



"EARLY WHITE JEWEL" OATS

Most productive Oat ever offered in Canada

Our "White Jewel" is undoubtedly the most wonderful Oat that has ever been offered in in Canada.

Has been widely tested and found to yield from 100 to 150 bushels to the acre. The heads grow fully 15 inches long and are heavy and bushy.

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Sandy's hand crept around his hip; and there was murder in his heart.

But this idea left him presently, and in its place came a dumb realization of the other man's superiority in everything but brute strength. A great sob came up in his throat and he slowly turned away.

He stumbled along to the Lone Dog like a man in a dream, and when Red

Mike, the bartender, commenced lighting the lamps, he found Sandy—his hands in his pockets and his chair tilted against the wall—in the darkest corner, staring at the floor with the look of a man who sees things.

Ordinarily the gentlest, most peaceable man in the Gulch, Sandy McIntyre had created a wholesome respect for himself among the citizens,

and Red Mike calmly proceeded with his occupation as if he had noticed nothing. But some half understood impulse prompted him to fill a glass with his best whiskey and silently place it by the miner's side on the table. Sandy absently nodded his thanks and gulped it down as though it had been so much water. Perhaps he thought the stimulant would enable

him to think more clearly, or perhaps he wanted to drown thoughts at all hazards—he didn't know himself; but the knowing pain at his heart grew worse instead of better.

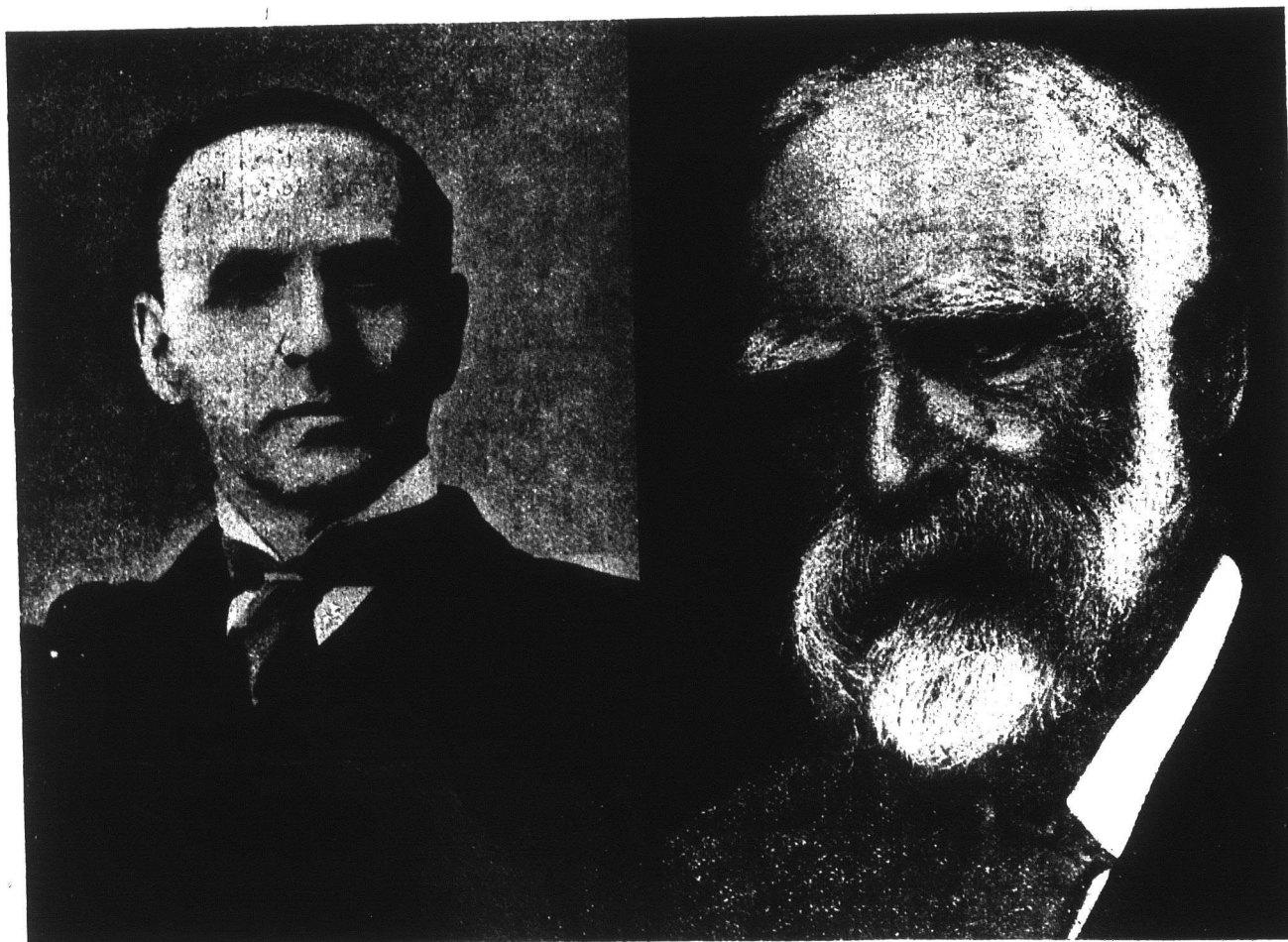
The room gradually filled up. The usual games started in, and the circle of the gossipers increased by twos and threes. Presently an evil-looking ruffian from the lower end of the Gulch staggered in and, flinging a small buckskin pouch upon the bar, called two or three cronies to "likker up." The man was drunk enough to be venomous—and was naturally a scoundrel of the most reckless variety. Noticing Sandy's attitude, and not having sense enough to be warned by it, he bawled out an invitation to him to join them. Sandy merely looked at him contemptuously, and that prompted the devil in the fellow to say:

"I reckon yer needn't be so 'fraid o' bein' ketched drinkin', Sandy McIntyre. Yer 'Angel's' a playin' kissin' games w' thet stranger'n she won't be botherin' about yu!"

Every man in the saloon heard the remark. The place became as still as death. One or two ducked behind the stove. All glanced at Sandy. He rose and started toward the bar. The ruffian tried to draw his gun; but Sandy's eye seemed to hypnotize him and he couldn't move. He was caught by the throat, held at arm's length for moment, then hurled against the wall with a crash that knocked him all but senseless. Sandy's face was pale and it was all he could do to speak, but in a second or two he said, "Men, I reckon you all know 'Angel'—she's nussed most o' ye when yu'd ha' gone over ther range 'ithout her. Yer know the critter lied—an', waal, he don't seem wuth killin'." Then he stepped out into the darkness—and in a few moments the bruised and drunken wretch followed, on his hands and knees.

In perhaps fifteen minutes, there was a muffled pistol shot from the direction of the canon—and the citizens in the Lone Dog listened for further indications of trouble. But as they

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