

Some children shun the bath—  
because their skin is so sensitive.

## WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

soothes, protects & strengthens  
the most delicate skin.

THE Nursery Soap.

12c. per Tablet.

THE  
EASIEST WAY  
IS THE  
SAFEST WAY



Your jams and preserves will keep indefinitely if they  
are sealed with

## Parowax

It's much easier than tying the tops of your jams  
with string—and it's a good deal safer, too.

Put up in handy one pound cartons  
of four cakes each. At your grocers.

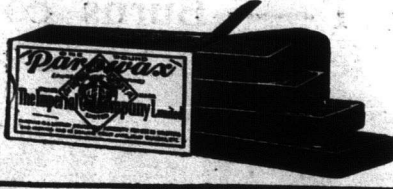
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## Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

The Blackwoods Limited

Winnipeg

## WONT WEAR OUT SUITS 5 50



MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY WILL  
SAVE YOU DOLLARS!

IF YOU WEAR SMALLEST HOLE  
(AS OUR GUARANTEE) WE REPLACE FREE!

A Sensational Discovery! Save you Dollars! A really  
remarkable cloth, that will not tear, or wear out, absolutely  
Holeproof, looks exactly as finest tweeds and serges, made in all  
the most up-to-date designs and suitable for farm and rough  
wear or office and best wear.

TROUSERS, \$1.80. BREECHES, \$2.

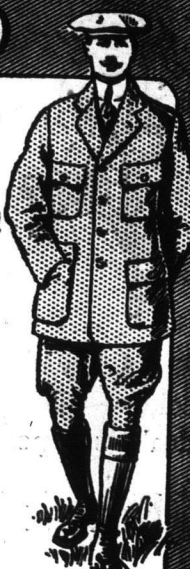
(3 PAIRS, \$4.50) DUTY & POST PAID (3 PAIRS, \$5.50)

Just to introduce this remarkable cloth we offer a pair of well-fitting  
unusually-ent Gen's Trousers for only \$1.80, Breeches \$2. or well-out  
suit right up-to-the-minute in fashion for \$5.50 all Duty and Post  
paid. With every garment we send a printed guarantee plainly  
stating that if the smallest hole appears in 6 months (NO MATTER  
HOW HARD YOU WEAR IT) another given absolutely free.

We pay all charges, Post and Duty. You have no more to pay.

FREE SAMPLES: Send merely 2 cent stamp for grand free  
patterns, measure chart and fashions, to our Toronto office, THE  
HOLEPROOF CLOTHING CO. (Dept. 14), 174, HURON  
STREET, TORONTO, ONT., or send \$1.00 for sample pair of  
Trousers, (3 pairs \$4.50), with waist and leg measure and colour,  
direct to England. Don't send money to Toronto.

THE HOLEPROOF CLOTHING COY 54, THEOBALDS ROAD,  
LONDON, W.C., ENG.



as a man will in the perplexity of an  
undecided course. The Indian followed  
his every change of expression.

And just then, as though timed to  
the instant, as though but waiting the  
cue in this real stage, there stepped  
from among the shrubbery that flanked  
one side of the trail as it rounded the  
cottonwood, a slow munching cow fol-  
lowed by her calf.

Then the plan shaped itself quickly.  
Dick stepped his mount to a point from  
which he could further view the trail  
ahead of him, the trail lying toward the  
town. A rising cloud of pony-stirred  
dust told him to act quickly. The  
posse was already out, as he had ex-  
pected, for he knew the heat to which  
they had been raised.

There was no time left him to dally,  
if he was to save Nellie back there the  
blow of having her father torn from  
before her eyes. There was no time to  
warn him to get out of the country.  
Besides, this plan that had flashed to  
him would not bring disgrace upon her;  
and, knowing the girl as he did, he  
realized that in that lay her greatest  
suffering.

With wide-eyed wonder Natacha  
watched his movements. He caught up  
the coils of his rope that dangled from  
his saddle horn, sent its hissing loop  
over the head of the calf.

With the calf bound and lying before  
him, Dick cast a hasty eye over his  
saddle-bag outfit in search of some suit-  
able iron. A fence-repair kit he had  
kept since Texas days gave him what he  
needed; a short pry or rod.

He quickly kindled a fire which sent  
his iron to a red heat. He took it from  
the fire to approach the calf.

Up to that moment Natacha had  
watched him with wild noncomprehen-  
ding eyes; but, tuned to the thumping  
of the oncoming cow ponies of the posse,  
came the full realization to her of what  
his purpose was. Then she sprang to  
Dick's side and began stamping  
frantically at the fire.

And this was the picture that Big  
Grat D'Alton, who headed the men, took  
in as they rounded a clump of  
shrubbery.

"My Gawd!" cried the burly leader  
in genuine amazement. And the others  
of the party were, if anything, more  
nonplussed.

Dick whirled around in a well-feigned  
surprise and made a move that would  
have been natural enough under the  
circumstances; he sprang for his horse.  
And the result of this move was as  
natural; for when he had turned to the  
sharp order to stop, he gazed into the  
blued eyes of a half dozen rifles.

"Well, fellas," said Dick, as though he  
realized that the jig was up, "I guess you  
got me at last."

And so it was that they captured  
him; but there was not a man among  
them but felt as if the thing was all  
some vague dream. But then, little by  
little, and to the voicing of Big Grat,  
they began to fit one thing to another.

"So, Dick Crosby, that there plumb  
child-like innocence o' your'n as to  
what the game o' rustlin' really was—  
was only play actin'! Well, we galoots  
might a known as much, and no wonder  
you didn't have to come out that first  
day to see the new fangled brand, seein'  
as you'd invented it yourself. How  
did you come to miscarry ascendin' that  
there Injun girl to throw us into pore  
old Bartlett?"

Little by little the uncouth oratory of  
Grat was keying them to that pitch  
where the rope plays its role.

But an interruption offered itself  
abruptly.

"Stop her, Hank!" yelled Big Grat,  
but Hank was slow of comprehension  
and before he realized the import,  
Natacha had thrown her full weight  
upon his bridle which swerved him out  
of her way, and, clinging close to her  
horse's neck, she sped by him.

"Aw, well, let 'er go," said the leader.

"Now, fellas," went on Grat ponder-  
ously, "course sech a thing seems plumb  
unnecessary in sech a case as this here,  
but I maintain we'd better hold a  
court right here."

This suggestion met with general  
approval and with a dry smile Dick  
awaited his "trial."

True to Dick's wish that she keep out  
in the open, Nellie was taking her

evening canter, when a mile from home  
she met Natacha. The Indian girl  
checked her mad pace, but for a second.  
Sponged as from a slate, all trace of  
jealousy had left her. There remained  
but one thought now. She must save  
Dick.

"Man Crosby," she cried, "mile back.  
They got him. Rope. They hang him.  
Hurry."

Nellie read the terror in the girl's  
eyes and realized the truth of the peril  
that mirrored itself so strongly in the  
face of Natacha.

Old Bartlett tipped over his chair in  
his haste to reach the doorway, for  
such a pace spelt something.

Blocking his exit, the Indian girl de-  
manded of him: "You come with me!"

Conscience had a subtle power. There  
was no need for him to be told that  
she knew his secret; he felt it in her  
there before him, and as he backed to  
a low shelf by the fire place, his hand  
closed over a knife that lay there, and  
a kindred gleam leaped from the girdle  
of the girl.

He was old, but a man; wiry, knotty,  
a little man of the open air. She had  
youth with her, the panther strength of  
her blood.

He fought for the love of life; she  
for the love of a man.

Close caught and writhing in deadly  
grip, they swayed about the humble  
room. Then the knives glinted a  
mirrored answer to each other. It was  
but one thrust that each had made, but  
it was enough. Together they went to  
the floor.

A crimson drip followed the Indian  
girl as she caught up the man bodily  
and staggered toward the horse. With  
desperate effort she swayed him to a  
place across the horn of the saddle.  
Then she sprang erect and mounted.

Even Dick Crosby looked up from the  
face of Nellie as she lay before him in  
a faint, when Hank checked the beast  
that carried the double inert burden,  
and man and girl slid to the ground.

Big Grat's flask helped the explana-  
tion; for the eyelids of Old Bartlett  
flickered to the liquor.

"I didn't understand," he said. "The  
Injun didn't tell me as how Dick was  
to be strung up in place o' me. If she  
had, I'd a come along myself.  
Fer I was a livin' fer Nellie.  
Fact is, that's why I turned to  
the rustlin' game, goin' it partners  
with a feller from north o' here. That  
doctor I had from the East for Nellie,  
boys, you know, cost money, and I jest  
had ter have it fer her."

His face contracted in a spasm of pain,  
and Old Tom Bartlett had paid his  
penalty.

### Prize Food

Palatable, Economical, Nourishing.

A Western woman has outlined the  
prize food in a few words, and that from  
personal experience. She writes:

"After our long experience with Grape-  
Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor.  
We have used this food almost continu-  
ally for seven years.

"We sometimes tried other advertised  
breakfast foods but we invariably re-  
turned to Grape-Nuts as the most  
palatable, economical and nourishing of  
all.

"When I quit tea and coffee and began  
to use Postum and Grape Nuts, I was  
almost a nervous wreck. I was so  
irritable I could not sleep nights, had  
no interest in life.

"After using Grape-Nuts a short time  
I began to improve and all these ail-  
ments have disappeared and now I am  
a well woman. My two children have  
been almost raised on Grape-Nuts,  
which they eat three times a day.

"They are pictures of health and have  
never had the least symptom of stomach  
trouble, even through the most severe  
siege of whooping cough they could re-  
tain Grape-Nuts when all else failed.

"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor  
bills, and has been, therefore, a most  
economical food for us."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co.,  
Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Well-  
ville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new  
one appears from time to time. They  
are genuine, true, and full of human  
interest.