



Renew Your Linoleum

IS your linoleum dull and deadlooking? Bring it back to life and it will reflect a bright, clean well-cared-for home. All you need is Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth.

Johnson's Prepared Wax brings out the pattern of linoleum—preserves and protects it from wear. It doesn't take long—an ordinary sized floor can be polished in less than an hour and it may be walked upon immediately. Waxed linoleum and tile are easy to keep clean—they require but little care.

JOHNSON'S Paste - Liquid - Powdered PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax is the ideal furniture polish—but it does more than merely polish—it renders the same service as a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

Johnson's Prepared Wax has a form for every use:

Paste—The perfect floor polish—wood, linoleum or tile.

Liquid—For polishing furniture, woodwork, leather goods and automobiles.

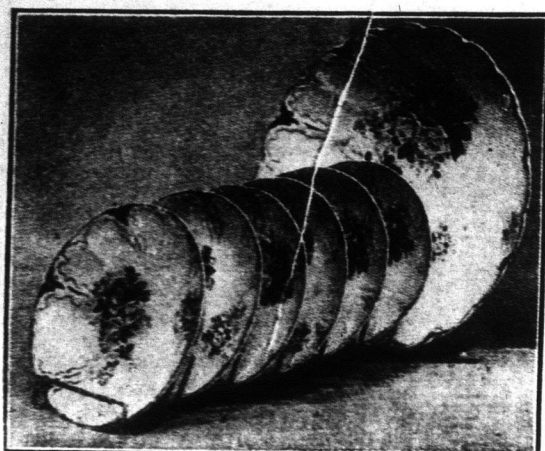
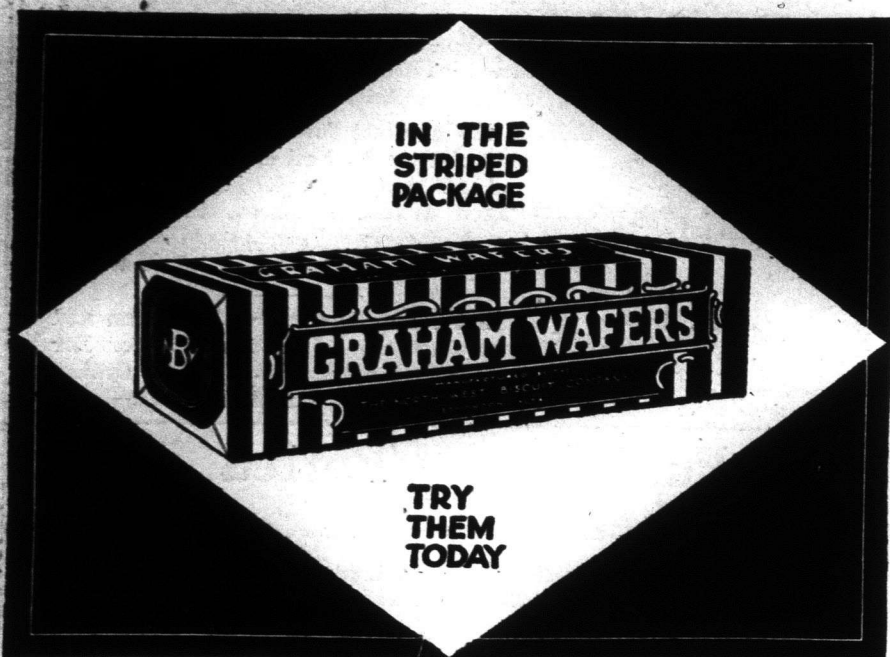
Powdered—For a perfect dancing surface.

We have just purchased a large tract of land at Brantford, Ontario, on which to erect a Canadian plant. We are absorbing Canadian exchange and have subscribed heavily to Canadian bonds.

Your dealer has "JOHNSON'S"—don't accept a substitute.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS., U.S.A.

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The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG

The Greater Duty

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As for the card game, he was helpless; for regarding such things the Canadian law is intricate, and in its rulings goes rather to help the gambler than the upholders of the law. Thus, while Morton knew that within "Piano" Jack's cabin a card game went almost continually on—from which the proprietor derived a fat living in the form of "rake-off"—the Mounted Policeman knew that until such time as he could procure two competent witnesses to swear to the existence of this "rake-off" it was useless to proceed against "Piano" Jack. The mere fact that cards were played within the house did not constitute an offence against the law—the taking of a "rake-off" had to be proved by at least two witnesses, and so far Corporal Morton had been unable to find two men willing to enter "Piano" Jack's for such purpose. This grieved him, for, while he held no malice against the cabin's proprietor, Corporal Morton was thorough policeman, holding duty first at all times. Too, with Charley's arrival, "Piano" Jack's place became a spot of new menace in the officer's eyes, standing as it did a continual temptation to the boy's gambling loving nature.

As yet the Corporal had had no proof that his younger brother had ever entered "Piano" Jack's. Several times, late at night, he had dropped down unexpectedly to Smith's store, always to find Charley at home in the little back room. Still, despite these evidences of good behaviour, the Corporal was worried, for he, being often away days at a time upon patrol, Charley had ample opportunities to frequent "Piano" Jack's without his knowledge.

So now to-night—though but a few hours returned from a hard three day trip—the Corporal was deserting the comfort of his warm room, book and pipe, to satisfy himself again that Charley was all right.

Then, just as he went to step upon the trail, and while his eyes still lingered on the light shining from the cabin window of "Piano" Jack's, the beam winked out. Almost with it came a revolver's detonation, the sound hollow, muffled, but still plainly audible in that frosty air.

Every instinct of police nature aroused, Morton broke into a run. With half the distance still to cover he saw the light flare out once more; but, the entrance door being on the side away from him, could not see whether anyone left the building.

Fully conscious of the value of even seconds if a murder had been committed and the killer escaped, Morton ran his best, bringing up panting before the door. Not knowing what to expect he drew his gun, then, pulling the latch string, threw the door open and sprang into the room, covering its occupants as he did so.

It was all quite unnecessary; and seeing, Morton put away his gun, crossed the room to a round table, near the farther side of which, and standing a little back therefrom, half a dozen breeds were standing staring stolidly at two white men kneeling over a still form upon the floor.

As Morton came forward they rose,

giving him full view of the fallen one. It was "Piano" Jack.

"Well?" Morton said, interrogatively eyeing the two.

Neither spoke for a moment. Then Dutch Webber, an independent trader, said: "He's dead."

"Damn it, man, that's evident," the policeman snapped, angered at the fatuity of the remark, "but how'd it happen?"

Instead of replying, Webber turned his gaze upon his partner, Durant, in his eyes a queerly fearful light. Following his glance, the Corporal fastened his eyes upon Durant's face; but he too remained silent, dropping his head to avoid the look and uneasily shuffling his feet.

Now thoroughly exasperated by this continued silence on the part of two men with whom he was upon the friendliest terms, the policeman roared, "If this is murder, and you're stalling to let the murderer get away, so help me I'll arrest you both as accessories, if you don't speak up. But even this threat elicited no response."

Furious, Morton turned his attention to the half breeds. "You—Johnny Boileau"—he growled, pointing a menacing finger at a swarthy youth, the most intelligent of the group,—tell me who shot "Piano" Jack?"

A moment the boy hesitated, his eyes dropping as Durant's had done; then, suddenly brave, he blurted out: "Charley kill him; your brudair Charley."

"Great God!" Very low, very hoarse, his tone that of a stricken animal, Morton breathed the words. He shrank a step back, and in the pained hush that followed the announcement there came floating through the open doorway the momentary ecstatic yelping whine of huskies when first taking to the trail.

At that sound, Morton's official self leaped back into active being; the personal equation of brotherly love, all ordinary feeling that had swayed him for the moment, became secondary, without weight or power now to stem or stay his answering to the call of duty. He stood no longer individual, no longer as a distinct entity capable of controlling and guiding his actions along any personally desired groove in the scheme of things, but as the Law incarnate, a man apart, different from all these others, a mere flesh and blood cog in a vast organization that, like some perfect machine, moved relentlessly, though without fear or favor, demanding always from each and every part of its human mechanism unswerving loyalty, unquestioning obedience and prompt and unfailing action against all those who offended against its tenets and decrees.

So, after a moment, turning once more directly to the two white men, Morton said: "Tell me about it, Durant—just as it happened."

"Well, all right," Durant replied, plunging into the story. "Charley found 'Piano' cheating. You see, the two of them been playin' almost without a break for two days now, with 'Piano' winnin' steady," he waved his hand to the pile of bills littered on one side of the table, and went on rapidly: "Dutch and me wasn't in it. We'd only just dropped in a little while before from our store, bein' kinda inter-

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