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### 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 decreed 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.

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ISSUE No. 45-25.

## The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. FRYER.

### 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 yet 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 headed their leader no longer. Dismayed, 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.

"We hear, 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—tenderly—laughing—and for a moment she ceased to struggle while she 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've got to throw you to the ground now, so the fence, and dash for your stable, steal one of your horses, and beat it!" Terence whispered. "Now—be ready so you'll fall easily and not hurt yourself."

He hurried his beloved to the ground and scolded 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. "The rustlers' guys stamp 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?"

said, calmly but menacingly. "Maybe you kin shed some light." "You've been savin' your necks by throwin' them ranch punchers off your trail, that's what I been doin'," Terence answered derisively.

"I'm not savin' your necks, I'm savin' my own," Terence leaped from his horse and grabbed Buck by the throat, cried, "You kin! I got good 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 slugged and punched each other mercilessly. Each hit the ground time after time. Buck more often than Terence. But both were game fighters, gluttons 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 backed 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 the 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:

"Guess the right man won—you'll do for the job," and offered his hand.

CHAPTER XXV. SEIGE.

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

"I've got a message from Pico he can trap rustlers with stolen steers at Coyote Pass near Mexico line. You ride to Kom's hut 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, "Maybe 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 Kom can go with me," said Mary, "and the other boys will stand guard on the ranch until a posse comes."

came aware of horses approaching. It was Mary, Miquel and Kom. 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," leaped 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 Marshall girl's on her way to the hut of this Indian, Kom, at Sierra Diablo, to meet this Idaho fellow, for some treasure hunt."

"Hmmm, this is serious," growled Taggart, fondling his topaz watch chain, 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 Bud. As Taggart began making plans with Stella, one of his men broke in upon them.

"Just saw that Marshall 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."

"Chase at once," shouted Taggart. "Seize them all."

Bud 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."

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, 2,800 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 to-day 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.

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

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

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

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