

## IDEAL FARM LANDS

Minnesota Man at Last Found What He Sought.

After Long Search, the Wondrous Productiveness of Western Canada Was Pointed Out, and He Is Going There.

He farmed for a number of years near Windem, Minnesota, and as Mr. O. S. Marcy told it, he had done well. He had made sufficient money to see him and his wife through their remaining days.

"But there were the boys," said Mrs. Marcy, "and six of them, too—some of the six not yet back from 'overseas.' Yes, we are proud of them," the fond mother said, "but, oh! my, we had no girl," and she bemoaned that. These boys had to be looked after. "Why not settle them about you in your own neighborhood? You have good land there, splendid neighbors, and everything that might be desired."

"Yes, that is all true," replied this estimable lady, "but the land is so high-priced we couldn't afford to buy there, although worth every cent asked for it. You see we have six boys, and they are good one, too."

So, one day, three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Marcy rigged up the automobile for a touring trip. They wanted to investigate for the boys' benefit. The journey lasted for a year. It took them through Arizona with its varied scenery, its climatic and agricultural attractions; into the canyons of Colorado they went, and the agricultural possibilities there aroused a large amount of interest. Still undecided, down into the valleys of California the automobile went. Fruit orchards were plentiful, grain fields were attractive, but the psychological time had not arrived. Reversing their way, they passed through Washington, Oregon and Montana and home. A year's journey and no results. "Oh, yes," Mr. Marcy said, "we had a delightful time, enjoyed it all but the day and night up in Colorado, when we were held up by a wonderful snowstorm; we and six others. Flanking the snow embankment, we came through safely, if a trifle inconvenienced."

It was interesting to hear these people talk. Their practical minds showed that they had not lacked opportunities for observation. They could not find what they wanted for the boys. When he was between twenty and twenty-five years of age, Mr. Marcy pictured to himself the kind of a home he wanted. He reared a family of boys and had yet to find such a place. His year's journey had been fruitless in that respect.

One day he decided he would try what Western Canada could do. He had read of it, and he had friends there who had done well. He toured the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. He saw the vast prairies, yielding their twenty and twenty-five, and as high as forty bushels of wheat, with enormous yields of other grains. The north central country, which afforded the grass and the shelter that made stock-raising a valuable adjunct to the growing of grain, was visited, interviews were had with the settlers, many from his own home district, and all were satisfied.

Only the other day he arranged for a car in which he will load his effects to be taken to the Alberta farm he had purchased when on his visit. Mrs. Marcy goes with him, and the six boys will follow. He found the place he had pictured in his mind when he was twenty or twenty-five years old. "I was unable to find it until I made my Western Canada visit. I bought the farm, and I am satisfied. When I saw a carload of four-year-old steers brought into the Edmonton market, weighing 1,700 pounds, that had never been inside a building nor fed a bit of grain, I was glad I had made up my mind."—Advertisement.

Light suppers make long life.

## Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

# The MAN of MIGHT

By ALBERT E. SMITH and CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Photo Play Produced by Vitagraph

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### EPISODE NO. 3. WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Dick and Polly Van Brunt start after a buried treasure, the only key to whose location is a chart flag divided years before among six men who sought the treasure. Scarface Bender has one piece and kills Polly's father for his. Two other flag holders join Dick, who is attacked in his motor car by Scarface's gang. Fleeing with Polly, a bridge is blown up just as his car starts across.

Certainty of death did not shake the courage of Dick and Polly as they sent their motor car at dizzying speed to the brink of Deep Gap, into whose depths the frail bridge had just been hurled by a dynamite blast set off by Scarface Bender and his ruffian crew. Stopping the car was out of the question. Their only hope was that their speed would lift the car clear over the abyss.

It seemed like a well nigh impossible hope that this thing of iron and wood in which they were hurtling on could make such a leap as lay before them, yet neither the man nor the woman within the car was of the kind which will ever say die. Through the veins of the girl flowed the bright blood of Capt. Ben Ransome, sturdy man of the sea whom no storm or danger had ever been able to intimidate, and who had led the brave little band in its hopeless fight against the savages years before. Though her face paled a trifle before the prospect of that dizzy fall to death, her hand did not quiver as she clutched the seat to hold herself in more firmly when the last moment came and the car went flying through the air. Shooting a glance quick as lightning at her from the tail of his eye, the man saw the fearlessness that sat upon the face close beside him and even in that moment of deadly danger which he believed to be their last, he felt his heart jump with pride at the thought that she belonged to him.

With a word of encouragement to Polly, Dick grasped the wheel and leaned backward as if to lift the car by his mighty strength. Like a catapult it shot from the torn roadway, rose under its own impetus and, clearing the intervening space, landed on its four wheels in the road on the other side. Bouncing high in the air, it swerved viciously, but Dick quickly had it under control and when safe around a bend, he brought the car to a stop.

"You ride on to town," he said to Polly, "and get the sheriff and a posse and have them bring some long lariats. I am going back to rescue Teel."

The outlaw who had exploded the charge of dynamite beneath the bridge had witnessed with amazement Dick's amazing leap in the car and escape, then hurried back to inform Scarface and the others. Cursing their luck, Scarface cried:

"We'll make Teel suffer for this." Then they wheeled their horses and dashed up the road to where Teel had been thrown, gagged and bound, in the brush. Scarface wanted to kill him on the spot, but Screwweye was crafty. He had a better idea and said:

"If I know that fool, Van Brunt, he'll be back to rescue this bird. We'll use him as a decoy."

The others saw the "beauty" of the scheme and Teel was thrown on a horse and taken to the top of the cliff, where a lariat was tied about his waist and he was lowered to a point midway the top and the foot and opposite a ledge. Then Scarface tied the end of the lariat about a tree and waved his companions away, saying:

"Now, if Van Brunt wants to rescue him, he'll have to come up the road to here and we'll get him."

Quite forgotten by both parties, the Chinese servant had freed himself of his gag and his whistles brought Teel's dog, who immediately gave his attention to gnawing the ropes that bound the Chink.

Meanwhile, Dick, by means of a rope he had taken from the automobile, had crossed Deep Gap and made his way to where Teel had been left. From there, he followed the trail of the horses to the foot of the cliff, where he discovered his friend hanging down its face. Shouting words of encouragement, he started around the cliff, where a road led to the top—then paused, as if shrewdly suspecting a ruse. He then returned directly beneath Teel, and aided by projecting rocks, twigs and his rope, gained the ledge within a rope's throw of the suspended man. Making a noose, he was

able to draw Teel to him on the

ledge, whence he lowered him to the ground.

From the top of the ledge, the outlaws watched this rescue and realized that both their enemies were in a fair way to elude their trap. Scarface sent Screwweye around the cliff to the foot, by one direction, and the others in the opposite direction, while he remained at the top, undecided just what to do.

Towering midway the cliff was a giant pine, and into this Scarface leaped and, descending, was upon Dick before the latter realized his peril. There was a terrific struggle, ended by the arrival of the other outlaws, who quickly overpowered Dick.

"We got to hurry," commanded Scarface. "That posse may be along any moment." And driving their prisoners before them, the outlaws started down the trail to the road where they had left their horses. They had not proceeded a dozen yards before they heard a fusillade of pistol shots right ahead of them.

"The posse's right on us now. Beat it," yelled Scarface, and the outlaws, deserting their prisoners, raced through the brush and away.

Scarface and his men, once in the saddle, felt returned courage, and, turning about to size up the supposed posse, caught sight of the lone Chinese flying through the woods.

"Fooled by a blamed Chink," yelled Scarface in rage and disgust, and, ordering the others to hustle and recapture Dick and Teel, he raced ahead to take vengeance on the wily Oriental.

Once again the pair was free, but surrounded as they were by the members of Scarface's gang their liberty would be of short duration unless they acted both wisely and quickly. Dick turned to his companion.

"You know this country thoroughly hereabouts. Which direction had we better take to throw them off the trail until Polly returns with help? She has gone to town in the machine for the sheriff and a posse." Teel asked Dick how he had happened to leave the girl, and Dick briefly told him of their race and leap across the gap in the bridge. Teel grasped the other's hand in a grip of iron.

"We will be lucky to have her along on that treasure seeking trip after we get rid of this gang," he said warmly. "A girl that has got nerve enough to go through an experience like that without turning a hair will stand up before any dangers or hardships that may confront us without a quiver."

"You may be certain of it," responded the other. "And now we had better be making tracks before those scamps come sneaking up on us." Swiftly they went darting away through the brush, keeping their eyes and ears keenly open.

Dick had succeeded in freeing himself and then Teel, but the returning outlaws now cut off their escape. Seeing what appeared to be the mouth of a mine tunnel, into this they dived, just escaping a hail of bullets. Retreating to a bend in the tunnel, they halted to see if their pursuers would follow. But Scarface was not certain the fugitives were unarmed and waved his men back from the opening, saying:

"We got 'em trapped. That's nothin' but a short shaft. We'll smoke 'em out."

Ordering his men to bring brush, he stood pistol ready to shoot should the trapped men attempt to escape.

Polly, while these events were transpiring, had reached the sheriff's office, and in less time than it takes to tell, thirteen excited and heavily armed men had piled into two big, touring cars, which dashed full speed for Teel's cabin. At Deep Gap the cars were abandoned, the men and Polly crossing the chasm on lariats. They were advancing cautiously toward the cliff when they came on the terror-stricken Chinese, who tarried only long enough to point the general direction the outlaws had taken and continued his flight.

Meanwhile the outlaws had been far from idle. Knowing that they had Dick and Teel safely cooped up in the cave they set about their preparations to smoke them out with deliberate precision. It was not long before a huge pile of inflammable stuff was piled about the entrance of the shaft, and Screwweye sneaking upon it, lighted match in hand, called to the pair within.

"We have got you now and are going to make smoked herring of you," he derided. "Want to come out be-

fore the bonfire starts?" Dick's voice promptly answered him.

"If you want us, come in and get us. Smoke away all you want to, and be cursed to you."

"Have it your own way. You'll be hollering a different tune before long," called the desperado as he applied the match. Then as a thin column of smoke arose from the ignited pile and went creeping like a black serpent into the shaft, a yell of triumph arose from the gang without.

"They will probably make a rush when their eyes and lungs begin to fill up," grinned Scarface to his companions. "Have your guns ready, boys, and when they come out, give it to them." Eyes glued upon the opening and revolvers ready, expectantly the outlaws waited for the appearance of their victims.

Scarface and his companions, with grins of satisfaction, stood by the tunnel mouth into which flames and heavy smoke were drawn in deadly quantities. Suddenly they heard the approach of many men, and, looking around, saw the posse closing in. Not for an instant considering a fight against such odds, they dashed to their own horses and were away.

Within the tunnel, Dick and Teel, choked and blinded and all but overcome by the heat, realized that it meant death to hold out a moment longer and, raising their hands, staggered out—not to face the outlaws, as they supposed, but amidst friends. There was a moment of surprise all around.

The outlaws continued their retreat to a shack owned by Scarface, where they halted to plan a new attempt to get the pieces of flag. Bringing a long piece of fuse from the shack, he left one end beneath a corner of the building and took the other end to a clump of bushes at the edge of the clearing. There they built a fire, about which they seated themselves and waited.

Dick and Teel, having recovered from the heat and smoke, took two of the deputies and started after the outlaws, while the sheriff and Polly and the others turned back to the Ransome cottage. As the former were riding along, one of the deputies, pointing off the trail, said:

"Scarface has a shack up there." "There they are. We'll get them now," exclaimed Dick, and all spurred for the clearing. The outlaws saw them coming and rushed for the front door, into which they dashed and out a rear door, which they barred after them. Their pursuers, not realizing a trap, rushed after them into the shack, and, as they did so, their enemies raced around a corner and slammed and barred the door, making them prisoners.

It didn't take Dick and his men long to realize their predicament. Nor was the volley of bullets sent through the only window needed as a warning that they could not fight their way out. Then, waving a handkerchief, Scarface advanced into the clearing and shouted:

"You're snared good and proper, but I'm going to be good to you. You can come out and be riddled by bullets or you can stay and be blown to hell by the dynamite I've planted under the shack."

Realizing that if they remained they could hope to live only until the fuse had burned to the corner of the shack, the men with one voice scorned the surrender terms.

"Shoot at the fuse," said Dick, and a score of bullets tore up the earth all around, but never hitting the fuse.

"What do you say—the flag or the dynamite," was the last call of Scarface, as the sputtering end, no longer in view of the inmates of the shack, began to disappear beneath the timber.

"Blow and be damned," shouted Dick, and the brave fellows, with a final volley at the outlaws, retired from the window and braced themselves for the explosion.

"It begins to look as though they had got us at last," said Dick as they waited for the blast which must blow the shack and all it contained into matchwood. Teel, saying nothing, nodded and, Dick drawing his watch began to toll off the seconds that were ushering them into eternity. Through the minds of the imprisoned four wild plans were flashing by which they might escape this trap of death, yet barred in as they were that they could break their way out before the dynamite exploded seemed impossible. One by one the seconds ticked themselves on, and beneath the suspense it seemed to the doomed men as though they could already feel the beginning of the blast that would leave the hut a mass of ruins in the midst of which would be buried their mutilated bodies.

(END OF THIRD EPISODE)

### Little Chance for Confession.

"A good husband ought to tell his wife all his faults," explains the professional solver of domestic problems in a Milwaukee newspaper. A very original idea, but what is the prescribed method of conduct when she persists in telling about them first?

## HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well. My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 6th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

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That bitter heartburn, belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloating after eating—all are caused by acid-stomach. But they are only first symptoms—danger signals to warn you of awful troubles if not stopped. Headache, biliousness, rheumatism, eczema, that tired, listless feeling, lack of energy, dizziness, insomnia, even cancer and ulcers of the intestines and many other ailments are traceable to ACID-STOMACH. Thousands—yes, millions—of people who ought to be well and strong are mere weaklings because of acid-stomach. They really starve in the midst of plenty because they do not get enough strength and vitality from the food they eat. Take EATONIC and give your stomach a chance to do its work right. Make it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. EATONIC brings quick relief for heartburn, belching, indigestion and other stomach miseries. Improves digestion—helps you get full strength from your food. Thousands say EATONIC is the "most wonderful stomach remedy in the world. Brought them relief when everything else failed. Our best testimonial is what EATONIC will do for you. So get a big 50c box of EATONIC today from your druggist, use it five days—if you're not pleased, get it and get your money back.

## EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

**Kill All Flies!** THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Found anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER kills all flies. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient and safe. Kills all house flies, stable flies, and all other flies. Don't spill or slip over; will not soil or injure anything. FLY KILLER. \$ by EXPRESS, prepaid, 21c. HAROLD SOMERS, 109 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## NEW SOUTH WALES INFORMATION BUREAU

Singer Building, 149 Broadway, New York City. Will be pleased to send Government Bulletins or answer any inquiries regarding opportunities for farming, stock raising, fruit growing, mining and investment in New South Wales, AUSTRALIA.

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All druggists; Soap, Ointment, \$2 and 10. Talisman. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 7, Boston."

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

### Ready Witted.

Hearing the truck peddler in the back alley crying, "Eating apples!" the woman poked her head out of the window and shouted sarcastically, "Say, have you got any drinking apples?"

"No, ma'am; no cider," came the reply, quick as a shot.—Boston Transcript.

### Had to Be Somewhere.

Byron was being remonstrated with for his rough conduct at his playmate's house.

"You should not fight Eddie when you are over at his house," his mother told him.

Byron responded quickly, "Where must I fight him—at our house?"

## Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cooling, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "3 Drops" After the Movies, Morning or Evening with your confidence. Ask your Druggist or Mailman when your Eyes Need Care. 15c Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.