DOWN MISSOURI WAY

CANADA'S RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER THE SUBJECT FOR FAVORABLE COMMENT.

Those who have visited Canada are always impressed with the strict observance that is given to the laws of the country, and the order that is preserved everywhere. The editor of the Gazette, of Fulton, Nev., recently paid a visit to Western Canada. He was so impressed with the conditions that he saw everywhere, that on his return home he was inspired to write as follows: "Reverence and respect for law is a dominant characteristic of the Canadian people. Wherever one goes in Canada, whether east or west, the law is supreme. The law is obeyed because it is law, seemingly, and not because violation carries a penalty. Canada enforces the law and makes every law effective. No country is more free than Canada. In name Canada is a dependency of the British Crown. In fact, it is almost a third republic. All its taxes are voted, collected and expended by the Dominion and the provinces. The nominal head of the Government is the Governor General, appointed by the English Crown. Practically his only authority is to veto the acts of parliament, which he scarcely ever exercises. Canada gives nothing to the support of the English government or the English king. She gives England the advantage in trade regulations and tariff laws, and in return receives the protection of the British army and navy. Canada enjoys the protection without sharing in the expense.

"The sale of liquor is strictly regulated. None but hotelkeepers may obtain license to vend the stuff, and before a license can be secured an applicant must prove good character and provide twenty rooms in his tavern for the accommodation of guests. The bar-rooms close at 7 o'clock Saturday evening and remain closed until Monday morning. The schools and churches in Western Canada excite admiration. Though new, Western Canada is not godless. The finest buildings in every town are the churches. Next come the school houses.

Turning to the wheat fields of Western Canada, the editor of the Laurel (Neb.) Advocate of Sept. 17th says: "I have often thought that the reason that the characters of Charles Dickens are so impressed upon the minds of his readers is because he dwells upon them so long and describes them so minutely that by the time one has waded through his long drawn out stories they are so burned into his brain that he can never forget them. It was this way with the Canadian wheat fields. Had we only seen a few the memory of them might have worn away in time, but a long drawn out experience such as we had is sure to leave an ineffaceable impression. Never while we live shall we forget the Canadian wheat fields. They call it the granary of the British Empire, and we don't blame 'em. Nobody who has seen these wheat fields can wonder at their enthusiasm." It is worth while to record that these fields have now been harvested, and in many cases yields as high as forty and fifty bushels per acre have been marketed, while the general average has been away above 20 bushels per acre. Oats and barley have also done well, and the profits, the prices of grains being high, have paid the entire cost of the farms of many a farmer. There is now 160 acres of land given away, in addition to the 160 acres that the homesteader may purchase at $3.00 an acre. Particulars of this as well as the lowest railway rates will be given by the Canadian Government Agent.

The Horological Revenge.

They were looking over their wedding presents. He pointed to a small bronze clock. "Seems to me," he said, "that I have seen that before."

"You have," she returned serenely. "You gave it to my first husband and me for a wedding present. When we divided the things after the divorce he kept the clock, and now he is sending it back to us."

The Real Place.

First Amateur Fisherman—Where is really the best place to get the best trout?

Second Ditto (confidentially)—In any first-class fish market.—Baltimore American.

Even the pessimist has his use in the world. He causes lots of people to be glad they are not in his class.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually, Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Stetson, 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 rift, 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, Lady Carrington and her cousin Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he arriving to see them safely away. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lords Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which, each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen was recaptured by boarding American vessel, and found her pursuers, Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wreck. Ellen's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives. Seton, seeking bail for Debbie, flagship Britannia, overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women escaped by secretly taking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Strathgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blythedale's castle, the wounder is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have neared land and are in sight. Carrington won a bloody victory at swords from Strathgate. Debbie told Ellen, looking on and praying for the latter's husband "Carrington." Immediately following the duel, was placed under arrest for refusing to obey his admiral's orders, and Ellen, who had swooned during the duel, awoke to find him gone. Sir Charles Seton found the fugitives, proposed to Debbie and was accepted. Debbie, Ellen and Sir Charles sailed on from the King's spare Carrington.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Little Man of Windsor.

There was nothing very awe inspiring in the sight of the plain, homely looking little Dutchman walking under the trees at Windsor, nor was there anything more impressive in the figure of the dumpy little woman who walked by his side, but for all that Ellen got down on her knees in the pathway as the two figures approached her. Lady Carrington's example was followed promptly by Sir Charles and Mistress Deborah Slocum.

"Hey!" cried the little man blinking and peering at the three kneeling figures, "whom have we here?" His eye ranged from Ellen to Deborah and comprehended the baronet kneeling in the background. His dull face lighted with a glance of recognition. He knew the army list by heart and most of the officers appearing thereon, especially those of any degree of rank or station.

"Sir Charles Seton, is it not?" went on the plain little man, "and you are a captain in the Sussex light infantry. Rise, Sir Charles," he continued, gravely, "and you may present me to these ladies, your companions."

Sir Charles, glad enough to be released from his uncomfortable position, rose to his feet and stood at attention with a military salute. Then bowing profoundly, he said:

"Your majesty,—for the little man was no less a person than King George the Third—"this is the Countess of Carrington and this is Mistress Deborah Slocum of the—or—Massachusetts Bay Colony."

"Of the state of Massachusetts, your majesty," said Deborah, with great spirit.

"My affianced wife, your majesty," continued Seton, hastily, hoping to prevent an outbreak of wrath in his majesty's mind at Deborah's contumacy.

"Not content with stealing my colonies," said the king, kindly, but with a note of melancholy in his voice, "you Americans"—he choked a little at the word—"must now take the brave officers of my army. Rise, Mistress Slocum, and you, madam."

He extended his hand to Ellen, who was nearest to him.

Poor Ellen, who had come upon a desperate errand, to beg a great gift from the king, made no scruple about kissing the monarch's fat and pudgy hand ere she rose to her feet in obedience to the king's indication.

"Lady Carrington," continued royal George meditatively, "let me see." He knew the peerage too, did this industrious little monarch, almost as well as the army list. "Your name is Ellen, is it not?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"And you, too, are an American. I remember it all now. Lord Carrington was captured by your rebel friends. He was twice captured in Philadelphia, by you, my lady. I recall it all now," cried the king with a sprightly air, greatly delighted at his mnemonic feat. "Yes, my dear—" he turned to the stout little lady who stood quietly by his side—"you remember my telling you all about Lord Carrington's love for this lady. And now—" he stopped and looked about him vaguely.

"And now, your majesty," began poor Ellen, "his wife comes to you with a petition."

"A petition? For what?" asked the king, curiously.

"Lord Carrington is arrested, sir."

"Arrested! And for what?" asked his majesty.

"For—"

Ellen faltered.

"For disobedience of orders, sir," interposed Seton.

"How?" said the king. "'Tis a serious charge. And by whom preferred?"

"Captain Careysbrook of the Niobe, sir."

"And wherefore?"

"Lord Carrington being ordered to report aboard ship, refused to go and the ship sailed without him, sir."

"What reason had he for this disobedience?"

Little George had been a soldier himself, and he was very strict indeed on branches of military etiquette.

Sir Charles hesitated. A pious man was the king, and desperately down upon Cursing. Yet the truth had to be told.

"Your majesty," he began. And then he stopped.

"Sir," cried Ellen, taking upon herself the burden, "my husband fought a duel for me."

"A duel?" asked the king, frowning.

"Yes, your majesty."

"And with whom?"

"With the earl of Strathgate, sir."

"What was the result of the duel?"

"Lord Strathgate was severely wounded, sir."

"Not killed?"

"No, your majesty."

"I'm glad of that," returned King George. "The earl of Strathgate is ill prepared to meet his Maker. Proceed, madam."

"That is all, sir. Lord Carrington was arrested immediately after for not having gone aboard the ship. You see, sir, he knew the night before when he received the orders that he would have to fight with Lord Strathgate in the morning, and he couldn't go. The fault is mine, your majesty, and therefore I humbly ask his pardon."

"I Hastened Here to Take the Blame Upon Myself, Sir."

"Explain yourself, madam," returned the king, with a good deal of formality.

"Your majesty," began Ellen, falteringly, "I have been a very foolish woman. I ran away—with—Lord Strathgate."

"What!" exclaimed the king, his face flushing with indignation. "And you have the effrontery to come here and confess it."

"Lady Carrington does herself an injustice," again interposed Sir Charles Seton. "'Tis a long story, sir."

"Long or short," answered the king, "I must have it. How was it, Sir Charles?"

"It began at a house party at Carrington, your majesty." He hesitated and turned to Ellen. "I must make a clean breast of it," he said.

"By all means," cried the king, "conceal nothing, keep nothing back!"

"Lord Carrington was ashamed of his wife, sir."

"And why?" asked the king, with a glance of admiration at Ellen, now clothed simply, but in the proper habiliments of her sex, and who certainly looked lovely enough and sweet enough for any man on earth.

"Because, sir," said Ellen, answering the direct question, "I would not gamble; I could not dance; I was ignorant of the accomplishments of the day."

"Hum!" growled the king. "Proceed, Sir Charles."

"There was a lady there who sought to encourage my Lord Carrington in his foolish and wrong estimate of his wife."

"Who was the woman?"

Sir Charles hesitated.

"I command you, sir, by your allegiance, that you tell me her name instantly."

"It was Lady Cecily Chrrington, your majesty," answered Deborah, who had no scruples at all in the premises.

"The hussy!" ejaculated the queen, to whom Lady Cecily's person and reputation were equally well known.

The king raised a warning hand. Sir Charles, at a nod from his majesty, resumed his tale.

"Thinking herself betrayed, as well as despised and mocked, my lady fled by the aid of Lord Strathgate."

"But, your majesty," interposed Deborah again, with astonishing boldness, she felt quite equal to any king that walked the earth, being a free born American citizen and she wished that Elder Brewster could see how she was bearing herself now, "I want with her."

"Good!" exclaimed the king, with evident satisfaction in his voice and manner, "but pray, why did you go away with a person of Lord Strathgate's reputation?"

"Your majesty," answered Ellen, "I knew naught of it. He had been kind to me. I told him that I wanted to get to Portsmouth and take a ship for the United States. He promised to take me there, but instead started to drive us to his own estate. Mistress Slocum and I escaped from him, took a boat by the sea shore and made the best of our way to Portsmouth harbor."

"We paid for the boat we took, your majesty," interposed Deborah again.

"Well, what next?" asked the king, smiling a little at the American girl.

"Lord Strathgate pursued us to Portsmouth by shore and Lord Carrington followed him. They met. My husband knew that I had gone with Lord Strathgate. Words passed between them. There was a challenge and a week ago they fought at Blythedale hall. Mistress Slocum and I were there, and—"

"Did they fight in your presence?" interrupted the king.

"We were concealed in some bushes whither we had retreated for rest until we could arrange to continue our journey, sir."

"And you saw the duel?"

"Yes, your majesty," answered Ellen. "He fought like a hero, sir, and for me."

"Then what happened?"

"Then he was arrested and taken back to the Britannia—"

"And what next?"

"I hastened here to take the blame upon myself, sir," said Ellen, sinking again to her knees, "and to beg that you will pardon my lord and restore him to duty."

"Hath he had lesson enough, think you?"

"I'll answer for it that he has, your majesty," said Sir Charles.

"And have you had lesson enough?" demanded little George, looking down quizzically into the upturned face of the woman kneeling before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"TRY MY $75 FUNERALS."

Baltimore Undertakers in War Using Billboard "Ads."

Baltimore, Md.—The funeral directors' trust and the independent undertakers are waging a grewsome war in Baltimore. As a result there is a liberal pictorial display of coffins all over the city, the illustrations of satin-lined coffins being accompanied with such legends as "Try my $75 funerals. You will like them."

Coffins in heroic size from great billboards make the populace shudder. Full and detailed lists of all articles necessary to bury one with neatness and precision are seen daily in newspapers in display type, illuminated with cuts. Competition and cut prices have entered the sanctuary of the dead and the cemetery with a blaze of trumpets.

It was begun by two young and bold spirits who announced that they could furnish the best funerals at $75 and that there was but one price. The claims that they possessed all modern conveniences in the way of commodious parlors, private chapels, and convenient locations and that they give the "best service, superior quality and style and excellence," are announced just as they advertise stove polish or shoestrings in the department stores. One may get a black hearse or a gray hearse, any one of six different styles of coffins, six door crepes of any shade, and "no extra charges."

PHOTOGRAPHS WAVES OF HEAT

Frederick Hovenden Claims to Have Performed Remarkable Feat.

London.—Frederick Hovenden, a prominent English scientist, claims to have photographed the etheric waves of heat and electricity, which are invisible to the naked eye. He says they are a fluid which, properly illuminated, become visible to the naked eyes and can be cinematographed. He fills a square glass box with tobacco smoke, puts his finger through a hole in the side and turns on the box the rays from a powerful electric lamp. Then he says he sees the ether leaving from his finger and permeating the tobacco smoke. The ether escapes from his finger even when it is covered with a tight-fitting rubber cap. Hovenden also demonstrates that the air we breathe is coal black in color. He illuminates powerfully and microscopically enlarges by many diameters ordinary air issuing from a hole in a glass box. Then black molecules forming the air can be seen.

The Prize Winner.

One of the contractors in Panama was much annoyed by the exceeding laziness of the native workmen under him. He resolved to make them ashamed of their indolence, so one day when they were all lined up he said: "I've got a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man please step forward?"

Fifty-nine of them stepped forward, but one remained behind.

"Why didn't you come forward with the others?" he asked.

"Because I'm too lazy," was the reply.

CURE FOR HYSTERIA

RED-HOT IRON APPLIED TO FLESH IS MOST EFFECTIVE.

It is the Opinion of Physicians That Too Much Sympathy Is Usually Given to the Victims of "Nerves."

A red-hot iron applied to the flesh is a vigorous but none the less effective cure for hysteria. The physicians have concluded that too much sympathy is usually given in cases of hysteria, and that a realistic shock sometimes accomplishes more than medicine. In fact, one expert at the recent meeting of the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists asserted that physicians practice more Christian Science than do the Christian Scientists. The principal paper was read by Dr. A. Morgan Vance of Louisville on the subject: "Hysteria as a Surgeon Sees It."

Some of Dr. Vance's ideas follow:

"A physician asked me to go to a place 100 miles from Louisville to see his sister, who was bedridden and had worn out her family and other relatives being waited on. I refused to go and said she would have to be brought to me. Some time later the physician asked me to go to a hospital in Louisville to see his sister. She declared she was going to die and that she couldn't turn over when I told her to. The devil you can't, I said roughly, and grabbed her by the hips and threw her over. I had her taken away from a lot of sympathizing relatives and in a short time she was walking around.

"I was called to treat a young woman whose leg had drawn up. Her mother gave her trashy French novels and wrote her 40-page letters; besides, she was surfeited with sympathy from mothers. The leg was put in a plaster cast for effect, and when I was cutting it out later she said: 'I know my leg is going to draw up—I know it.' Just as I was about to remove the cast I sprang at her and shaking my fist in her face I growled: 'If that leg draws up I'll break your d---- little neck!' She was a refined and cultured girl, and the shock cured her immediately."

Dr. John A. Lyons of Chicago told an amusing story of how he furnished an infant to a hysterical woman, who imagined she was about to become a mother. The woman's friends and relatives had been busy making baby clothes for months, and when the woman learned from the doctor that she had a case of imagination she went so far that the doctor had to get a baby to wear the clothes that had been made. He got one at a hospital and the neighbors don't know any better, he said.

Three Views of the Unemployed.

All the world over, the workless workman is tasting of the bitterness of hope deferred or of despair only too well justified. New York, Paris, Berlin, London, are full of the cry of the workless.—Freeman's Journal, Dublin.

There is no doubt that the thriftless habits of the working classes in England—Scotland is much better in this respect—are greatly to blame for the extreme destitution that prevails. As a rule, the English workingman increases his expenditure with every increase made in his wages.—Town and Country.

State employment bringing us no nearer to a solution of the unemployed problem. The bootmaker wants bread and the baker wants boots, and some unexplained defect in the industrial machine keeps them apart. The socialist remedy is to set them both to plant trees upon a windswept moor, and to plunder the butcher and bricklayer to provide for the cost of the experiment.—Spectator.

The Mutton Birds.

Large poisonous snakes and mutton birds, otherwise known as antarctic sooty petrels, fraternize in the Furneaux island rookeries, northeast of Tasmania, according to Consul Baker of Hobart, who investigated the habits of the birds.

Mutton bird hunters in reaching into the nests frequently lay hold of snakes instead of birds. Capt. Fliniers of the British royal navy reported that a flock of mutton birds he once saw was 49 miles in length. Even the lighthouse at Goose island, in the Furneaux islands, has to be protected from the birds by iron screen work and frequently hundreds of birds are killed. The birds arrive in enormous numbers at the rookeries every year, about September 20.

After the eggs have been laid the male and female bird takes turns at hatching, each when relieved scouring the country all day in quest of food.

Wanted a Good Time.

Recently the orphans of Manhattan were taken in automobiles to Coney Island. A stylish mother, accompanied by her well-dressed daughter, stood watching the procession. The mother said that the little girls and boys had no homes and that they were orphans. Finally she discovered her little one's eyes filled with tears.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked.

"I want to be an orphan," was the sobbing reply.—New York Herald.

An Important Distinction.

"I have discovered," remarked the gossip, "that Mr. Bilggins owes everybody."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Cayenne. "Does he borrow small sums or enough to entitle him to respect as a financier?"—Exchange.

This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said I an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death.

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured.

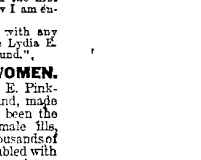
"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

THE DIFFERENCE.



Jones—You never hear of a fat criminal, do you?

Bones—Certainly not. Look how difficult it would be for a stout person to stoop to anything low!

No Cremation.

"I was visiting Atlantic City during the late wave of reform," he said recently, "and a Philadelphian told me he overheard an amusing conversation in a barber shop between a patron and the boy who shines shoes.

"'I saw you playing pool this morning,' said the patron by way of a joke. 'If the grand jury got at you, it would make you tell all out of the gambling around the darkies.'

"'Yes, sah, dey would tink,' quoteted the boy, warmly. 'I was enough afraid to tell de truth dat cremates himself.'"

Spoils for Fashion's Followers.

At auctions in London during the last half of 1907 there were catalogued for sale 15,742 skins of birds of paradise, nearly 115,000 other heron plumes and a vast number of the skins and plumes of many other birds of beautiful plumage, including albatross quills and the tails of the lyre bird.

How Rows Be In.

"Hubby, I dreamed last night that that you didn't love me."

"How foolish you are."

"Foolish, am I? As if I could help what I dream about!"

And the fight was on.

Remember what you possess in the world will be found at the day of your death to belong to some one else but what you are will be yours forever.—Henry Van Dyke.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

FOR RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE

NUMBER 375 "Guaranteed Pills"

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.