

Kitchen Economy

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The New Triangle Mop

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O-Cedar Mop
Polish
Made in Canada

It does not scatter the dust to settle somewhere else—it picks up every grain and holds it. When dirty it is easily washed in soap and water and a few drops of O-Cedar Polish will make it as good as new again.

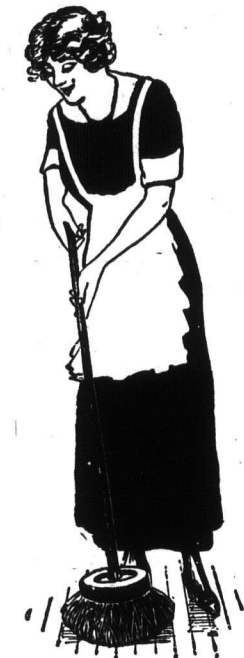
**CUTS HOUSEWORK IN HALF
MAKES DUSTING DUSTLESS**

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The New Triangle Mop

The Round Standard Mop



The Round Standard Mop

Channell Chemical Co. Limited
369 Sorauren Avenue Toronto, Canada

Clark's Tomato Ketchup



In 8 oz., 12 oz., 16 oz. Bottles and 1 gallon Stone Jugs. Made from home grown ripe red tomatoes only and guaranteed absolutely pure. Your grocer keeps it.

W. Clark Ltd. Montreal

taken the wrong turn on the trail. So much he surmised.

For three days the round-up swung away over the vast prairie land, catching and branding and moving on again to a new herd of cattle. During all of this time Long had been too busy to pay much attention to the behavior of the Mexican and the Swede, but he noticed that they stuck together closer than a couple of burrs and that whenever either of them caught his eye the pair would spring apart with muttered oaths. He knew that they hated him—he had seen that the very first day—but he cared nothing for what they thought, so long as they performed their work well.

"Mr. Wells, can I have a word with you?" asked Moseley on the afternoon of the fourth day.

"Surely, what is it?" Long said, turning to the Englishman, with a smile.

They were good friends, by this time. "It's about that fellow Okaxa, sir—him an' his pal."

Long's brows drew together. "Well? A case of insubordination? I'll fix 'em!" he declared.

"No sir, they're too cowardly to rebel openly," said Moseley. "It's not that I'm afraid of. You'd best keep your eye on them, for I think they're plotting something an'—an' to-night's the night it's liable to come off."

them, I'll bet only that men are so scarce just now. I'll tell Hilford to lock all the horses up."

Long promptly forgot this conversation, and the pleasure of riding beside Miss Norton just about sunset, drove it further from his mind. At dusk the van of the party rode down the slope into the Hilford place, and put up their horses at the corral.

That evening the Hilfords gave a barbecue. Long, being foreman, had the privilege of several dances with his employer's daughter whose little spurred heels clicked merrily in time to the piano and fiddles. There was a scarcity of women to be sure, the only others besides Jessie, being Mrs. Hilford and her two nieces. But nevertheless the evening was prolonged into the early morning hours before anybody thought of slumber.

When at last all was quiet at the ranch house, Long, who had been talking to Jessie in a dim corner of the long covered verandah, bade her good-night and started down the lane by the old corral to seek his own bed. He was to sleep in the third bunkhouse from the end, on the left hand side, but before he had taken a dozen steps the conversation he had had with Moseley recurred to him. He halted and looked around sharply. From where he stood he was in deep shadow and could see right down the length of the lane. The



Potato Field at Glacier, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

"Why to-night, Moseley—and what do you think is likely to happen?"

Long laughed skeptically, but Moseley remained grave.

"To-morrow's pay-day," he said significantly.

"I know it. Norton pays regularly on the fifteenth of the month, no matter where he or his men are."

"A foolish way I'm thinking."

"Perhaps. But go on—what's the trouble?"

"You, sir, being foreman, are pay-master now."

"I begin to catch your drift, but don't you worry. They'll not get that money, Moseley, except over my dead body."

"Have you got it sir?"

Long nodded and was about to turn away, when the other plucked him by the arm.

"To-night, Mr. Wells, as you know, we're to camp on the old Hilford place. It's down in a deep coulee an' there are about a score of buildings, bunkhouses an' so on, all around the ranch-house. If those two ever get the money an' a good start we'd never catch up to them for they'd duck an' dive about among the buildings an' once over the foothills an' in among the sage-brush—"

"Yes?"

"Well—you see sir, how lucky for them it is that we're to strike that particular place to-night, of all nights. I advise you to be well armed. I'll see they get no horses."

"Never fear. I happen to have a good colt and I'll use it if necessary. But I think your fears are groundless."

Moseley shook his head.

"Those two have a record apiece," he said. "Norton would never have hired

cowboys were snoring in lusty chorus all about, but all else was quiet—the deep hush of sleeping nature. A moon, in its last quarter had risen and was slowly climbing over the eastern rise.

Something told Long that eyes were upon him. Only for five minutes did he pause and then quickly making up his mind he started boldly down the lane again, whistling gayly.

The money in bills was on his person. It had never left his trusty inner pocket, since Norton had given it into his charge that morning. There was the total amount of one thousand two hundred dollars and at seven in the morning the men were to be paid. This had been Norton's unfailing custom for thirty years and more.

Two dark shadows glided out from behind an adobe wall as Long passed, and then one of the shadows disappeared at the rear of the third bunkhouse from the end. The other form stole, silent as an Indian, down the lane, keeping well in the shade of the wall.

"Ha!" thought Long, with a smile. "I am to be robbed while asleep. The villains dare not knock me down out here for fear—"

The thought was never completed in his mind, for at that instant a dull heavy blow fell upon his head from behind and he sank to the ground, but only for a second. Long's head was harder than his pursuer had reckoned on.

He staggered up and returned the blow with interest.

His cowardly antagonist was Gronson, the big Swede. They fell to grips. All would have gone well, for they were evenly matched as to size and strength, had it not been for the skulk-