



TWENTY-SECOND 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 arrived 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

"Mr. Snavelly, look here!" There was nothing aggressive in Ruth's tone, but it was like no tone she had ever used to Snavelly. "Look at this."
 Ann stepped to the door of the bchcn and stood silently, her eyes on Ruth.
 "Well—" said Snavelly as he read the opening words. He said nothing more until he had finished, then without lifting his head, "Well—well I'll be! Grey's alive, after all. Couldn't get a word to nobody 'til jest now. If that don't beat all!" He looked at Ruth, then lowered his eyes to the paper again. "Wants me to come an' git him. Hermosillo—powerful long job getting six days west of there."

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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Must be desolate sure 'nough, else we'd got word of him sooner. Well, things like that happen. But it beats all," he mused.
 "We shall start to Harry at once," said Ruth, decidedly; "the Thanes are coming home late to-night and—"
 "Thanes? What they got to do with this?" Snavelly's eyes narrowed.
 "I think it would be best if Old Charley went with me. I'm sure that under the circumstances he would go, and he knows the country and speaks Spanish better than I."
 "You're set on goin' yourself, eh?" Snavelly regarded her quizzically.
 "Why, most certainly! Of course I shall go."
 "Well, Jest the same, I don't see the sense in mixin' the Thanes up with this. If you're a mind to go without me, why don't you take Francisco? But the best thing would be fer you an' me to light out together to-morrow mornin'."
 Ruth thought a moment; she might go with Don Francisco—perhaps that would be best. But she certainly would not go alone with Snavelly. She looked at him. "Perhaps Don Francisco and I could manage it," she said.
 Again Snavelly studied her intently. There was something in her tone and manner which was quite new. She was no longer afraid. "Look here," he said sharply, "what's the matter of me goin', anyways?"
 The girl was suddenly angry; Snavelly could not afford to speak to her like that any longer. She straightened. "Mr. Snavelly, there are several very good reasons why I do not wish you to go with me; and there are reasons why you should respect my wishes. It is for your own good. There are a number of things I must tell my brother when we meet."
 Snavelly paled. "What can you tell him?" he asked gruffly.
 "I shall tell him about the way in which you bought my cattle note."
 But Mrs. Warren—I tol' you why I done that," said Snavelly in a relieved voice. "I done it to protect you."
 "When I was in town," continued Ruth, "I consulted an attorney about my position on this ranch. I learned that I was not your partner and never had been. And I understood quite plainly that you knew this, and that if I had failed to meet my note you would have been in legal possession of the entire ranch."
 "Well, but—" Snavelly paused, helplessly. The guilt and consternation on his face, as well as the letter in her hand, gave the girl courage.
 "The whole thing has been placed before my attorney," said Ruth.
 "The whole—thing?"
 "Yes. When I learned that I was not your partner and that you had purchased the note I understood how anxious you were to have me fail to meet it. But let's not say anything more about that."
 "But I don't see," replied Snavelly, guardedly, "what call you got to get uppity. Suppose you wasn't a partner—that's your fault."
 Ruth's anger mounted. "That sounds very well. But what will my brother think when I tell him about the mysterious disease you called 'liver fever'? What will he think when I tell him how I came to put the wrong powder in the spring troughs that night?"
 "Are you a-cusin' me—" Snavelly's voice rang, then died away before the girl's steady gaze. He dropped his eyes. Ruth was triumphant; the man was beaten, he was afraid of her now! "Didn't you never think," he asked falteringly, "that things might look different than what they are?"

"No," said Ruth boldly. But although he stood cringing before her, Snavelly did not appear so abject as Ruth thought he should be. Didn't he realize he could be sent to prison? "Do you deny you tried everything you could to make me lose my interest?"
 He did not reply to her question. But after a moment he said slowly, still with lowered eyes, "Them things is hard to prove."
 "I don't think so! But I can tell you something else which is not hard to prove: I can whisper in the gulch as well as any one else!" He raised his eyes quickly, his face a dead white. Ruth glanced lingeringly toward Ann, then back again. "The night of the storm, Mr. Snavelly," she said quietly.
 He faced her in silence; the muscles of his long stringy throat contracted spasmodically. Suddenly he turned and, walking slowly to his room, entered. Almost at once he reappeared, the packet of bank notes which Ruth had given him in his hand. He held them out. "You best take these here an' go git your brother."
 Ruth took the notes. She thought she understood: when she and Harry returned, Snavelly would not be on the Dead Lantern. Perhaps that was the best solution. She turned to Ann. "Ann, I wish you would get the buckboard and take David and me over to Thanes'. I'll have an early supper ready by the time you harness up."
 Snavelly had walked toward his room, now he turned and came back. "I don't think you'd best go mixin' the Thanes in this."
 In spite of the apparent humbleness of his tone, a twinge of fear caught Ruth's heart. But she answered, "I don't see that it can make any difference to you now, Mr. Snavelly."
 "It makes a sight of difference to me!" he said sharply, and his eyes, no longer jerking, bored into hers.
 Ruth gripped herself. "Do you realize that you are a criminal and that you will face arrest as soon as I bring my brother back?"
 To the girl's amazement, Snavelly smiled. "You like fancy words," he said slowly, "so I'll ask you if you realize where you stand now?" His voice rose shrilly. "Don't you see that your brother bein' alive makes the will no good? The will don't work, by God! You ain't got no rights—you ain't no pardner an' you ain't got no interest in this ranch. D'you get that? I'm boss here now!" He whirled to Ann. "Git your black face outa here!"
 "But my brother—"
 "Your brother—how do I know he's your brother? He never told me nothin' about you nor nothin' about any will. 'Cordin' to my way a-thinkin' you come here jest to steal his interest. Who are you, anyways? You're a plumb stranger to me—you ain't got a thing to say about this ranch an' never did have. What about all that truck you was jest a-talkin'—that goin's on about the cattle dyin'? What of it? Fer all anybody knows, I was jest a-doin' my best to keep you from stealin' my pardner blind; that's what I was doin'! An' the law would say the same." Snavelly stepped closer, his face thrust forward and his pale eyes glittering. "You come on this place with a paper you say is a sure 'nough will, but you ain't got nothin' to prove it."
 Ruth was against the wall. She was trembling. Tightly she gripped the letter in her hand and summoned all her courage. "But your partner is my brother—he will be coming back here soon—he may even come to-day—any time. The letter must have been sent quite a while ago and he was much better—he might have been able to get to the railroad without any help—"
 "All right! If he's your brother why don't you go git him? What'er you a-standin' there for? I give you the money. Why don't you git goin'?" He left Ruth contemptuously and stepped to the kitchen door. Ann spoke rapidly to her in Spanish. Ruth spoke rapidly to her in Spanish. Ruth could not catch more than a word or two. While he was still speaking, Ann hurried from the door, passed Ruth without a glance, and left the house on the way to the barn.
 Snavelly turned to the girl. "You're a-goin' jest as soon as Ann's ready. Collect your kid an' your things an' git out! By sundown to-night there ain't goin' to be nobody on this place but me. I'll have that greaser outfit loaded an' started off this place in ten minutes! Then I'm goin' for a mite of a ride. When I come back there ain't goin' to be nobody here! You think you can go a-clutterin' up this place with people an' drive a man



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outa his mind—I'll show you! Git goin'!" He strode past her and out of the house.
 Ruth let him go—there was nothing further to say. But she'd find Harry. She heard the steps of Snavelly's horse and presently saw him galloping toward the little adobe house where Magda was taking in her washing which had festooned the bushes since early morning. He stopped his horse with a jerk and called. Don Francisco and Alfredo came to the doorway; Magda stood in the yard, her arms full of clothes. Snavelly spoke fiercely. Once, Don Francisco pointed toward the ranch house and asked a question. Snavelly's voice roared in reply. A moment or two later Alfredo was hurrying to find Don Francisco's team and Magda had thrown her wash into the old man's wagon. Snavelly rode away toward the mountains.
 The tears welled into Ruth's eyes—those poor people. They had been so happy. Like trusting children, they had accepted her gift of the land and the little house, the gift which was to have been theirs for so long as they lived and worked hard. They had worked hard.
 As she entered the house she saw Ann leading two horses through the corrals. Ruth went into her room and began to pack.
 Before she had finished she could hear the sound of the team and buckboard coming from the barn toward the house. Ann stopped by the small mesquite where Ruth's horse still stood, and climbed from the buckboard.

She heard the step of Snavelly's horse, and then saw him galloping toward the little adobe house.
 "Ann," said Ruth appealingly, as the giantess came toward her, "Ann, please help me!"
 "Shorely, Miss Ruth—I'll he'p you pack."
 "Not that, Ann—take me to Thanes'. I must go there at once. We'll put all my things in the buckboard and then drive there. They'll be home some time to-night or to-morrow mornin'."
 Ann dropped her eyes and slowly shook her head. "I reckon I dasn't go fer doin' nothin' 'cept what I was tol' to do, Miss Ruth."
 Ruth tried to appear surprised. "But Mr. Snavelly knows I wanted to go to Thanes'."
 "No'm. He tol' me you'd try to make me do that. He says I got to take you right to the railroad."
 "But please, Ann—you'll do it for me. He won't know—please, Ann; I beg of you to."
 The giantess stood with bowed head and twisted her big hands together. "I wisht I could, Miss Ruth, I wisht to Gawd I could."
 "Ann, listen to me!" Ruth grasped the huge arm. "Listen, Ann, I've discovered the voice in the gulch—it's Snavelly. There's a trick to it—he's been tricking you with it, scaring you so that you would be afraid of him and do as he told you."
 (Continued Next Week)

Deducting 166 Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, there will be during the present year, 199 teaching days in the schools of Ontario, according to a circular sent out by the Ontario department of education.
 The King's birthday and Remembrance day fall on Sundays and trustees and teachers are asked to be guarded in their observance by either a proclamation of the governor-general or decisions of the local municipal authorities.
 The following are the holidays for schools during 1934: the first two days of January, part of the Christmas vacation; Easter holidays, Mar. 30th to April 8th, inclusive; Victoria Day, May 24th; King's birthday, June 3rd; summer vacation, June 30th to Aug. 31st, inclusive; Labor Day, Sept. 3rd; Thanksgiving day, October; Remembrance day, Nov. 11th; December 22nd to December 31st inclusive, part of Christmas vacation.

NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

The farm stock, sold at the sale of Frank Pace at Lincolnville on the Uxbridge townline last week for taxes realized the startling low price of \$45.64. The top notch cow went under the hammer of Bill Smith, the Uxbridge bailiff, for \$19, and as the bovine was led away someone said that's more than she's worth unless there's a better price for hides. A yearling calf or two brought \$6 each while a few odds and ends made up the balance. Under the exemption law one cow had to be left with the farmer, also certain implements.
 The sale was made under seizure for 1932 and 1933 taxes. Collector Distin McDonald not having returned the 1932 roll yet. The farm is mortgaged and the mortgagee is unwilling to have the taxes applied against the property, so there was nothing to do but get them from the few chattels. After the expenses were paid there was \$24.48 to apply on the overdue taxes, and the balance may now be charged against the property.
 It is reported that the owner of the chattels has since applied for relief from Uxbridge Township council and some are disposed to look on the affair as a sort of "tit for tat" move.
 A native of Canada, but a visitor in Ontario for the first time, is Mr. R. A. Robertson, who is visiting in York County. Mr. Robertson is the municipal clerk of what is known as the rural municipalities which comprise nine twps. and covers a large area of country. He lives at Balcarr, a village of 700 lying north-east of Regina. In addition to his duties as municipal clerk he has been tax collector, which Mr. Robertson regards as "some job." Despite the fact that this territory enjoyed a good crop this past season only 20.6% of 1932 tax roll is paid. That year crops were bad. Tax sales are of little avail for you couldn't get a bid on a man's land at one of them, and if you did sell for taxes the government refuses to issue the script for the land transfer, so there you have it. Why pay taxes?
 The average tax on a 160 acre place runs from \$35 to \$60, but unlike the assessment system in Ontario it doesn't matter whether there are any buildings or not, they do not affect the tax rate.
 Speaking about wheat, the western clerk says that farmers realized only 16c. per bushel for much of their crop. The newspaper prices are much higher than the net received by the grower, but its one of the mediums he is able to collect taxes through, for while it is useless to hold a tax sale, it is still possible to seize enough wheat when it is being brought to the elevators, to satisfy tax demands.

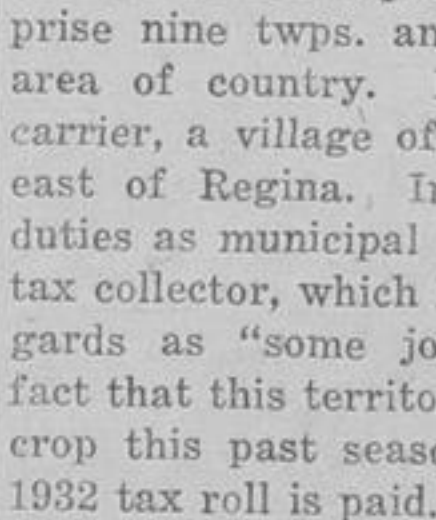


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There are communicable diseases against which we can protect ourselves, such as smallpox and diphtheria, but for protection against most of the communicable diseases, we must rely upon group action, through our health departments, in detecting and controlling the sources of infection.
 The medical detectives are not heard about very often. They go about their work, day by day, not always successfully, seeking for the sources of disease. Individually, we can help them by reporting disease promptly; in return, we receive protection from disease.
 Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Health Service

OF THE
Canadian Medical Association
 Edited by
GRANT FLEMING, M.D., ASSOCIATE SECRETARY



HEGELA

MEDICAL DETECTIVES
 The detection of the criminal is, in the minds of the public, the chief service of a police department. We disagree with this view if we believe that it is more important to prevent crime than to detect the criminal. Nevertheless, we will all agree that, if a crime has been committed, the guilty person should be found, not so much that the offender may be punished but to prevent further crimes.
 The first duty of medicine is to prevent disease. In spite of all our efforts, disease does occur. There are diseases which arise within the body of the patient, and there are others which are the result of the invasion of the body by disease germs. These germs come from some other person, and so we can say that, as a general rule, every case of disease that is due to germs comes from another case.
 Here it is that the medical detectives on the staffs of our health departments enter the picture. They are known as epidemiologists. When a case of communicable disease is reported to the health department, the epidemiologist tries to find the answer to two questions:—"From whom did he get the disease?" and "To whom has he given it?"
 It is important for us all that these questions be answered so that the spread of disease may be checked through bringing under control the original source of the germs, as well as those to whom the germs may have been spread and who, in turn, might pass them to others.
 We do not expect our most capable crime detectives to solve crimes that are unknown to them. If our house is robbed, we report the crime to the police. In the same way, it is necessary for us to report communicable diseases to the health department if we are to have action in the detection of the responsible source of the disease.

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