

a large, black hat; a checked suit, rather loud, and high boots. His legs were crossed and with an air of elegant enjoyment he was smoking a similar cigar.

"Don't want it!" snarled L. W. and, rising up in a fury, he moved off towards the far end of the car.

"Oh, all right," observed Rimrock, "I'll smoke it myself, then." And L. W. grunted contemptuously.

THEY rode for some hours across a flat, joyless country without either man making a move, but as the train neared Gunsight Rimrock rose up and went forward to where L. W. sat.

"Well, what're you all bowed up about?" he enquired bluffly. "Has your girl gone back on you, or what?"

"Go on away!" answered L. W. dangerously, "I don't want to talk to you, you thief!"

"Oh, that's what's the matter with you—you're thinking about the money, eh? Well, you always did hate to lose."

An insulting epithet burst from L. W.'s set lips, but Rimrock let it pass.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Never mind my feelings. Say, how much do you figure I owe you?"

"You don't owe me nothing!" cried L. W. half-rising. "You stole from me, you scoundrel—I can put you in the Pen for this!"

"Aw, you wouldn't do that," answered Rimrock easily. "I know you too well for that."

"Say, you go away," panted L. W. in a frenzy, "or I'll throw you out of this car."

"No you won't either," said Rimrock truculently. "You'll have to eat some more beans before you can put me on my back."

Rimrock squared his great shoulders and his eyes sparkled dangerously as he faced L. W. in the aisle.

"Now listen!" he went on after a tense moment of silence, "what's the use of making a row? I know I lied to you—I had to do it in order to get the money. I just framed that on purpose so I could get back to New York where a proposition like mine would be appreciated. I was a bum, in Gunsight; but back in New York, where they think in millions, they treated my like a king."

"I don't want to talk to you," rumbled L. W. moving off, "you lied once too often, and I've quit ye!"

"All right!" answered Rimrock, "that suits me, too. All I ask is—what's the damage?"

"Thirty-seven hundred and fifty-five dollars," snapped back L. W. venomously, "and I'd sell out for thirty-seven cents."

"You won't have to," said Rimrock with business directness and flashed a great roll of bills.

"There's four thousand," he said, peeling off four bills, "you can keep the change for pylon."

There was one thing about L. W., he was a poker player of renown and accustomed to thinking quick. He took one look at that roll of bills and waved the money away.

"Nope! Keep it!" he said. "I don't want your money—just let me in on this deal."

"Huh!" grunted Rimrock, "for four thousand dollars? You must think I've been played for a sucker. No, four hundred thousand dollars

wouldn't give you a look-in on the pot that I've opened this trip."

"W'y, you lucky fool!" exclaimed L. W. incredulously, his eyes still glued to the roll. "What's the proposition, Rimmy? Say, you know me, Rim!"

"Yeh! Sure I do!" answered Rimrock dryly, and L. W. turned from bronze to a dull red. "I know the whole bunch of you, from the dog robber up, and this time I play my own hand. I was a sucker once, but the only friends I've got now are the ones that stayed with me when I was down."

"But I helped you, Rim," cried L. W. appealingly. "Didn't I lend you money time and again?"

"Yes, and here it is," replied Rimrock indifferently as he held out the four yellow bills. "You loaned me money, but you treated me like dirt—now take it or I'll ram it down your throat."

L. W. took the money and stood gnawing his cigar as the train slowed down for Gunsight.

"Say, come over to the bank—I want to speak to you," he said as they dropped off the train.

"Nope, can't stop," answered Rimrock curtly, "got to go and see my friends."

He strode off down the street and L. W. followed after him, beckoning feverishly to every one he met.

"Say, Rimrock's struck it rich!" he announced behind his hand and the procession fell in behind.

Straight down the street Rimrock went to the Alamo where old Hassayamp stood shading his eyes, and while the crowd gathered around them he took Hassayamp's hand and shook it again and again.

"Here's the best man in town," he began with great feeling. "An old-time Arizona sport. There never was a time, when I was down and out, that my word wasn't good for the drinks."

And Hassayamp Hicks, divining some great piece of good fortune, invited him in for one more.

"Here's to Rimrock Jones," he said to the crowd, "the liveliest boy in this town."

They drank and then Rimrock drew out his roll and peeled off an impressive yellow bill.

"Just take out what I owe you," he said to old Hassayamp, "and let the boys drink up the rest."

WITH that he was gone and the crowd, scarce believing, stayed behind and drank to his health. Not a word was said by Rimrock or his friends as to the source of this sudden wealth. For once in his life Rimrock Jones was reticent, but the roll of bills spoke for itself. He came out of Woo Chong's restaurant with a broad grin on his face and looked about for the next man he owed.

"You can talk all you want to," he observed to the onlookers, "but the Chink is as white as they make 'em. And any man in this crowd," he added impressively, "that ever loaned me a cent, all he has to do is to step out and say so and he gets his money back—and then some."

The crowd surged about, but no one stepped forward. Strange stories were in the air, resurrected from the past, of Rimrock and the way he paid. When the Gunsight mine, after many difficulties, began to pay back what it had cost, Rimrock had appeared on

the street with a roll. And then, as now, he had announced his willingness to pay any bill, good or bad, that he owed. He stood there waiting, with the bills in his hand, and he paid every man who applied. He even paid men who slipped in meanly with stories of loans when he was drunk; but he noted them well and from that day forward they received no favours from him.

"Ah, there's the very man I'm looking for," exclaimed Rimrock in Spanish as he spied old Juan in the crowd and, striding forward, he held out his hand and greeted him ceremoniously. Old Juan it was of whom he had borrowed the gold ore that had coaxed the two thousand dollars from L. W.—and he had never sent the picked rock back.

"How are you, Juan?" he enquired politely in the formula that all Mexicans love. "And your wife, Rosita? Is she well also? Yes, thank God, I am well, myself. Where is Rico now? He is a good boy, truly—will you do one more thing for me, Juan?"

"Si, Si, Senor!" answered Juan deferentially; and Rimrock smiled as he patted his shoulder.

"YOU are a good man, Juan," he said. "A good friend of mine—I will remember it. Now get me an ore-sack—a strong one—like the one that contained the picked gold."

"Un momento!" smiled Juan hurrying off towards the store and the Mexicans began to swarm to and fro. Some reward, they knew, was to be given to Juan to compensate him for the loss of his gold. His gold and his labor and all the unpaid debt that was owing to him and his son and the rest. The streets began to clatter with flying hoofs as they rode off to summon el pueblo, and by the time Old Juan returned with his sack all Mexican town was there.

"Muy bien," pronounced Rimrock as he inspected the ore-sack, "now come with me, Amigo!"

Amigo Juan went, and all his friends after him, to see what El Patron would do. Something generous and magnificent, they knew very well, for El Patron was gentleman, muy caballero. He led the way to the bank, still enquiring most solicitously about Juan's relations, his children, his burros and so on; and Juan, sweating like a packed jack under the stress of the excitement, answered courteously, as one should to El Patron, and clung eagerly to his sack. The crowd entered the bank and as L. W. came out Rimrock placed Juan's sack on the table.

"Bring out new silver dollars, fresh from the mint," he said, "and fill up this sack for Juan!"

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Juan fervently as the cashier came staggering forth with a sack, and Rimrock took the bag, containing a thousand bulging dollars, and set it down before him. He broke the seal and as the shining silver burst forth he spilled it in a huge windrow on the table.

"Now fill your ore-sack," he said to Juan, "and all you can stuff into it is yours."

"For a gift?" faltered Juan, and as Rimrock nodded he buried his hands in the coin. The dollars clanged and rattled as they spilled on the table and a great silence came over the

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