

Surpassing

all others in Delicacy and Fragrance.

"SALADA"

TEA

SEALED PACKETS ONLY

EVERY LEAF PURE

Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

(Copyright, Thomas Allen.)

William MacLeod Raine was born in London, England, in 1871, of Scottish parentage. At the age of eleven he moved to the United States where his father owned a sawmill and a cattle ranch. After graduating from Oberlin College in 1894 he went to Seattle, from which place he moved after a few years to Denver, Colorado, where he married and took up newspaper work and short-story writing. "Tangled Trails" is a detective story of exceptional merit.

CHAPTER I.

NO ALTRUIST.

Esther McLean brought the afternoon mail in to Cunningham. She put it on the desk before him and stood waiting, timidly, afraid to voice her demand for justice, yet too desperately anxious to leave with it unspoken. He leaned back in his swivel chair, his cold eyes challenging her. "Well," he barked harshly.

She was a young, soft creature, very pretty in a kittenish fashion, both sensuous and helpless. It was an easy guess that unless fortune stood her friend she was a predestined victim to the world's selfish love of pleasure. And fortune, with a cynical smile, had

stood aside and let her go her way. "I . . . I . . ." A wave of color flooded her face. She twisted a rag of a handkerchief into a hard wadded knot.

"Spit it out," he ordered curtly. "I've got to do something. . . soon. Won't you—won't you—" There was a wail of despair in the unfinished sentence.

James Cunningham was a grim, gray pirate, as malleable as cast iron and as soft. He was a large, big-boned man, aggressive, dominant, the kind that takes the world by the throat and shakes success from it. The contour of his hook-nosed face had something rapacious written on it.

"No. Not till I get good and ready. I've told you I'd look out for you if you'd keep still. Don't come whining at me. I won't have it."

Already he was ripping letters open and glancing over them. Tears brimmed the brown eyes of the girl. She bit her lower lip, choked back a sob, and turned hopelessly away. Her misfortune lay at her own door. She knew that. But—the woe in her heart was that the man she had loved was leaving her to face alone a night as bleak as death.

Cunningham had always led a life of intelligent selfishness. He had usually got what he wanted because he was strong enough to take it. No scrupulous nicety of means had ever deterred him. Nor ever would. He played his own hand with a cynical disregard of the rights of others. It was this that had made him what he was, a man who bulked large in the sight of the city and state. Long ago he had made up his mind that altruism was weakness.

He went through his mail with a swift, trained eye. One of the letters he laid aside and glanced at a second time. It brought a grim, hard smile to his lips. A paragraph read:

There's no water in your ditch and our crops are burning up. Your whole irrigation system in Dry Valley is a fake. You knew it, but we didn't. You've skinned us out of all we had, you damned bloodsucker. If you ever come up here we'll dry-gulch you, sure.

The letter was signed, "One You Have Robbed." Attached to it was a clipping from a small-town paper telling of a meeting of farmers to ask the United States District Attorney for an investigation of the Dry Valley irrigation project promoted by James Cunningham.

The promoter smiled. He was not afraid of the Government. He had kept strictly within the law. It was not his fault there was not enough rainfall in the watershed to irrigate the valley. But the threat to dry-gulch him was another matter. He had no fancy for being shot in the back. Some crazy fool of a settler might do just that. He decided to let an agent attend to his Dry Valley affairs hereafter.

He dictated some letters, closed his desk, and went down the street toward the City Club. At a florist's he stopped and ordered a box of American Beauties to be sent to Miss Phyllis Harriman. With these he enclosed his card, a line of greeting scrawled on it.

A poker game was on at the club and Cunningham sat in. He interrupted it to dine, holding his seat by leaving a pile of chips at the place. When he cashed in his winnings and went downstairs it was still early. As a card-player he was not popular. He was too keen on the main chance and he nearly always won. In spite of his loud and frequent laugh, of the effect of bluff geniality, there was no genuine humor in the man, none of the milk of human kindness.

A lawyer in the reading-room rose at sight of Cunningham. "Want to see you a minute," he said. "Let's go into the Red Room."

He led the way into a small room furnished with a desk, writing supplies, and a telephone. It was for the use of members who wanted to be private. The lawyer shut the door. "Afraid I've bad news for you, Cunningham," he said.

The other man's steady eyes did not waver. He waited silently.

"I was at Golden to-day on business connected with a divorce case. By chance I ran across a record that

astonished me. It may be only a coincidence of names, but—"

"Now you've wrapped up the black-jack so that it won't hurt, suppose you go ahead and hit me over the head with it," suggested Cunningham dryly.

The lawyer told what he knew. The promoter took it with no evidence of feeling other than that which showed in narrowed eyes hard as diamonds and a clenched jaw in which the muscles stood out like ropes.

"Much obliged, Foster," he said, and the lawyer knew he was dismissed. Cunningham paced the room for a few moments, then rang for a messenger. He wrote a note and gave it to the boy to be delivered. Then he left the club.

From Seventeenth Street he walked across to the Paradox Apartments where he lived. He found a note propped up against a book on the table of his living-room. It had been written by the Japanese servant he shared with two other bachelors who lived in the same building.

Mr. Hull he come see you. He sorry you not here. He say maybe perhaps make honorable call some other time. It was signed, "S. Horikawa."

Cunningham tossed the note aside. He had no wish to see Hull. The fellow was becoming a nuisance. If he had any complaint he could go to the courts with it. That was what they were for.

The doorbell rang. The promoter opened to a big, barrel-bodied man who pushed past him into the room. "What you want, Hull?" demanded Cunningham curtly.

The man thrust his bull neck forward. A heavy roll of fat swelled over the collar. "You know damn well what I want. I want what's comin' to me. My share of the Dry Valley clean-up. An' I'm gonna have it. See?"

"You've had every cent you'll get. I told you that before."

Tiny red capillaries seamed the face of the fat man. "An' I told you I was gonna have a divvy. An' I am. You can't throw down Cass Hull an' get away with it. Not none." The shallow protuberant eyes glittered threateningly.

"Thought you knew me better," Cunningham retorted contemptuously. "When I say I won't, I won't. Go to a lawyer if you think you've got a case. Don't come belly-aching to me."

The face of the fat man was apologetic. "Like sin I'll go to a lawyer. You'd like that fine, you double-crossin' sidewinder. I'll come with a six-gun. That's how I'll come. An' soon. I'll give you two days to come through. Two days. If you don't—hell sure enough will cough."

Whatever else could be said about Cunningham he was no coward. He met the raving man eye to eye.

"I don't scare worth a cent, Hull. Get out. Pronto. And don't come back unless you want me to turn you over to the police for a blackmailing crook."

Cunningham was past fifty-five and his hair was streaked with gray. But he stood straight as an Indian, six feet in his socks. The sap of strength still rang strong in him. In the days when he had ridden the range he had been famous for his stamina and he was even yet a formidable two-fisted fighter.

But Hull was beyond prudence. "I'll go when I get ready, an' I'll come back when I get ready," he boasted.

There came a soft thud of a hard fist on fat flesh, the crash of a heavy bulk against the door. After that things moved fast. Hull's body reacted to the pain of smashing blows falling swift and sure. Before he knew what had taken place he was on the landing outside on his way to the stairs. He hit the treads hard and rolled on down.

A man coming upstairs helped him to his feet.

"What's up?" the man asked. Hull glared at him, for the moment speechless. His eyes were venomous, his mouth a thin, cruel slit. He

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Delicious Desserts easily made with

McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE

QUICK PUDDINGS AND CUSTARDS

Save time, trouble and money. Just add milk to contents of package. Boil for a minute—and serve. Equally delicious, hot or cold.

Puddings
Chocolate, Coconut, Tapioca
Custards
Lemon, Vanilla, Arrowroot,
Nutmeg, Almond, Plain
At all Grocers.

Specify **McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE**

Made by McLARENS LIMITED, Hamilton and Winnipeg. 14

pushed the newcomer aside, opened the door of the apartment opposite, went in, and slammed it after him.

The man who assisted him to rise was dark and immaculately dressed.

"I judge Uncle James has been exercising," he murmured before he took the next flight of stairs.

On the door of apartment 12 was a legend in Old English engraved on a calling card. It said:

James Cunningham

The visitor pushed the electric bell. Cunningham opened to him.

"Good-evening, Uncle," the younger man said. "Your elevator is not running. So I walked up. On the way I met a man going down. He seemed rather in a hurry."

"A cheap blackmailer trying to hold me up. I threw him out."

"Thought he looked put out," answered the younger man, smiling politely. "I see you still believe in applying direct energy to difficulties."

"I do. That's why I sent for you." The promoter's cold eyes were inscrutable. "Come in and shut the door."

The young man sauntered in. He glanced at his uncle curiously from his sparkling black eyes. What the devil did James, Senior, mean by what he had said? Was there any particular significance in it?

He stroked his small black mustache. "Glad to oblige you any way I can, sir."

"Sit down." The young Beau Brummel hung up his hat and cane, sank into the easiest chair in the room, and selected a cigarette from a gold-initialed case.

"At your service, sir," he said languidly.

(To be continued.)

Why He Hesitated.

"You probably wouldn't think it of me," confessed Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, who is blessed with fourteen children and usually has from one to seven of his wife's hungry kinsfolk visiting him "but I held off getting married for quite a spell, b'cuz I was afeared I couldn't stand the monotony of having to live with one person all my life."

Beautifully Done.

The Bridegroom: "Would you mind if I went into a smoking compartment, dear?"

The Bride: "What! to smoke?"

The Bridegroom: "Oh, dear, no! I want to experience the agony of being away from you, so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Most of us would be a bit happier and possibly more useful if we could sprout a few new ideas in our intellectual garden.



Mr. Man—

You feel Lifebuoy's healthiness right down into the pores.

After Lifebuoy—you feel cleaner than you have ever felt before.

The delight and comfort of using Lifebuoy are famous around the world.

The odour vanishes quickly after use

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Lb-69

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Kelsey Heating is Right Heating

The Kelsey warm air generator will heat every room in your house. It is easy to operate and costs less for fuel than any other heating method. Heats both small and large houses with equal satisfaction. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS. CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED. JAMES SMART PLANT BROCKVILLE ONT.

The Suez Canal took thirteen years to construct.

Fresh air and

BOVRIL

—or, as the Report of the Ministry of Health of Great Britain said: "a sanitary environment and sound nutrition"—

are the great safeguards of Health.

Pure

You can be sure of it



When you're hot and thirsty—

This beverage—ice-cold—a blend of pure sugar, fruit flavors and other choicest products from nature—is ready in a bottle which is the most sanitary package that can be made.

It comes from our absolutely sanitary plant, where every bottle is sterilized. Ready at hundreds of places.

Buy it by the case and keep a few bottles on ice at home.



Drink

Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

2-C-14

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment.

Aids digestion. Allays thirst. Soothes the throat.

For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM LASTS
THE FLAVOR LASTS

EDDY'S MATCHES

—always satisfy the housewife

EVERYWHERE IN CANADA ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

Have you shined your shoes today?

2 IN 1
Shoe Polish
Saves You Money