It gives more pleasure than you thought tea could give

"SALADA" TEA

726

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Gringo Privateer

By PETER B. KYNE

SYNOPSIS.

Ken Burney is given the job of general manager of Bradley Bardin's cattle ranch upon condition that he rid Bardin of two cattle thieves, Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos, who have been leaving Bardin's cattle. Burney has had a couple of personal brushes with Bruce and Bruce has sworn to kill him. Muriel Bardin's daughter, becomes interested in Burney, and when he rides off to Huachita, attended by his bodyguard, she tries to persuade her father to stop him. She goes after Burney and tells him her father said he was not to fight Miguel Gallegos. Burney answers that he had not intended to. Muriel returns to her father, known as "the king," at the ranch.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Well," the king greeted Muriel, "what did he say?"

"He said he'd obey."

"Good. Did he say anything about laying off Martin Bruce?"

"No."

"Gosh, I forgot to tell you to tell him to lay off Martin. He's gone to Huachita and Martin and some of his braves are there, I hear. My, my, I'm afraid I'm liable to lose my new general manager before I've even had a chance to break him in. There's only one thing that will comfort me for the loss, however, and that's the death of Martin Bruce." He sighed and tucked in his napkin. "We will hope for the best," he added piously.

His daughter gazed at him in wide-eyed horror and left the room.

At Huachita, about four o'clock, Ken Burney and his bodyguard put their horses up at the livery stable, and in single file walked up the middle of the street to the International Hotel. On the front porch Martin Bruce sat with two friends discussing cattle and the weather. He eyed the approaching quartet, decided he was outnumbered and nodded affably to Ken Burney, who came up alongside him and said arrogantly:

"Mr. Bruce, you're leaving town at once. I don't feel comfortable in Huachita with you here, too, so take the next train west if you care to pull out under your own power."

"I was goin' to take the next train west anyhow, son," Bruce replied evenly "but just for that I'm going to stay and see how you like it." His blue eyes peered upward at Burney from under his shaggy eyebrows; to the veriest tyro it would have been apparent he meant exactly what he said; that he preferred to stay and die, digating an army, rather than leave town under compulsion.

"You fourflusher," he continued. "What dude ranch did you hail from? The idea of a half-baked desperado like you trying to drive Martin Bruce out of town!" That for you and your bodyguard," and he directed a thin stream of tobacco juice down one leg of Ken Burney's white chaps. "Go home and tell your mother to wipe your nose."

Ken Burney stared at the terrible old man for a few seconds, then turned to his men. "Well, I guess I'll let him stay, boys," he announced, "seeing he's so set on having his own way."

Bruce laughed softly as Burney and his men entered the hotel. The bodyguard looked at the new general manager somewhat askance. It was plain that they did not think well of him, for in public he had warned an enemy to leave town or take the consequences, and when that enemy had replied with a contemptuous refusal, he had backed down. To their direct and primitive way of thinking, he did, indeed, require a bodyguard, nor were they at all pleased to have been appointed to that task. Plainly, here was a general manager who might, conceivably, embroil them in a footless fight. They stood aside, in low voices, discussing Ken Burney, while he registered their names and his; then he joined them.

"Come on up to my room," he ordered, and they followed sullenly. He herded them in before him and closed the door. "You are entitled to an explanation of my extraordinary conduct, boys," he began. "You heard me pull off a boob play—throw a monumental bluff on a man who wouldn't be bluffed. Well, I knew that in advance. Whatever that old coyote's faults, a lack of animal courage isn't one of them. He has a high pride; he has a reputation for courage and audacity to sustain, and his record both as a citizen and as a peace officer has earned him that reputation fairly. He spat on me and I backed water. I had to. I was the aggressor and if I had killed him I would have been tried for murder and, doubtless convicted. Besides, he had two friends with him and one of them didn't look to me like a preacher; who was the big dark man on his left?"

"That was Miguel Gallegos," one of his bodyguard replied.

"I had a suspicion it might be. But no matter. Bruce would have fought if I had resented his spitting upon me; he would have taken a chance on beating me to the draw, knowing his friend, Gallegos, would help. And the other man, too, for all I know."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Why'd you crawfish, Mr. Burney? We'd have stood by you."

"I crawfished deliberately. It was part of my plan. I desire that Martin Bruce shall hold me cheap. I wanted to inculcate in his mind the thought that I am a cheap bully, and I think I succeeded. And I had more luck than I anticipated. I've inculcated the same idea in the mind of Miguel Gallegos."

"We don't get your strategy," another of his bodyguard growled.

"You will a little later. Meanwhile, don't be sulky. When there's shooting to be done I'll start it, but until I'm ready—until I can choose my own battleground—I shall proceed upon the principle that he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day. In other words, I am reserving you boys for a more important occasion."

"I wouldn't let no man spit on me, Mr. Burney," one of his men protested.

"You don't know what you'd do until the occasion arises. When it does, a wise man estimates the situation and plans accordingly. It just isn't possible for Martin Bruce to insult any gentleman."

"Somebody must have insulted him lately," another one of the bodyguard remarked. "He ain't quite over a black eye."

"I heard one of his riders manhandled him a week ago, Bill."

"I am the boy who did that," Ken Burney assurred them. "I pulled him off his horse, took his gun away from him and slapped him around for five minutes; then I quit in a hurry and rode over to El Ranchito for a new job. I secured that job—and if any of you boys have an idea that the king doesn't know what he's doing, I'll give you your time right now. Remember, the king is more than nine years old."

There was less resentment in the eyes of the bodyguard now. Apparently, by mutual consent, the trio decided to accept the general manager's explanation.

"Huachita straddles the international boundary," Burney went on after a pause. "I'm going to cross the *jefe politico* across the line tonight. Can any of you boys lead me to his house?"

It appeared that one of them could. The *jefe politico*, as Burney saw at a glance, was plainly a pure-bred Spaniard, well dressed, courteous, affable. Burney introduced himself and Senor De Haro begged him politely to be seated and inform him in what manner he could be of service. Burney came abruptly to the point.

"Do you know a Senor Miguel Gallegos?"

Senor De Haro spread his facile hands eloquently. "To my sorrow, I do, Senor Burney. He is a Mexican citizen by naturalization only and his real name is Michael Gallegher, although he is half Italian. Sicilian, perhaps, would be the word. You know the Sicilians?"

"Bad people, senor."

"You have explained Miguel Gallegos. He is half bandit, with a following of imported desperadoes and some deluded Mexicans, who follow him blindly because he provides them plentifully with food, clothing and excitement and, occasionally, some money. If I had my way I would send a detachment of rurales against him, but the governor is loath to take any action until Gallegos behaves himself less peaceably than he has during the past two years."

"You are, perhaps, acquainted with Senor Bradley Bardin, the American cattleman?"

"Ah, yes. Bardin of El Ranchito. A fine fellow."

"Well, I am his general manager, and we strongly suspect Miguel Gallegos of branding our calves on that portion of El Ranchito that laps over into Mexico. It is known as El Cajon Bonita."

The *jefe politico* nodded.

"Whether he does this for his own profit or has an alliance with Senor Martin Bruce we do not know."

"He dines tonight with Senor Bruce at the International Hotel, senor. You observe, I am not without information. I keep my eye on that fine fellow."

"Suppose, Senor De Haro," Ken Burney suggested, "that instead of involving your government in an annoying melee with Miguel Gallegos, you permit me to attend to the matter for you? Could that be arranged unofficially? If so, I will guarantee to relieve you of this foreign annoyance."

Senor De Haro gazed upon his visitor with new interest. "It is always desirable to avoid international complications, Señor Burney. You understand I am but a subordinate, yet I have a feeling that such a plan would be most agreeable to His Excellency, the governor..."

"If you can give me his unofficial assurance of sympathy and silence, Senor De Haro, and through your own official influence see to it that an armed party of thirty men, under my command, is permitted to cross the boundary without molestation—"

The *jefe politico* smiled. "It is often an official mistake to see too much, my friend. Your government maintains immigration and customs guards only at the ports of entry, of which Huachita is one. My government does the same. You can cross elsewhere at your pleasure and if, unfortunately, my people should apprehend you, an explanation to me will satisfy."

(To be continued.)

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A LOT FOR A NICKEL

CK46

AFTER EVERY MEAL

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2777

An alluring black transparent velvet introduces alencon lace in deep ecru shade in vestee and in the novel sleeve flounces.

Seaming accentuates the slim hip line that develops into circular fulness below.

Horizontal pin tucks mark the natural waistline at the front to break the breadth.

Style No. 2777 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

It's a dress that you'll find lots of use for afternoons and informal evenings all through the Autumn and for Winter wear.

Less formal but no less attractive is black canton crepe with white crepe.

Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material with ⅜ yard all-over lace.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Party Garters

A pair of party garters would not come amiss in the Christmas stocking of any deb, sub-deb or post-deb you might happen to want to favor.

Black and white is the newest color. And the monogrammed garter has it all over the rest in chic!

If you want to make your own gift from the start, get garter lengths of the best silk elastic you can find, not over three-fourths inch wide. Take very good satin ribbon, slightly wider than your elastic, use black satin for the back, white for the front, and with a secure hand-stitch, preferably the back-stitch, sew them together. The initials should be monogrammed on the white before you finish this seaming. You can draw your friends' initials yourself, write her name in script, or just use a transfer pattern for the monogram.

Should your friend prefer two colors to black and white, say green and lavender, you can make this same gift up in them. But if in doubt as to color preferences, choose black and white for these monogrammed party garters are likely to have a real vogue.

"Don't Die of Love"

Cases of suicide through disappointed love are becoming so numerous in Japan that the authorities are issuing propaganda films and posters, warning the people not to "die of love!"

Her Father's House

She went to the House of God in her poor, plain dress—
Sh who had gone so humbly, so wistful-eyed;
'Mid the well-dressed throng in the busy traffic press,
Hesitant, half abashed by the pomp and pride.
Appraising glances and cold, disparaging eye
Found her too humble for notice, hurrying by.

Hesitant still, like a timid child she went,
Awed by the stately service, and humble of heart.
And, lo, as in deep contrition and need she bent,
Came the knowledge that she in the splendour of life had part.
She rose with her mean garb vanished —in purples drest—
A guest in a royal palace—a welcome guest.

—Emil Bulcock, in the Australian.

Freak Libraries

A library for men only, to which neither women nor books written by women will be admitted, is to be established in an Iowa town.

The donor of this library is not, however, quite so original as he may have supposed. A woman was before him. This lady, a Russian, banned books by men.

In the course of her life she accumulated some 20,000 volumes, all of them written by members of her own sex.

Libraries of this kind are interesting, but they have certain drawbacks. George Eliot and George Sand were both women—will some librarian in a hurry be deceived by the masculine names and allow their works into the library for men only? And male authors have sometimes chosen to win fame under a feminine nom-de-plume.

Then, too, male authors write about women, and women about men. So Eve—or Adam, as the case may be—cannot be entirely excluded from the strictest library, Eden.

Economizing on Furniture Polish

All housewives know how soon a large bottle of furniture polish will disappear when used in the usual way. I have found a way of making it last much longer. Instead of putting the polish directly onto a soft cloth, try preparing a number of them at once, my way. Cut enough pieces of cheesecloth of the desired size—I prefer eighteen inches square to fill a two-quart fruit jar when folded closely. Then pour enough polish in the jar to fill it to the depth of half an inch. Roll the jar on its sides so as to get the inside well coated with the polish. Then pack the cloths in, put on the lid, and leave it a few days before using the cloths. When ready to use you will find the dust cloths well saturated with the polish, and when treated this way, one cloth will last a long time, and the others will be just as good as the first, when you bring them out, even though they have been left in the closed jar for months.

—Mrs. P.

Black Crow Mothers Two White Chickens

A black crow with a family of two white chickens sounds like verging on the impossible, but that is a combination that exists at Boundary Falls, B.C. Mrs. Crow seems to be more than delighted with her pair of white babies, but is a bit impatient that they do not show any evidence of being able to fly aloft.

John Swanlund, a lad of 12 years, residing at Boundary Falls, is the promoter of the novelty. While roving, about a month ago, he found a crow's nest with four eggs, in a tree. Just to have a joke on Mrs. Crow he took two of the eggs away and replaced them with two White Leghorn's eggs and awaited developments. In due time he found that two strong and healthy chicks had arrived but that the crow's eggs did not hatch.

"Shure an' ivery toime I feels in me trousers' pocket for me knife 'tis always in the ither pocket."

"Thin yer ought to look in the ither pocket first."

New Opportunities

The folly that will ne'er be still,
New plans may now commence,
The man who rocks the airship will
Be next in evidence.

The Sweetest Girl

I love a pretty maiden,
For her I fondly sigh,
Her face so sweet I seldom greet;
Of me she's very shy.

Sleeve Board

This is no year to be without a sleeve board for ironing. You can purchase one very inexpensively, cover it yourself, and it is indispensable for jabots, gilets, cuffs, collars, sashes and so on.

Philological Philosophy

It is all right to dote on a girl, but a chap who sows his wild dotes while driving a motor car, is a menace to life.—Montreal Herald.

He did not heed the traffic cop,
But raced along pell mell.
The doctor told the sexton,
And the sexton "tolled" the bell.

This new Kitchen Help will save you Time

Keep a copy of the New Magic Cook Book handy and you'll never have to worry about *what to serve.*

Whether you need a suggestion for lunch . . . for dinner . . . or for your tea guests, you'll find the answer in this new handy housewife's help.

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Look for this mark on every tin. It is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

Bed-Time

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

I like to go to bed, when it is night,
With cozy blankets, all checked off with pink;
And great big pillows, oh, so soft and white!

I like to lie awake, awhile, and think.

I like to think about the pretty birds,
And all the frisky squirrels, in the park.
And how the loving Father-Mother, God,
Is always staying with them, in the dark.

And He is with them, too, when it is day;
And all the sky is just a lovely blue.
And I'm so glad to know His tender love
Is watching over little children, too.

And, by and by, I start for Sleepy Town,
All drowsy, and as happy as can be.
With great big pillows, soft as thistle-down.
And fluffy checkered blankets over me.

—Anne Haviland Ecclestone.

Famous Old Club Celebrates Centenary

The Royal Geographical Society was a hundred years old in October. Beginning as the Raleigh Dining Club, an organization of travellers, it was never in a more thriving condition than to-day. It goes back to the time of the Duke of Wellington, who was one of its first fellows. To-day it includes 6,439 members, among them royal persons and many honorary correspondents. The income is £22,000 a year. It has a travel and exploration libary of 75,000 volumes, of which many are very rare. About 20,000 letters are received every year. Some, as the president, Sir Charles Close, said at the August meeting, "open up a wide field of interest and conjecture. Such questions as 'What are the Seven Seas?' 'How many continents are there?' are not uncommon. I believe that Atlantis is having a rest just now, however, and the sea serpent, too." Among the society's riches should be mentioned 184,000 maps and charts, 1,700 atlases, 75,000 photographs and 2,000 lantern slides.

The council of the society invites papers on Human Geography. It would like to know what is going to happen to the continually increasing population of nearly every country in the world, where will the surplus be accommodated; how food and work will be found for the new myriads; what lands are suitable for development. It is famous for its evening meetings, at which explorers appear and tell their stories. Discussion follows, some of the most eminent travellers and geographers in the world taking part. At these meetings Livingstone, Stanley, Nansen, Amundsen, Scott, Peary, Shackleton and Sven Hedin have been welcomed. At the present time the society is a patron of Watkins, who is surveying the Greenland ice cap to determine whether an air route to Canada would be feasible. Travellers are trained in surveying instruments are lent. "Hints to Travelers," first published in 1854, is now in its tenth edition. It has to do with map-making, geology, natural history, anthropology, industry and commerce, and gives hints as to clothing and health in many climates.

The success of the institution has been due mainly to the exertions and devotion of three men: Roderick Murchison, Clements Markham and Douglas Freshfield. Fortunate for his fame is the explorer who receives the accolade of the society. The late Dr. Nansen was twice honored: when the Patron's Medal was bestowed on him in 1891, and when, on the occasion of his Farthest North, a special medal was presented. "The world," said Sir Charles Close at the summer meeting, "has lost an heroic figure which will become legendary."

Condensed milk has been found to be quite fresh after twenty-five years.

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Just Off the Boardwalk
Fireproof Construction
On a Residential Avenue
Harmonious, restful surroundings with recreational advantages.
European Plan from $4 Daily
American Plan from $7 Daily
WEEKLY OR SEASON RATES ON APPLICATION

Snow

White are the far-off plains, and white
The fading forests grow;
The wind dies out along the height,
And denser still the snow;
A gathering weight on roof and tree,
Falls down scarce audibly.

The meadows and far-sheeted streams
Lie still without a sound;
Like some soft minister of dreams
The snow-fall hoods me round;
In wood and water, earth and air,
A silence everywhere.

The evening deepens, and the gray
Folds closer earth and sky;
The world seems shrouded far away;
Its noises sleep, and I,
As secret as yon buried stream,
Plod dumbly on, and dream.

—Archibald Lampman.

Lethbridge, Alberta.—Sugar beets grown on phosphated fields have matured more rapidly than those grown on untreated fields, according to T. George Wood, district manager, who said that the sugar factory at Raymond is exceeding its expected slicing capacity and will likely average 1,050 tons of beets a day.

London's Famous Lake

The Serpentine, in Hyde Park, London, is now exactly two centuries old.

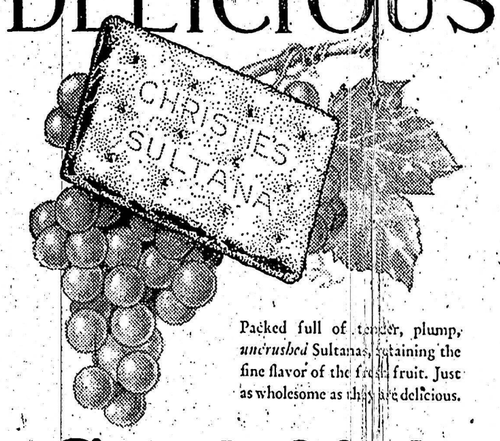
It was begun, 200 years ago, because Queen Caroline, the consort of George II., had the idea of building a Royal palace in the Park, and converting the place into a Royal pleasure ground. But the scheme fell through, apart from the construction of the Serpentine by joining up a number of ponds and lakes with the Westbourne brook to form one large sheet of water.

Many people have wondered why and how the Serpentine got its name. In landscape gardening in the first half of the eighteenth century it was the rule that any ornamental water should be perfectly straight and square. So the shape of the Serpentine was really a revolutionary innovation, and the name given to it emphasized its break with the old tradition.

Institution

Marriage is a great institution, but unfortunately so many do not like to live in an institution.—Medicine Hat News.

DELICIOUS



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Prompt relief from
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