All that shower and sun can give—in fragrance

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'Fresh from the gardens'

BEGIN HERE TODAY

For revenge upon Clark Acklin, big boss of the Double A ranch, Buck Bodine, new owner of the old Webster place, plots with the Mexicans of Paradise Valley to blow up Acklin's dam. Through her little blind brother, Rashia, Mercedes Arriaga learns of a mysterious document held by her brother Esteban. Mercedes takes Esteban to Rashia's cave. Here two outlaws, the chief and his lieutenant, are captured and taken prisoners, Rashia and Mercedes being left to watch them.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd.)

To the girl it was an eternity before the rock peered through the tops of the jagged cedars. Trees and brush began to take shape. Mercedes went on. She found a tiny spring, trickling to her right. She wet her lips with its water and followed its course. Soon she caught the beat of waves. She had come out to the shore of the lake. She cried out with new courage. Her voice echoed over the water to the cove where her brother lay.

Esteban jumped at the sound of it. He had already waited long past the appointed time to hear the call aloft. The echo of that cry in the awful silence decided him to tarry no longer. He [illegible] his hands to his fight-ed mouth and the bugle face began to sputter. The wind at his back was strong and steady. A healthy push, and the raft with its deadly load floated away across the silvery water.

He did not wait to speculate on the success of his errand. He had had hours of that. Before long he was darting for the best channel only to meet the valley.

[illegible] to the [illegible] a [illegible] with [illegible] long to see [illegible] A glowing element of fire [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] fascinated him. It was beautiful, [illegible] glory. But [illegible] Esteban knew what was [illegible] even before the wind had sent it close to the raft. Close to realization possible. The truth [illegible] he [illegible] approved. She [illegible] admiring the cleverness of the [illegible] who were responsible for it. They had schemed well to trap Acklin. The never-halting approach of the raft, the black bulk of the [illegible] from its surface, the glowing fuse held [illegible] as if it were [illegible] a matched brought no cry from her lips. This was the thing she had come to stop.

It came so close to her that she could hear the sputtering of the fuse. An eddy or a whim of the wind caught the raft then and sent it away from the shore. She could not swim a stroke. Just what she intended to do she did not know; but she knew she could not reach it, riding along as it was, fifty yards from the bank. She found, however, that she kept abreast of it as she followed the margin of the lake toward the dam.

This was all very well for a time, but as she came to a cove that cut back into the hills she began to despair. By the time she had got around it, the raft would be far ahead. But without looking back she started on the attempt. She had not made more than half of the way when she darted a glance at the moving raft. Her breath actually stopped for an instant at what she beheld. If it had been a liner making port, the raft could not have turned more accurately and headed more directly for the little cove on the shore of which she stood. Mercedes ran toward it. She saw its speed slacken. Then came a second when it seemed to stand still. The next minute the current was moving it back into the lake.

Without stopping to ask herself what she would do, or how she would get back to the land if she were once on the raft, she jumped for it. The force with which she landed was impetus enough to send it bobbing through the water until the cove was yards behind her.

She scrambled to her feet and with her boot-heel ground the coal into ashes.

She lurched toward the centre of the logs, her arms lowered to help herself to a sitting position, when a scream was wrung from her. The glowing coal that she had stamped into the cedar was gone, but in its place rose a blaze a foot high!

A little trickle of oil had seeped back to where she had crunched the end of the fuse. The wind had fanned an unseen spark of life.

The flames were mounting higher and higher, sending out greedy tongues that licked at her body. In a rage of helpless impotence, she raised her stern hands and struck and beat the iron thing before her. The cuts on her knuckles and fingers bled afresh, but she was fast losing the power to feel pain. Salty tears ran into the corners of her mouth. From her lips came a wild, almost insane cry.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Esteban was coming to the higher ground where his trail turned to the south when he heard a horse whinny. He had to put his hat over his mount's nose to keep him from answering. The other horse called again; nearer this time. The boy did not wait. He wheeled and galloped back over the path he had just come from. When he had retraced his way some two miles, he turned to scan the lake far below him. His pulse jumped as he caught sight of the flaming logs; now so near the dam that from where he watched it seemed they must strike any minute. What had gone wrong? What had set them afire? Had his [illegible] been caught by the Double A men?

Esteban moved higher up to wait for the explosion. In the confusion resulting from it he intended to make another dash for Webster Creek. No matter where Romero and Bodine were they must be counting the seconds even as he.

And while he waited the Double A men, from Disaster Peak to the Bull's Head, kept their watch, unaware of the danger that was sweeping down upon them. Kildare alone, of all Acklin's riders, moved nervously about. Blaze had not forgotten his talk that morning with Mercedes. Esteban's mysterious trip, coupled with Morrow's belief that trouble was brewing, seemed to argue more than mere coincidence.

He was within a quarter of a mile of the water when he caught the first dim reflection of the burning raft. From where he stood the fire seemed to be on the other side of the canon. He could not see the lake itself, but the faint red tinge in the sky moved. By that he knew that something was burning on the water. There wasn't any timber of any sort east of the dam. He sent My Man into a gallop.

In kaleidoscopic fashion he saw the mine; the petrified girl shielding her face from the flames; the dam twenty yards away. He cupped his hands, and called to her.

He did not stop to ask how she came there. He only saw the leaping flames, and guessed the intent of the black thing that bulked on the surface of the raft.

Nothing could save the dam. It was doomed! A minute or two, and it would be all over. Jumping to her rescue would not help. If he ran out on the dam both of them would be killed or swept away and drowned.

He called to Mercedes; but she barely moved her head. Blaze called again. That voice! It seemed to come from leagues away; a phantom voice!

Kildare saw that she did not move. He cried out again. The wind whipped the sound of it behind him. But the girl looked up. She saw him and raised her hands. Blaze jerked his reata from his saddle-horn and ran to the very edge of the bank.

"Take off your skirt," he cried, "and wet it and wrap it around you. Catch my rope when it drops."

Mercedes nodded her head.

The raft was within ten feet of the dam as his reata began to play through his fingers.

Seconds—they are hours sometimes—were drawing by as his rope circled lower and lower. There would never be time for another trial. He had to make it now! There was no room for a miss.

An instant—brief; life seemed to stop. Kildare blinked his eyes to clear them of the film that blinded him. Seconds were moving at express-train speed; yet even so, meaningless, irrelevant thoughts presented themselves in their entirety. Nothing seemed hurried. He had thrown his rope. In quite its accustomed way, it leaped out. He watched it now. It was dropping. The girl's hands were still upraised. The rope was falling over them. It was at her waist. He was pulling then. It was subconscious effort!

A scream rose from Mercedes; she shot away from the raft. He could look down and see the water cascading over her as he dragged her through it.

He heard the raft bump the dam. Some one was calling; Chet or Melody, no doubt. A second in which to brace his feet, and hand over hand he began paying in his reata, lifting her to safety. She was halfway to the top of the jagged wall when Kildare felt rather than heard a snap. His hands tingled. He had been dragging his rope over the ledge, using the rock for leverage. One of the strands of the finely woven reata had given way—cut in two by the jagged quartz.

His arms trembled. There was nothing to do but risk the chance that the unraveling reata would hold. He leaned out over the water until Mercedes was a dead weight on him, and pulled. Another strand broke, but he raised her to the top. His hands caught her arms; a last lift, and she was beside him.

Then it came without warning—a trembling of the earth. Thunder rolled in his ears. The dam was gone. They were down, knocked flat! My Man went to his knees. Pieces of rock, from the size of a pea to big, jagged fragments of granite that would have killed had they struck, rained about them. Water splashed down in sheets.

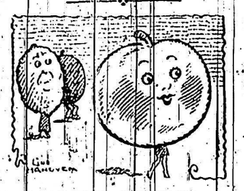
Mercedes did not move. Kildare rolled her over and over. The girl's body was cold; her pulse seemed to have stopped. Blaze slapped her, and beat her with the flat of his hands. He continually raised her arms to expand her lungs.

(To be continued.)

Jamaica's Red

On exchanging Kingston for the country, one soon realizes that the color of Jamaica is red. Green, of course, prevails—the green patches of the mountains, the green covering of the hills, the green of the great leaves of the bananas, the green of palms and ferns and grass. And yet it is red that remains on the retina: the red of the hibiscus, the red of the poinsettia, the red of the Flame of the Forest, the red and purple red of the bougainvillea, and, by no means least, the red of the clothes: the old women's handkerchief turbans, the young women's dresses—so many of them crude crimsons conflicting with every natural bloom. There seems to be no sense of prismatic harmony in the negro temperament.

The green you take for granted; the red is the surprise; and if I were to be asked what color came next I should say white; the white of teeth usually smiling, the white of eyes turned lazily upon the passer-by. For every one is looked at in Jamaica, not with the insolent Latin stare, or even inquisitively, but with mild and engaging and genial curiosity; and the spectacle of the passer-by is, next to gossip, the island's principal amusement for young and old, next to games.—E. V. Lucas, in "A Fronded Isle."



HARSH CRITICISM

Plum: What a wonderful rosy cheeks Miss Pippin has.

Old Man Lemon: You can't tell me. I think the brazen thing paints!

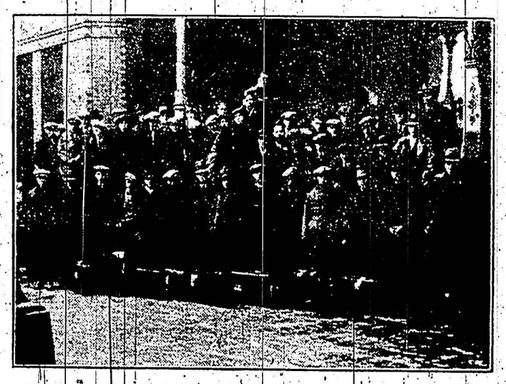
Sam and Rastus were seated in a Jim Crow car on a southern railway, en route to a plantation for the cotton picking season. They were discussing politics, with particular reference to a coming election. Rastus was a rabid partisan of the incumbent representative. "Well," said Sam, "Ah like him all right, Ah guess; but his platform ain't no good." "Platform," snorted Rastus. "Platform! Say, don't you know dat a political platform is jes like a platform on one o' dese yer railroad cabs—hit ain't meant to stan' on'

"My dear girl," exclaimed and elderly lady, "Do you know that the man you are intending to marry drinks heavily and gambles?" "Yes. I am going to marry him to reform him." "Listen to me, my girl! Try an experiment before you do that." "What is the experiment?" "Take in a week's washing to do, and see how you like it!"

The worst of it is the authority at the docks always seems to think the passport picture looks like you.

Eight million dollars for bird refuges is all right, but what about us pedestrians?

British Boys Welcomed to Canada



Fifty British boys, arriving at Montreal over Canadian National Railways to commence farm work in Canada, were given a hearty reception and were entertained at a luncheon by Dr. W. J. Black, Director of Agriculture and Colonization for the Canadian National System. The boys are going to Lindsay, Ont., where they will be placed on farms under the jurisdiction of the Rotary Club of that city, which already has succeeded in its efforts to place British boys with Canadian farmers and give them a chance to establish themselves in the new country.

Conditions at Noranda Look Very Promising to Mr. Moore

A Personal Visit to the Quebec Mining Areas is Basis of this Week's Article—Amulet Situation Reviewed

HUDSON BAY

By L. J. MOORE

BY LLOYD J. MOORE,
Member Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.

Noranda Mines Limited

Noranda Mines Limited is making steady progress in the direction of large scale production. During the time since the smelter came into operation the mine has been able to keep up with the demand for smelter feed in spite of the limited existing capacity of No. 3 shaft. When the writer made an inspection of Noranda on March 1st, excellent speed was being attained in hoisting ore. The last day of February showed a record of 1,595 tons of ore hoisted in addition to waste rock. The smelter's requirements amount to approximately 1,100 tons daily. It is therefore possible to do a considerable amount of development work through No. 3 shaft and continue to hoist enough ore in six working days to keep the smelter going for the entire week.

No. 4 shaft was at a depth of about 550 feet at the beginning of this month. It will be equipped with a new hoist, which was then on route from the Atlantic seaboard within the next few days. The shaft sinking work is ahead of schedule. The 1,000-foot level will be reached and stations cut at hundred foot intervals by September. A long crosscut is being driven from No. 3 to No. 4 shaft. In all probability the crosscut will reach its objective and the station cut before the shaft is finished. However, a decision may be made to continue the shaft to a depth of 3,500 feet. No. 4 shaft will have a much greater hoisting capacity than No. 3. It will be no great task to handle 3,000 tons of ore daily from the two shafts and to conduct an intensive campaign of mining development. No. 4 shaft is several hundred feet away from any known ore, but the same was said concerning No. 3 shaft when it was at the corresponding depth.

There is fairly definite assurance concerning the extension of important ore of average mine grade, to a depth of 1,500 feet. The unknown factor is the extent and importance of ore occurrences below the 1,500 foot. In a general way diamond drilling results below the 975-foot, which were conducted at one hundred foot intervals along the 440foot drift in "H" orebody yielded gratifying results. The copper content may be expected to vary at different horizons. Generally speaking, however, the drilling downward from the 500 foot, as well as from the 975 foot level, indicate bigger things for Noranda than are appreciated by the general public.

It is not looking too far ahead now to visualize Noranda's production running from 2200 to 2500 tons daily, with two reverberatory furnaces and three converters. Such a production is quite definitely assured. There is no justification at present in looking beyond that point, but it may be remembered that Noranda's development has been crowded with pleasant surprises which have far outnumbered the disappointments. The development work of the next eighteen months should tell the major part of the story.

When No. 1 reverberatory furnace was closed down for repairs a few weeks ago the performance of No. 2 furnace was rather disappointing. A few adjustments corrected its shortcomings and everything is now running smoothly. The smelter has reached a state of high efficiency. The relining of No. 1 furnace is proceeding and provision has been made for the erection of a third converter, which will provide enough capacity to take care of the output of both reverberatory units. In other words each reverberatory furnace is capable of handling approximately 1100 to 1300 tons of ore daily without being crowded unduly. Three converters working to capacity can handle the entire output.

Obviously much importance is attached to the refinery plans of Noranda Mines Limited. It is still too early to make detailed announcements of policy in this connection. It may be stated however that Noranda's control and its association with British Metals Corporation and Nichols Copper Company gives assurance of the success of the enterprise. British Metals is without rival in the British Empire, as a marketer of copper and its ores. Nichols Copper Company of New York is one of the most important organizations of its kind in the United States, with abundant technical skill at its command, and a world-wide mining connection. The location of the Noranda refinery at tidewater on the Lower St. Lawrence will place it in a position to handle export business.

The Noranda picture is beginning to be filled out, and the next two years will accomplish much in this regard. We recommend the stock as an outstanding purchase for substantial enhancement, pointing to its probable earnings as justification for much higher prices for the shares than have yet been attained.

Amulet Mines, Limited

Amulet Mines, Limited, proposes to conduct an energetic program of diamond drilling and underground work during the coming season. There is reason for believing that the attempt to secure further ore will be quite as earnest as in the summer of 1927 when discoveries followed each other with remarkable rapidity. There is a great deal of new ground to be explored which holds quite as attractive possibilities as the section of No. 4 area which brought in additional ore over a year and a half ago. The year 1928 was really an "off" year so far as significant developments are concerned, although it was by no means negative in its consequences. An effort will be made over the next six months to double the present reserves of around $10,000,000. It is quite within the range of possibility that this will be done. The property may not be very far from the production stage, particularly if coming developments meet the hopes of the management.

The refinery plans which have been revised, but which are not yet known in detail, may be of much importance to Amulet, especially if it seems likely an electrolytic zinc plant is erected. This would provide a splendid outlet for Amulet's concentrates. The Sterling mine in Cape Breton promises to be an important source of zinc and it should be remembered that this is under the control of British Metals Corporation which is associated with Noranda, and Nichols Copper Company in one of their refinery projects. It should not be overlooked that Amulet possesses a great deal of ground, in which ore-making possibilities are attractive. The stock may be considered as fairly attractive at around the current price of $2.30 for a hold of possibly six months.

Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting.

Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company directors did not give a great deal of new information to shareholders at the annual meeting held in Woodstock on March 5th. The announcements they did make were decidedly reassuring. The ore reserves were placed conservatively at eighteen million tons. It is thought this could have been increased considerably without undue risk. Profits are estimated to run at around $3.50 per ton without allowing for depreciation and depletion. With a production of three thousand tons a day it is comparatively easy to figure out probable earnings per share per annum on the capitalization of 2,500,000 shares all of which are issued. It is estimated that the profits of the first six years' operations will be sufficient to meet the entire capital outlay. The mine has a long life ahead of it, without counting upon the undoubted additions to ore reserves that will be made as development proceeds.

The power development at Island Falls, Saskatchewan is proceeding. It will provide about 44,000 h.p. and power will be delivered about the end of this year. A temporary plant will deliver two thousand h.p. at the mine within the next few weeks and this will be dismantled when the new construction is finished. The company has current assets of $12,925,000, consisting of conservative investment securities and cash.

The ore content is estimated at 1.71 per cent. copper, 3.45 per cent zinc, .074 oz. gold and 1.06 oz. silver. Satisfactory arrangements with the C.N.R. have been reached concerning freight rates to apply as soon as the railway is turned over by the construction company. The Whitney and Newmont interests make an exceptionally strong combination. The company is assured of substantial profits and the purchase of its shares at around current prices is considered attractive for a hold of one to two years.

Poet: "My new poem will cause your editor to miss a beat." Editor: "Then please take it away. I don't want anything that will affect the circulation."

I do not deprecate for a moment the value of the spirit of self-sacrifice. —Will H. Hays.

Indian Hospitality

Curiously enough, the North American Indians have always been highly advanced in the art of hospitality. While they were yet in a state of savagery they had customs of hospitality which were an inspiration to the white people who first came among them. . . . Few people were so open-hearted and generous as they. Their unaffected kindness and their willingness to share a last morsel astonished the early white settlers who came in contact with them. Some of the tales of English and Indian intercourse, as recorded by these early white people, are touching.

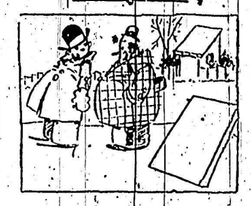
In the summer of 1584 an expedition under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh landed on the Island of Wococken, off Albemarle Sound. They invaded the land of the Algonquin tribes and made themselves comfortable. Yet "there came down from all parts great stores of people" bringing ducks, hares, fish, fruits, nuts, and many good things for the new-comers. The wife of the chief, Granganimeo, came personally and invited the two leaders of the expedition (Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow) into the house. She washed them, and gave them every comfort, "and served roasted fish and venison on a board that stood along the side of the house." . . .

Captain Clark, of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, wrote with enthusiasm of the hospitality which he encountered. He told how the Indians of the Columbis Valley boiled salmon and served it on a platter of rushes, neatly made. "It is the custom of all the nations on the Missouri to offer every white man food and refreshments, when he first enters their tents." . . .

We have borrowed many things from our Indian brothers, but nothing more valuable than their custom of generous hospitality. They paved the way for the hospitality which has become so peculiarly associated with this country. We owe them, as we owe all peoples of the world from whose manners and customs we have borrowed, a debt of gratitude. . . .

The early pages in the history of our country, darkened by the pathetic struggles of the colonists to master the conditions in which they found themselves, are brightened here and there by tales of jolly entertainments and generous hospitality. We read with quickening heart-beat of a pathetic little wedding feast in Plymouth. We read with a sudden warmth of tenderness of a Thanksgiving dinner in the wilderness. We follow a train of covered wagons westward, and rejoice with the pioneers when they reach at last their destination and every man, woman and child finally helps in clearing the grounds for the great celebration. . . .

There were kind to one another, generous hospitable. They shared alike the hardships and the pleasures of their experience. And they built strong because they built together. . . . We have never wholly lost that heritage bequeathed us by the early colonists—a love of simple kindliness and hospitality, a love of sharing with our neighbors and having them share with us.—Lillian Eichler, in "The Customs of Mankind."



"It seems queer that women should have such a passion for ribbons."

"Oh, I don't know, they primarily came from Adam's rib, you know!"

There is no such thing as bad games in the world.—Lord Byng.

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Trout Fishin'

[illegible] old man who might [illegible] very shade of [illegible] the peculiarities of [illegible] trout is told by Ray [illegible] April issue of "Field [illegible] this old fellow [illegible] who hadn't been [illegible] of luck and usually [illegible] his faded blue eyes: [illegible] had much experience [illegible] trout have [illegible] fishin' pusses. They [illegible] say, an' ye must have [illegible] for yet [illegible] a lot o' [illegible] worn from the rocks. [illegible] is hand made [illegible] shows experience [illegible] d' ye ever see [illegible] fish? I mean [illegible] it. They're [illegible] things don't [illegible] same [illegible] ties. Stay [illegible] off packies. [illegible] side hogh, [illegible] drain the [illegible] so's ye know [illegible] An' say, don't [illegible] trouble [illegible] chances is [illegible] road [illegible] jean [illegible] Soon Now

[illegible] keep you off [illegible] much about the [illegible] or going to do it [illegible] sible to take trout [illegible] a snow storm or [illegible] on your line [illegible] consistently com- [illegible] intelligently with any [illegible] reason, usually [illegible] good catch of [illegible] suggestion to those who [illegible] have twiddled their [illegible] the first of May, get [illegible] the opening day with [illegible] of wet flies and [illegible] Take a few each of Hare's [illegible] Cahill, Cowdung, [illegible] and Queen of the [illegible] on one or at most two [illegible] the above assortment [illegible] leader and fish them hard [illegible] before you change to a [illegible]

[illegible] always fall for a man [illegible] make crime spread.—Raymond C. Moley.

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It's the [illegible] Diamond Dyes that do the work; [illegible] colors such brilliance; such depth [illegible] brilliance. It's real [illegible] that keeps [illegible] giving things that re- [illegible] dyed look [illegible] or streaking.

Next time [illegible] to do, try Diamond Dyes. *Then* [illegible] *results*. See how soft, bright, new-look[illegible] colors are. Observe how they keep their [illegible] your dealer will refund your money if you don't agree [illegible] dyes are better dyes.

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