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#### <del>15155555555555</del>

Mr. E. E. McTaggart we are glad to say, still holds the position of Su of our Sunday School. Rally D Rally Day Services here on May 11th. programme. At the re-organization of the Ladie

Aid the officers put in were as fo

President-Mrs. E. E. McTaggart. Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Whiteroft. Secretary—Mrs. Watts. Assist. Secretary—Mrs. Durdle. Treasurer—Mrs. H. Crosby. Mite Collector—Mrs. Taylor. Chaplain-Mrs. Gibson

Organist-Miss Whitcroft.

### **New Sarum**

Mr. and Mrs. George Chivers mo ed to Port Burwell, on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crane, of Owell, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mr

Clarence Crane. Mr. Ward and Grant Norton,

Thomas, were recent guests of Mr. at Mrs. David Norton. Several from here attended Elisha Phillip's funeral at St. Thoi He was a former resident here. Mr. and Mrs. George Colv

Thomas, spent Friday with Peter a D. Doan. Miss Effie and Blanche Anderso of Detroit, have been renewing quaintances in the village.

of Mrs. Roy McTaggart, on Thursday

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gloin h Miss Mildred Kennington, of Thomas, has been spending a few twith Mrs. B. Hill.

Mrs. J. R. Thompson, of St. Thors visiting her niece, Mrs. Harry

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## The Heritage of the Desert

ZANE GREY

Author of Riders of the Purple Sage, The Desert of Wheat, The Border Legion, Etc.

way back, but he wasn't around. Snap

"Did you go right into camp?" ask-

"Sure. I was looking for Holder

wanted him bad, an' I'm shore goin'

number thirty-one in dad's ceme-

"I got it full of water and sand.

"Jack, you can see I am in the worst

was pushed off my ranges too easily.

and it's almost unbelievable. Holder-

holds office over the Mormons from

whom he steals. Scarcely a day goes

banded together, hanged some rust-

of them have come down into our

country, and Holderness now has

fearing, life-loving men, slow

vrath. But-"

sharply.

ccused.

strong force. But the Mormons will rise against him. I know it; I see it.
I am waiting for it. We are God-

The deep rolling burr in his voice

howed emotion too deep for words.
"They need a leader," replied Hare

August Naab rose with haggard face

and his eyes had the look of a man

"Dad figures this way," put in Dave

"On the other hand we lose our water

and stock without bloodshed. We

have a living in the oasis. There's

little here to attract rustlers, so we

may live in peace if we give up our

rights. On the other hand, suppose

Dad gets the Navajos down here and

we join them and go after Holderness and his gang. There's going to be an

all-fired bloody fight. Of course we'd

vipe out the rustlers, but some of us

vould get killed-and there are the

The force of August Naab's argu-

ment for peace, entirely aside from

his Christian repugnance to the shedding of blood, was plainly unassailable.

"Remember what Snap said?" asked

Hare suddenly. "One man to kill Dene.

Therefore one man to kill Holder-

nes! That would break the power of

"Ah, you've said it," replied Dave,

raising a tense arm. "It's a one-man ob. D-n Snap! He could have done

it, if he hadn't gone to the bad. But it won't be easy. I tried to get Hol-

derness. He was wise, and his men politely said they had enjoyed my call,

vives and kids. See!"

you look done up," said "You knew Holderness had taken Raab, solicitously, when the in Silver-Cup?" inquired Naab, greetings had been spoken and August Naab nodded gloomily, er Ruth had led Mescal indoors. mane, too-he's wet and wind- for him. "While I was in White Sage

sday, May 8th., 1924

and the boys were here at home, Holle's been running? Yes, a little," replied Hare, as he derness rode to the spring and took the saddle from the weary possession. I called to see him on my

Ah! Whats' this?" questioned Aug- was there, the boss of a bunch of Naab, with his hand on Silver- riders. Dene too, was there.' mane's flank. He touched a raw and the stallion flinched. ed Hare. re a bullet made that!"

"Then you didn't ride in by the riders in the bunch. Italked to several of them, Mormons, good fellows, they No. I came by Silver Cup." used to be. Also I had some words Silver Cup? How on earth did you with Dene. He said: "I shore was

down there?" sorry Snap got to my spy first. I We climbed out of the canon up Coconina, and so made the to have his white horse.' Snap and Dene, all of them, thought you were

Naab whistled in surprise and he aab whistled in surprise and tery,"
thed another keen glance over Hare tery,"
said Hare. "Dene cerand his horse, "Your story can wait, know about what it is-after you tainly looked as if he saw a ghost hed Silver Cup. Come in, come when Silvermane jumped for Dave will look out for the stal-Well, he's at Silver Cup now. They'll all there. What's to be done about it?

But Hare would allow no one else They're openly thieves. The new brand attend to Silvermane. He rubbed on all your stock proves that."

"Such a trick we never heard of," tired gray, gave him a drink at the trough led him to the corral, and replied August Naab. "If we had we nook leave of him with a caress like might have spared ourselves the labor scal's. Then he went to his room of branding the stock." and bathed himself and changed his "But that new brand of Holderothes, afterward presenting him- ness's upon yours proves his guilt." If at the supper-table to eat like one "It's not now a question of proof. ished. Mescal and he ate alone, as Its' one of possession. Holderness has hey had been too late for the regu- stolen my water and my stock."

ar hour. The women-folk waited up- "They are worse than rustlers; firn them as if they could not do ing on Hescal and me proves that." enough. There were pleasant words and smiles; but in spite of them somerinters, interposed Dave. "Why didn't you unlimber the long rifle?" interposed Dave. hing sombre attended the meal. There was a shadow in each face, each That reminds me I must see about step was slow, each voice subdued. cleaning it. I never thought of shoot-Naab and his sons were waiting for ing back. Silvermane was running too Hare when he entered the sitting- fast." oom, and after his entrance the More was closed. They were all quiet fix of my life," said August Naab.

and stern, especially his father. "Tell "My sons have persuaded me that I us all," said Naab, simply. While Hare was telling his adven- I've come to believe Martin Cole; s not a word or a move interrup- certainly his prophecy has come true.

ted him till he spoke of iSlvermane's Dave brought news from White Sage, unning Dene down. "That's the second time!" rolled ness has proclaimed himself or Naab. "The stallion will kill actually got himself elected sheriff. He

Hare finished his story. "What don't you owe to that whirl-ind of a horse!' 'exclaimed Dave The Mormons north of Lund finally Naab. No other comment on Hare or Silvermane was offered by the Naabs. lers, and drove the others out. Many



#### Is next door to each customer

A clever manufacturer in a small town found he often lost repeat orders from distant customers because he had no one on the ground to get them. So he supplied each of these good cus-tomers with a card reading:\_

The H. W. Marks Co. of Deepdale is authorized to telephone orders to The Blank Mfg. Co., Spring-ville, and deduct the cost of the message from our next invoice. Call Spring-ville 156. Our telephone service is organized to give you as good service as if we were next door to your office. (Signed) John L. Black.

He says it works fine. Try it.

but I wasn't to come again."
"One man to kill Holderness!" repeated Hare. August Naab cast at the speaker one of his far-seeing glances; then he shook himself as if to throw off the grip of something hard and inevitable. "I'm still master here," he

his band."

said, and his voice showed the con-quest of his passions. "I give up Silver Silvermane and Black Bolly were re-days," said Naab. ment. The full present was sufficient for Hare, and his joy bubbled over, content Holderness."

evening played at pitching horse- of a swarm of bees. shoes on the bare circle where the Naab's prayers were more fervent in the ditch." than ever, and he even prayed for the their old contour and here eyes shone | iriigating-dam.

Cup and my stock. Maybe that will newed on the long stretch under the wall, and Mescal forgot that she had Some days went by pleasantly for once acknowledged the superiority of Hare, as he rested from his long exer- the gray. The cottonwoods showered tions. Naab's former cheer and that silken floss till the cabins and grass of his family reasserted itself once were white; the birds returned to the

with a happier light than Hare had "Weil, Jack, I suppose you'll be not return to trouble his content-

"Yes," replied Hare. "There's a little story to tell you about Mescal, when the day comes.'

"Tell it now."
"No. Not yet. I'm glad you found her. I never knew her to be so happy, the decision was made, and the daily oasis; the sun kissed warm color into not even when she was a child. But life went on as usual. The sons work- the cherries, and the distant noise of somehow there's a better feeling beed in the fields by day, and in the the river seemed like the humming tween her and my women-folk. The old antagonism is gone. Well, well. "Here, Jack," said August Naab, life is so. I pray that things may turn children romped. The women went on baking, sewing and singing. August with me. There's a break somewhere —I seem to see—Hare, 'm a poor man in the ditch."

Hare went with him out along the I'd like. Still, we'll see, we'll hope."

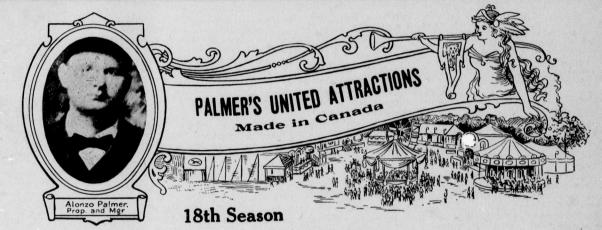
soul of the man who had robbed him. fence by the alfalfa-fields, and round Mescal's cheeks soon rounded out to the corner of red wall toward the Mormon's hint did not disturb him; ed. even the thought of Snap Naab did

for Hare, and his joy bubbled over, bringing smiles to August's grave face. Never had a summer afternoon in the oasis been so fair. The green fields, the red walls, the blue sky, all seemed drenched in deeper, richer hues. The wind-song in the crags, the river-murmur from the canon. Hare's with music. To be alive, to feel the to see the colors, to hear the sounds, was beautiful; and to know

that Mescal awaited him was enough.
Work on the washed-out bank of ditch had not gone far when Naab raised his head as if listening. "Did you hear anything?" he ask-

"No," replied Hare.

Continued on Page Four



# St. Thomas, May 3 to 17 Under Auspices G. A. U. V.

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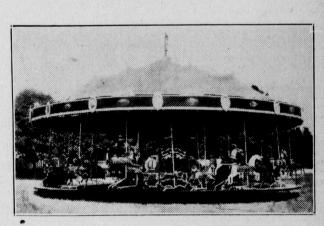


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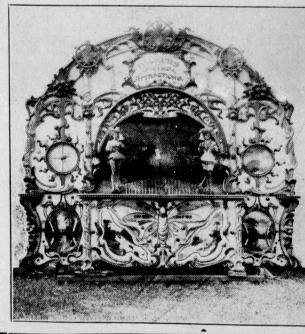
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