



THE WASHABLE COVERING

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made a tanyagency, on certain conditions, by ather, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultiva-tion of the and in a school of three years. A home-steader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a tarm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter brothero resister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good tanding may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres

A homesteader who has exhaust d his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for \$ purchased homestead in certain districts. Price
\$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in
each of three years cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

been before.

is late to-night," he said; "half-past eleven." He watched the man draw his own timepiece from his pocket and verify the hour: he remembered afterward that the man had done this.

"I-I can't decide on this thing tonight," went on Van Twiller; "if you'll

give me, say, a day or two."

The man smiled. The fish was hooked. This was the usual routine. Always had his victim tried to squirm out of it by gaining time.
"That is satisfactory," he answered.

"Any time before—before your—your wedding will suit me." Van Twiller looked him in the eye. "You want—how much?" he asked.

"I want no money at all," the man repeated, as one who would say, "you can't catch me." "I say only that the paper will give, say, fifteen hundred dollars, maybe more. The nearer to the wedding," here he smiled again, "why, the more they will give."

Van Twiller laughed, in spite of himself, at the subtle villainy and cleverness of this chap. "Better not wait too long, then," said Van Twiller, "or the paper's price will go way up. Come one of those new tube-lights that go far here again," he continued, at 10.45 on ahead of the solar light itself—a light Friday night. This is Wednesday. Understand?"

The man understood. He went, with his face wreathed in smiles that seemed infernal in the greenish light.

The next morning Van Twiller picked up a morning paper. Its headline was glaring. Well it might be. The County National Bank had been robbed overnight of fifty thousand dollars taken from its vaults by a master hand.

Van Twiller read about it as he ate his breakfast. He had but half-finished this same breakfast when an idea occurred to him. He seized his hat and overcoat and rushed into his library. From the top of his desk he took a small, dark leather-bound parcel.

"Sorry," he commented, "for the County National Bank, but it's an ill Bank swung about in his chair.

wind that blows nobody good." He made his way downtown. The bank said cordially. He caught sight of the

a servant. Everything was as it had the fourth in line. Van Twiller knew the president of the County National Yan Twiller looked at his watch. "It like a book, and he swung into that gentleman's private office with a confident air.

With him he carried that little leathern parcel. For Van Twiller, unknown to his blackmailing friend of the night before was a clever amateur photographer himself. It was his one fad, his one dissipation. He had spent many dollars on it. Every photograph he took cost him an endless amount of trouble and a goodly sum of money before it was finished to his satisfaction.

"But the time has not yet come," said Van Twiller, to himself, "when I can afford to spend fifteen hundred dollars upon just one picture. Not by a long shot.'

Perhaps if the blackmailer had known about this avocation of Van Twiller's he would not have been so confident the night before. But Van Twiller knew that his own bare knowledge of photography would not relieve the situation. If the public could not see that a picture had been made up, what matter if he knew it? But this bent of Van Twiller's now explained the greenishwhite light of the night before. It was meant, before all things, for perfect photography. This fad also explained the little click that had sounded on the night before. For Van Twiller had carried his fad so far that he photographed every man who called on him. He seated every visitor in that immovable armchair about ten feet from his desk, and took, not one, but four, pictures of him, by means of cameras skilfully arranged in his desk and in the walls. These pictures consisted of a front, back and two side views. And they were perfect. Van Twiller, in fact, was such an artist, and had such a complete outfit, that Hall and Merrill frequently called him into consultation on exceptionally delicate work.

The president of the County National

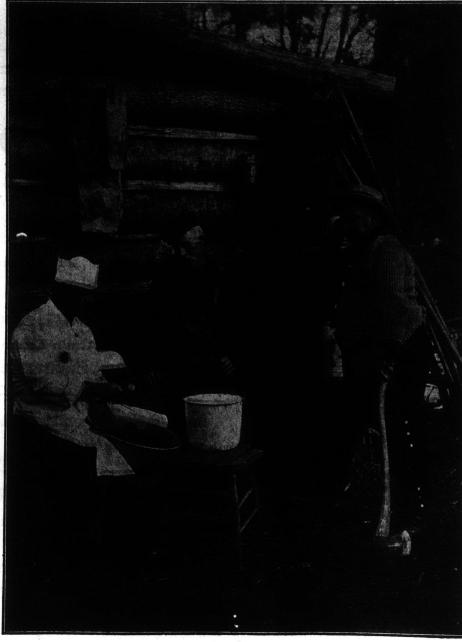
robberies had been overwhelmingly little leather case. "I see, I see," he numerous. The County National was went on, "you are on the trail of some-

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