

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION

Increased by About Sixty Per Cent in Past Six Months.

That Canada is at war is now more fully appreciated on this side of the boundary line, now that the United States has stepped alongside its northern neighbor and linked hands in the great struggle for a freer democracy throughout the civilized world.

As a result of this a greater interest to develop both the United States and Canada. Recently, just before the time that the United States declared its intention to enter the contest and contribute of its resources to the defeat of the autocracy, whose design was to permeate the whole of Western Canada made an appeal for farm labor to till the fields and prepare the soil for the crops of grain that were necessary to feed the fighting forces and to keep up the requirements necessary for the Allies.

It is altogether probable that the action of the Canadian Government in taking the duty off wheat going into Canada, thus automatically lifting the duty off that coming into the United States, may not be responsible for the increased immigration to Canada.

Mr. W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa, Canada, recently gave out figures concerning immigration from the United States which shows that the increase in the past three or four months was 60 per cent over the same period last year.

The new settlers are coming from numerous states through the Emerson, North Portal and Coates, as well as from Oregon and Washington, through Klugegate and Vancouver.

There arrived in Saskatchewan during the year ending December 31, 1917, a total of 3,138 persons as compared with 5,812 during the twelve months previous.

The number of settlers from Eastern Canada migrating to the west is also increased. From January 1 to March 31, 1917, the number of cars of stock that passed through the Winnipeg yards was 760, as compared with 861 last year.

On his way to the provincial hydro building in Toronto a few days ago, John Adams was asked if he would join up by a recruiting sergeant in front of the armories.

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By Rex Beach

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PALOMA JONES AND LAIRE AUSTIN PREPARE TO GIVE AID TO BLAZE JONES AND DAVE LAW, BUT THEIR PLAN IS COMPLICATED BY THE APPEARANCE OF GENERAL LONGORIO AND BY ED AUSTIN'S ACTIVITIES

SYNOPSIS.—Mrs. Laire Austin is the handsome young mistress of Las Palmas ranch in Texas and Las Palmas, who is a brutal, profligate, lecherous drunkard, but she feels a strong sympathy for David Law, state ranger, who she discovers accidentally that he loves her hopelessly.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Paloma was gone with a rush. In a moment she returned, ready for the trip, and with her hand carried a rifle nearly as long as herself.

In offering to lend a hand in this difficulty, Laire had acted largely upon impulse, and now that she took up the matter she thought over the affair more coolly, she asked herself what possible business of hers it could be.

Her party, Paloma was troubled by her uncertainty, she supposed it did not seem to her all absurd to go to her father's assistance, and she was so eager to be up and away that the prospect of a long evening's wait made her restless.

As usual Ed Austin had not taken the trouble to inform his wife of his whereabouts; Laire was relieved to find that he was out and she decided that he had probably stayed at Tadel for the night.

The women were seated on the porch after their meal, when the driveway rode two horsemen. A moment later a tall stranger, a man in a suit and a hat, came forward with outstretched hand, crying in Spanish: "Senora! I surprise you. Well, I told you some day I should give myself this great pleasure. I am here!"

"General Longorio! But—what a surprise!" Laire's amazement was naive, her face was that of a startled schoolgirl. The Mexican warmly kissed her fingers, then turned to meet Paloma, exchanged glances over her head. Miss Jones looked frankly frightened, and her expression plainly asked the meaning of Longorio's presence.

"General Longorio! But—what a surprise!" Laire's amazement was naive, her face was that of a startled schoolgirl. The Mexican warmly kissed her fingers, then turned to meet Paloma, exchanged glances over her head.

Longorio's bright eyes took a swift inventory of her surroundings; then he smiled ingratiatingly. "How beautiful! A nest for a bird of paradise!" "Don't you consider this rather full?" he declared. Laire insisted, "Suppose it should become known that you crossed the river?"

Longorio snapped his fingers. "In answer to no, no? I am sincere. But your interest in this is not for my safety. Thus I remind you of my days of misery."

"You surely did not," Paloma swallowed hard. "No, I took measures to protect myself in case of eventualities."

"How?" "By bringing with me some of my troops. Oh, they are peaceable fellows, but they are capable of anything; and they are doubtless enjoying themselves with our friend and sympathizer, Mr. Laire."

"Where?" asked Laire. "I left them at my pumping plant, senora. Paloma Jones sat down heavily in the nearest chair. "But you need have no uneasiness."

Laire answered sharply. "It was a very reckless thing to do, and you must not repeat here."

have done you another favor. You saw that honore who came with me?" "Yes."

"Why would never guess it is your son Sanchez. He was distracted at the news of his cousin's murder and came to me."

"His cousin was not murdered." "Certainly! I told him so when I learned the facts. I said to him, 'Yese, my boy, it is better to do nothing than to act wrongly. Go back to your beautiful employer, be loyal to her, and think no more about this unhappy affair.'"

"It required some argument, I assure you, but—here he is. He comes to ask your forgiveness and to resume his position of trust."

"I am glad to have him back if he feels that way. I have nothing whatever to forgive him."

"Then he will be happy, and I have served you. That is the end of the matter." With a graceful gesture Longorio dismissed the subject. "It is to be my pleasure," he next inquired, "to meet Senora Austin, your husband?"

"I am afraid not."

"So bad." He had hoped to know him and convince him that he fed him and convince him that he fed him and convince him that he fed him.

"Under this talk Paloma stirred uneasily, and at the first opportunity she burst out: "It's far from safe for you to remain here, General Longorio. This neighborhood is terribly excited over the death of Ricardo Guzman, and it is a matter of life and death."

"So! Then Guzman is dead?" Longorio inquired, with interest. "Isn't he?" blurted Paloma.

"Not so far as I can see. Only I made official report that nothing whatever could be discovered about him. Certainly he is nowhere in Romero, and it is my personal belief that the poor fellow was either killed or shot or made way with for his money. Probably the truth will never be known."

Longorio had come to spend the evening, and his keen pleasure in Laire Austin's company made him indifferent to his personal safety; that nothing short of a rude dismissal would have served to terminate his visit. Neither Laire nor her companion, however, had the least idea how he represented the presence of Paloma Jones.

It was a remarkable meeting; on the one hand this half-savage man, gnarled by jealousy, lustiness of the drink and the rigors of his past life, and on the other hand, a woman, bored, resentful and tortured at the very thought of the river bank, what was happening at the river bank.

It was late when Austin arrived. Visitors at Las Palmas were unusual at any time; hence the sound of

What's That Greaser Doing Here? Strange voices in the brightly lighted living room at such an hour surprised him. He came tramping in, booted and spurred, a bell-ringing look of inquiry upon his blotted features.

When he had met his wife's guests, his surprise turned to black displeasure. His own sympathies in the Mexican struggle were so notorious that Longorio's presence seemed to him to be a most positive sign of danger.

Paloma Jones was here he could not imagine. Laire's caller remained at ease, and appeared to welcome this chance of

meeting Austin. Luis Longorio was the sort of man who enjoys a struggle, and one who shows to the best advantage under adverse conditions. Accordingly, Ed's arrival, instead of hastening his departure, merely served to excite his interest.

"He was growing late now, and Paloma was frantic. Prodding by her first opportunity, she whispered to Laire, 'For God's sake, send him away.'"

"Alaire's eyes were dark with excitement," she said she. "Talk to him, and give me a chance to have a word alone with Ed."

"The opportunity came when Austin went into the dining room for a drink. Laire excused herself to follow him. When they were out of sight and hearing, her husband turned upon her with an ugly frown."

"What's that greaser doing here?" he asked roughly. "He called to pay his respects. You must get him away."

"I must!" Ed glowered at her. "Why don't you? You got him here in my absence. Now that I'm home, you want me to get rid of him, eh? What's the idea?"

"Don't be silly. I didn't know he was coming and—he just came to visit such a thing."

"Crazy?" Ed's lip curled. "He isn't crazy. I suppose he couldn't stay any longer. By heaven, Alaire—"

Alaire checked this outbreak with a sharp exclamation: "Don't make a scene! Don't you understand he holds over fifty thousand dollars worth of La Perla cattle? Don't you understand we can't antagonize him?"

"Is that what he came to see you about?" "Yes." She bit her lip. "I'll explain everything, but—you must help me send him back, right away." Glancing at the clock, Alaire saw that it was late on toward midnight; with quick decision she seized her husband by the arm, explaining feverishly: "There is something big going on tonight. Ed! Longorio brought a guard of soldiers with him, and left them at our pump house. Well, it so happens that Blaze Jones and Mr. Law have gone to the Romero cemetery to get Ricardo Guzman's body."

"What?" Austin's red face paled, his eyes bulged. "Yes, that's why Paloma is here. They crossed at our pumping station, and they'll be back at any time, now. If they encounter Longorio's men, you understand?"

"Ricardo Guzman's body?" Austin wiped his lips and swallowed with difficulty. "Why—do they want his body?" "To prove that he is really dead, despite those who claim he is still living. The effect of these words, Alaire cried sharply, "What's the matter, you understand?"

But Austin momentarily was beyond speech. The disaster from which he was trying to pour himself a drink played a musical tattoo upon his glass; his face had become ashen and pasty.

"How many men has he got?" Austin nodded in the direction of the front door. "I don't know. Probably four or five. What else?"

Something in her husband's inexplicable agitation, something in the way he spoke, a note in which his eyes were running over the room, alarmed Alaire.

Ed utterly disregarded her question. Catching sight of the telephone, he stood up to get a stand in the far corner of the room, he ran to it and, snatching the receiver, violently oscillated the hook.

"Don't do that!" Alaire cried, following him. "Wait! It mustn't get out!"

"Hello! Give me the Lewis ranch—quick!—I've forgotten the number. With his free hand Ed held his wife fast by the distance muttering harshly: "Get away now! I know what I'm doing. Get away—"

tonight! They're over there now—back inside of an hour!" Laire leaned weakly against the table, her frightened eyes fixed upon the speaker.

"Yes! They aim to discover how he was killed and all about it. They crossed at my pumping plant, and they'll be back tonight, if they haven't already—"

"What's this I hear? Ricardo Guzman's body?" Husband and wife turned. The open double door to the living room framed the tall figure of the Mexican general.

CHAPTER XIII.

Rangers. Longorio stared first at the huddled, peering man beside the telephone, and then at the frightened woman. "Is that the truth?" he demanded harshly. "Yes," Austin answered. "They are bringing the body to this side. You don't want to know?"

"Do you know this?" The general turned upon Alaire. Of the four he was the least excited.

From the background Paloma queried: "You told us Ricardo was not dead, so—it is all right. There is no harm done."

A brief silence ensued, then Longorio shrugged. "Who knows? Let us hope that he suffered no harm on Mexico."

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Making Sure. "Henry," she began, in a sweet, tinkling voice, "what's all this talk about gold and silver?"

"I don't want to see the Rio Grande tonight. I don't want to see the Rio Grande tonight. I don't want to see the Rio Grande tonight."

Amateur Gardening. "Planted anything in your garden yet?" "Both rubbers, two pencils and a fountain-pen."

There was no mistaking the command in Longorio's tone; the master of Las Palmas rose as if under compulsion. He took his hat, and the two men left the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Austin!" Paloma gasped. "They'll be in time, and so will the Lewis gang."

"Quick! Ed will take his runabout— I'll follow in my car." Alaire fled to make herself ready. A few moments later she looked out from her window and saw the headlights of Ed's runabout flash down the driveway to the road; then she and Paloma rushed to the garage where the touring car stood.

"The moon is rising," Paloma said, "but be sure to see us. Do you think we're ahead of Ted Lewis?"

"Oh, yes. He hasn't had time to get here yet, but—he'll come fast when he starts. This is the only plan I can think of."

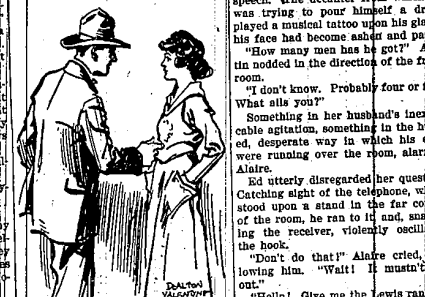
With General Longorio's gang and the Lewis gang waiting to ambush Jones and Law at the pump station, what chance have those two got to save their lives? The next installment describes an exciting event.

Going Up. Hetter—Hetter, the aviator, took me for a joy-ride in his new biplane. Skitter—Ge, that certainly is my idea of a sky-lark.

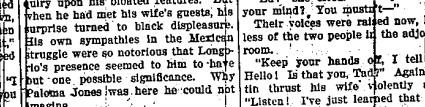
(TO BE CONTINUED)



HELLO! IS THAT YOU, TAD?



What's That Greaser Doing Here?



What's That Greaser Doing Here?