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Peculiar Facts and Figures.

Sunday Island, in the Pacific, is really the tallest mountain in the world. It rises 2,000 ft. out of five miles of water, and is thus nearly 20,000 ft. from base to summit.

The common house-fly sounds the note F in flying. This means that its wings vibrate 335 times a second. The honey-bee sounds A, implying 440 vibrations a second.

In the north of Siberia, Yakut and Tungus natives use great slabs of ice as windows for their turf and clay-walled huts. They prefer these to double-walled glass, declaring the former to be much warmer when the temperature is seventy or eighty degrees below zero Fahr. Ice windows give a curious greenish tint to the light coming through them.

An American bank gives to each depositor a clock that can only be wound up by the insertion of a coin, thus compelling the saving of something every day.

The first Braille, was written in France in 1829. It was invented by Louis Braille, who became Professor at the Paris School for the Blind in 1826. Louis Braille was born in Paris in 1809 and became blind at the age of three.

The British gas industry carbonizes 16,000,000 tons of coal yearly, and makes 270,000,000,000 feet of gas. It has a capital of £160,000,000, and employs 160,000 workers.

A fog in the Atlantic Ocean is generally about thirty miles in diameter. Glow-worms are much more brilliant just before a storm than they are at any other time.

Ungallant Proverbs.

A Spanish rhyme runs: "Were a woman as little as she is good, a pea-pod would make her a gown and a hood."

An old English saying: "If a man lose a woman and a farthing, he will be sorry he lost the farthing."

French Adage: "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."

German: "There are only two good women in the world—one dead, and the other can't be found."

Scotch: "Honest men marry soon, wise men never."

In Fife they say: "The next best thing to no wife is a good wife."

Arabian: "Words are women; deeds are men."

A Persian sage says that a woman's wisdom is under her heel.

The Persian asserts that women and dragons are best out of the world.

Coriscan: "Just as a good and a bad horse both need the spur, a good and a bad woman both need the stick."



Noah's Lack of Vision. Noah didn't know his business. How do you figure that out? When he went into the ark, he should have taken out rain insurance.

Country people in many parts of England still believe in witches.

Good for All the Family



It makes them smile—it's sure worth while.

After every meal

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

It was a good ten minutes before Neenah saw him again, but she had a singleness of purpose that stood her in good stead and soon she stood directly under the section where he sat. As a particularly daring cowboy was at last thrown from the back of a dangerous outlaw named on the program, Sweet Marie, the whole section in front of her rose up to get a better view. The man that Neenah sought rose with them. To her horror, Neenah saw him put his arm protectively about the waist of a flashily dressed and overly red-lipped girl with bobbed hair. She stood looking, rooted to the spot. And as she looked a hardness came into her eyes that had been soft and sentimental before. Still, Neenah thought, it might be his sister. With this thought in mind, Neenah worked her way around to the bench behind Burgess. Then she tightly clasped her hand about his eyes.

"Guess, guess, my Fred, who has found you?"

The little half-breed girl was strong and she had her man at a disadvantage. He could not move without being rough. But he was a man troubled with many things on his conscience, and he had little patience with riddles. Nevertheless he could not budge the clasp about his eyes. It was his companion who came to his assistance.

"See here," she said indignantly. "What is all this, part of the show or a hold up? I did not think they let Indians in the grand stand," and with that she broke Neenah's hold.

Burgess turned around to face the last person he wanted to see then or any other time. Surprise, fear and anger fought for mastery in his face. Anger conquered.

"Get out of here," he roared, purple with rage. "When I left Wainright Park I left you too—for good. I don't know you any more."

Neenah's surprise was a pathetic thing to see. The man for whom she had made her mistress suffer as few have ever suffered, the man who had promised to marry her and take her away from service and serving—the man she had loved with a dumb trusting love to this publicity and violently disown her. She held out her hands to him in dumb entreaty. For answer the girl with Burgess slapped her in the face. And Burgess laughed. That laugh rang in Neenah's ears like a death knell. It was also a call to battle, a battle of outraged womanhood. Swiftly she turned and was lost in the crowd, but in her eyes was a determination that boded no good for Burgess. And what is more, in his heart he knew it. He should have been more diplomatic with Neenah. But no man can serve two masters, and as for serving two women, even Solomon the Wise, could prescribe no safe recipe.

Neenah hurried back to her mistress. Her eyes burning with shame and anger, she was almost inarticulate. She stamped her little feet and ground her hands together to retain her composure. It is the Indian's way to be calm, come what may, and the so-called strain in her blood stood her in good stead.

"He promised to marry me—now he laugh in my face," she said with dignity and forced calmness.

"Who, Neenah?"

"That Burgess, the poacher. I see him. Go to him all glad, and he take other woman. Never want see me no more."

"You poor child, what are you talking about?"

And Marie took Neenah into her arms, and soothed her as she would have done with a sister. Her gentleness brought the flood of tears that opened Neenah's heart, and soon she learned the whole story, the one thing that Neenah had locked so securely in her breast that she had daily been a traitor to her gentle, suffering mistress.

"And now I can tell you. It was Burgess shoot Jean LaFarge. Not your Malloy. He ver' innocent all tam, so sorry I cannot tell you before."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST STRAW.

Nominally Blackie Smith, the foreman of the Bar-O Ranch, was the leader of the troop of cowboys that came up to the city for the Stampede. It was his place, and that privilege had been confirmed by Regan the night before in Kelly's Saloon where the latest sporting proposition had been accepted. Discipline had to be maintained away from the ranch even more strictly than on the range. The temptations were greater, and the chances of any treachery to the entrants and their mounts were such that the strictest kind of supervision was necessary.

Every man on the Bar-O payroll knew this and were more than ready to do his part even to quitting the saloon at eleven o'clock, just as the fun was at its height. When Blackie had given the word the entire troop joined in a night cap and with a cheer for Regan, who had paid for the round, marched out to whatever re-

On Monday evening, May 3, at eight o'clock, from Massey Hall, Toronto will be **RADIOCAST** by Station C.H.C., 857-meter wave length, a LECTURE on Christian Science, entitled

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retirement had been arranged. Blackie sent them away and saw that they were well started before he said good night to the boss and watched him get into a taxi to go to the Palais. Regan's last word had been a caution as to Corbett and the Palomino pair. Having no place in particular to go and no duty to perform, the potatoes having all been peed for the next three days, Chuck Jones also saw the boss off to his hotel. He also thought it would be a good thing to see Blackie off to the stable, where both of them were to sleep. Possibly Blackie would unloosen and buy a taxi too.

Just as Blackie was thinking about this matter and trying to decide in his mind about such an expenditure, the foreman of the Morton Ranch came out of Kelly's. He was somewhat teed up. Seeing Blackie on the sidewalk, he called to him. While they were rivals, due to their respective positions, they were always fond of each other and the best of friends.

"Hey, Blackie, I just can't go and turn in without having one drink with you. You know to-morrow we will be busy and my gang is going to tick the tar out of your outfit. So to-night is the last time I will have a chance to buy you a drink with my own money. To-morrow I'll buy it with yours. How about it?"

"Can't for the life of me see how you got that way, Bust," replied Blackie in the free and easy railery that cowboys affect. "As I figger it you'd be jest spedin' my money now if I let you buy me a drink to-night. Yo. all might need that there money to tide you over to the end of the month."

"I ain't afeared of that; I got plenty," and he tapped his pocket. Blackie and Chuck saw that it was bulging with bills.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do. We jest oughter part sociale, so I propose that you buy me a drink with the money that's mine to-morrow. You can't hospitably refuse to do that. And you might invite your slick-ear friend in too. He looks as though he needed a drink."

"Slick ear is a term applied to cattle without a brand, and while it is no insult to apply it to a human being, it usually raises a laugh at his expense. Blackie laughed and turned to Chuck.

"C'mon in Chuck. We'll buy this night hawk just one drink to show him there's no hard feelin's about to-morrow's go," and he turned in the direction of the door again.

"Tain't right, Blackie," expostulated Chuck, pulling at Blackie's arm. "The Boss expects us to go home and we oughter go."

"Say, if you don't want to have a drink on this guy's money, you don't have to. You can go up to the stable. I got to be a generous feller with his money."

Chuck saw the wavering Bust and the willing Blackie go in arm and arm. He knew what that meant. So he followed them. At the end of each round he politely suggested that that was sufficient and that it was time to go. But one drink led to another, as it will do, and by the time Bust was maudlin, Blackie was scarcely better. It was a whole hour later that Chuck fairly dragged Blackie to the door and piled him into a taxi.

So it was that Blackie avoided the boss the next morning. Fortunately nothing had happened to the boys. They had all turned in in good shape. Chuck had administered a few pails of cold water to the aching head of Blackie in the morning and had fairly kicked him out of bed and into his clothes. He only smiled at the tongue lashings with which Blackie received his feelings. He was too unsteady on his feet to even attempt the usual kick.

"Guess you don't want to see the parade. All you got to do is turn around twice and the whole world is a parade to you. Hope you feel better when I get back."

The first thing he had done when he came back to the Park with Mr. Regan was to look up Blackie. As has been intimated, he was not the same Chuck Jones that went down town. He had seen a vision, a vision of brave and hardy men, who had dared everything to conquer an empire. The pageant had awakened a pride that no amount of caution or fear could ever extinguish.

Chuck found Blackie leaning against a fence in the inner corral. Both hands were stretched out, the fingers of the hands leaning on the tops of

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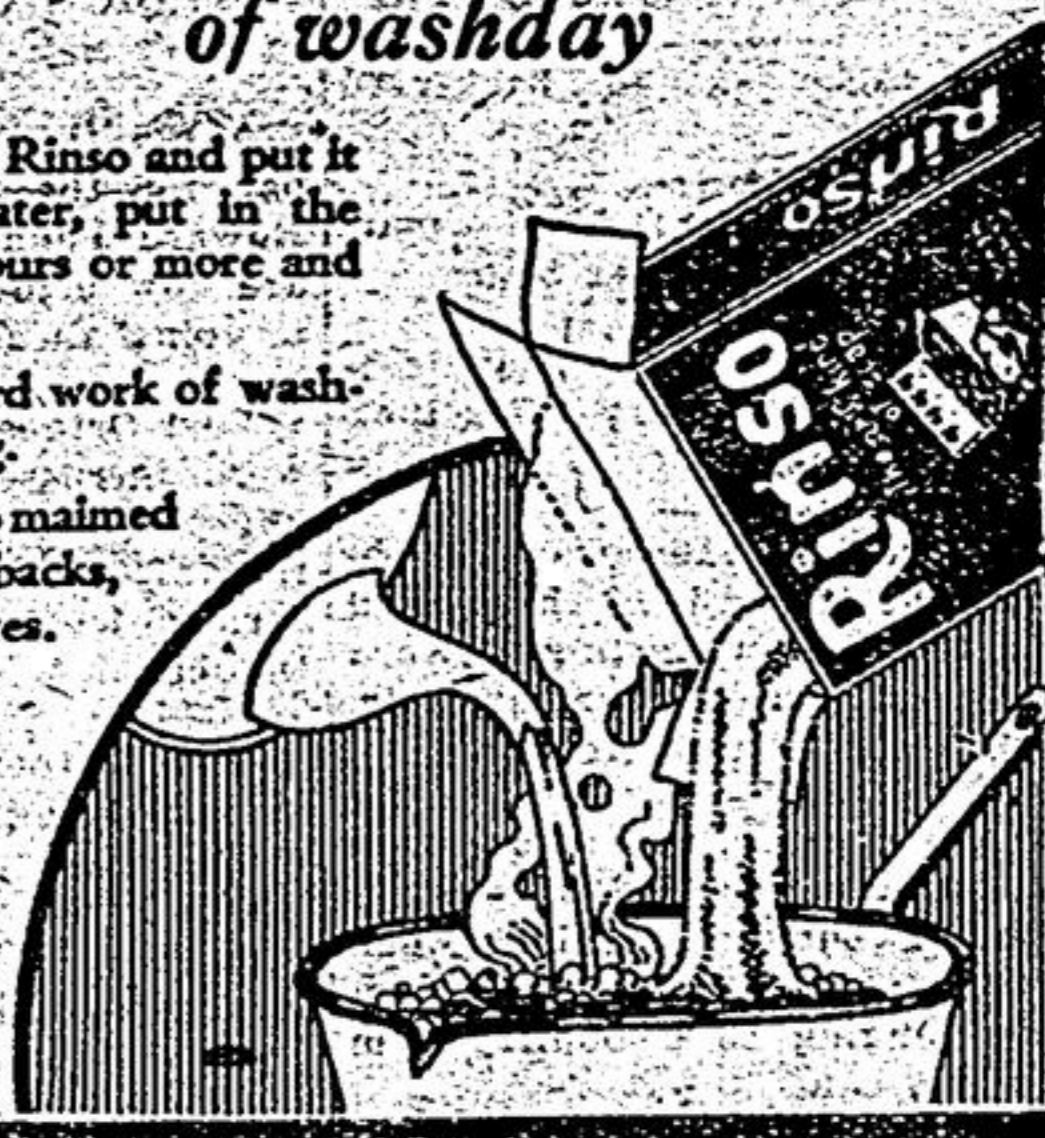
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the boards. Chuck's self-assertion needed just a little expression. Here was an opportunity. Shuffling around to the back of the fence, the top of which was high over his head, he began to climb it. He was directly back of Blackie. As he reached the board on which Blackie's fingers rested, he deliberately stepped on the board, and went on up as unconcernedly as though Blackie had not raised a shout that could be heard all the way out to the track.

When he reached the top and looked down on the foreman, who was jumping about and holding his injured hand as though he had been shot, he sat down on the topmost board and laughed. Blackie shook his fist at him.

"Why the squawk? You can drink with the other hand, can't yer?"

"You consarned, everlastin', blankety, blank piece of potato blight, you jest come down here and I'll—"

"You'll what? What'll you do?" and Chuck jumped down directly in front of the raging, swearing foreman. Blackie took one good look at Chuck. His left hand, with which Chuck had admonished him to do his drinking henceforth, was drawn back to strike. But the steadfast, steely look in Chuck's eyes, so different from any look the foreman had ever seen there before, deterred him.

The left arm showed no anxiety about connecting with the objective. Instead, Blackie put it back in his pocket and walked grumblingly away. His aching brain wondered vaguely what had come over the spuds peeler. Usually he took everything so good-naturally and he even let the cook insult him, which is the worst insult that can happen to a ranch hand.

"And I'm tellin' you somethin' else, too," shouted Chuck after the retreating figure of the foreman. "To impart this knowledge he thought best to come closer. It was big news."

"Not ten minutes ago the boss bet the whole ranch against the Morton ranch on the Roman race. And if Corbett ain't in shape to ride that race you will be the one to have to do it. I'm tellin' yer, so's you'll sober up an' be on yer toes."

If the news didn't have all of the desired effect, it at least loosened the foreman's tongue. In a surprising time the whole outfit knew of the bet. Nothing like it had ever happened before that a ranch the size of the Bar-O had been staked on the running of a single race. Either the boss must have had more confidence than they

had thought or he had been a bigger fool than they thought.

As Chuck turned away from making this gesture of self-expression he saw two mounted policemen walking up the path outside of the high board fence over which he had just climbed. They were talking and the voice that was speaking sounded strangely familiar. Chuck listened and as he listened he heard his breath.

"And they said you were up Peaco River," he heard the voice he now recognized as that of Cullahan saying. "She failed to identify him, but maybe you would like to have a look at him. I understand that he is here with the Bar-O outfit. He's a dead ringer for the description of Malloy I read on the card. Wait here a moment. I'll see if I can find him in the barn."

Malloy gingerly stepped over the fence and looked through. Not two feet away from him, separated only by a board fence, was Bill Harkness, the only man in Canada that he did not want to see and probably the only one who could identify him.

(To be continued.)

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