

# When Exposed to Air

tea loses its strength and flavor.

# "SALADA"

TEA

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

### Why Do They Come?

During the past tourist season Canada was the holiday ground for many thousands of American tourists. They come from all portions of the southern republic, and they come in such numbers that the influx resembled the gathering for a great convention.

Why do they come? Because Canada has yet much of that which appeals to the real man or woman, natural scenery and natural beauty that have not yet been despoiled by the hand of industry; that have not lost their charm by the introduction of an artificiality deprecated by the lover of nature and the out-of-doors; Canada has restful and nerve-restoring conditions of life that enable one to return to duty with the vacation objective accomplished, namely, renewed energy and a feeling that one has gained something in education—for travel is education.

Why do they come again? This question has been answered times without number by our visitors. They come again because they are made to feel welcome—made to feel at home. This welcome was very clearly stated recently by Z. W. Cannon, Manager of the Glaciers to Gulf Motorway Association, whose home is in San Antonio, Texas. "So you would like to know how Canada has treated me?" said Mr. Cannon. "Well, I have never been treated better by any people of any state or nation. Within three minutes after crossing the international border they had me feeling just as much at home as though I were down in some Texas town. Great numbers of letters have been received by the Department of the Interior from tourists who are not only satisfied but delighted with their visit to Canada, and have expressed in no uncertain terms their intention to again spend their vacation in this country."

Canadians are proverbially courteous, and this has been fully recognized by our visitors. Little wonder then that they will come again. While the words of the dear old son, "There is no place like home," are intensely true, the next best is where one is made to feel at home, and Canadians have that faculty in large measure.

When hoarse use Minard's Liniment.

Better than a hot water bag. HEATS ITSELF. Stays hot 12 or 15 hours. Can't leak, scald, burn or burst. A tablespoon of cold water starts the heat. Works like magic. A great comfort at all times; a sick-room necessity. Relieves neuralgia, lumbago, tooth ache, back ache, etc. For the horse, travelling, camping, motorizing, etc. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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791 YONGE ST. TORONTO

# The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. MCCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPHER

### CHAPTER XXIII. (Cont'd.)

Out in front the ranch defenders were slowly gaining ground on the rustlers. Under their steady gunfire the rustlers were rapidly falling back. "We'll have them on the run soon," said Bud to Miquel, riding next to him.

From the distance came the sound of the hoofs of the stampeding cattle and let loose.

"They've opened the corral," cried Miquel.

At this moment, with the ranch cowboys pressing strongly forward, the ranks of Buck McLeod broke, and they started fleeing on the run. Buck, cursing, tried vainly to call them back and continue the battle, but with several of them wounded, and their courage breaking down, they heeded their leader no longer. Disgusted, he turned and fled after them, the cowboys giving chase.

"Come," said Bud to Miquel, "we're not needed here any more. Let's chase back, close the corral, and save as many of the steers as we can."

They spurred off toward the corral. At the gates they found the two rustlers who were stampeding the milling herd through into the lane. They opened fire. Taken by surprise, the two rustlers fled precipitately without even returning the fire.

"Laboriously Bud and Miquel slid the corral gate shut against the still oncoming steers, and finally had the balance of the herd locked in."

When the flying hoofs of the cattle ceased passing over them Mary and Terence breathed a sigh of relief. They waited a moment to make sure that no more would come, then rose to their feet.

"Well, dear, looks like your boys got them on the run," said Terence. "They've got away with part of the herd, but I'll trap them."

Mary looked at him pleadingly. "Oh, don't go back to them," she said. "Stay. They'll discover you if you rejoin them."

"No, Mary, I must—it's for your sake. I'm learning things about this gang, and the real chief behind their operations, that are important—to save your father, and the ranch."

He looked at her lovingly. Then he noticed Bud and Miquel coming down the lane toward them.

"The boys—they mustn't know about me—make believe you're struggling," he said.

He seized her with mock business, and she struggled. During the struggle he planted a kiss on her lips. She laughed and for a moment returned it. "This won't do, Mary," he laughed under his breath. "fight me, fight me." She laughed too and resumed her struggle.

Bud and Miquel, running, were coming close.

"I'm going to throw you to the ground now, scare the fence, dash for your steers, steal one of your horses, and beat it," Terence whispered.

"Now—be ready, so you'll fall easily and not hurt yourself."

He hurled his beloved to the ground and scaled the fence. Bud and Miquel, coming up, more concerned over Mary than the escaping rustler, bent over her limp body, giving Terence ample opportunity to escape. Mary, pretending unconsciousness, continued to lie still to hold the boys from pursuing him.

When she finally permitted them to "revive" her and escort her back to the house there was no more sign of the "rustler" who had "attacked" her. None of the boys returning from the running gun battle with the fleeing gang had seen him either.

"One thing puzzles me," said Bud, as the boys gathered together and discussed the fight, and those who had been wounded, bathed and bandaged their hurts. "First these guys jump me and tie me up, and run off, then one of 'em cuts the ropes and frees me, and runs off after the rest of 'em. Now what do you make of that?"

### CHAPTER XXIV. HARD KNUCKLES.

Buck and his men, back at their camp early next morning, were counting the cattle they had stolen, and commiserating about the debacle of their raid.

"If some traitor hadn't let those ranch birds loose from the bunkhouse we'd a had the whole herd," growled Buck.

He looked over the men, then snarled.

"Where's that road agent—Idaho Bill?"

They counted heads and discovered the new man was missing. At this moment Topaz Taggart rode into camp, and calling Buck said:

"Stella Montrose is coming to meet me. Leave some of the boys here for another little job. Send the rest of them over the border with these cows, pronto."

Bud told him about the disappearance of Idaho Bill. Taggart's eyes glared.

"We must find the double-crosser," he snapped, "before he can expose us. I have a way of dealing with skunks."

Back of the brush at the camp lay Terence, watching and listening intently. With him was Komi, whom he had met on his way. Terence hastily scribbled a note, and handed it to the Indian.

"Take this to Mary Marshall; then wait for her at your hut on Sierra Diablo," he said. "I'll come later."

The Indian mounted his horse and sped off. Terence leaped to his saddle and rode into the camp.

"Look, there he is," shouted one of the men as Terence appeared.

Two of the men jumped him, only to meet his bare knuckles and be knocked cold. As Buck came up shouting: "We'll give him a rope's end," and the other men crowded round, Terence drew a gun.

"Idaho Bill ain't in the habit of taking rough jokes in the dark," Terence

said, calmly but menacingly. "Maybe you kin shed some light."

"You've been missing," Buck snarled accusingly. "Why?"

"I've been savin' your necks by throwin' them ranch punchers off your trail, that's what I been doin'." Terence answered derisively.

"Ye mean ye double-crossed us on the job," Buck hissed, "an'—"

Terence leaped from his horse and grabbed Buck by the throat, cried:

"You see! I got 'em eyes—an' they're lookin' at the guilty snake now."

Buck answered with a staggering blow to Terence's jaw. Terence retaliated in a flash, and the two men closed in fierce combat. Two of the men made to interfere, but Taggart stopped them.

"Let 'em fight it out themselves," he said.

They did. For half an hour Terence held the offensive almost throughout. They sloughed and punched each other mercilessly. Each hit the ground time after time, Buck more often than Terence. But both were game fighters, guttural for punishment, always coming back for more. Until finally in one of his rushes Terence plunged at Buck, hitting like a battering ram, registering iron blow after iron blow, till Buck fell crumpled upon the ground, cut, bleeding, battered, and completely done in.

He lay still, and Terence facing about to the others, well battered up himself, but grimly game for more, shouted:

"Any of you hombres got funny ideas about me?"

None responded.

Then from now on Idaho Bill's running this gang, Terence yelled.

They exchanged looks of approval at this announcement, and Taggart stepped forward and looked him over with calculating, half-suspicious eyes.

After a moment Taggart said: "You'll do for the job," and offered his hand.

### CHAPTER XXV. SENCE.

At the Bar M that morning they were making plans for protection against further attacks, when Komi rode in and delivered the note from Terence to Mary. Excitedly, she read it aloud to Stella and Bud:

"Rush word to sheriff at Pico he can trap rustlers with stolen steers at Coyote Pass near Mexico line. You ride to Komi's but quick and await me there. I've found my wolf. If we can locate Laqui gold, your troubles will be ended—Idaho."

"Who'n blazes is Idaho?" asked Bud.

"Mary was on the point of revealing that it was Terence; then she remembered he asked that no one be told, and simply replied:

"A friend we can rely upon." She went on:

"The phone wires were cut last night—how shall we get word to the sheriff? Is the airplane in shape for use?"

Bud scratched his head, and said: "May be a little risky, but—"

"I'll go with you, Bud," Stella broke in. "If it's got wings we'll make it fly as we used to in the old flying circus days."

He hesitated a moment and finally agreed.

"Miquel and Komi can go with me," said Mary, "and the other boys will stand guard on the ranch until a posse comes."

Bud ran out, instructed the other boys, and got the plane ready. Miquel came with horses for himself and Mary. The plane flew off with Stella and Bud, and Mary and Miquel mounted and followed Komi to keep the rendezvous with "Idaho."

Half an hour later, with the stolen cattle on the way to the border, in charge of several of the rustlers in command of Terence, alias Idaho Bill, Taggart and several others awaited Stella at their secret rendezvous.

Hearing a noise in the sky, they saw the plane hovering up above them.

"What in the hell does this mean?" growled Taggart, watching intently.

Up there in the sky, Stella, sitting behind Bud, had been gazing down over the side of the cockpit for some time. Finally, seeing what she wanted down on the ground, she deliberately jammed one of the steering wires which passed through her compartment.

Bud felt the flying machine save his control. He grabbed desperately at the levers, then cried:

"The steering controls have jammed."

"If we fall with the machine it may cost our lives," Stella replied. "There's only one parachute, but one of us must reach the sheriff. I'll jump it." And she began to untie the parachute.

Bud protested, but Stella ignored his pleas. He could not leave his place of death. Before he could realize it, Stella leaped from the plane with the parachute, just as she had in the old circus days as a stunt.

The plane kept on. Bud could not regain control. He sought a safe spot to make an emergency landing. But there was none in sight, and the plane kept dropping—dropping.

Taggart and his men saw the daring leap from the plane, and rushed to the parachute, unfolded, and rushed to find a spot where it seemed likely to land.

Down through space Stella came falling, and finally landed, from the quickly disengaged herself from the parachute, and bolted toward Taggart and his men. As Taggart came up he lifted her onto his saddle, fumed about and rode back whence he had come.

The crippled plane fell into a clump of trees, a few minutes later. Bud emerged from the wreckage, miraculously unhurt. Looking about, he saw the parachute lying on the ground, not far off, and started toward it.

While he was staring at it, he be-

came aware of horses approaching. It was Mary, Miquel, and Komi. They pulled up in surprise as he ran to greet them.

"The plane wrecked," he said. "But Stella dropped with the parachute before the fall. She must have gone to the sheriff."

"Then come with us, Bud—there is no time to lose," cried Mary.

Bud leaped up behind Miquel, and they were off.

"You chose a good way to come," laughed Taggart to Stella, as they rode into the camp.

"Well, I was in a hurry," she replied. "Wait till you hear what I've got to tell you."

She recounted to him what had transpired at the ranch, how by flying to him she had prevented word reaching the sheriff, and about the note from Idaho Bill, concluding:

"And the Marshal girl's on her way to the hut of this Indian, Komi, at Sierra Diablo, to meet this Idaho fellow, for some treasure hunt."

"Hmmm, this is serious," growled Taggart, fondling his topaz watch charm, as he realized the real reason for all his plotting was endangered. "We must act at once."

"Mighta known he was a double-crosser, that Idaho," put in Buck.

As Taggart began making plans with Stella, one of his men broke in upon them.

"Just saw that Marshal girl and a couple of fellows riding like fury down the road there," he said. "They stopped and picked up the guy who fell in the plane, then beat it off."

"Give chase at once," shouted Taggart. "Seize them all."

Buck and the other rustlers mounted hastily, and led by the man who had seen Mary's party, dashed off on the chase.

Down in Coyote Pass, Terence, still disguised as Idaho Bill, was supervising another group of the rustlers driving the stolen cattle through the pass. They had run only a few through, when after looking at his watch, he called out:

"Boys, keep these steers in the pass until I return from the boss's."

The men nodded, and Terence wheeled his horse and spurred off.

(To be continued.)

### Canada's Northern Outposts.

The Canadian government steamer "Arctic" has just returned from her annual northern cruise, reaching Quebec and docking without any fuss or feathers. This is in accordance with the customary Canadian way of doing things. The "Arctic" has been making the trip to the north country for a number of years, and police posts have been established on Ellesmere Island, at Kane Basin, 2,300 miles due north of Ottawa. At Craig Harbor, on the southern end of Ellesmere Island, another police post is established and buildings have been erected.

Canada has an enormous area in the islands to the north of the mainland. A glance at the map of this portion of the country will satisfy the most critical that there are great natural resources in that portion of the country, and while today they cannot be said to be of great commercial value, one never knows what a few years will bring forth, and it may be that these natural resources, in the form of minerals, will some day attract capital and industry. On Bylot Island, in Baffin Bay, the early explorers obtained coal supplies, and the Hudson's Bay Company at present uses coal from these deposits for some of its posts.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior has a good map of the northern territory that is very interesting to adult students of Canada and her resources.

The English of It.

This is probably why the English language is so hard for foreigners to learn.

"I've lost the links," said the soiled shirt.

"I've lost the links," said the golfer, as he wandered aimlessly through the woods.

"I've lost the lynx," said the hunter, as he saw tracks around his trap.

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# WRIGLEYS

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affords benefit as well as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.

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SEAL TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT MINT PERFECTOR

King Tut's Beauty Secrets.

Beauty secrets have been found in some strange circumstances and in strange places, but no cosmetic can have a more romantic history than one which may in a few months time be placed at the disposal of the young ladies of to-day.

It was recently stated by Mr. Howard Carter that among the objects found in the tomb of Tutankhamen was a cosmetic vase. The cosmetic it contained was still plastic and fragrant, and it was hoped that it could be reproduced.

Mr. Carter expressed his confidence that this 3,000-year-old beauty secret would be useful to the ladies of the present generation.

Among other discoveries made in the Valley of the Kings recently are some lamps made of translucent alabaster. So that the very latest in modern lighting luxury—the alabaster electric lamp—was in a measure anticipated by the Egyptians over a thousand years B.C.

His Charitable Act.

"Do you suppose that miserly summer resort proprietor ever does a charitable act?"

"Of course he does. Doesn't he supply the poor hungry mosquitoes with free food?"

Minard's Liniment for stiff muscles.

One part of borax to two of honey or glycerine is a splendid remedy for a sore throat.

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Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

PUZZLE. Find SANTA CLAUS

First 4 Prizes Each a Wrist Watch 100 Prizes of each a Fountain Pen

Hundreds of other Prizes

If you can solve this Puzzle and will sell 24 Perumes at 10c each, you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do that? It is very easy. If so just mark Santa with an X and send it to us at once and if correct we will send you the Perume to sell right away. Selsat Specialty Co., Dep. W. Waterford, Ont.

Every Woman Deserves One

The SMP Roaster is a fine time saver. You put the roast or fowl in the oven. The roaster does the rest, bastes, roasts to perfection. It roasts with very little shrinkage, thus saving dollars every year. None of the tasty meat juices are lost; all the rich flavor is retained. Besides you can buy cheaper cuts for it makes cheap cuts taste like choice ones.

The close-fitting cover keeps all the cooking odors and the grease inside. All roasts, the small of cooking doesn't fill the house, and the oven is kept sweet and clean. Best of all, it cleans out in a jiffy after the roasting. These are splendid reasons for getting one. They cost only \$3.50 according to size and finish. Sold in all hardware stores.

SMP Enameled ROASTER

100 Prizes of each a Fountain Pen

Hundreds of other Prizes

If you can solve this Puzzle and will sell 24 Perumes at 10c each, you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do that? It is very easy. If so just mark Santa with an X and send it to us at once and if correct we will send you the Perume to sell right away. Selsat Specialty Co., Dep. W. Waterford, Ont.

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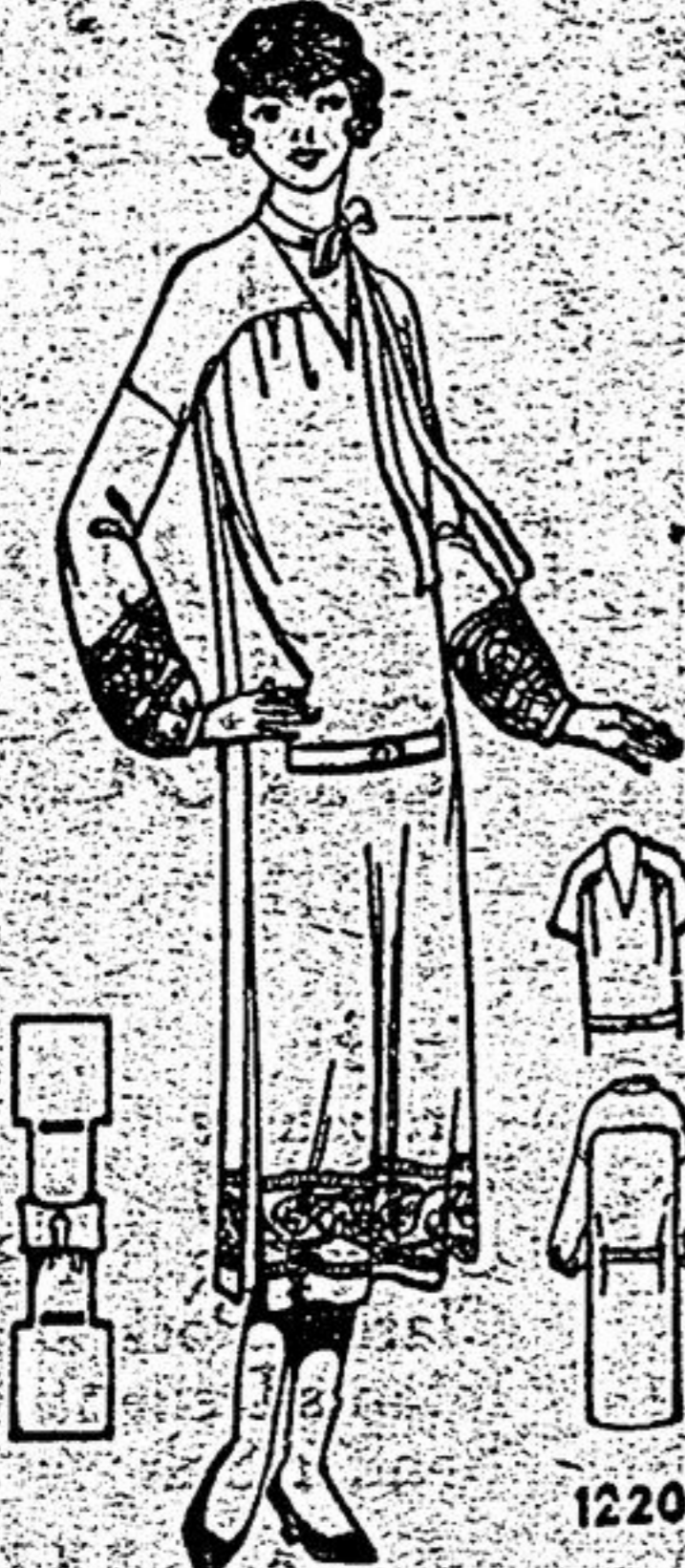
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SMP Enameled ROASTER



YOKES AND V-NECK-LINES ARE SMART.

Women's fashions cling to the svelte lines of close-fitting modes, whose straight lines conceal the subtlest of flares. The V-neck-line, and yoke extending from the front to the back are noteworthy features of this graceful frock of crepe, showing a bordered design at the lower portion of the skirt and the long, full sleeves. Inverted plaits at the side seams give a subtle suggestion of the new flare. Belt may be worn passing through bound buttonholes, or straight around above hips. The scarf collar is tacked to the dress at the back of the neck and tied in a bow at the left side. There are many graceful ways in which a collar of this type may be arranged. No. 1220 is in sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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### A Genius Without Knowing It.

The finest violin in the world has been bought by M. Mischa Elman for \$50,000. It is a Stradivarius.

Antonio Stradivarius, of Cremona, lived from 1644 to 1737, and spent most of his life making stringed instruments. His master, Nicholas Amati, whose fame is generally swallowed up in that of the gifted pupil, had wrought niddle-making near perfection. Stradivarius achieved that perfection.

He was a quaint figure of a man, tall and thin, caring for little except his home, life and his work. In winter he wore a white woollen cap and a white leather apron. In summer a white cotton cap and leather apron. His industry was stupendous. He was frugal to a degree.

The fiddlers from the Cremona workshop came as from a factory to the chief towns of Europe. We are told that in London in the eighteenth century there was a musician who was also a music dealer, called Cervotto. To him arrived in the way of trade a consignment of Stradivarius violins. He returned the greater number of them, as he could not dispose of them at the price asked, which was four pounds apiece.

Stradivarius had no idea he was a