the whole crowd. Me and Mike don't associate with such bloomin' furnurers."

Outwardly most people are cheerful givers, but how about the feeling inside?

It's easier for a man to make money if he isn't on speaking terms with his conscience.

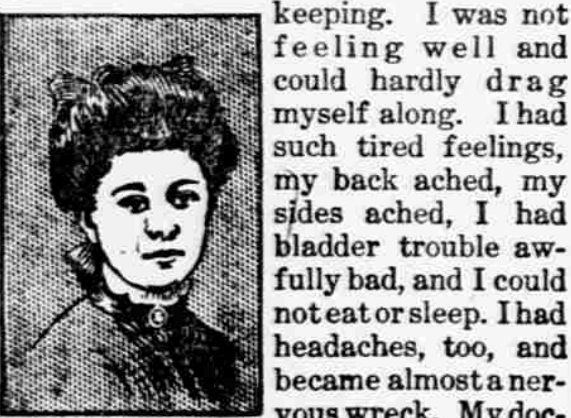
To overcome constipation and resultant ills, take Garfield Tea, a pure herb laxative.

There are times when we should be thankful for what we fail to get.

YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL

Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to house-keeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, my sides ached, I had bladder trouble awfully bad, and I could not eat or sleep. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so, when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health.



"If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. BENJ. H. STANBERRY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence.

Pettit's Eye Salve QUICK RELIEF EYE TROUBLES



SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming wild parties of savages. He sees a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the riders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a pocket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Shiley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupants to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Wiloughby, and becomes convinced that the girl goes there, where she is mistaken for the daughter of the General. Keith meets the real Christie MacLaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in the case, which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of the resemblance to Christie MacLaire. They decide that Fred Wiloughby may hold the key to the situation. Keith finds the body of her brother. Hope is told of the death of her brother. Keith falls to learn what representations Black Bart has made to Christie MacLaire. Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the stage singer. Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie MacLaire and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets her plans and that they must fly. Hope, greatly alarmed, demands General Waite appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance. Keith is informed that Christie MacLaire's real name is Phyllis Gale and that she is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang. Dr. Fairbain avows his love for Phyllis and she accepts him. Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

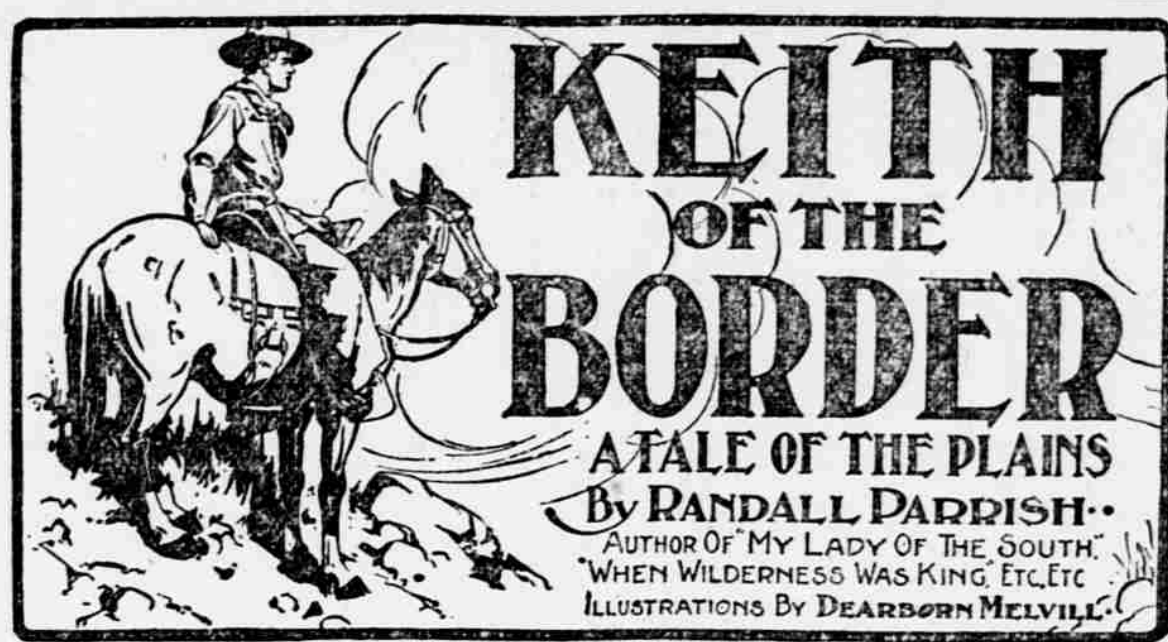
By this time Keith had reached a definite decision as to his course. If the fugitives received a fresh relay of horses down there somewhere, and crossed the Arkansas, he felt positively sure as to their destination. But it would be useless pushing on after them in the present shape of his party—their horses worn out, and Waite reeling giddily in the saddle. If Hawley's outfit crossed the upper ford, toward which they were evidently heading, and struck through the sand hills, then they were making for the refuge of that lone cabin on Salt Fork. Should this prove true, then it was probable the gambler had not even yet discovered the identity of Hope, for if he had, he would scarcely venture upon taking her there, knowing that Keith would naturally suspect the spot. But Keith would not be likely to personally take up the trail in search for Christie MacLaire. It must have been Hawley then who had left the party and ridden east, and up to that time he had not found out his mistake. Yet if he brought out the fresh animals the chances were that Hope's identity would be revealed. Bristoe, who had turned aside to examine the straying horse, came trotting up.

"Belonged to their outfit all right, Cap," he reported, "carries the double cross brand and that shebang is upon the Smokey; saddle galls still bleeding."

Waite was now suffering so acutely they were obliged to halt before gaining sight of the river, finding, fortunately, a water-hole fed by a spring. As soon as the sick man could be made comfortable, Keith gave to the others his conclusions, and listened to what they had to say. Bristoe favored clinging to the trail, even though they must travel slowly, but Fairbain insisted that Waite must be taken to some town where he could be given necessary care. Keith finally decided the matter.

"None can be more anxious to reach those fellows that I am," he declared, "but I know that country out south, and we'll never get through to the Salt Fork without fresh horses. Besides, as the doctor says, we've got to take care of Waite. If we find things as I expect we'll ride for Carson City, and re-outfit there. What's more, we won't lose much time—it's a shorter ride from there to the cabin than from here."

By morning the General was able to sit his saddle again, and leaving him with Neb to follow slowly, the others spurred forward, discovered an outlet through the bluff into the valley, and crossed the Santa Fe Trail. It was not easy to discover where those in advance had passed this point, but they found evidence of a late camp in a little grove of cottonwoods beside the river. There were traces of two trails leading to the spot, one being that of the same five horses they had been following so long, the other not so easily read, as it had been traversed in both directions, the different hoof marks obliterating each other.



KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL DARRISH
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH,
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC., ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

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Bristoe, creeping about on hands and knees, studied the signs with the eyes of an Indian.

"You kin see the difference yere whar the ground is soft, Cap," he said, pointing to some tracks plainer than the others. "This yere hoss had a rider, but the rest of 'em was led; that's why they've bungled up their trail so. An' it wa'n't their same bunch that went back east what come from thar—see that split hoof! thar ain't no split hoof p'inting their other way—but yere is the mark of the critter that puts her foot down so fur outside that we've been a trallin' from Sheridan, an' she's p'inting east, an' being led. Now, let's see whar the bunch went from yere with that split hoof."

This was not so easily accomplished owing to the nature of the ground, but at last the searchers stumbled onto tracks close in under the bank, and one of these revealed the split hoof.

"That makes it clear, Ben," exclaimed Keith, decidedly, starting out across the river at the white sandhills. "They have kept on the edge of the water, making for the ford, which is yonder at the bend. They are out in the sand desert by this time riding for the Salt Fork. Whoever he was, the fellow brought them five horses, and the five old ones were taken east again on the trail. The girl is still with the party, and we'll go into Carson City and reoutfit."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Again at the Cabin.

They were two weary days reaching Carson City, traveling along the open trail yet meeting with no one, not even a mail coach passing them.



The Four Crossed the Stream, Wading to Their Waists in the Water.

Evidently the Indians were so troublesome as to interrupt all traffic with Santa Fe and the more western forts. The slowness of their progress was on account of the General, whose condition became worse in spite of Fairbain's assiduous attentions. With no medicine the doctor could do but little to relieve the sufferings of the older man, although he declared that his illness was not a serious one, and would yield quickly to proper medical treatment. They constructed a rude travois from limbs of the cottonwood, and securely strapped him thereon, one man leading the horse, while the doctor tramped behind.

Keith, fretting more and more over this necessary delay, and now obsessed with the thought that Hawley must have rejoined his party on the Arkansas and gone south with them, finally broke away from the others and rode ahead, to gather together the necessary horses and supplies in advance of their arrival. He could not drive from his mind the remembrance of the gambler's attempted familiarity with Hope, when he had her, as he then supposed, safe in his power once before in that lonely cabin on the Salt

Fork. Now, angry with baffled ambition, and a victim of her trickery, there was no guessing to what extremes the desperado might resort. The possibilities of such a situation made the slightest delay in rescue an agony almost unbearable. Reaching Carson City, and perfectly reckless as to his own safety there from arrest, the plainsman lost no time in perfecting arrangements for pushing forward. Horses and provisions were procured, and he very fortunately discovered in town two cowboys belonging to the "Bar X" outfit, their work there accomplished and about ready to return to the ranch on the Canadian, who gladly allied themselves with his party, looking forward to the possibilities of a fight with keen anticipation. Keith was more than ever delighted with adding these to his outfit, when, on the final arrival of the others, the extra man brought from Sheridan announced that he had had enough, and was going to remain there. No efforts made revealed any knowledge of Hawley's presence in Carson City; either he had not been there, or else his friends were very carefully concealing the fact. The utter absence of any trace, however, led Keith to believe that the gambler had gone elsewhere—probably to Fort Larned—for his new outfit, and this belief left him more fully convinced than ever of the fellow's efforts to conceal his trail.

The party escorting Waite reached the town in the evening, and in the following gray dawn the adventurers forded the river, and mounted on fresh horses and fully equipped, headed forth into the sand hills. The little company now consisted of Keith, Fairbain, who, in spite of his rotundity of form had proven himself hard and

more horrible by its semblance to water, yet never tempting them to stray aside. After the first mile conversation ceased, the men riding grimly, silently forward, intent only on covering all the distance possible. Late that night they camped at the water-hole, sleeping as best they could, scourged by the chill wind which swept over them and lashed grit into exposed faces. With the first gray of dawn they swung stiffened forms into the saddles and rode on, straight as the crow flies, for the Salt Fork. They attained that stream at sundown, gray with sand dust, their faces streaked from perspiration, feeling as though the sun rays had burned their brains, with horses fairly reeling under them. According to Keith's calculation this cattle-ford must be fully ten miles below where the cabin sought was situated; two hours' rest, with water and food, would put both horses and men again in condition, and the traveling was easier along the bank of the Fork. With this in mind, cinches were loosened, the animals turned out to graze, and the men, snatching a hasty bite, flung themselves wearily on the ground.

All but Fairbain were asleep when Keith aroused them once more, a little before nine, unable in his impatience to brook longer delay. Within ten minutes horses were saddled, weapons looked to carefully, and the little party began their advance through the darkness, moving cautiously over the uneven ground, assisted greatly by the bright desert stars gleaming down upon them from the cloudless sky overhead. The distance proved somewhat less than had been anticipated, and Keith's watch was not yet at eleven, when his eyes revealed the fact that they had reached the near vicinity of the lonely island on which the cabin stood. Reining in his horse sharply, he swung to the ground, the others instantly following his example, realizing they had reached the end of the route. Hands instinctively loosened revolvers in readiness for action, the younger of the "Bar X" men whistling softly in an effort to appear unconcerned. Keith, with a gesture, gathered them more closely about him.

"If Hawley is here himself," he said quietly, watching their faces in the starlight, "he will certainly have a guard set, and there may be one anyhow. We can't afford to take chances, for there will be five men, at least, on the island, and possibly several more. If they are looking for trouble they will naturally expect it to come from the north—consequently we'll make our attack from the opposite direction, and creep in on them under the shadow of the corral. The first thing I want to do is to locate Miss Waite so she will be in no danger of getting hurt in the melee. You boys hold your fire until I let loose or give the word. Now, Doctor, I want you and Neb to creep up this bank until you are directly opposite the cabin—he'll know the spot—and lie there out of sight until we begin the shooting. Then both sail in as fast as you can. I'll take Bristoe and you two "Bar X" men along with me, and when we turn loose with our shooting irons you can all reckon the fight is on. Any of you got questions to ask?"

No one said anything, the silence accentuated by the desert wind howling mournfully in the branches of nearby cottonwood.

"All right then, boys, don't get excited and go off half cocked; be easy on your trigger fingers. Come along, you fellows who are traveling with me."

The four crossed the stream, wading to their waists in the water, their horses left bunched on the south bank, and finally crawled out into a bunch of mesquite. As they crept along through the darkness, whatever doubts Keith might have previously felt regarding the presence on the island of the party sought were dissipated by the unmistakable noise made by numerous horses in the corral. Slowly, testing each step as they advanced, so no sound should betray them, the four men reached the shelter of the stockade. The older of the "Bar X" men lifted himself by his hands, and peered cautiously over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Test for Water.
To test drinking water, put one teaspoonful of granulated sugar in a pint of the water you want to test. Cork tightly, place on the kitchen mantel shelf. If pure the water will remain clear, if not it will cloud densely, and ought to be analyzed.

Test of Eligibility.
Man's right to vote does not rest on respectability or intelligence, but on the very fact that he has been wearing a pair of pants for twenty-one years, and, in all probability, eating or burning up a ton of cheap tobacco.

Lasting Hatred.
There is a sort of hatred which never is extinguished; it is the hatred that superiority inspires in mediocrity.—Paul Bourget.

FOR HUBBY TO PONDER OVER

Innocent Answer of Quiet Little Wife Got Him Started on Train of Thought.

The husband and wife were on their way to the theater when the husband began kicking because his wife took such a long time dressing.

"What delayed you this time?" he growled.

"Seeing the children to bed," she responded, quietly.

"What's the nurse for?" snapped the man.

"The nurse is for our convenience—yours and mine, especially mine," she answered. "But the boy certainly takes after you. He asked the same kind of a fool question just as I was kissing him good night."

"Fool question, eh? Well, what was it?"

"I asked him if he had said his prayers. And he said no. And I asked him if he didn't want God to take care of him during the night. He answered: 'What's the nurse for?'"

For the remainder of the way the man pondered on this answer.

RASH ALL OVER BABY'S BODY

Itched So He Could Not Sleep

"On July 27, 1909, we left Boston for a trip to England and Ireland, taking baby with us. After being in Ireland a few days a nasty rash came out all over his body. We took him to a doctor who gave us medicine for him. The trouble started in the form of a rash and was all over baby's body, head and face, at different times. It irritated, and he would scratch it with all his might. The consequence was it developed into sores, and we were afraid it would leave nasty scars on his face."

"When we reached England we took baby to another doctor, who said his condition was due to change of food and climate, and gave more medicine. The rash got no better, and it used to itch and burn at night so bad that the child could not sleep. He was completely covered with it at different times. It was at this time that my mother advised us to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for about nine months the places disappeared. There are not any scars, or other kind of disfigurement, and baby is completely cured by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. We have no further trouble with baby's skin. Nothing stopped the itching, and allowed baby to sleep but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Gunn, 29 Burrell St., Roxbury, Mass., March 12, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston.

Method With Disadvantages.
"Will you make any rear platform speeches next summer?"

"I don't know," replied the candidate. "It's kind of embarrassing to have an engineer blow the whistle, ring the bell and pull out just as you get to the grand climax on which you relied for applause."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The woman who suffers in silence usually manages to make a lot of noise about it.

As we grow more sensible we refuse drug cathartics and take instead Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea.

A man isn't necessarily worthless because his neighbor is worth more.

"Pink Eye" is Epidemic in the Spring. Try Murine Eye Remedy for Reliable Relief.

The man who argues with his wife is one kind of an idiot.

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Until You Get After The Cause

Nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. Lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to work, or to rest.

You sleep poorly and next day is the same old story. That backache indicates bad kidneys and calls for some good kidney remedy. None so well recommended as Doan's Kidney Pills. Grateful testimony is convincing proof.

Here's Another "Every Picture Typical Case—Tells a Story!"
Mrs. D. K. Jeffers, Colfax, Wash., says: "For two weeks I had to be propped up in bed and I lost 50 pounds in weight. I was in a terrible condition, in fact, I came very near dying. As a last resort I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since then I have gained back my lost weight and feel wonderfully improved."

AT ALL DEALERS 50c. a Box
DOAN'S Kidney Pills

TREAT EYES FREE
I send free treatment for weak, sore eyes, granulated lids, cataracts, astigmatism, falling sight, conjunctival sore. Write, describe eyes. Dr. W. A. COFFEY, Dept. 9, Des Moines, Iowa.