

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English nobleman, says: "The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can more easily and certainly improve their position."

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Chicago, Great Western.
Arrive from Fort Dodge, Mason City and Omaha—6:24 p. m.; 4:26 a. m.
Arrive from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—12:12 p. m.; 11:48 p. m.
Leave for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—6:24 p. m.; 4:28 a. m.
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C. P. & St. P. R. R. Co.
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Leave for—5:30 a. m.; 6:55 a. m.; 2:55 p. m.
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LACROSSE.
Leave for—11:12 a. m.; 6:55 p. m.
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Leave for—11:55 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.
Arrive from—6:30 a. m.; 2:41 p. m.

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Leave for—12:01 p. m.; 7:25 p. m.
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ALEX S. CAMPBELL



THE Ne'er-Do-Well
By **REX BEACH**
Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," Etc.
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SYNOPSIS.

Kirk Anthony, son of a rich man, with college friends, gets into a fracas in a New York resort. A detective is hurt. Jefferson Locke insinuates himself into the college men's party.

Locke, aided by Kirk's friend Higgins, who thinks it a joke, drugs Kirk and puts him aboard a ship bound for Colon. Kirk is on the passenger list as Locke.

"Broke" and without baggage, aboard the ship Kirk makes the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cortlandt.

Cortlandt is in the American diplomatic service and is going to Panama on a mission. In Colon Kirk, as the son of a big railroad man, is taken up by Weeks, American consul.

Kirk's father repudiates him, and Weeks casts him out as an impostor. Kirk meets Allan, a Jamaican negro canal worker out of a job. The two are arrested by Colon police for helping to put out a fire.

Kirk and Allan are treated brutally in a Colon jail by young Alfarez, commandant of police. Allan's release is obtained by the British consul, but Weeks refuses to aid Kirk. Mrs. Cortlandt gets a phone call.

Mrs. Cortlandt obtains Kirk's release by using influence with Colonel Jolson, head of the canal. The Cortlandts are intriguing to make Alfarez's father president of Panama.

Kirk's father casts him off finally, and Mrs. Cortlandt obtains for him a position on the Panama railroad under Runnels, master of transportation.

The Cortlandts and Kirk plan a picnic on the island of Taboga, near Panama. Cortlandt is detained and his wife and Kirk are marooned on the island.

Kirk kisses Mrs. Cortlandt and is then ashamed to think he has violated Cortlandt's trust in him. Cortlandt, alarmed by his wife's absence, rescues her and Kirk from the island. In the country near Panama Kirk meets a charming Spanish girl.

The girl tells him her name is "Chiquita." He learns later that that means only "little one." Kirk begins his work. Mrs. Cortlandt has learned who Jefferson Locke is.

Locke (real name Weller) is a swindler and has disappeared. His description fits Kirk. The latter tries in vain in Panama to learn something of Chiquita and meets Alfarez again.

Kirk wins the capital prize, \$5,000, in the lottery. He and Runnels make plans for advancement. The Cortlandts, having turned from the older Alfarez, intend to make Senor Garavel, a banker, president of Panama.

Alfarez's son, Kirk's foe, is engaged to Gertruda, Garavel's daughter. She is Kirk's "Chiquita." He meets her again at the opera through Mrs. Cortlandt's aid.

Kirk makes love to Chiquita. Edith Cortlandt, infatuated with Kirk, goes riding with him frequently.

"Oh, I am wicked," Gertruda said. "I love you, Keerk—yes, I love you very dearly, but my father—he refuses—I must obey—he has the right, and I must do as he wishes."

"Come with me now. We'll be married tonight," he urged, but she only clung to Stephanie more closely, as if to hold herself from falling.

"You are very sweet to me," she said, with piteous tenderness, "and I shall never forget the honor, but you see I cannot. This is more to my father than his life. It is the same to all our family, and I must do my duty. I could not let you go away thinking this was my doing, so I sent for you. No, one must obey one's people, for they are wise—and good. But one should be honest."

The tears were stealing down her cheeks, and she thrilled to his pleadings as to some wondrous music, yet she was like adamant, and all his lover's desperation could not shake her. Seeing that his urging only made matters worse, he said, more gently: "You are exalted now with the spirit of self sacrifice, but later you will see that I am right. I am not discouraged. A thousand things may happen. Who knows what tomorrow may bring? Let's wait and see if we can't find a way out. Now that I know you love me I have the courage to face anything, and I am going to win you, Chiquita. I have never loved all my life, and I don't intend to begin now."

"I'll see your father in the morning, and I'll be here again tomorrow night."

"But at this moment I feel that I can't meet you again in my manner. And Stephanie would be



"Kiss me once so that I may never forget."

"Then I'll see you the next night—that is, Saturday. You are coming to the big ball at the Tivoli with him and the Cortlandts. I must see you then, so make sure to be there, and meanwhile don't give up."

"Oh, there is no hope."

"There is always hope. I'll think of something."

"We must go," said the Barbadian woman warningly.

"Yes, yes! Is it of no avail to resist," came the girl's choking voice. She stretched out her little hand, and then, looking up at him, said uncertainly, "I—may never speak with you again alone, senior, and I must pray to—cease loving you; but will you—kiss me once, so that I may never forget?"

He breathed a tender exclamation and took her gently to his breast, while the negress stood by scowling and muttering. Even when she and Stephanie had melted into the shadows he stood motionless under the spell of that caress, its ecstasy still suffusing him. Then he turned and made his way up the street, but he went slowly, unseeing, as if he had beheld a vision.

CHAPTER XXI.
A Business Proposition.

EDITH CORTLANDT'S interview with the rival candidates for the Panamanian presidency formed but a part of her plan. She next held a long conversation with Colonel Jolson, to the end that on Friday morning Runnels heard a rumor that threw him into the greatest consternation. It was to the effect that instead of his succeeding to the office of superintendent he was to retain his old post and that Colonel Jolson's brother-in-law was to supersede him. Although the word was not authoritative, it came with sufficient directness to leave him aghast. If true it was, of course, equivalent to his discharge, for it meant that he could not even continue in his former position without putting himself in a light intolerable to any man of spirit. If he did not resign voluntarily he knew that his new superior would eventually force him to do so, for Blakely would build up an organization of his own.

Inasmuch as his assistant was concerned in his threatened calamity, Runnels made haste to lay the matter before him.

"Then this would seem to end our fine hopes, eh?" said Kirk.

"Rather!" Runnels broke out bitterly. "I've worked hard, Kirk, and I deserve promotion if anybody ever did. This other fellow is a dub—he has proven that. Why, I've forgotten more railroading than he'll ever know. Every man on the system hates him and likes me; and on top of it all I was promised the job. It's tough on the wife and the kid."

He stopped to swallow his emotion and went on:

"I gave this job the best I had in me, for I had the idea that I was doing something patriotic, something for my country. That's the way they used to talk about this canal, you know. I've put in four years of hell; I've lost step with the world; I've lost my business connections in the States, and I haven't saved up any money. I can't quit, and yet I'll have to go back there and start at the bottom again. These people don't know anything about these blanketed politics. They'll think I made a failure here in government work, and I'll have to live it down. What are you going to do?"

Kirk started. "Oh, I don't know. I was thinking about you. I haven't heard much of that lottery coin. It's in the bank, all that Allan hasn't used, and half of it is yours. I'll take it

and Mrs. Runnels and the kid and Allan and I—and one other party—will hike back home and get something else to do. What do you say?"

Runnels' voice shook as he answered: "By Jove! You're the real stuff, Anthony. I'll think it over. Who is this 'other party'?"

"My wife."

"Good Lord! You're not married?"

"No, but I'm going to be. You talk about your troubles. Now, listen to mine. I'll make you weep like a flog. Briefly he told his friend of the blow that had so suddenly fallen upon him.

"You are up against it, old man," agreed Runnels when he had heard all. "Garavel has set his heart on the presidency, and he'll pay any price to get it. It's the same all over Central America. These people are mad on politics."

"But the game isn't over. I carried the ball forty yards once for a touchdown in the last ten seconds of play, and Yale won. I had good 'interference' then, and I need it now. Somebody'll have to run ahead of me."

Runnels smiled. "I guess you can count on me. What is the plan?"

For the next half hour the two talked earnestly, their heads together, their voices low.

"I don't believe it will work, my boy," Runnels said at last. "I know these people better than you, and yet—Lord, if it does come off! Now, don't mention this rumor about Blakely. I want to see Steve Cortlandt first."

"Cortlandt! By the way, do you happen to remember that he's to be our guest for supper tomorrow night? Kind of a joke now, trying to thank him for what he's done, isn't it?"

"Not at all. It may be our one chance of salvation; he may be the one person who can help us."

"Well," Kirk reflected, "I have a good deal to thank him for, I suppose, outside of this, and I'll go through with my part."

He proceeded at once to put his plan into execution, his first step being to rent a room at the Tivoli, taking particular care to select one on the first floor in the north wing. That evening he and Allan moved. Runnels telephoned during the evening that he had been equal to his part of the task, so there remained nothing to do but wait for the hour of the dance.

It was considerably after dark on Saturday evening that John Weeks, American consul at Colon, received a caller who came to him direct from the Royal Mail steamer just docked. At first sight the stranger did not impress Mr. Weeks as a man of particular importance. His face was insignificant, and his pale blue eyes showed little force. His only noticeable feature was displayed when he removed his hat. Then it could be seen that a wide, white scar ran from just over his temple to a point back of his right ear.

He made his name known as Williams, which, of course, meant nothing to the consul, and while drinking one of Weeks' highballs, inquired idly about the country, the climate and the people, as if in no hurry to come to his point. He studied the fat man and when he had satisfied himself, came out openly with these words:

"I'm looking for a chap named Weller. He landed here some time late in November."

"Friend of yours?"

"Um—m—not exactly." Mr. Williams ran a hand meditatively over the ragged scar on his scalp, as if from force of habit.

"Weller? I never heard of him."

"He may have traveled under another name. Ever heard of a fellow called Locke?"

The consul's moist lips drew together, his red eyes gleamed watchfully. "Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," said he. "Why do you want him?"

"I'm a detective, and I'm after Weller, alias Locke, alias Anthony. He's wanted for embezzlement and assault and a few other things, and I'm going to take him." The indistinctive Mr. Williams spoke sharply, and his pale blue eyes were suddenly hard and bright.

Weeks stared open mouthed for an instant.

"I knew he was wrong. Embezzler, eh? Well, well!"

"Eighty thousand, that's all, and he's got it on him."

"You're wrong there. He was broke when he landed. I ought to know."

"Oh, no! He came down on the Santa Cruz. I've seen the purser. He traveled under the name of Jefferson Locke. There's no mistake, and he couldn't have blown it all. No, it's sewed into his shirt, and I'm here to grab it."

Weeks whistled in amazement. "He is a shrewd one. Eighty thousand—Lord, I wish I'd known that! He's here, all right, working for the railroad and living at Panama. He's made good, too, and got some influential friends. Oh, this is great!"

"Working, hey? Clever stall! Do you see that?"

Weeks stared open mouthed for an instant. He shook hands with Edith and her husband, bowed to Gertruda, then turned to meet her father's stare.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" Garavel inclined his head silently. As the others moved on he said, "This is hardly a suitable time or place, Mr. Anthony."

"Oh, I'm not going to kick up a fuss. I didn't answer your note because there was nothing to say. You still wish me to cease my attentions?"

"I do. It is her wish and mine."

"Then I shall do so, of course. If Miss Garavel is dancing tonight I would like your permission to place my name on her program."

"No!" exclaimed the banker. "Purely to avoid comment. Every one knows I have been calling upon her, and that report of our engagement got about considerably. It would set people talking if she snubbed me. That is the only reason I came to this dance. Believe me, I'd rather have stayed away."

"Perhaps you are right. Let us have no unpleasantness and no gossip about the affair by all means. I consent, then." Conversing in a friendly manner, they followed the rest of the party.

Kirk ignored Ramon's scowl as he requested the pleasure of seeing Chiquita's program, then pretended not to notice her start of surprise. After a frightened look at her father she timidly extended the card to him, and he wrote his name upon it.

As he finished he found Mrs. Cortlandt regarding him.

"Will you dance with me?" he inquired.

him admiringly from many angles. "Oh, Master b'Antony," he exclaimed rapturously, "you are beautiful!"

"Thanks! Again thanks! Now, can you remember to do as I have told you?"

"I would die!"

"Don't say that again. I'm too nervous. Here are your instructions, once more. Keep both doors to this room locked and stand by the one to the veranda! Don't let any one in except Mr. Runnels and the man he'll bring. Don't—leave—this—spot, no matter what happens."

"I shall watch this h'partment carefully, never fear."

"Remember, when I knock, so, let me in instantly, and keep your wits about you."

"H'Allen never falls, sar. But what is coming to pass?"

"Never mind what is coming to pass. This is going to be a big night, my boy—a very big night." Kirk strolled out into the hall and made his way to the lobby.

Already the orchestra was tuning up, the wide porches were filling with well dressed people, while a stream of coaches at the door was delivering the arrivals on the special from Colon. It was a very animated crowd, sprinkled plentifully with Spanish people—something quite unusual, by the way—while the presence of many uniforms gave the affair almost the brilliancy of a military function.

Kirk wandered about through the confusion, nodding to his friends, chatting here and there, his eyes fixed anxiously upon the door.

Clifford approached and fell into conversation with him.

"Great doings, eh? Garavel is going to run for president. This is a kind of political coming out party. It looked like a fight between him and General Alfarez, but they've patched it up, and the general is going to withdraw. Garavel is to have Uncle Sam's congratulations and co-operation."

"Excuse me," Anthony saw Runnels searching the room with anxiety. He hurried toward him and inquired, breathlessly:

"Have you got him?"

"Sure. I showed him your room. He'll be on the job. Has she come?"

Kirk shook his head. "Gee! I'm nervous. He wiped his brow with a shaking hand."

"Don't weaken," Runnels encouraged. "I'm beginning to believe you'll pull it off. I told my wife all about it—thought we might need her—and she's perfectly crazy. There they are now! Go to it, old man."

Into the lobby came a mixed group, in which were Andres Garavel, his daughter, Ramon Alfarez and the Cortlandts. Kirk's face was white as he went boldly to meet them, but he

did his best to smile unconcernedly. He shook hands with Edith and her husband, bowed to Gertruda, then turned to meet her father's stare.

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Summons in Application for Registration of Land.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In District Court, Tenth Judicial District.
In the matter of the application of Melissa E. Brown, to register the title to the following described real estate situated in Mower County, Minnesota, namely: All that part of the Northwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section Ten, Township One Hundred Three North of Range Seventeen West, described as follows: Commencing twenty-four rods south of the Northwest corner of said Section Ten, thence East forty rods; thence South twenty-four rods; thence West thirty-six rods; thence North twenty-four rods; thence East thirty-six rods; to beginning, containing thirty and thirty-six hundredths acres (30.56) more or less, and being otherwise known and described as lot 10, block 3, in Section Ten, township One Hundred Three, Range Seventeen.

2. Also all that part of the Southwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section Ten, Township One Hundred Three North, of Range Seventeen West, described as follows: Commencing at a point twenty-five rods South, and fourteen rods East of the Northwest corner of the Southwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section Ten, thence East thirty-seven rods; thence South eight rods; thence West thirty-seven rods; thence North eight rods; to and including being otherwise known and described as lot 10, block 3, in Township One Hundred Three, Range Seventeen.

3. Also all that part of the Southwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section Ten, Township One Hundred Three North, of Range Seventeen West, described as follows: Commencing at the Northwest corner of the Southwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of said Section Ten, thence East forty rods; thence South thirteen rods; thence West forty rods; thence North thirteen rods to beginning; and being otherwise known and described as lot 10, block 3, in said Section Ten, Township One Hundred Three, Range Seventeen, except the East two rods or said above described property, hereto-fare and on the 19th day of March, 1914, conveyed to the village of Brownsdale.

4. Also all that part of the Southwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section Ten, Township One Hundred Three North, of Range Seventeen West, described as follows: Commencing at the Northwest corner of the Southwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of said Section Ten, thence East thirty-three rods; thence North twenty rods; thence East eleven rods; thence North thirteen rods; to beginning; being otherwise known and described as lot 10, block 3, in said Section Ten, Township One Hundred Three, Range Seventeen.

Geo. W. Clark, George Gilliland, C. O. Sleeper, E. Blanchard, Paul J. Scogerson, H. A. Brown, Thomas H. Armstrong, Homer A. Brown, Moses K. Armstrong, John L. Johnson, Andrew D. Brown, Harvey E. Anderson, H. E. Anderson, Ann Anderson, Hamlet J. Johnson, Melissa M. Johnson, R. C. Heath, Lyzander J. Jacoby, Mary A. Jacoby, M. Woodward, Soranus L. Barrett, Henry W. Palmer, J. Kellogg, John W. Prantiss, G. M. Cameron, W. H. Horton & Co., H. R. Bradley, George C. Moore, John Clark, I. J. Johnson, J. Ellsworth and E. J. Stinson, and all other persons known or unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the application herein, Defendants.

Summons in Application for Registration of Land.

The State of Minnesota to the above named defendants:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the application of the applicant in the above entitled proceeding, and to file your answer to the said application, with the Clerk of said Court, in said County within twenty (20) days after the service of this Summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the application within the time aforesaid the applicant in this proceeding will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Witness, G. S. Burnham, Clerk of said Court, at Austin, in 408 North Main Street, this 29th day of May, A. D., 1914.

G. S. BURNHAM, Clerk.
SCHALL & BROWN,
Attorneys for Applicant,
709 Palace Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

ORDER LIMITING TIME TO FILE CLAIMS AND FOR HEARING THEREON.

Estate of Henry Baudler,
State of Minnesota, County of Mower
In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry Baudler, Decedent.