

The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

SYNOPSIS

Kenneth Burney, adventurer and one-time gentleman, comes to Bradley Bruce, a rival cattle owner who has been stealing the king's stock, aided by Miguel Gallegos, a Mexican bandit. The king of Gringo accepts though he knows it means a fight to the death. He meets Marie, the king's beautiful daughter. CHAPTER IV.

A shriek of laughter from Muriel testified to her appreciation of the grim wit of her guest. "Do you anticipate jousting with somebody, Sir Knight?" she queried.

"You'd better, answered gravely, and again the girl's merry laughter filled the room. But the king found in both these remarks no need for merriment.

"What did you do to Martin Bruce?" he demanded.

"Oh, not very much, sir. He called me a greaser, so I pulled him off his horse and slapped him over a half-acre of his ranch. He's about fifty years old, you know, so I treated him with a certain measure of consideration."

"He's as hard and tough as rawhide, son, and will whip any man on his payroll. You trifled with death, my boy."

"Not necessarily. I took his gun away from him first, broke it and threw gun and cartridges into the sagebrush before massaging him."

"The king was very serious. "Were any of his men present?"

"Four."

"And nobody interfered?"

"No, sir. It's the rule on the Triangle B that every man shall kill his own rats, and I imagine they all expected the old man to handle me before the fight should terminate."

"When they saw me was outclassed, they crowded up and would have handled me for him, but the old boy played fair. He warned them that if they rode back to the chuck wagon, I'd pack my dunnage on my spare horse and drifted. I didn't even wait to collect two months' pay I had coming to me."

"You, young idiot," the king warned solemnly. "Martin Bruce is as heady as a side-winder and nurses his grudges. Son, you'd have to beat him to the draw—and that's something no man has ever done. Can you shoot?"

"Rather well from a rest. Miss Muriel, I do believe I'll sample those brandied peaches."

"But the king was worried. "I advise you to get out of this country, and do it tomorrow, son."

"In effect, sir, you promised me a riding job if I passed my entrance exams tomorrow. If I fail I'll get out. If I pass I'll stay. I tell you again, I've made up my mind to go to work for you and behave myself and grow up with your business. I've got to be at the house."

"You'll die with your boots on, I tell you."

"Thank you, sir, for that comforting assurance."

"Will Martin Bruce really attempt to kill you, Mr. Burney?" the princess queried. Under the bandaging of the reality.

"I've recently fared he will, Miss Muriel. He's a rough, tough, old man and the slaying of an enemy doesn't particularly jar his conscience. His conscience, in such matters, is rather worn down like the teeth of a very old cow."

"But, Mr. Burney, you are going to do about it, Mr. Burney?"

"I don't know. I haven't given the matter a serious thought, Miss Muriel. Of course I'll keep my eyes open when I meet Mr. Bruce. I shall endeavor to get there first with the most shots. I shall probably fail. I've seen Martin Bruce toss a small oyster tin in the air, pull his gun and hit six times of six before the can struck the ground. He keeps in practice."

"A regular Annie Oakley," the king murmured.

"And you?" the princess persisted to Burney.

"Well, if I shoot at something quite generally I hit it, but I have to take my own sweet time about it. And in an argument with Martin Bruce that weakness of mine would be just a hundred per cent. fatal."

"Dad, he will have to leave this country," the princess announced with decision.

"Well, I'm not holding him, am I?" her father retorted irritably.

Prince of Wales Gets War Thrill

Heir to Throne Figuratively Shot Down in Mimic Air Battle

London.—The Prince of Wales added the thrills of air warfare to his aviation experiences recently when he landed at Cranwell airfield after a flight to Uxbridge.

The Prince, accompanied by his usual pilot, David Don, flew to Uxbridge to attend the Royal Air Force manoeuvres in a mimic war. Instead of observing the war from the sidelines, the Prince directed his pilot into the midst of the "battle" and with big planes racing back and forth from opposing bases, participated in a practice bombing raid before landing at Cranwell.

Although the official communique on the air manoeuvres merely said the Prince of Wales participated, it was understood that he technically was "shot down" by one of the fighting planes in the mimic war.

His plane was said to have been mistaken for one of the fighting craft when it was sighted by a group of six of the Royal Air Force planes and they gave chase, intent on scoring a point in the war manoeuvres. Pilot Don was unable to avoid them—and according to the rules of the game—was "shot down."

The Prince's plane was reported to have been sighted flying alone over one of the "enemy" airfields belonging to the Blue forces. The Blue bombing planes on patrol repeatedly swooped down on the royal plane with tremendous speed, mistaking it for one of the fighting craft.

The Prince's pilot was forced to land at the airfield, where officials were horrified to learn that the occupant was the heir to the throne.

The bombing planes of the Blue patrol apparently had failed to recognize the marking on the plane in which the Prince previously had arrived from Northolt to attend the manoeuvres.

The Prince was smiling broadly as he stepped from the plane after a safe landing and appeared to be delighted with the experience. Meanwhile, the Blue patrol had flown away without learning the identity of the little plane.

A Double Exposure

By MURIEL COTRONI

Click! The camera of Mrs. Miggs spoke, and yet another snapshot had been secured. The sitter rose, and a saucy flick of his stumpy tail, departed down the lane.

Mrs. Miggs was on the sunny side of forty. Her hair was the color of ripening corn, and she had a pair of large blue eyes that she well knew how to use. She was also the proprietor of the Welcome Inn which made the fascinating widow just a degree more fascinating to the good men and true who formed part of the population of Leadcombe.

Now, Mrs. Miggs had one man—photography.

The love of saying it in pictures had been first instilled into her by her late husband, lost at sea these four years, but it had grown since his death.

It was a strange coincidence that, immediately Mrs. Miggs' hobby had been discovered on her taking over the Welcome Inn, that her two best customers, Alf Perkins and Burt Standish, had both purchased cameras. Now, almost daily, these gentlemen would drop in, just to show Mrs. Miggs their latest snapshot or still-life study.

They seemed to believe that the way to the fair lady's heart was through the film.

Owing to their common love of photography, which they consistently made the topic of conversation in the inn parlour, Alf and Burt had easily outdistanced all other suitors for the plump hand of Mrs. Miggs.

But their success had its darker side. Formerly, the two men had been the closest and staunchest of friends. Now they regarded each other with ill-disguised suspicion. They even shadowed each other—just in case one of them might snatch a few unguarded moments alone with the fair widow in that cosy, sun-warmed parlor behind the bar.

So far, Mrs. Miggs had bestowed her favors quite impartially. But this, they both felt, could not be the case for ever.

Now, Alf Perkins, though it was July, had not yet taken his usual holidays. Other years had seen him off to the woods and lakes in late May, his favorite holiday month. Burt Standish, in his fortnight's freedom early in June, before the holiday crowds turned the fashionable beaches into bear-gardens, they never went together, because, where as Alf loved the country, Burt was all for the sea.

"Aren't you taking a holiday this year, Burt?" queried Alf, as the two friends met in the sun-spangled high street one afternoon.

Burt looked uncomfortable.

"To tell you the truth, it—it's never entered my mind," he replied untruthfully. "But what about you, my lad? You're later this year. You've usually taken your holiday in May. Why has this change of habit?"

"I've been busy at the shop, haven't I? It had time even to think of getting away," replied the other, just a little too casually.

"But you're just a little gone, maybe?"

"I dunno. I shall. Doubt if I shall be able to get away at all. I could keep an eye on your staff, if you feel like going at once."

Mr. Perkins, whose staff consisted of an assistant and one small boy, thanked his friend warmly.

"It's right good of you, old man. It is indeed! But—but trades' been none too good this year. I—I did think of cutting at his friend.

Alf stole a glance at his friend, who was watching two sparrows in lively argument about a crust. Burt looked down suddenly and caught Alf's eye. The latter reddened visibly. He splashed into speech.

"Look here! What about us having a week somewhere together? I think we'd be just the pair for it. You see, you're not over-partial to the country."

"A brain-waver!" exclaimed Burt, who, although not a quick thinker, saw that, if his friend holidayed with him, he would, at least, be out of the reach of quiet moments alone with Mrs. Miggs.

A Blend of Green Tea that Surpasses All Other Blends

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

My fellow-follower, tell me about your holiday word, but you are brown!"

Alf blushed with pleasure, and allowed her into the cosy parlor. You some snaps to add to your collection, Mrs. Miggs," he began, bringing out two great wads.

"What a dear man you are! I think of me when you are on duty!" cooed Mrs. Miggs.

"I never stopped thinking of you, dear lady!" blurted Alf, with pleasure. One by one, he added across the snape that he had—woodland scenes, seascapes; children at play; rickshaws and other—see on King's—proof of the cruelty of Burt Standish. Mrs. Miggs, thanked him profusely, and then excused herself, for she had much to do that afternoon.

"Dear Mr. Standish—I shall be so happy if you'll take tea with me tomorrow afternoon. I have something to tell you that should make you very happy. About five will be sufficient. I hope—You sincere friend, Katherine Miggs."

"Burt, for quite twenty-four hours after receipt of the above message, whether he was on head or heels could only mean one thing—hanging-about days were over; dream was to come true. When the time approached, he went to his wardrobe. He took a tall hooded dress. He changed his tie five times; he altered the entire scheme twice.

"Poor old Alf!" he muttered passionately, as he turned into the road where stood the Welcome Inn. He would afford to be complimentary now.

"But a few seconds later, when he saw 'poor old Alf,' all dressed as a Sunday best, sitting there a little with the fair widow under the bird-curtains, some of his compassion left him. Why earth should Alf Perkins have chosen this particular afternoon to drop in on Mrs. Miggs? Of all the—"

"It's so nice to see you both so cozily," Alf said brightly, not heeding Mrs. Miggs' greeting.

"You've both been such good friends to me this last year, that I wanted you to be the first to hear my wonderful news!"

The door opened a vast man stood on the threshold. His complexion was fresh as a boy's, and his eyes held the vivid blue of the sea. He didn't talk in the boomal. His voice put one in mind of breakers beating against the shore.

"Come in, Tom, dear, and be introduced!" cooed Mrs. Miggs. "My dear, dear friends, you'll never guess who this is! Tom Pritchard was a shipmate of my poor husband's, and last night, but one I promised to be his wife. He's asked me over and over again, but I never would consent till he promised to give up the sea. But now—" She turned a glowing face to them both.

"Her two friends mumbled something and tried to smile. The tea through seemed interminable. But at long last they escaped.

"Well," muttered Burt, when they emerged into the friendly dusk, "I'm relieved to be able to take that damned grin off my face."

But Alf answered not a word. There was nothing to say—Answers.

What New York is Wearing

BY ANNABELL WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson. Finished With Every Pattern.

A quality pretty fashion for the little misses, 10, 12 and 14 years, is this new blouse frock of pink flannel.

The circular flaring skirt gives the right sort of sophistication for every day occasions.

The original fluffing provides dignity and edge of stiffness. Sleeves are full of fluff. Style No. 2520 is made with 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material with 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for ruffing.

For parties it is admirably smart in pale blue taffeta or printed crepe de chine in pale pink tones.

French lace linen with tiny white dots with white piping; yellow handkerchiefs with white piping; white piped and printed hostess in green and white are conspicuously smart combinations.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size, if such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or 30c (coin preferred); write it carefully for each pattern, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Avelude St., Toronto.



Berlin Fire Brigade

Maid of All Work

This is the season when German bees would seem to weary of the monotony of their ordinary rural surroundings and to seek the excitements of the metropolis. Swarm after swarm has arrived late in Berlin, to settle upon the most unlikely places and to be removed with much circumsppection. Into the somewhat trying situations thus produced, the Berlin Fire Brigade steps with wonted intrepidity, other than the extinguishing of 'conflagrations that it has been called by factious Berliners the maid of all work. No fewer than forty times on one day recently the brigade was summoned to remove a swarm, being entirely successful in all but two cases. The bees are as a rule, not placed in the receptacles brought for them. Perhaps they are tired of adventure. The rescuers do not take any risks, however; they are furnished with masks and thick leather gloves, and are, perforce, very direct of action.

Confessional

I've scattered a bridge set—
All over the floor.
I've sampled the milk left
Just outside our door;
That dish of fresh strawberries
Is all gobbled up—
(Permit me to mention, I'm
Browne, the pup.)

A coat has been slept on?
A glove you can't see?
The chestersfield's shipwrecked?
A rug's all skew-wool?
Who's been at that work-box
And plopped it all up?
(Perhaps it's connected with
Browne, the pup.)

The folks try to scold me.
Both somehow they fail;
When they wag their fingers—
I just wag my tail.
They threatened to train me—
That's long given up!
(They all know who's Boss 'round
here).
BROWNE, the Pup.
—David Jenkins.

Horizons

An extended horizon is of immense value to us in living. It gives us much truer perspective and emphasizes the relative importance of things. The habit of adding a bit of knowledge to our store every day is an estimable one and worth cultivating.

Even a neglected old encyclopaedia studied diligently for a few minutes regularly will soon furnish an interesting fund of information which may be quite new and inspiring to us.

Many older people will gladly give us of their best, leading us in thought through their richer experiences and to countries they have visited. Of course travelling on its own horizon, provided we take along a seeing eye and a hearing ear. Many people who travel seem to have left both at home.

An art gallery, museum or exhibition opens up new fields of vision. An hour in a modern schoolroom is most educative. Let us enlarge our horizons by widening our bounds of observation and experience.

Hire Purchase

The evening meal came to an end, and his wife commenced to tell him about the day's worries.

"Do you know, George," she said, "I do believe I'm getting stouter and stouter each day."

He sighed unhelpfully.

"Yes. When I got married I little realized that I was getting a wife on the installment plan."—Answers.

Indian Seer

Alf and Burt were spending a really enjoyable week. Each found it a vast relief to be free of the mental strain of keeping the other well in sight.

Early one afternoon Burt set out with his camera. Alf had disappeared immediately after an early breakfast. Burt sauntered along the cliffs, idly admiring the beauty of the face-opped wavelets. But his thoughts were in the golden future when, if Fate were kind, the fascinating Mrs. Miggs might be induced to change her name, and transform him into an adoring husband and mine host of the Welcome Inn.

On a form near some bushes a couple were sitting, and the arm of the man was round the waist of his companion. Her dress was jade, her hairless head one sweet tangle of red-gold curls. Burt's regarded them absent. They had their backs to him. Dashed pretty hair; he thought. Then his absent-mindedness dropped from him like a cloak. He stopped dead. The red-haired girl was a stranger to him, but the man—

Click went the camera of Burt Standish with a ghoulish little snap. Alf's heart gave a leap of joy. Then, like a thief in the night, he stole softly back the way he had come.

"Nunky, dear, you've given me a perfectly pieceless tint!" the girl with the curly red hair sang her arms around Alf's neck, and then, as the whistle sounded, made a dash back for her carriage. "Theorio, again! I've never had such a happy day for ages!"

She hung out of the window as the train swung round the bend, frantically waving her tiny scrap of handkerchief.

Alf gave a sigh of regret and turned away. He didn't feel like going back to the digs, so he wended his way down to the beach, where he knew a quiet spot under the lee of the cliff where he could indulge in day-dreaming. His camera was slung over his shoulder. He walked along the firm sand. Hardly a soul was in sight.

Under the shade of the cliff, in almost the exact spot for which he was making, a little drama was being enacted. The protagonists were but two. The one playing 'lead' was a ragged, nondescript cur. His yellow fangs were bared in a fearsome snarl; his back was bristling; his eyes were also of wickedness. The opponent was a man in a rage; not permitted with fear. One trouser-leg, in close proximity to the calf, showed a jagged tear where the animal had drawn first blood.

The dog was evidently working up for another frontal attack. Alf's first instinct was to dash to the aid of his chum. But somehow he didn't. He waited. He watched.

The dog gave a sudden snarl. His tail lashed the sand. His eye rolled wickedly. Then he flew at his enemy, but this time the man was steady. He'd no stick—but he'd a stout boot. As the cur sprang, his foot shot out with the full force of a strong man's kick behind it. The dog was at that moment that the devil tempter with a vicious little snarl. The cur flew yelping away, leaving the man undisputed victor.

"Then you've had a good time? My word, but you're brown!" remarked Mrs. Miggs, turning the battery of her large blue eyes on Burt. "And you say you've brought me some snaps. You dear man, to think of me while on holiday!"

Her visitor blurted out the compliment which she'd so artlessly accepted. "No, one by one, he laid his offerings on her lap—woodland scenes, seascapes, happy children at play, frolicking animals, and then—trump card, the proof of Alf Perkins' duplicity.

Mrs. Miggs volubly admired the snaps. Then, presently she excused herself—she was rather busy that afternoon.

Ten minutes later, Alf strolled into the parlor. Mrs. Miggs, appearing in his eyes ten times more desirable, welcomed him warmly.

"Come and have your drink in the parlor, Mr. Perkins; it's quieter in there, and, maybe, you'll want to be

At Long Last

A rather henpecked-looking man applied for settlement of a claim for fire insurance.

"Was there much damage?" asked the insurance agent.

"Just a door," replied the other.

"What would you estimate a new door would cost?" went on the agent.

"Two pounds," roughly speaking, the claimant returned.

"And when did the fire take place?" queried the agent.

"Let me see," said the little man thoughtfully. "About twenty years ago."

"About twenty years ago?" echoed the agent incredulously. "And you mean to say you have waited all these years to report it?"

"That's right," was the meek reply.

"But how in the world did that happen?" gasped the agent.

The claimant shrugged his shoulders despondently.

"Well, it was like this," he commenced to explain. "My wife and daughters have been on to me to do something about that door ever since it was burned, and I couldn't stand it any longer."—Answers.

Wear on J Tear

The housepainter had finished his task and was about to leave.

"By the way," said the mistress of the house, "could you spare time to scrape the spots of paint off the windows?"

"Well, we don't usually do that," said the painter, "but if you'll lend me half-a-crown I'll have a go at it."

An hour later the man returned to her a very worn and thin sixpence.

"But—er—I think I gave you half-a-crown, slammered the woman.

"That's right, ma'am," replied the painter artfully, "but I worked so hard that I wore it down to this."—Answers.

CHILD WORKER

London.—It is expected that by 1932, in the area fifteen miles from Charing Cross, there will be 77,000 fewer children available for industry than in 1928.

Famous Indian philosopher, Sir Rabinadrath Tagore, arrived for a short stay in Berlin, recently. He is shown here upon arrival at station.



PLEASURE

The tingling taste of fresh mint leaves is a real treat for your sweet tooth.

WRIGLEYS

Affords people everywhere great comfort and long-lasting enjoyment. Nothing else gives so much benefit at so small a cost.

It is a wonderful help in work and play—keeps you cool, calm and contented.

ADD A ZEST

AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 35—'30

Our Tattooed Beauties

Tattooing in sometimes resorted to by women in search of beauty. Rosy cheeks and ruby lips are thus acquired while uses of a too vivid hue are toned down.

Youth (to the girl seated at the other side of the lounge): "What would you say if I were to throw you a kiss?" Girl: "I'd say you were the laziest man I've met."

Strange to say, the employer the head the less it takes to fill it.

HEAL PACHES?

Why suffer when relief is prompt and harmless?

Millions of people have learned to depend on Aspirin tablets to relieve a sudden headache. They know it is so harmless. Genuine Aspirin tablets never harm the heart. They give directions in package for headache, neuralgia, summer colds, pain of all kinds.

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK

Canada Coal

With the exception of true anthracite, practically every kind of coal is to be found in Alberta. The coal fields of Alberta are subdivided into provincial authorities as domestic coal to differentiate them from the others.

Five cents

What is it? Five cents.

Westerly

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Chinese Art

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