FIRST SIGHT LOVE MARKED THE ROMANCE

Engagement of Heir to Italian Throne to Princess Marie of Belgium.

PRINCESS IN ITALY DURING RECENT WAR

Met the Prince There and Later He Followed Her to Brussels.

Brussels, Oct. 23.—The engagement of Prince Humbert of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy, to Princess Marie Jose of Belgium, which is to be officially announced November 4th, is the culmination of a love match of long standing.

In 1916, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, desirous of placing the little princess—she was then 12 years old—outside the range of airplane raids and big guns continuously shelling La Panne, where the Belgian royal family had their modest war home, took her daughter to Florence, when under private teachers she studied English and Italian.

Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by the Princess, spent the 1917 vacation at Venice. There, under the constant menace of Austrian airplane raids and German-Austro offensives, the Prince, a youth in a sailor's costume, and the Princess, wearing a plain white dress, met for the first time.

It was love at first sight.

When Prince Humbert visited Belgium last year there were many who noted that although the tour was supposed to be officially conducted, the heir to the throne of Italy preferred the company of the Princess, now a beautiful young woman, to receptions and listening to addresses by Burgomasters.

The engagement has been very popularly received here.

DANGER TO NAVIGATION.

New York, Oct. 22.—The derelict Canadian schooner Governor Parr, laden with lumber well above water, was reported as a danger to navigation in a radio received yesterday from the Cunard liner Laconia, 890 miles east of Ambrose Lightship. The schooner was abandoned at sea, October 3, on a voyage from Ingramport, N. S., to Buenos Aires. Her position yesterday was given as latitude 42.18; longitude 54.19.

Hope is but the dream of those who wake.

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TOOTS AND CASPER—Casper's Modesty is Almost Fatal

BY JIMMY MURPHY

THE GREAT CHIEF

(Continued.)

She pulled up her sleeve, and upon the firm brown flesh blue and red finger marks could be seen. "He caught me and shook me and fairly yelled at me, 'You save my boy once. Me save you to-day. Next time me see your man me kill him.' He flung me away from him and nearly off my horse—such eyes! such a face!—and went galloping off down the trail. I feared I was going to be ill, so I came on homeward. When I reached the top of the hill I saw the smoke and by the time I arrived the house was blazing and Smith was carrying water to put out the fire where it had caught upon the smoke house and stables."

The men listened to her story with tense white faces. When she had finished Cameron said quietly:

"Mandy, roll me up some grub in a blanket."

"Where are you going Allan?" her face pale as his own.

"Going? To get my hands on that Indian's throat."

"But not now?"

"Yes, now," he said moving toward his horse.

"What about me, Allan?"

The word arrested him as if a hand had gripped him.

"You," he said in a dazed manner. "Why, Mandy, of course, there's you. He might have killed you." Then, shaking his shoulders as if throwing off a load, he said impatiently, "Oh, I am a fool. That devil has sent me off my head. I tell you what Mandy, we will feed first, then we will make new plans."

"And there is Moira, too," said Mandy.

"Yes, there is Moira. We will plan for her too. After all," he continued, with a slight laugh and with slow deliberation, "there's lots—of time—to—get him!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Sarcee Camp.

The sun had reached the peaks of the Rockies far in the west, touching their white with red, and all the lesser peaks and all the rounded hills between with great splashes of gold and blue and purple. It is the sunset and the sunrise that make the foothill country a world of mystery and of beauty, a world to dream about and long for in later days.

Through this mystic world of gold and blue and purple drove Cameron and his wife, on their way to the little town of Calgary, three days after the ruthless burning of their home. As the sun dipped behind the western peaks they reached the crossing of the Elbow and entered the wide Bow Valley, upon whose level plain was situated the busy, ambitious ——, would-be wicked little pioneer town. The town and plain lay bathed in a soft haze of rosy purple that lent a kind of Oriental splendor to the tawdry, unsightly cluster of shacks that sprawled here and there in irregular bunches on the prairie.

"What a picture is makes!" cried Mandy. "How wonderful this great plain with its encircling rivers, those hills with the great peaks beyond! What a site for a town!"

"There is no finer," replied her husband, "anywhere in the world that I know, unless it be that o' 'Auld Reekie.'"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning!" he echoed indignantly. "What else but the finest of all the capitals of Europe?"

"London?" inquired Mandy.

"London!" echoed her husband contemptuously. "You ignorant Colonial! Edinburgh, of course. "But this is perfectly splendid," he continued. "I never get used to the wonder of Calgary. You see that deep cut between those peaks in the far west. That is where 'The Gap' lies, through which the Bow flows toward us. A great site this for a great town some day. But you ought to see those peaks in the morning with the sunlight coming up from the east across the foothills and falling upon them. Whoa, there! Steady, Pepper!" he cried to the broncho, which owed its name to the speckled appearance of its hide, and which at present moment was plunging and kicking at a dog that had rushed out from an Indian encampment close by the trail. "Did you never see an Indian dog before?"

"Oh, Allan," cried Mandy with a shudder, "do you know I can't bear to look at an Indian since last week and I used to like them."

"Hardly fair, though, to blame the whole race for the deviltry of one specimen."

"I know that, but—"

"This is a Sarcee camp, I fancy. They are a cunning lot and not the most reliable of the Indians. Let me see—three—four teepees. Ought to be fifteen or twenty in that camp. Only squaws about. The braves apparently are in town painting things up a bit."

A quarter of a mile past the Indian encampment the trail made a sharp turn into what appeared to be the beginning of the main street of the town.

"By Jove!" cried Cameron. "Here they come. Sit tight, Mandy." He pointed with his whip down the trail to what seemed to be a rolling cloud of dust, vocal with wild whoops and animated with plunging figures of men and ponies.

"Steady, there, boys! Get on!" cried Cameron to his plunging, jibing bronchos, who were evidently unwilling to face that rolling cloud of dust with its mass of shrieking men and galloping ponies thundering down upon them. Swift and fierce upon their flanks fell the hissing lash. "Stand up to them, you beggars!" he shouted to his bronchos, which seemed intent upon turning tail and joining the approaching cavalcade. "Hie, there! Hello! Look out!" he yelled, standing up his wagon, waving his whip and holding his bronchos steadily on the trail. The next moment the dust cloud enveloped them and the thundering cavalcade, parting, surged by on either side. Cameron was wild with rage.

"Infernal cheeky brutes!" he cried. "For two shillings I'd go back and break some of their necks. Ride me down, 'would they?' he continued, grinding his teeth in fury.

He pulled up his bronchos with half a mind to turn them about and pursue the flying Indians. His experience and training with the Mounted Police made it difficult for him to accept with equal mind what he called the infernal cheek of a bunch of Indians. At the entreaties of his wife, however, he hesitated in carrying his purpose into effect.

"Let them go," said Mandy. "They didn't hurt us, after all."

"Didn't? No thanks to them. They might have killed you. Well, I shall see about this later." He gave his excited bronchos their head and sailed into town, drawing up in magnificent style at the Royal Hotel."

An attendant in cowboy garb came lounging up.

"Hello, Billy!" cried Cameron. "Still blooming?"

"Sure! And rosebuds ain't in it with you, Colonel." Billy was from the land of colonels. "You've got a whole garden with you this trip, eh?"

"My wife, Billy," replied Cameron, presenting her.

Billy pulled off his Stetson.

"Proud to meet you, madam. Hope I see you well and happy."

"Yes, indeed, well and happy," cried Mandy emphatically.

Sure thing, if looks mean anything, said Billy, admiration glowing in his eyes.

"Take the horses, Billy. They have come a hundred and fifty miles."

"Hundred and fifty, eh? They don't look it. But I'll take care of 'em all right. You go right in."

"I shall be back presently, Billy," said Cameron, passing into the dingy sitting-room that opened off the bar.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE OF WALES TO VISIT SOUTH AFRICA

London, Oct. 21.—The Prince of Wales has plans for another long trip, this time to South Africa, the only big Dominion of the Empire he has not seen. It is expected that he will then pay a formal visit next spring.

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