



**TWENTY-THIRD 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**

Ann groaned and the joints of her entwined fingers cracked but she shook her head. "I jest can't go fer doin' nothin' gains' Mr. Snavelly. You doan understand how 'tis with me an' him."

Slowly the giantess walked to Ruth's room. The girl followed. "These here ready?" asked Ann, pointing to two suitcases. Ruth nodded, and the big woman left the room with them.

Dully, Ruth continued the packing. She would try again after Ann was off the ranch and on the main road. But Ruth felt certain that Ann would do exactly as Snavelly had ordered. . . . The voice, then, was not his only

**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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hold on Ann; there was a bigger thing in a short time the packing was finished and the buckboard loaded. Ruth looked about for David; he was not in sight, nor did he answer her call. She suddenly realized that she had not seen him since returning from the mail box. Ordinarily, she would have been only mildly disturbed—the snakes were gone this time of year.

Then Ruth's heart stopped; a few feet from the board fence around the old well lay a box. It lay as though it had been placed on end against the fence; in imagination, Ruth saw her son standing on tiptoe, leaning over the fence, hitching himself farther over to see better, losing his balance, the box falling away as his feet left its top. With a cry of anguish she ran to the box, stood it up, and mounting, leaned over the fence—"David!" The name rang hollowly and died away. "Da-vid—" With a moan, Ruth slipped from the box. . . . The next instant, it seemed to her, Ann was helping her to her feet.

"Ann! Ropes' bring ropes quick!" Ruth struggled to free herself from the giantess' arms. "Let me go! Oh, God, don't let David be in there—" "Now wait, Miss Ruth—wait—you doan know he fell in, does you?" "No—no—but where else is he—where else—" Ruth was dizzy; she fought to keep her senses. "Ann—" Ann left her and ran into the house. Ruth climbed upon the box again, but she could not look down.

The giantess lifted her from the box. "You stand down, I'll look with this—you couldn't see nothin' with no lantern on a rope."

Ann held a mirror in her hands. She caught the light of the sun and turned it into the well. Ruth saw her smile broadly. "There. I done tol' you he warn't down there!"

Snatching the mirror from the ground where the giantess had dropped it, she climbed upon the box just as the lower limb of the sun touched the western mountain range. The light from the mirror struck downward, wavered, and came to rest on the cloth hanging from a nail part way down the well. Ruth stared at the cloth as the light slowly faded. Before it was entirely gone she knew what that cloth was. Once she had sent Harry, her brother, a present—a red silk handkerchief with an odd design of large white horseshoes.

David just then came trudging up from the gulch. He couldn't understand all the concern about his absence.

Ruth stepped from the box, took David by the hand and led him into her room. After locking the door, she took Will's revolver from the trunk and sat down on the bed beside her son.

The handkerchief . . . Harry always wore it, Old Charley had said. If her brother was alive, how did it get half-way down the well on the Dead Lantern ranch? If he were not, then, according to the Mexican who had reported his death the handkerchief was buried two hundred miles below the Mexican line. The Mexican had actually mentioned the handkerchief. As Ruth sat on the bed, holding the small hand of her silent, wondering son, her mind raced; that first night when Snavelly had thrown a bundle into the old well. He had not been expecting any one to come on the ranch and had left things about which must be got rid of . . . the bundle opened as it fell and the light silk handkerchief floated alone, and came to rest on a nail in the timber, where it stayed. . . . Snavelly's fever-

ish desire that she should not ask questions about the well, that she should not go near it. . . . The well haunted him; wasn't he always looking toward it?

Without any cut and dried reasoning, without weighing, rejecting and sorting evidence, Ruth found herself with a clear, convincing picture of the whole plot. She knew as plainly as though a hundred investigators had compiled proofs for a hundred days that the letter was a lie; that it was Snavelly's final effort to get rid of her and Harry—Harry was dead. His body lay under a pile of rubbish at the bottom of the well . . . that was why Snavelly's pale eyes strayed there so often.

She heard Snavelly's voice shouting angrily for Ann, then the thump of his boots as he entered the house. "David," whispered Ruth, "Mama's going to trust you to do as she says; stay on the bed and don't be afraid—Mama'll be back pretty soon."

With the revolver in her hand she stepped to the door, silently unlocked it, and stood with her left hand on the knob.

In the kitchen Snavelly abruptly ceased to upbraid Ann, and the boots thumped across the porch. "By God, I'll show her who's—" As quickly as she could move Ruth flung open the door and stepped out, the revolver, fully cocked, pointing at Snavelly's breast. He stopped and his hands went up. Ruth quietly closed the door behind her.

"Ann!" Ruth's voice was sharp, metallic. "Go into the living room." She waited until she heard Ann's footsteps. "Now you march in!" Snavelly turned without a word and walked before her.

"Sit down—you too, Ann." The girl nodded toward the chairs by the table.

The huge woman and the pale-eyed man seated themselves. Snavelly gradually lowered his arms.

"I've got nothing against you, Ann—far from it. But if you won't help me you'll have to go with this murderer."

"Wha—what's that—" Snavelly gasped and his eyes stared wildly.

Ruth spoke to Ann, without turning her head: "Ann, will you help me now? This man murdered Harry Grey his partner. You must help me tie him so that we can take him to the authorities. . . . Well? Are you on my side or his?"

Ann's face was a study. For a moment she regarded Snavelly, then Ruth. No one spoke.

"Well, Ann!"

"Fore Gawd, Miss Ruth—I doan know—I doan know—" Ann wrung her hands and rose to her feet. "Please, Miss Ruth—I cain't he'p you 'gains' him." Ann walked to the door hesitated, returned a few steps, then went back and stood near the window, in an agony of indecision.

"All right, Ann, think it over." Ruth stepped close to the man in the chair. Her voice was clear and sharp. "You murderer!"

Snavelly shrunk back in his chair. "Say it!" commanded Ruth. "—tell Ann what you are!"

Snavelly's lips moved silently.

"Louder!" she cried, thrusting the muzzle of the gun almost against his face.

"I—done—it— My God! let me be—quit lookin' at me! I had to do it, I tell you!"

"Don't move! Now tell us why you did it." Ruth stood, right foot forward, her smooth young face set rigidly. "Begin!"

"I—I shot him."

"Why?"

"Because I hated him!"

"Why?"

"I don't know—he come here. He bought his interest from the man who owned it an' he come here. He wanted to be partners—I signed. I couldn't help it—damn him!"

"What did he do to you?"

"I don't know—let me be, can't you? He come here an' I wasn't by myse'f no more—I couldn't git him to go."

"You didn't have to murder him!"

"I hated him, I tell you! He done what all people do—I hated him like I hate all the rest. I got to be by myse'f. I been alone since I was born. Every man I ever knowed tried to git somethin' off me. Every store-keeper tried to cheat me. Every rancher tried to fence off part of my land—every time I got a good thing somebody tried to get it away for his own se'f. That's all humans do! Their whole lives is just spent trying to get something somebody else has got!"

"Wle?" demanded Ruth.



He stopped and his hands went up.

"When I come here there was twenty thousand acres of this ranch an' the house was in the middle of it. I couldn't see no fence whichever away I looked. I bought this ranch. I could stay here. I had my horses an' I had enough cattle to keep me busy an' to feed me. I bought this ranch fair an' square. Then a man comes with a paper an' says he owns three-quarters of it. But he didn't want to stay here—he didn't want nothin' but money. So he went away an' I scraped enough together each sellin' time an' sent it to him. That was all right. Then your brother bought that man out an' come here. He come to stay. He aimed to improve the ranch. Good God a'mighty! "I am going to take you over the mountains," said Ruth evenly. "Stand up!"

Snavelly slowly rose and Ruth backed away. At that moment his eyes looked past her shoulder and his head nodded ever so slightly. Before Ruth could move great strong arms were holding her in a vise, a big hand took possession of the gun. Ann's voice muttered close to her ear, "Ise sorry."

"Give me that gun!" Snavelly darted toward Ann as the giantess released the girl. Ann backed away shaking her head. Snavelly stopped.

Ann spoke swiftly to Ruth. "Git yo're little boy and ride away quick—hurry, Miss Ruth, 'fore he makes me give him the gun."

"Ann, help me—you have the gun, help me to take him over to Thanes' place," begged Ruth.

The giantess roared at her. "My Gawd, git away like I tol' you!"

Her voice was clear and sharp "you murderer!"

Neither Snavelly nor Ann moved until the sounds of Ruth's horse and David's questioning voice had died away.

Snavelly, white with rage, spoke scathingly. "Now give me that gun, you black—"

The gun in Ann's hand wavered uncertainly. "Jes' a minute," she faltered.

"Give it here!"

Ann cringed, turned the revolver butt forward and held it out.

Snavelly snatched the weapon, and raised the muzzle to Ann's face. Then he paused, and lowered the gun. "Git my horses, damn you! They'll come back—the Thanes'll come an' git me! They'll coop me up! Hurry along—git Buck an' throw a pack saddle on him. Run, damn your black hide!"

Ann ran out of the house. Snavelly hurried into the kitchen and began feverishly filling a gunny sack with provisions. Five minutes later his outfit was piled by the kitchen door; three sacks, his bed roll, a frying pan and, leaning against the house, a 30-30 rifle in a saddle sheath with four cartons of cartridges beside the butt.

Ann was coming from the barn, leading the buckskin horse with a pack saddle on his back.

(Continued Next Week)

**Keeping the Lamb Flavour**  
 Lamb does not improve by keeping after the carcass has become thoroughly cool and firm. It requires no maturing to give tenderness, and long keeping tends to lose the delicate "lamb" flavour. Mutton, on the other hand, to be in the best condition should be "matured" on hooks for a few days or to a week or longer according to the available temperature. Well hung mutton is more tender and of better flavour than when it is eaten freshly killed. It is probably at its best at the end of from ten to fifteen days storage in a dry atmosphere at a temperature of 40 to 45 degrees.



Her voice was clear and sharp "you murderer!"

**The Countryside Beautiful!**  
 There is every evidence that Ontario has definitely passed out of the pioneer stage and is rapidly assuming the attitude and appearance of a mature country. The people of the province, rural as well as urban, are developing a sincere interest in things of beauty, and this should be encouraged in every way possible.

The Ontario Agricultural College is doing all it can to foster an interest in beautifying farm homes and the countryside in general. One of its activities in this line is the conducting of free short courses at the College which are open to men and women of any age.

Beginning on February 5th there is being given a one-week short course in floriculture. This will include instruction in growing all kinds of garden flowers, as well as house plants. Then beginning on Feb. 12th there will be a course relating more particularly to landscape gardening including studies of all kinds of trees, shrubbery and perennial flowering plants and the proper use and arrangement of these for the best effects around farm and town homes.

This should be a real opportunity for all persons interested in developing more beautiful home surroundings and a more attractive countryside.

**Skim Milk or Meat**

In order that a poultryman may get every cent of profit coming to him he must avail himself of all the means at his disposal to produce cheaply. When whole milk is sold anywhere from sixty cents to a dollar a hundred pounds, skim milk has little value; yet, if it is fed to poultry it will bring fair returns. If skim milk were used instead of beef scraps as a source of animal feed, poultrymen would cut down on their feed bill and their cost of egg production at the same time.

An experiment conducted at one of the Dominion Experimental Stations, for five seasons proved rather conclusively that the lot of birds receiving skim-milk laid more eggs and gained more weight than the one which was fed beef scrap, other feeds being the same. Skim-milk should always be fed sweet or always sour so as to avoid bowel troubles. Where skim-milk is not available beef scrap will have to be resorted to.

**Baling Sheep Pelts**  
 When sheep pelts have to be shipped a long distance to market, they should be carefully spread wool side down, paying close attention to see that all wrinkles or folds are carefully straightened out in the head, side and leg pieces. Salt—about a pound and a half to a pelt—should then be evenly sprinkled over the pelt, which is left spread out for a few days until the salt melts and soaks in. It can then be hung out to dry. Drying may be hastened if the pelts are stretched by tacking to a wall or fence in a manner similar to the practice in handling the pelts of fur-bearing animals. When the sheep pelts are thoroughly dry they may be shipped in safety by placing one on top of the other, and baled in lots of 15 to 25 according to size and weight.

**Minerals for Poultry**

With regard to mineral foods for poultry, as a considerable percentage of dry matter in both egg and fowl is composed of mineral elements, it is evident the demand for food containing these elements will be urgent, particularly with a rapidly growing bird or one producing a large number of eggs. Under free range conditions these mineral elements will be obtained largely through the ordinary feeds, and the green food, insects, and grit that are picked up on the range. When fowls are more or less closely confined, it becomes necessary to supply the mineral foods and the question of the most suitable form in which they can be obtained becomes important.

**Marketing Weak Spot**

"Unregulated deliveries to the Union Stock Yards is a definite weak spot in livestock marketing," stated Garnet H. Duncan of Richmond Hill, Livestock Investigator, Ontario Marketing Board.

He said that, in the past, when all shipments were made by rail, offerings for the day were on the market by approximately 9.00 a.m. At that hour, therefore, buyers were aware of the amount of available stock. Today, however, while railroad shipments remain on the same basis of delivery, truck deliveries are made at all hours.

"In my opinion," he continued, "a definite time limit should be set for truck deliveries. In this way, uncertainty as to the amount of stock in transit would be eliminated, so far as the buyer and commission man are concerned."

The present method of making truck deliveries during all trading hours, destroys stability in prices; curtails the usefulness of the commission man; gives an unfair advantage to the buyer, and forces the producer to assume the incidental loss.

"This condition only lends further emphasis to the fact that, if the producer is to be protected, every shipment of livestock should be made under a bill of lading, consigning the stock to a specific commission house."

**NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER**

When sheep pelts have to be shipped a long distance to market, they should be carefully spread wool side down, paying close attention to see that all wrinkles or folds are carefully straightened out in the head, side and leg pieces. Salt—about a pound and a half to a pelt—should then be evenly sprinkled over the pelt, which is left spread out for a few days until the salt melts and soaks in. It can then be hung out to dry. Drying may be hastened if the pelts are stretched by tacking to a wall or fence in a manner similar to the practice in handling the pelts of fur-bearing animals. When the sheep pelts are thoroughly dry they may be shipped in safety by placing one on top of the other, and baled in lots of 15 to 25 according to size and weight.

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