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Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINB

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CHAPTER XXXIII.
OLSON TELLS A STORY.

When Rose heard from Esther next day she and Kirby took the Interurban for Golden. Esther had written that she wanted to see his sister because Cole was going to take her back to Wyoming at once.

The sisters wept in each other's arms and then passed together into Esther's bedroom for an intimate talk. The younger sister was still happy only in moments of forgetfulness, though she had been rescued from death in life. Cole had found her comfortably situated at a farmhouse a mile or two back from the canon. She had gone there under the urge of her need, at the instigation of James Cunningham, who could not afford to have the scandal of his relations with her become public at the same time as the announcement of his marriage to Phyllis Harriman. The girl loved Cole and trusted him. Her heart went out to him in a warm glow of gratitude. But the shadow of her fault was a barrier in her mind between them, and would be long after his kindness had melted the ice in her bosom.

"We've got it all fixed up to tell how we was married when I come down to Denver last April only we kep' it quiet because she wanted to hold her job awhile," Cole explained to his friend. "Onc' I get her back there in God's hills she'll sure enough forget all about this trouble. The way I look at it she was jus' like a lil' kid that takes a mis-step in the dark an' falls an' hurts itself. You know how a wounded deer can look at a fellow so sorrowful an' hurt. Well, tha's how her brown eyes looked at me when I come round the corner o' the house up Platte Canon an' seen her sittin' there starin' at hell."

Kirby shook hands with him in a sudden stress of emotion. "You'll do to take along, old alkali, you sure enough will."

"Oh, shucks!" retorted Cole, between disgust and embarrassment. "I always claimed to be a white man, didn't I? You can't give a fellow credit for doin' the thing he'd rather do than anything else. But prod a peg in this. I'm gonna make that lil' girl plumb happy. She thinks she won't be, that she's lost the right to be. She's 'way off. I can see her perk up already. I got a real laugh outta her this mornin'."

Kirby knew the patience, the steadiness, and the kindness of his friend. Esther had fallen into the best of hands. She would find again the joy of life. He had no doubt of that. Gayety and laughter were of her heritage.

He said as much to Rose on the way home. She agreed. For the first time

since she left Cheyenne the girl was her old self. Esther's problem had been solved far more happily than she had dared to hope.

"I'm goin' to have a gay time apologizin' to Jack," said Kirby, his eyes dancing. "It's not so blamed funny at that, but I can't help laughin' every time I think of how he must 'a' been grinnin' up his sleeve at me for my fool mistake. I'll say he brought it on himself, though. He was feelin' guilty on his brother's account, an' I didn't get his embarrassment right. James is a pretty cool customer. From first to last he never turned a hair when the subject was mentioned."

"What about him?" Rose asked.

The cattleman pretended alarm. "Now, don't you," he remonstrated. "Don't you expect me to manhandle James, too. I'm like Napoleon. Another victory like the battle of last night would sure put me in the hospital. I'm a peaceable citizen, a poor, lone cowboy far away from home. Where I come from it's as quiet as a peace conference. This wildest-Denver stuff gets my nerve."

She smiled into his battered face. A dimple nestled in her soft, warm cheek. "I see it does. It's a pity about you. I didn't suppose your cousin Jack had it in him to spoil your beauty like that."

"Neither did I," he said, answering her smile. "I sure picked on the wrong man. He's one handy lad with his dibs—put me down twice before we decided to call it off. I like that young fellow."

"Better not like him too much. You may have to work against him yet."

"True enough," he admitted, falling grave again. "As to James, we'll ride close herd on him for a while, but we'll ride wide. Looks to me like he may have to face a jury an' fight for his life right soon."

"Do you think he killed your uncle?"

"I don't want to think so. He's a bad egg, I'm afraid. But my father's sister was his mother. I'd hate to have to believe it."

"But in your heart you do believe it," she said gently.

He looked at her. "I'm afraid so. But that's a long way from knowin' it."

They parted at her boarding house. A man rose to meet Kirby when he stepped into the rotunda of his hotel. He was a gaunt, broad-shouldered man with ragged eyebrows.

"Well, I came," he said, and his voice was harsh.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Olson. Come up to my room. We can talk there more freely."

The Scandinavian rancher followed him to the elevator and from there to his room.

"Why don't they arrest Hull?" he

demanding as soon as the door was closed.

"Not enough evidence." Suppose I can give evidence. Say I practically saw Hull do it. Would they arrest him—or me?"

"They'd arrest him," Kirby answered. "They don't know you're the man who wrote the threatening letter."

"Hmp!" grunted the rancher suspiciously. "That's what you say, but you're not the whole works."

Kirby offered a chair and a cigar. He sat down on the bed himself. "Better spill your story to me, Olson. Two heads are better than one," he said carelessly.

The Swede's sullen eyes bored into him. Before the frank and engaging smile his doubts lost force. "I got to take a chance. Might as well be with you as any one."

The Wyoming man struck a match, held it for the use of his guest, then lit his own cigar. For a few moments they smoked in silence. Kirby leaned back easily against the head of the bed. He did not intend to frighten the rancher by hurrying him.

"When Cunningham worked that crooked irrigation scheme of his on Dry Valley, I reckon I was one of them that hollered the loudest. Prob'ly I talked foolish about what all I was gonna do about it. I wasn't blowin' off hot air either. If I'd got a good chance at him, or at Hull either, I would surely have called for a showdown an' gunned him if I could. But that wasn't what I came to Denver for. I had to arrange about gettin' my mortgage renewed."

He stopped and took a nervous puff or two at the cigar. Kirby nodded in a friendly fashion without speaking. He did not want by anything he might say to divert the man's mind from the track it was following.

"I took a room at the Wyndham because the place had been recommended to me by a neighbor of mine who knew the landlady. When I went there I didn't know that either Cunningham or Hull lived next door. That's a God's truth. I didn't. Well, I saw Hull go in there the very day I got to town, but the first I knew yore uncle lived there was ten or maybe fifteen minutes before he was killed. I wouldn't say but what it was twenty minutes, come to that. I wasn't payin' no attention to time."

Olson's eyes challenged those of his host. His suspicion was still smoldering. An unhappy remark, a look of distrust, might still have dried up the stream of his story. But he found in that steady regard nothing more damnable than a keen, boyish interest.

"Maybe you recollect how hot those days were. Well, in my cheap, stuffy room, openin' on an airshaft, it was hotter'n hell with the lid on. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I went out into the corridor an' down it to the fire escape outside the window. It was a lot cooler there. I lit a stogie an' sat on the railin' smokin', maybe for a quarter of an hour. By-an'-by some one come into the apartment right across the alley from me. I could see the lights come on. It was a man. I saw him step into what must be the bedroom. He moved around there some. I couldn't tell what he was doin' because he didn't switch on the light, but he must 'a' been changin' to his easy coat an' his slippers. I know that because he came into the room just opposite the fire escape where I was sittin' on the rail. He threw on the lights, an' I saw him plain. It was Cunningham, the old crook who had beat me outa fifteen hundred dollars."

Kirby smoked steadily, evenly. Not a flicker of the eyelids showed the excitement racing through his blood. At last he was coming close to the heart of the mystery that surrounded the deaths of his uncle and his valet.

"I reckon I saw red for a minute," Olson continued. "If I'd been carryin' a gun I might 'a' used it right there an' then. But I hadn't one, lucky for me. He sat down in a big easy-chair an' took a paper from his pocket. It looked like some kind of a legal document. He read it through, then stuck it in one o' the cubby-holes of his desk. I forgot to say he was smokin', an' not a stogie like I was, but a big cigar he'd unwrapped from silver paper after takin' it from a boxful."

"He lighted the cigar after coming into the small room," Kirby said, in the voice of a question.

"Yes. Didn't I say so? Took it from a box on a stand near the chair. Well, when he got through with the paper he leaned back an' kinda shut his eyes like he was thinkin' somethin' over. All of a sudden I saw him straighten up an' get rigid. Before he could rise from the chair a woman came into the room an' after her a man."

"The man was Cass Hull."

(To be continued.)

Promotions.

Promotions usually come to those who deserve them most. Persons who seem to advance most rapidly are those who have really been preparing for many years for higher promotion.

They are the ones who did the things for which they weren't paid; who carried every task to a complete finish; who built up a reputation for doing things in a superior way, thus proving to those higher up their ability to handle more responsible positions.

You are going to get out of your work just what you put into it. You are master of your destiny. Men usually get what they go after, if they go after it in earnest and work hard. Let every day be a big day and every opportunity be a big opportunity.

Why Do We Dream?

What is the cause of dreams? Why does the brain, which is under control in what seems a wild and irrational way?

The answer is simple: If the blood while we wake, work while we sleep did not continue to circulate while we slept, we should never dream those fantastic dreams which puzzle us so much. It is because our blood still circulates through the brain that thoughts, vague and unconnected mostly, must continue to be thrown off and cause what we call-dreams.

Our power of thinking, while we wake, is governed by reflection, and is sound or unsound according to our mental capacity. When asleep, however, this no longer holds, though it is said that persons who, in their waking hours, habitually keep their minds and fancies under strict control, have far more rational dreams than those whose mental self-control is weak.

The brain, the most sensitive portion of the body, is composed of atoms refined to the most exquisite degree. In all probability, when Science possesses the delicate instruments necessary to explain all atomic nature, it will be found that what is commonly called "grey matter" is akin to the unknown force which produces Light.

The ordinary light—which you distinguish from darkness—is, in reality, hardly less artificial than manufactured light. It is produced by a certain force acting upon the ether and transmuting it into light-waves. These light-waves, in their turn, act upon the retina of the eye and enable you to see.

What this force is Science cannot exactly say. It is certain, however, that friction is the chief cause operating to produce light, and herein you get the analogy with the human brain. In order to move or "throw off" the atoms of the brain, friction is necessary. That friction is caused by the circulation of the blood, and the more sensitive the quality of the brain, the more easily it responds to the action of the blood circulating through its thousands of small blood-vessels. This is the point where thought is created.

So you dream while you sleep, for the reason that your brain, by virtue of the never-ceasing blood-circulation, continues to throw off its atoms and carries, by force of habit, a jumble of symbols which, not being under control, issue forth wildly, vaguely, and unintelligently or at least without co-ordination.

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She was very literary, and from America. She had just been "doing" the home of Sir Walter Scott.

The guide was a little bored. "Marmion" is just too—"she beamed. "And 'Ivanhoe,' why, that belongs! 'Kenilworth,' now—isn't that the real literary goods? And 'The Lady of the Lake'—but there, anything of Scott's—"

"And do you know his 'Emulsion'?" asked the guide.

"For goodness' sake! Why, I think that's just the cutest thing he ever wrote."

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Kelly—"If yez force me to pay that note now, I can't pay it."
O'Brien—"But if I wait till yez pay it, I'll never git it!"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Sarcasim.

Alice for the first time saw a cat carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.

"You ain't fit to be a mother," she cried scathingly. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father!"

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True Romances Barred

We regret very much to inform our Canadian friends that our magazine, TRUE ROMANCES, has been barred by the custom or post-office officials.

Magazines are barred from Canada because of complaints registered against them. We find, however, that adverse critics of our publications rarely read them. From the title and general appearance they sometimes class them with publications which depend entirely upon their sale through lascivious appeal. As a reader of this publication you know that the magazines we publish are not of that character.

We would be greatly pleased, therefore, if you would indicate your friendly feeling toward TRUE ROMANCES and your confidence in it by petitioning the Commissioner of Customs, Ottawa, Canada, that such reinstatement be made.

At the foot of this announcement is a brief form of petition provided for your convenience. Will you not sign it to-day and mail it to E. J. Blackley, 130 Richmond St. West, Toronto, who will present it together with the large number of similar petitions to the Commissioner of Customs as soon as they are all in.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

The Honorable Commissioner of Customs,
Ottawa, Canada

I believe that TRUE ROMANCES is a magazine of good moral tone and high ideals and that it is honestly entitled to reinstatement upon the list of magazines eligible for circulation throughout the Dominion of Canada. Accordingly I respectfully petition you to make such reinstatement.

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