



**NINETEENTH INSTALMENT**  
**SYNOPSIS:** Ruth Warren, born and raised in an Eastern city, is willed three-fourth interest in the Dead Lantern ranch in Arizona. With her youthful husband, who is in poor health, and their small son, David, they come to Arizona to take up where Ruth's brother, reported killed in Mexico, had left off. They reach Dead Lantern, 85 miles from the nearest railroad, with the help of Old Charley Thane, neighboring rancher who also carries the rural mail. At the ranch they find the partner, Snavelly, and a huge woman, Indian Ann, who greet them suspiciously. As they trudge the 5 miles from ranch gate to the house they pass a huge rock in a gulch where a voice whispers, "Go back. Go back." Ruth's husband caught in a rain shortly after their arrival contracts pneumonia and passes away before medical aid can be brought. Ruth, penniless and without friends attempts to carry on but is balked at almost every turn by the crafty and plotting Snavelly. Despite obstacles of all kind, Ruth gives notes on her ranch interest to purchase cattle. She is assisted by Old Charley Thane and his son, Will Thane. A Mexican family has been hired to assist with the work. A peculiar sickness develops with the livestock. Snavelly calls it "liver fever" . . . and says he has a powder for the water to cure the disease. Ruth discovers trickery in Snavelly's tactics of poisoning her cattle, but says nothing, waiting for additional evidence. Drought is overcome by sinking a well in a ravine, getting water for the perishing stock. At the round-up Ruth has enough stock to sell to meet her notes.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

For half an hour the two women sat on the floor with the dog between them. For a time he seemed rather pleased at so much attention and gave a short sharp bark of inquiry. Then, as nothing much happened, he yawned, scratched at the floor, and after turning around lay down with a soft sigh and presently began to snore.

"Sugarfoot, honey," said Ann at last, "why ain't you dead?"

After the cattle sale Ruth knew that Snavelly had misinformed her about the yearly earning power of the ranch. As near as she could estimate, the income—even without the Parker cattle—was more than three times the amount he had mentioned.

**Application To Parliament**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Village of Woodbridge will apply to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario at its next session for an Act to ratify and validate the settlement of an action in the Supreme Court of Ontario, wherein Samuel Plunkett and others are plaintiffs and W. Robinson and Son Converters Limited and the Village of Woodbridge are defendants, and an action in the said Court wherein W. Robinson and Son Limited is plaintiff and the Village of Woodbridge is defendant, which settlement is fully set forth in Minutes of Settlement dated the 26th day of December, 1933, and filed in the said Court, and to enable the Village to enter into an Agreement in accordance with the terms thereof.

DATED at the Village of Woodbridge in the County of York this 27th day of December, 1933.

SKEANS, HOOPER & HOWELL,  
 Solicitors for the Corporation of the Village of Woodbridge.

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She believed that his lie was an attempt to discourage her, not a plan to make money for himself.

But the cattle buyer had come and his check was now in Ruth's hands; this check gave her, after Snavelly's share was deducted, nearly a thousand dollars over the amount of her note. Ruth walked on air—small wonder that she was not anxious to have any more words with Snavelly. After all, what if he had underrated the income? She could meet her note, and she had not been forced to sell any of the fine Parker cattle except the calves. She had improved the ranch wonderfully and next year this improvement would manifest itself in real money. And with money from next fall's sale she would buy more cattle, pure breeds the best in the world. She had set herself five years to bring the earning of the ranch to a certain comfortable amount. Then she and David would move into town near the schools. . . . She knew that Snavelly would have to be considered in these plans, but the future looked so bright, it was a shame to spoil it with thinking of him. In her heart she rather believed that Snavelly would eventually sell out to her.

Since the cattle sale something seemed to have happened to Snavelly; he no longer gave the impression that he was waiting for something. Instead, he had a puzzled, uncertain air. He avoided Ruth consistently, but where before he had let it be seen that he avoided her because he could not stand the sight of her, he now made half-smiling excuses.

The girl had been so happy with the results of the round-up and the gaiety of the fiesta that she paid little attention to him. She had won. Nevertheless, whenever he was behind her Ruth had to control a wild impulse to run.

On the day after she received the cattle buyer's check, Will Thane drove up to the ranch. He brought a marriage license for Alfredo and Magda. He had already secured the priest's signature, and now asked the newly married couple to sign, telling them the paper was an agreement with the great American government to live happily together and never quarrel about anything. Alfredo and Magda signed it joyfully.

As it was mid-morning Will did not hurry away. He and Ruth sat on the running board of the roadster and talked.

"David and I are going to flag your dad this afternoon and go into town with him. I've some business to attend to and David wants some ice cream. We're going on a regular spree—they have a movie in town, haven't they?"

"Two; both terrible. But say, you can't go in with Dad; he's quit the delivery business."

"Oh. Why?"

"No use in it. He started carrying mail by accident, anyway. You see, after mother died, he and I went to live in town. We left Juan and Juana on the ranch. I went to school and Dad became sheriff. Well, when I got old enough to go to the university we went to California. But Dad couldn't stand it there—too cold and too far away from the ranch. So he came home. He used to go into town every week to get a letter from me and first thing he knew he was the mail man. But now that I've come home for good, Dad's quit. The new man made his first trip last week. All of which family history is only



Snavelly stepped out from the porch and asked: "You-all goin' for a ride?"

to say that if you want to go to town you'd better let me take you." Will stood up.

"Now?"

"Sure—unless you'd rather wait. Dad and I are leaving to-morrow for a business trip to the coast—back next week. We'd be glad to take you in with us in the morning, but you might have trouble in getting out again. You'd better come now—we'll see two movies!"

"Well, I hadn't planned"—Ruth hesitated—"I suppose we might go this morning—"

A few minutes later Ruth and David, coming out of the house, started toward the waiting machine. Snavelly stepped out from the porch and asked, "You-all goin' for a ride?"

"Why, yes. Mr. Thane is taking David and me into town. I shall deposit the check and pay off my note."

"Well, now, I don't know as I'd be in any hurry, Mrs. Warren—your note ain't due fer a week, is it? An' it's poor business handin' people money—you don't know what that broker might do—he might claim you never give him th' money. Why don't you jest put your money in th' bank an' then when the time comes to pay him mail him a check. I—come to think of it, I'll be goin' in town pretty soon—I'd be glad to—"

"No, thank you," smiled Ruth. "I'm sure it will be safe for me to pay the money to Mr. Witherspoon. I shall give him a check, not cash, and he will have to give me a receipt also. When I have opened the account, I can then write you a check for your share. Or, if you'd rather give me a letter to the bank, I can put the cattle buyer's check in the ranch account."

Snavelly hesitated uncertainly. "Well, now—" He paused.

"Which shall I do?" asked Ruth. "Shall I put the check in the ranch account, or do you want me to open my own account with it and pay off my note and give you a check for your share of the sale?"

"Well, why don't you wait until I go in—"

"Because I want to pay off that note myself."

Snavelly did not reply for nearly a minute. "All right," he said suddenly, "you can do like you want. But don't put the money in the partnership account. Put it in your name and give me my share. You can bring it out with you when you come back. Bring it in cash—I don't want no check." He turned and left her.

On the way in, the three in the roadster chatted ceaselessly. Once Ruth asked, "Tell me—what was the trouble that day at the barbecue?"

"Oh, the fellow in the blue sash? He was just drunk. I didn't inquire much about the argument. Alfredo said that he was saying unpleasant things about the ranch—claimed he wanted to see Snavelly."

"But why?"

"A crazy drunken notion. He told Alfredo that he could make Snavelly come down and walk on his hands and knees with a saddle on his back—thought it would amuse the crowd."

Ruth glanced incredulously at her companion. "Good heavens, what a rare idea!"

Will agreed. He did not tell the girl that his father had appeared much interested in the remarks of the Mexican in the blue sash; nor that by this time, a certain tall, grizzled policeman was also much interested.

An they entered the outskirts of the town, after nearly three hours of steady driving, Ruth could hardly believe her eyes. It seemed to her that she had never seen so many people in all her life.

Will assured her that the town had not grown noticeably—she had been living on the ranch where twelve people gathered together made a multitude.

She asked Will about banks, and he recommended all three of them. Then she remarked in a matter-of-fact way that she wondered if he knew of a good attorney. Will pointed to an office building across the street. "A man named Martin has an office there; you can't go wrong on him. Would you like me to introduce you?"

Ruth hesitated. "No, don't bother—I just want to ask him a trivial question or two."

Ruth left Will and David as soon as Will had parked the car. She would attend to her business and meet them an hour later.

At the nearest bank she opened a checking account with the cattle buyer's check as a deposit, and drew Snavelly's share in cash. Then she found the ground floor office of Mr.

Witherspoon. From the signs on the window, Mr. Witherspoon was a notary, a broker, and an insurance agent; he also made loans, conducted real estate operations, and was incorporated.

"Mr. Witherspoon?" asked Ruth of the man who sat before a flat-topped desk in the single room to which the street opened.

"Yep." Mr. Witherspoon swung around. He was fat and had been a blond in younger days.

"I am Ruth Warren. You have a note which I gave Mr. Parker of the Triangle T Ranch. It falls due November first."

"Yes—?"

"I want to pay it off now."

"Oh. Certainly, Mrs. Warren." Mr. Witherspoon arose and seated her in a chair near the desk. Stepping to the open safe he drew out a large record book, dumped it on his desk and sought for a certain page. "Here we are—let's see—nothing paid down—no extensions—everything clean and neat. I guess all I need is your check, Mrs. Warren. Make it out to me—J. H. Witherspoon, Incorporated. I'll give you a receipt."

Ruth filled out the second check in her new book for a considerable part of the money she had put in the bank thirty minutes before. It seemed too bad. "Is that all that's necessary?"

"That's all," smiled Mr. Witherspoon. "Very easy to get rid of money."

Ruth rose to her feet, bade good morning to the broker and went in search of the attorney Will had recommended. The thrilled expectantly; at least she was going to see just where she stood with Snavelly. She had a feeling that she would learn much to her advantage.



"I guess all I need is your check, Mrs. Warren. Make it out to me."

Mr. Martin, the lawyer, was an oldish man, quite scholarly in appearance, with gray eyes and a very straight mouth. Ruth prefaced her remarks by stating that she did not care to tell who she was—that she simply wanted some legal advice. Briefly, she told how she had come to be on the ranch. Just what were her rights and relations with her brother's former partner?

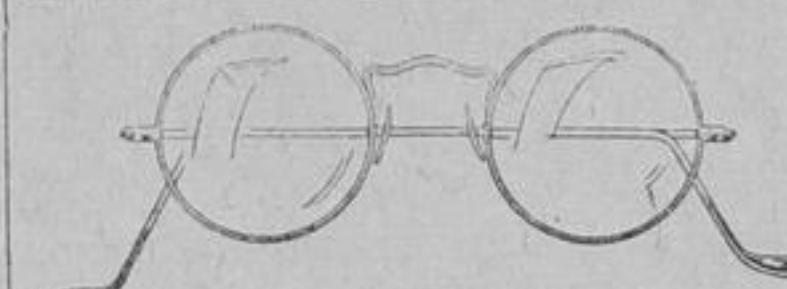
After looking at her incredulously for a moment, Mr. Martin sighed. "My dear young lady. You have acted most unwisely and with no discernible judgement. To begin with, you have not one iota of right to be on the property."

"I haven't?"

"You have not. You have three-quarters' interest in the property if the will is found to be regular. The entire ranch is in sole legal possession of the man who was your brother's partner. You have no right there at all. The surviving partner of a partnership has entire control of the partnership property. If you have made any money during your occupation of the property, I am not sure but you are liable to prosecution."

"But do you mean I'm not a partner?"

"When," asks a radio critic, "will the comedians stop using old gags?"  
 Answer: When they start using older ones.



**Good Eyesight**  
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**NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER**

**Home Grown Grains for The Laying Flock**

The following ration for laying pullets, composed mostly of home grown grains, is recommended by the Poultry Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms: Mash—2 parts of ground wheat, 1 part of ground oats, 1 part of ground beef and fish scrap, 2 per cent bone meal, 2 per cent cod liver oil, and 1 per cent salt; scratch grain—2 parts of wheat, 1 part oats, 1 part corn or buckwheat, 1 part barley. This ration may be varied according to what grains the farmer has available.

**Order Fertilizer Early**

Plants as much as animals require food. Winter is a good time to plan the summer diet for crops. Manure supplemented with super-phosphate is a splendid ration for most crops. Twenty-two years of experimental work at Dominion Experimental Farms have shown that yields may be maintained by using commercial fertilizers alone. If manure is scarce therefore, use commercial fertilizers. Decide on the kind and amount needed, then order early so as to have it on-hand when growth starts in the Spring.

**Winter Housing of Sheep**

Sheep do not require expensive and warm buildings. They do, however, appreciate a dry, roomy shed well protected against winds, well ventilated and free from draught. Do not crowd them in one pen. Twenty to twenty-five ewes do best together. Furthermore, a sheep requires from twelve to fifteen square feet of floor space and one foot of feeding space. Doors should be of good width to allow free access to and from the pens. Narrow doors are often the cause of abortion. Pregnant ewes need a yard to exercise in. Force them to walk by feeding hay outside in good weather.

**Mangels For Poultry**

The chief value of roots as a poultry feed lies in the fact that they can be stored during the winter months, and fed over the period during which fresh green feeds are not available. They should not be considered in any way as a complete substitute for fresh green feeds, chiefly because they are quite deficient in vitamin content. The anti-neuritic and anti-scurbutic vitamins are present in only the slightest traces, while the anti-rachitic vitamin is entirely lacking. In comparison, fresh clover, one of the most commonly used green feeds, contains all three in abundance. The chief function of mangels and roots in general is the supplying of succulence to the ration. It has been found that by using mangels and supplementing with a regular dose of Epsom salts, laying birds will come through the winter in fairly good shape.

**Home Cleaning of Small**

Vegetables Seeds  
 Thresh out the seed by placing the plants in a strong, closely woven cot-

ton sack. Light flailing with a stick will liberate the seed from pods or heads.

Lettuce and carrot seeds should be rubbed out by hand, using a pair of strong leather mitts.

A coarse sieve will remove the straw and chaff. Place the seed and chaff on a fine sieve; a quick, downward, side movement, repeated several times will remove the chaff and light seed. Only the large plump seed should be kept. Hand picking will improve the sample.

**The Principle of Grading**

Grading is based on the principle that it is sound business to classify live stock, live stock products, and other Canadian commodities in such a way that the consumer will be able to recognize and purchase quality products and that the producer will be enabled to obtain a higher price. Experience has proved the value of this theory. The identification of top quality beef under red and blue ribbon bands, the grading of poultry, the segregation of eggs and fruit into quality grades which are known to practically every Canadian consumer, and other grading activities have been a tremendous incentive to quality production with resultant benefit to producers. Grading has not only served to create better prices for quality products, but has also brought about a substantial increase in consumption. At the same time, through grading Canadian products maintain their high level of excellence in the markets of the world. In this way, the new regulations which are soon to be put in force with reference to the grading of bacon for export to the British market will solidify Canada's premier position as an Empire source of food products.



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