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World Tour in Seventeen Days.

Complete time-tables for a round-the-world passenger service which will accomplish the journey in seventeen days have been worked out by experts of Imperial Airways, Ltd., the new British organization.

Fresh links have been mapped out for the 27,000-mile air-line, and tests are to be made with airships of enormous capacity. Passengers will leave London by the morning air express for Paris, which maintains a speed of 105 miles an hour. They may expect to reach Constantinople the following morning and Cairo by midday.

A long-distance airship will take them from the Egyptian capital to Australia, arriving on the ninth day after leaving London.

The air travellers will cross the Pacific to San Francisco in another giant airship, and will cross the United States by aeroplane express. New York will be reached on the fifteenth day. This link is already established.

The Atlantic crossing to Europe will be made by the great airship liner soon to be delivered to the United States by the Zeppelin Company.

The airship voyage to Europe is scheduled so that world-travellers, gliding down at London, will accomplish in seventeen days what took Jules Verne's imaginary hero eighty days.

Minard's Liniment for Headache.

Strength of Silver Wire.

A silver wire one-twelfth of an inch in diameter will support a weight of 188 pounds.

THE MATCH

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

PART I.

Sergeant Brokaw was hatched-faced, with shifting pale blue eyes that had a glint of cruelty in them. He was tall, and thin, and lithe as a cat. He belonged to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and was one of the best men on the trail that had ever gone into the north.

His business was man-hunting. Ten years of seeking after human prey had given him many of the characteristics of a fox. For six of those ten years he had represented law north of fifty-three. Now he had come to the end of his last hunt, close up to the Arctic Circle. For one hundred and eighty-seven days he had been following a man. The hunt had begun in midsummer, and it was now midwinter. Billy Loring, who was wanted for murder, had been a hard man to find. But he was caught at last, and Brokaw was keenly exultant. It was his greatest achievement. It would mean a great deal for him down at headquarters.

In the rough and dimly lighted cabin his man sat opposite him, on a bench, his manacled hands crossed over his knees. He was a younger man than Brokaw—thirty, or a little better. His hair was long, reddish, and untrimmed. A stubble of reddish beard covered his face. His eyes, too, were blue—of the deep, honest blue that one remembers, and most frequently trusts. He did not look like a criminal. There was something almost boyish in his face, a little hollowed by long privation. He was the sort of man that other men liked. Even Brokaw, who had a heart like flint in the face of crime, had melted a little.

"Ugh!" he shivered. "Listen to that beastly wind! It means three days of storm."

Outside a gale was blowing straight down from the Arctic. They could hear the steady moaning of it in the spruce tops over the cabin, and now and then there came one of those raging blasts that filled the night with strange shieking sounds. Volleys of fine, hard snow beat against the one window with a rattle like shot. In the cabin it was comfortable. It was Billy's cabin. He had built it deep in a swamp, where there were lynx and fisher cat to trap, and where he had thought that no one could find him. The sheet-iron stove was glowing hot. An oil lamp hung from the ceiling. Billy was sitting so that the glow of this fell in his face. It scintillated on the rings of steel about his wrists. Brokaw was a cautious man, as well as a clever one, and he took no chances.

"I like storms—when you're inside,

an' close to a stove," replied Billy. "Makes me feel sort of—safe." He smiled a little grimly. Even at that it was not an unpleasant smile.

Brokaw's snow-reddened eyes gazed at the other.

"There's something in that," he said. "This storm will give you at least three days more of life."

"Won't you drop that?" asked the prisoner, turning his face a little, so that it was shaded from the light. "You've got me now, an' I know what's coming as well as you do." His voice was low and quiet, with the faintest trace of a broken note in it, deep down in his throat. "We're alone, old man, and a long way from anyone. I ain't blaming you for catching me. I haven't got anything against you. So let's drop this other thing—what I'm going down to—and talk something pleasant. I know I'm going to hang. That's the law. It'll be unpleasant enough when it comes, don't you think? Let's talk about—about—home. Got any kids?"

Brokaw shook his head, and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Never married," he said shortly. "Never married," mused Billy, regarding him with a curious softening of his blue eyes. "You don't know what you've missed, Brokaw. Of course, it's none o' my business, but you've got a home—somewhere—"

Brokaw shook his head again. "Been in the service ten years," he said. "I've got a mother living with my brother somewhere down in York State. I've sort of lost track of them. Haven't seen 'em in five years."

Billy was looking at him steadily. Slowly he rose to his feet, lifted his manacled hands, and turned down the light.

"Hurts my eyes," he said, and he laughed frankly as he caught the suspicious glint in Brokaw's eyes. He seated himself again, and leaned over toward the other. "I haven't talked to a white man for three months," he added, a little hesitatingly. "I've been hiding—close. I had a dog for a time, but he died, an' I didn't dare go hunting for another. I knew you fellows were pretty close after me. But I wanted to get enough fur to take me to South America. Had it all planned an' she was going to join me there—with the kid. Understand? If you'd kept away another month—"

There was a husky break in his voice, and he coughed to clear it. "You don't mind if I talk, do you—about her, an' the kid? I've got to do it, or bust, or go mad. I've got to because—to-day—she was twenty-four—at ten o'clock in the morning—an' it's our wedding day—"

The half gloom hid from Brokaw what was in the other's face. And then Billy laughed almost joyously. "Say, but she's been a true little pardner," he whispered proudly, as there came a lull in the storm. "She was just born for me, an' everything seemed to happen on her birthday, an' that's why I can't be downhearted even now. It's her birthday, you see, an' this morning, before you came, I was just that happy that I set a plate for her at the table, an' put her picture and a curl of her hair beside it—set the picture up so it was looking at me—an' we had breakfast together. Look here—"

He moved to the table, with Brokaw watching him like a cat, and brought something back with him, wrapped in a soft piece of buckskin. He unfolded the buckskin tenderly, and drew forth a long curl that rippled a dull red and gold in the lamp-glow, and then he handed a photograph to Brokaw.

"That's her!" he whispered. Brokaw turned so that the light fell on the picture. A sweet, girlish face smiled at him from out of a wealth of flowing disheveled curls.

"She had it taken that way just for me," explained Billy, with the enthusiasm of a boy in his voice. "She's always wore her hair in curls—an' a braid—for me when we're home. I love it that way. Guess I may be silly, but I'll tell you why. That was down in York State, too. She lived in a cottage, all grown over with honeysuckle an' morning glory, with green hills and valleys all about it—and the old apple orchard just behind. That day we were in the orchard, all red an' white with bloom, and she dared me to a race. I let her beat me, and when I came up she stood under one of the trees, her cheeks like the pink blossoms and her hair all tumbled about her like an armful of gold, shaking the loose apple blossoms down on her head. I forgot everything then and I didn't stop until I had her in my arms, an'—an' she's been my little pardner ever since. After the baby came we moved up into Canada, where I had a good chance in a new mining town. And then—"

A furious blast of the storm sent the overhanging spruce tops smashing against the top of the cabin. Straight overhead the wind shrieked almost like human voices, and the one window rattled as though it were shaken by human hands. The lamp had been burning lower and lower. It began to flicker now, the quick sputter of the wick lost in the noise of the gale. Then it went out. Brokaw leaned over and opened the door of the big box stove, and the red glow of the fire took the place of the lamp.

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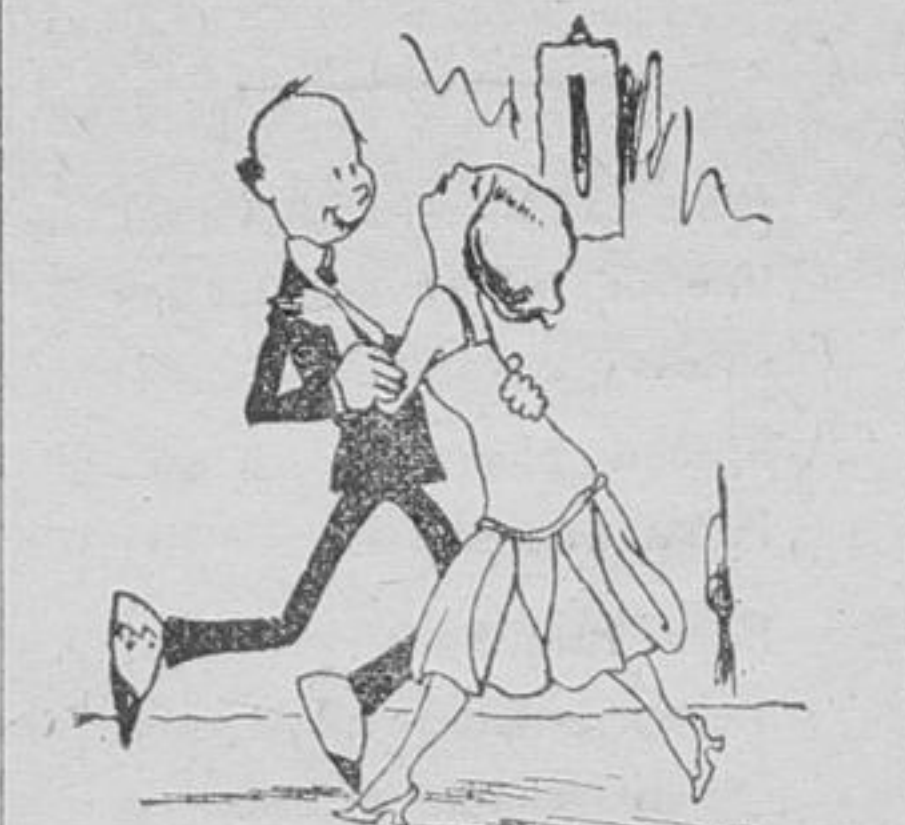
light. He leaned back and relighted his pipe, eyeing Billy. The sudden blast, the going out of the light, the opening of the stove door, had all happened in a minute, but the interval was long enough to bring a change into Billy's voice. It was cold and hard when he continued. He leaned over toward Brokaw, and the boyishness had gone from his face.

"Of course, I can't expect you to have any sympathy for this other business, Brokaw," he went on. "Sympathy isn't in your line, an' you wouldn't be the big man you are in the service if you had it. But I'd like to know what you would have done. We were up there six months, and we'd both grown to love the big woods, and she was getting prettier and happier every day—when Thorne, the new superintendent, came up. One day she told me she didn't like Thorne, but I didn't pay much attention to that, and laughed at her, and said he was a good fellow. After that I could see that something was worrying her, and pretty soon I couldn't help from seeing what it was, and everything came out. It was Thorne. He was persecuting her. She hadn't told me, because she knew it would make trouble and I'd lose my job. One afternoon I came home earlier than usual and found her crying. She put her arms round my neck, and just cried it all out, with her face snuggled in my neck, and kissin' me—"

Brokaw could see the cords in Billy's neck. His manacled hands were clenched.

"What would you have done, Brokaw?" he asked huskily. "What if you had a wife, an' she told you that another man had insulted her, and was forcing his attentions on her, and she asked you to give up your job and take her away? Would you have done it, Brokaw? No, you wouldn't. You'd have hunted up the man. That's what I did. He had been drinking—just enough to make him devilish, and he laughed at me—I didn't mean to strike so hard—but it happened. I killed him. I got away. She and the baby are down in the little cottage again—down in York State—an' I know she's awake this minute—our wedding day—thinking of me, an' praying for me, an' counting the days between now and spring. We were going to South America then."

(To be continued.)



She—"They tell me late hours are bad for one."
He—"Yes, but there are two of us."

Foolish Slaughter of Birds.
It is declared by the best French authority that swallows and other small birds during their migratory passage are slain in thousands by every conceivable device, including metal perches charged with electricity by which enormous numbers are killed by a single stroke, to be afterwards spitted, roasted and served up to gourmets in the French restaurants of towns and cities bordering on the Mediterranean.

Harness Volcano.

A new plan for harnessing volcanoes comes from Hawaii. The territorial government has consulted the Department of Commerce about a suggestion, seemingly practical, for making bricks of molten lava from the crater of Kilauea. The idea is to stretch across the crater a trolley that will carry an endless chain of buckets to scoop up the liquid lava, bring it to the rim of the volcano and pour it into moulds.

Minard's Liniment for Aches and Pains

Government Municipal Industrial BONDS

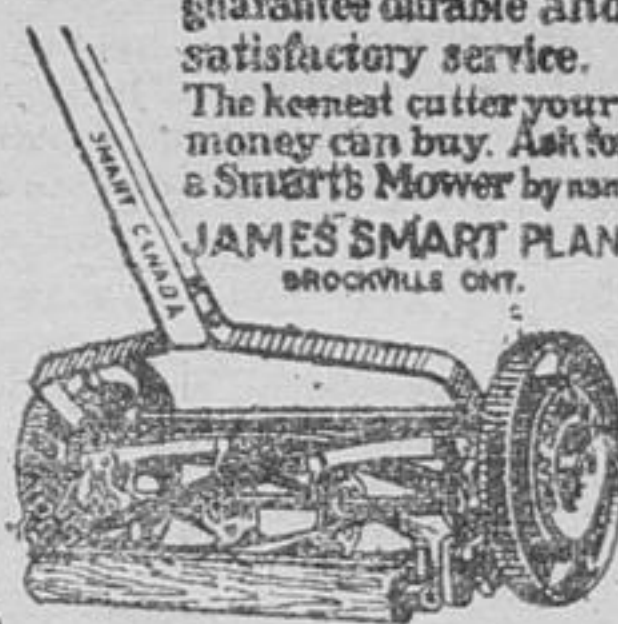
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MOWERS

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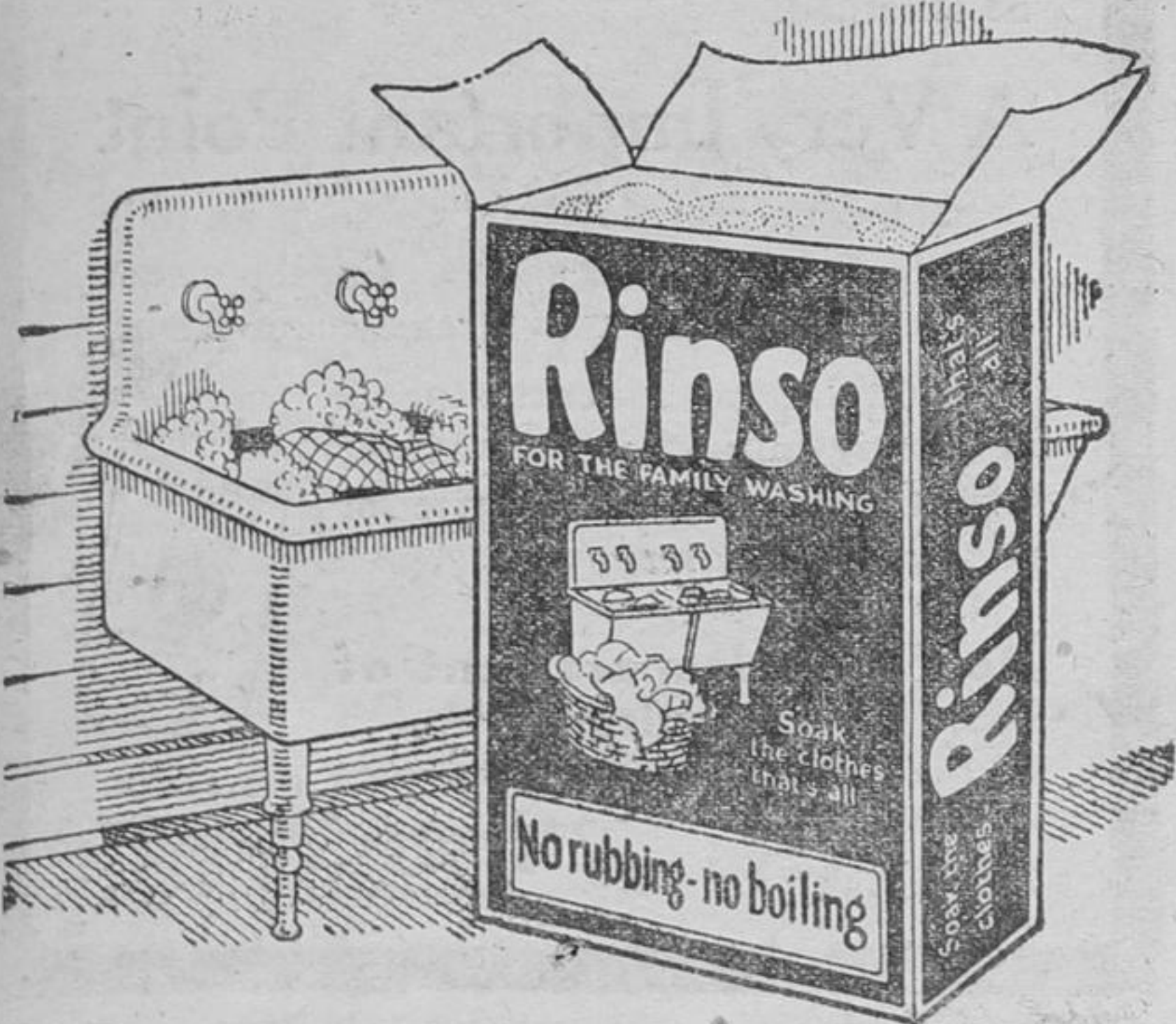
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