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THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STAMPEDE

Monday morning dawned clear and bright. That was the only thing that was needed to make the occasion a success. Every other detail had been attended to. The city was decorated from end to end. Eighth Avenue was a blaze of flags and color. In honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first fort on the Bow River, many of the buildings were emblazoned with placards announcing that on this spot was established the first saloon in Calgary, the first laundry, the first bank, newspaper, government building, hall of entertainment, church or mercantile establishment. Several buildings were covered with false fronts to represent those first endeavors of civilization to wrest the wilderness from its beautiful primitive state into a first faint semblance of the metropolis of the West.

As was fitting the manager of the Exhibition and Jubilee had arranged a huge historical pageant six and a half miles long, to represent the pictorial and picturesque history of the city. Preceded by an escort of North-West Mounted Police and an equal number of Indians dressed in all the magnificence of their tribal paint and feathers, the long line of floats and riders wound its way through the streets of the city. On the sides of the floats were legends describing the scenes and the historical significance of the paper mache sets, so that all the seventy thousand spectators who lined the streets five and six deep could see and thrill with pride in the glorious changes that fifty years had made.

The presence of a moving picture outfit from Los Angeles, which intended to use the Stampede and the attendant activities as a background for a big super-Western picture, added importance to the solemn parade. As cameras ground out the passing scenes of the city's life, wave after wave of applause passed up and down the sidewalks like the wind waving Alberta's famous stands of wheat. Dan Malloy could not keep away from the vicinity of these cameras. At one time he had felt the urge of art. It had led him to Universal City, where his accomplishments as a champion rider had found a ready market in the Universal Ranch-Rider troupe—at five dollars a day. He had been perfectly happy until had been asked to double for the star in a dangerous fall from a horse, and learned the next day that the same star was getting two hundred dollars a day. Dan had ingeniously suggested to that worthy that he give him half of the amount for doing the stunt for him. In the mix-up that ensued the star emerged with certain abrasions and facial swellings that prevented him from working for a week. That was the end of Malloy's career as a star. He had cost the company a cool ten thousand in lay-off time and he was regarded as a difficult man to handle. It was on the chance of seeing this star and finishing what he had so auspiciously begun that he hung around the cameras. But all he saw was camera men and directors and assistants who roughly and authoritatively ordered him to get out of the way.

His overtures thus haughtily refused, Dan turned his attention to the pageant, the Blackfoot, Bloods, Piegans and Assiniboines depicting the life of the Indians before the white men came, the granting of the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, or "The Governor and Company of Ad-

venturers of England Trading into Hudson Bay" as the original title specified; the coming of the adventurous Frenchmen who spied out the land and discovered its extent and possibilities; the advent of the fur traders, following in the wake of the explorers; the coming of the Catholic Fathers, bringing salvation to the Indians, and Rev. George McDougall who built the first Protestant church; the expeditions of government explorers and gentlemen sportsmen and hunters; the activities of the buffalo hunters, the wolvers and the whiskey traders; the lawless acts of the mounted police; a replica of the first fort built in 1874, Ft. MacLeod; the expedition that founded Fort Calgary; the treaties with the Indians; the coming of the first newspaper; the establishment of the first regular stores and mercantile establishments; and so on down through the various stages by which the live, little cow-town became a thriving bustling modern city.

It took hours for that parade to pass, but it held the intense interest of all who saw it. Dan, whose real interest that way was centered on the horses and the wagers of his employer, was lifted high out of himself and his danger and his fears. With those hardy men of old who carried the banner of civilization into the wilderness marching in ghostly effigy before him, his own hopes and fears seemed but petty ephemeral gestures. His masquerade seemed unworthy; his skulking fear of the law did the name of Malloy no credit. Jean La Farge was right. What a name to transmit to his grandchildren. Better that he stand up manfully and shout it to the world; walk up to Callahan, if he saw him again, and tell him.

"Here I am, Dan Malloy. I have proven that I can disguise myself so that you cannot find me, but it suits me now to admit my identity and take the consequences. I am innocent. You prove me guilty."

A touch on his shoulder roused Malloy from his day dream. Involuntarily he sid back again into the character of Chuck Jones. It was Regan in his wagon, his daughter beside him. Alberta was dressed in gala attire, with a wide floppy modish hat taking the place of the Stetson and drill riding clothes she affected around the ranch.

"Here, hop in. I'll give you a hitch up to Exhibition Park."

Meekly Dan hopped into the back of the wagon and Regan threaded his way out to the Park. He must make certain that nothing happened to his Roman team or to Corbett. He had made a very foolish bet, and now he had to take every precaution to insure his winning. He had grown to hate Morton. He doubted very much if he would take his old stock even if he did win the race, but Morton would certainly take his if the race went against him. Not that he had lost any of his confidence in winning, but he knew a lot about the uncertainty of horse races and this was the last one he would go into with this high bidder. Just the same he must win this race. As he drove into the Park he turned over the team to one of his men and inquired about Corbett.

"Run along now, daughter. I'll take you to lunch, but I want to see the team and be certain that everything is all right with Corbett."

He watched the gay little figure with proud eyes as she skipped along in the direction of the grandstand. She was a fine girl and the apple of his eye. He ought never to have risked his fortune—her fortune, that way. He would never do anything like that again. As Alberta skipped around the corner of the great stands, waving gaily as she went, Regan turned to Chuck.

"Here, Chuck, you keep your eye on them horses. I've bet everything on them but the ranch."

A sarcastic, harsh voice at his elbow interrupted him.

"Why not bet that, too?" it asked.

Morton stood there, thumbs in the armpits of his vest, his hat on the back of his head and a pipe in his mouth. He always smoked that pipe unless he saw an opportunity to take one of Regan's stogies. Half a dozen of the Morton riders stood with their boss and their attitudes were indicative of the low opinion their boss held of the sportsmanship of Regan. But Regan shook his head. Malloy took him by the arm as though to lead him away. But Morton stopped around in front. Taking his pipe out of his mouth he spat on the ground.

"I thought you said no one could ever call you a piker," he said in an insulting manner as he could say it. And this manner had the same effect on Regan as it always did. He was out of hand in a moment. Red Rage flared up in his eyes. He shook off

Dan's detaining hand and faced his tormentor.

"And they won't," he shouted. "I don't want your ranch any more than I want the moon. And I certainly don't want you to have mine. But seein' you're so cussed set on losin' it, I'll just bet my ranch against yours, only it's like puttin' up a twenty-dollar gold piece against a piugged shilling."

And before he started Malloy could recover he had seized Morton's outstretched hand and angrily shaken it as a vexed puppy might shake a rat.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN IS ONE EVER SAFE?
Exhibition Park was filling up with eager and laughing spectators all eager to see one of the greatest sights of the generation. Canada was staging her great epic of the West, the great Mecca to which lovers of skill and daring make pilgrimage yearly from every corner of the world. Sport loving Americans were there from all the cities, south of the border. They came from as far east as Montreal and Quebec for the thrill of frontier days. It was the last stand of the West against the effete pleasures of the East. In a way it was like the great tournaments of King Arthur's day but it heralded a new chivalry, born of a race of empire builders. And too, it partook of the character of the gladiatorial combats in the Coliseum at Rome. Only the gladiators had become cowboys and the swords and spears had become lariats and bull whips and the wild beasts, bucking bronchos and steers.

And in that throng, holding himself in the freedom of one whose crime was fastened on another walked the very man whose vengeance had sent Dan Malloy into hiding and masquerade—Fred Burgess. Wainwright Park had not seen him for a year. The scene of his crimes, big and little, had been worried much about it for there was only one person there who could in any way connect him with the crime for which the police were so relentlessly tracking Dan Malloy. But three hundred miles is a long way and even if Neenah had suspected that he fired the fatal shot, she would hardly be believed when the evidence pointed so unmistakably at Malloy. Burgess had grown callous in his security. Perched high up in the bleachers, he intended to enjoy the Stampede to the full. And he had brought his new sweetheart, Nellie Butler, with him. Nellie might not be much of a lady, but at least she was no breed and she knew how to wear clothes, and she had the figure to show them off to good advantage. He was proud of Nellie as he had never been proud of Neenah.

But when is any one safe? How could Fred Burgess know that circumstances had conspired to bring Neenah and Marie La Farge to the Calgary Stampede, when by all the rules of logic they should be three hundred miles away in Wainwright Park?

Being in Calgary just at that time when all the world seemed to be intent on attending the Stampede, why shouldn't Marie, who had never in all her life seen a Stampede, take advantage of this opportunity? Quite the most natural thing in the world, and all the more reason, since Dan Malloy was probably there too. No wonder, too, that Marie and her maid were looking more at the audience than at the colorful opening flourishes of the big show stretched out so gaily before them.

The humor of wild cow milking contests, that set the crowd in hysterics as earnest bowboys held and tried to milk cattle whose mind was in an entirely different direction, only to lose all the milk through a cleverly directed kick in just the right place, was all but lost on them, though each cowboy as he came out was eagerly scrutinized. This might well have been a task that the Chuck Jones she had seen might have undertaken, without endangering his elaborate incognito. Possibly there was a potato-peeling race on the program. She looked. None there. Broncho-busting, thrilling as it seemed to most of the persons around her, steer riding, awkward and inelegant as it appeared, left them unimpressed as soon as they were satisfied that Dan Malloy was not implicated as a rider.

Presently Neenah touched her mistress on the arm. "Thinking she had seen the object of her search, Marie turned to her eagerly.

"Please, Mamsel, I see frien' down there. Can I go see?" and the bright-eyed half-breed girl was off like a shot, threading her way in and out of the press in her haste to follow a

AN INTERNAL BATH DAILY RECOMMENDED

A prominent physician made the remark recently that if people were half as particular in regard to internal cleanliness as they are about external appearance three quarters of our ordinary ailments would be eliminated. This medical man said people did not stop to think of the importance of keeping the system just as clean as one is careful to keep hands, face and body. The result is that the intestinal tract becomes clogged and waste material which should leave the body daily stays there for an indefinite period doing a harm few people realize. So many ills are traceable to these clogging poisons! An internal bath sounds novel, but it is much easier to take than any other kind. A spoonful of Sal Lihofos before breakfast (of tepid water acts as a gentle cleanser of the bowels—provides a soothing internal bath that rids the body of dangerous toxic poisons and gives one that feeling of freshness, vigor and well-being. A further advantage of the internal bath lies in the fact that a healthy body ensures an alert and active mind, which makes for greater efficiency and happiness in one's daily work.

face and figure she had seen for an instant in the crowd high up near the topmost fence.

(To be continued.)



SPORTS FROCKS SHOW INTERESTING DETAILS.

Much that is chic and fascinating is included in this little one-piece frock in jumper effect. It is a naive affair of plaid surrah; that slips on over the head, has a high neck, a set-in yoke, and long sleeves. The patch pockets have pointed tabs through which a narrow leather belt is passed, and two wide box-pleats in the front of the skirt afford extra fullness. No. 1318 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years, or (34, 36 and 38 inches bust only). Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 3 1/2 yards 89-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Happy Islands of the Pacific.

England has one colony where serious crime is almost unknown. The Falkland Islands, off the coast of South America, are crime-free for years at a time.

Daniel John O'Sullivan, a bluff and hearty Irish ex-sailorman who rules as chief constable and keeper of the prison over this most southerly of colonies, landed in England recently with a man sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

It is his first visit to London since seventeen years ago he accompanied a lunatic to England. The Falkland Islands have everything but a lunatic asylum and a prison for those serving long-term sentences.

Port Stanley, Mr. O'Sullivan's headquarters, was shocked when the crime that has brought the chief constable to England was made known. The Falklands are not used to crime.

"Unemployment is nil in the Falklands," said Mr. O'Sullivan to the writer. "That is one reason why we have so little crime. There is a sociability in the islands which a larger community could not possibly know. We are not barbarians. We have every convenience—a good library, good Government buildings, and riches for those who work hard, though sometimes life is lonely. The sheep farms are widely separated and there are long rides on horseback before we see a friendly face. Our greatest need is a newspaper of our own."



One Day.

Judge—"I'll be lenient and give you one day to pay this fine for not removing the snow from your pavement."

Accused—"Thanks, your honor—would the first of August do?"

Matter of Distance.

Pat was a bricklayer's laborer, and while handling a hod full of bricks had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding.

Happily, however, he was not much the worse for his fall, and a few days later recounted the affair to some of his friends.

"Yes, and did all your sins flash through your mind as ye fell, Pat?"

"Begorra," answered Pat. "I said thirty feet, not thirty molles!"

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If the water contains a great deal of lime, keep an oyster or other shell in the teakettle. This provides additional surface on which the lime may collect, and in that way saves the teakettle somewhat.

If the teakettle already has become incrustated with lime, boil a pint of vinegar or a few stalks of rhubarb in it. Sometimes this softens the lime so it can be scraped off.

If this does not prove successful, however, empty the kettle and heat it on the stove, being careful not to heat it too much. Take it off and let it cool. Usually then the crust of lime will be found loosened so it can be lifted off in large pieces with the fingers or a knife inserted underneath.

A Huge Tusk.

An elephant tusk in the British Museum is more than 10 feet long and weighs 226 pounds.

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Miss Sarah Beall, a mathematician and the only woman now connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, has recently completed a book which is a complete history of the astronomical work of the survey since 1846.

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A Lecture entitled "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—THE GOSPEL OF SALVATION" By Mrs. Nelys E. Ritchie, C.S., of Sewickley, Pa., member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass., given from Massey Hall, Toronto, Sunday afternoon, April 25, at 3 o'clock, by Station C.K.C.L., 357, meter wave length, by courtesy of the Reliance and Maximize Battery Co.



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