



THIRD INSTALMENT
SYNOPSIS . . . Ruth Warren, living in the East, comes into possession of three-quarter interest in an Arizona ranch, left to her in the will of her only brother, reported to have died while on business in Mexico. With her ailing husband and small child she goes to Arizona to take possession, thinking the climate may prove beneficial to her husband's weakened lungs. Arriving at the nearest town, she learns that the ranch, "Dead Lantern," is 85 miles across the desert. Charley Thane, old rancher and rural mail carrier, agrees to take them to "Dead Lantern" gate.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
 Neither the girl nor her husband seemed anxious to start up the road. It was when this fact became plain to them both that Ruth cried, "It'll be sundown before long—we simply can't stay here."

Warren nodded. "We'd better start, I guess."
 Ruth looked back toward the gate. Beyond, her eyes sought the occasional stretches of dusty highway as it wound up the valley . . . eighty-five miles to the first thing which could be called civilization, eighty-five miles to a policeman. She shivered; but turned to her husband with a smile which was meant to be brave. "All right, dear; let's go. If we get shot we'll just get shot—we can't stay here and we certainly can't go back."

For two long, hot, dusty hours they walked on with never a sign of human things. The awesome silence enveloped them, penetrated them, until their very thoughts seemed like small independent voices. They felt watched by a grim, thousand-eyed spirit. The occasional rabbit or coyote which ran before them looked back furtively, then went on to give news of their coming. When rarely they spoke, the words passed between them in a low frightened voice, as though speech were forbidden.

They came among the lower footings of the mountains. No longer could their eyes follow the two parallel paths through the dead grass for any distance. Constantly, the road dipped into ravines, skirted low hills, crossed gulches and arroyos covered with coarse gray sand. The man's lips were bluish-white, his breathing rasped, short and quick. The girl plodded doggedly in the dust, red of face, sweat-grimed.

The sun winked from behind a jagged peak and was gone. The man and woman stared at the mountains—dun-colored, utterly desolate. David clatched his mother tightly at the sound of her voice. "Where are we?" she moaned. "Oh, Kenneth where are we?"

He shook his head, but could not afford breath for speech.

The girl picked up her son and started forward desperately.

At the bottom of the next arroyo—well filled with live oak trees—the wheel marks of the Indian's wagon turned to the right and disappeared up the river of sand. It was strange how they missed those fresh, wheel tracks.

Beyond this arroyo the road rose to

descend presently into a deep gulch. The banks on either side fell sheer to the bottom of coarse, bare sand—a great channel plowed up by cloudbursts in the mountains. A distance ahead a large brown boulder thrust its bulk through the sand. The young man and the girl kept their eyes upon this rock—an oasis, a place to sit for a moment, a place to empty their shoes. The road, too, bent slightly to pass the rock.

They rested a moment until the deepening dusk, the awful silence forced them to their feet. They took but one step then froze to statue, terror leaped into their faces: a voice low, intimate, whispered into their ears. "Go—back. Go—back."

"Ken—!" Ruth screamed the word. The man and woman clutched each other, staring wildly. The gulch was still barren, nothing moved, not a rabbit could have been hidden. Yet the hollow whisper came again, at their very ears. "Go—back. You—must—go—back! Go—"

Like wild things, the man and woman ran blindly forward. Immediately the whisper was lost, dying away on a single word. The two stopped again and clung together trembling. The darkness was coming quickly—already the banded walls of the gulch had taken on weird mystery from the light. With terror-widened eyes the man and girl looked from one bank of the gulch to the other, conscious of no thought or plan.

Then Ruth caught her breath in an hysterical sob, another followed. Warren gripped her shoulder with the agony of the sudden cough which presently was flecking his white lips with red. . . .

A dog barked friendly. Some distance ahead the gulch turned to the right and the road rose out of it by another incline. At the bottom of this cut in the bank sat a small black dog.

"Dog!" announced David, squirming about in his mother's arms. As far as he was concerned, all was again well with the world. Something of this feeling came to the parents. With a backward glance, which now held wonder instead of blind fear, they went forward with quickened step. When they were quite near, the dog—of whose remote ancestors had undoubtedly been part Spaniel—moved out of sight at the side of the incline. A few more strides again brought the man and girl to a rigid halt. In the shadow of the bank stood the most gigantic woman they had ever seen. Nearly six and a half feet in height, her huge arms folded across her breast, she stood as straight as the sheer bank behind her. Her face, hawk-nosed, had the dignity of an Indian chief's and the color of a southern negro. "Where you-all think you're goin'?" she demanded, her voice a deep ominous rumble.

It was a moment before the girl could make a sound; then the words poured themselves out shrilly. "I'm Mrs. Warren, the sister of Harry Grey—I own three-quarters of this ranch—take us to Jep Snavelly at

once—at once—at once!"
 The giants bent her head slightly unfolded her arms, and turning, started up the incline, the little dog frisking before her.

Warren took an uncertain step forward, tottered, and fell in a heap.

"Help us!" cried the girl, dropping beside her husband.



In the shadow of the rock stood the most gigantic woman they had ever seen.

The huge woman came slowly down to them. She stooped and lifted Warren in her arms. "Come," she rumbled, and strode out of the gulch, carrying the man more easily than the girl carried the child.

At the top of the gulch the girl saw the ranch house and buildings. She also saw a man leave the barn and walk swiftly toward them. He had a bucket in his hand—a bucket of milk.

"Who are you?" The man stopped close to the girl. His tall, wiry body was tense, sinuously alert. His pale blue eyes, almost white against the dark tan of his clean-shaven face, shifted constantly with small quick movements as though focused in turn upon every point of her face. "Answer me!" His voice was imperious, high-pitched—"What are you doin' here?"

The girl caught her breath sharply. "I am Ruth Warren and this is my husband—" She indicated Warren who was now standing, supported by the giant woman. "My husband must have rest at once—a bed."

"That don't mean nothin' to me—what're you doin' here?"
 "We—I am the sister of Harry Grey."

"What," he thrust his face within a hand's breadth of the girl's. "You lie! Grey tol' me his own se'f he didn't have no folks!"

Ruth took a step backward. "But I am Harry Grey's sister. He willed me his interest in this ranch. My husband and I have come here to see about it."

"You—come here—to, take this ranch—" His words faltered. At length, with an effort, he spoke, his voice in a softer key. "You—got—your documents?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren has the will in his pocket. Please—can't we go up to the house? My husband and little boy must rest. We walked all the way from the mail box."

"Let's see—the will."
 Warren was able to step forward and give Snavelly the paper. The man read it slowly and completely. At last he lifted his eyes to the girl. "Why didn't your brother tell me about this?"

"I'm sure I don't know."
 "He tol' me he didn't have no folks."

The girl hesitated. "His real mother is dead and Harry and I—Harry became estranged from his father before he came West. Perhaps that was what he meant."

"Huh. Maybe. You seen a lawyer about this; I reckon?"
 There was a perceptible pause before Ruth replied. "Yes," she said firmly, "and my lawyer has the other copy. Now please, take us to the house—can't you understand? My husband is not well."

For a long moment Snavelly looked at the girl. At last his eyes shifted to the giantess and he nodded slightly toward the house. Without a word the woman picked Warren from his feet and strode on.

Ruth held out her hand, and Snavelly, with a sharp glance into her eyes, slowly gave her back the will. He walked beside her during the time

it took to cover the distance to the house—nearly two hundred yards—in complete silence. Nothing he could have done would have served better to put the girl in a more frantic state of mind. She felt that he was thinking, planning, feverishly and craftily.

And as she neared the small house with its whitewashed walls and red roof of corrugated iron, Ruth Warren became aware of another dissatisfaction. A hundred feet west of the house stood a huge adobe ruin. It had character, this ruin. Compared to the one-story ranch house with its almost flat roof, the ruin had been a palace. Grim, mutilated, forgotten, the old building, frowned upon the ranch house. The girl had a queer fancy which made her shiver. It seemed to her that the ruin wanted the house to come closer—very close—for just a moment.

The giant woman arrived at the porch of the ranch house first. Carrying Warren to a rawhide cot she laid him upon it.

Warren promptly sat up, grinning at his wife as she and Snavelly arrived. "Great Scott, Ruth, but I've certainly been carried! She's the strongest thing I ever met in my life!"

The giantess opened the screen door and handed a pillow to the girl. After she had arranged her husband comfortably upon the cot, the girl left him with Snavelly and took her son into the house. Snavelly spoke no word to Warren. When the girl returned she gave Warren a glass of milk and some crisp tortillas.

For the first time since returning the will to the girl, Snavelly spoke. "When did you get in?" he asked suddenly.

"You mean when did we arrive in town? Only this morning, you see," continued the girl, "we wrote you about a fortnight ago—but we got here as soon as the letter—we didn't know about your once-a-week delivery."

"You seen your lawyer this mornin'?"
 "I don't understand—what lawyer?"

"There must have been a lawyer to send you the will when your brother died."

"Oh. No, Harry sent us the will himself—it was some time ago; about three months after he went into this ranch."

"Huh. There was quite a pause, 'But you just said your lawyer had a copy of it.'"



Snavelly's face returned in a little jump to the girl, "Just what are you aiming to do here?"

"There are plenty of attorneys in the East," replied the girl sweetly. "I reckon," Snavelly considered a corner of the whitewashed wall. Sounds from within indicated that the giantess was getting supper.

Snavelly's eyes returned in a little jump to the girl. "Just what are you aimin' to do here?"

"Well, since I have this interest in the ranch, I suppose I'm in the same position that Harry was. I can't be the partner he was, but I'll try to do my share."

A definite plan shown in his pale eyes. "Oh, sure. Well, now, I get you—yes, sir." Snavelly seemed on the verge of becoming pleasant. "I've got the idear—you an' me is to go on jest like as if you was your brother. Is that it?"

"Why, yes. I have the same interest in the ranch that he had."
 "You sure have."

There was a long silence. "I suppose," said the girl, "that there will be some legal technicalities or something, won't there? I thought we'd leave it until we could see about it together, you know."
 (Continued next week)

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Health Service
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THE GROWING PERIOD
 The health of its growing children is the most important question which faces Canada or any other country. There are other important questions concerning which the front pages of the newspapers daily remind us, but the future of this country is more dependent upon the mental and physical health of the next generation than it is upon anything else.
 Other values may change. The dollar may rise or fall, and its purchasing power vary from time to time. Social conditions, in general, and conditions of employment, in particular, will be different. No matter how things change, and regardless of how we, individually, may view such changes, the boy and girl with a healthy mind and body will be better equipped to meet the years which lie before them.
 The parents who succeed in bringing their child to adult life with a well-developed, robust body and mind have given him the greatest gift which it is within their power to offer. Other things may appear to be equally desirable, but none of them will mean as much to the child, because with a healthy mind and body, he can secure the happiness which comes with the ability to live a useful life, and will overcome the difficulties which must be faced and dealt with satisfactorily.
 Most parents do give a great deal of care to their children during the first year or two of life. The baby is so dependent, that the need for care is obvious. Many mothers keep their babies under the supervision of a doctor so that they may have advice on how to keep the babies well. After the baby stage is passed, when the child is able to get around on his own legs and has his meals with the rest of the family, most parents believe that the child can now take care of himself, and that as long as he does not complain, there is no cause for worry.
 Certainly, independence in the child should be encouraged. The over-solicitous, fussy parent does the child more harm than does the apparently neglectful one. What the child needs is guidance and supervision. Because childhood is the period of growth, the child requires food that contains good building materials. Sufficient sleep is one of the best means for maintaining health. The child should play out of doors; he should use his muscles and learn to play with other children. An occasional health examination is also desirable. The child may appear to be healthy, and yet some condition may be present which needs attention.
 Children need care throughout their whole period of growth.
 Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

WAY BACK IN THE LIBERAL FILES

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
 From Our Issue of Sept. 15th, 1898
 Hon. Wm. Mulock, Postmaster General, was banquetted by the Board of Trade yesterday.
 The greater part of New Westminster, B. C., was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. Nearly all business houses were swept away and over 1000 people were left homeless. The loss amounts to millions. The extent of the fire is half a mile square.
 A number of our citizens were pleased to meet at the Toronto Exhibition Mr. John Powell, formerly of this place. Mr. Powell with his band, the 65th Regiment Band, of Buffalo, were the principle musical attraction on Thursday, America's Day.
 The Railway Committee of the County Council consisting of Messrs. W. H. Pugsley and J. D. Evans, together with Manager Moyes of the Metropolitan Railway, and others, went over the line north of Richmond Hill yesterday to locate the extension north of this Village. Work is progressing about Bond's Lake.
 Mrs. Henry Duncan, wife of the Reeve of York Township, died suddenly on Friday morning. She went to bed feeling as well as usual on Thursday night, but was found dead in bed the next morning. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause. Deceased was a sister-in-law of Mr. John Duncan.
 We observe by the Algoma Conservation that Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Sanderson are taking an active part in affairs at Gore Bay and surrounding district. In a recent issue of that paper Mrs. Sanderson was down for two vocal solos on a concert program and Mr. Sanderson had an instructive letter on the plebscite. Another issue speaks of a new Methodist church to be built on one of the branches of the circuit, and says that "A new Sabbath School has also been fully organized by our energetic Pastor, Rev. A. R. Sanderson, who takes an interest in everybody."
 The horses, vehicles and farming implements of the late Jeremiah Mortson will be sold at his late residence, Richmond Hill, on Saturday, the 4th of October. Sajeon and McEwen, auctioneers.
 The Public Library Board are about to purchase books for the coming library year, amounting to \$100. As usual, they are anxious to get suggestions from citizens and request any person interested to hand in the names of any books they would like to see placed in the library.

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