



White Goods Whiter
Colored Goods Brighter

SURPRISE loosens and dissolves all impurities from fine or coarse fabrics. By its gentle treatment and thorough cleansing, the pattern, color or fibre is not injured and takes on a new freshness.

The Heritage Of The Desert

Continued from Page Three
The sheep, Jack accompanied Naab to the corral.
"I've brought up your saddle," said Naab, "and you can put it on any mustang here."
What a pleasure it was to be in the saddle again, and to feel strength to remain there! He rode with August all over the western end of the plateau. They came at length to a strip of ground, higher than the bordering forest, which was comparatively free of cedars and brush, and when August had surveyed it once he slapped his knee with satisfaction.
"Fine! better than I hoped for! This stretch is about a mile long and narrow at this end. Now Jack, you see the other side faces the rim, this side the forest, and at the end here is a wall of rock; luckily it curves in a half-circle, which will save us work. We'll cut cedars, drag them in line, and make a big corral against the rock. From the opening in the corral we'll build two fences of trees; then we'll chase Silvermane till he's done, run him down into this level, and turn him inside the fence. No horse can break through a close line of cedars. He'll run till he's in the corral, and then we'll rope him."
"Great!" said Jack, all enthusiasm. "But isn't it going to take a lot of work?"
"Rather," said August, dryly. "I'll take a week to cut and drag the cedars, let alone the time that wild stallion. When the finish comes, you want to be on that ledge where we'll have the corral."
They returned to camp and prepared supper. Mescal and Piute soon arriv-

ed, and later, Dave and Billy on jaded mustangs. Black Bolly limped behind, stretching a long halter, an unhappy mustang with dusty, foam-stained coat and hanging head.
"Not bad," said August, examining the lame leg. "She'll be fit in a few days long before we need her to help run down Silvermane. Bring the liniment and a cloth, one of you, and put her in the sheep corral to-night."
Mescal's love for the mustang shone in her eyes while she smoothed out the crumpled mane and patted the slender neck.
"Bolly, to think you'd do it!" And Bolly dropped her head as though really ashamed.
When darkness fell they gathered on the rim to watch the signals. A fire blazed out of the black void below, and as they waited it brightened and flared higher.
"Ugh!" said Piute, pointing across to the dark line of cliffs.
"Of course he'd see it first," laughed Naab. "Dave have you caught it yet?" Jack, see if you can make out a fire over on Echo Cliffs."
"No, I don't see any light except that white star. Have you seen it?"
"Long ago," replied Naab. "Here sight along my finger and narrow your eyes down."
"I believe I see it—yes, I'm sure."
"Good. How about you, Mescal?"
"Yes," she replied.
Jack was amazed, for Dave insisted that he had been next to the Indian, and Billy claimed priority to all of them. To these men bred on the desert keen sight was permanently the chief of gifts.
"Jack, look sharp!" said August. "Peon is blanketing his fire. See the flicker? One, two—one, two—one. Now for the answer."
Jack peered out into the shadowy space, star-studded above, ebony below. Far across the steady light, the Indian grunted again, August vented his "Ha!" and then Jack saw the light blink like a star, go out for a second, and blink again.
"That's what I like to see," said August. "We're answered. Now it's all over but the work."
Work it certainly was, as Jack discovered next day. He helped the brothers cut down cedars while August hauled them into line with his roan. What with this labor and the necessary camp duties nearly a week passed, and in the mean time Black Bolly recovered from her lameness. Twice the workers saw Silvermane standing on open high ranges, restive and suspicious, with his silver mane flying, and his head turned over his shoulder watching, always watching.
"It'd be worth something to find how long that stallion could go without water," commented Dave. "But we'll make his tongue hang out tomorrow. It'd serve him right to break him with Black Bolly."
Daylight came warm and misty; veils unrolled from the desert; a purple curtain lifted from the eastern crags; then the red sun burned.
Dave and Billy Naab mounted their mustangs, and each led another mount by a halter.
"We'll go to the ridge, cut Silvermane out of his hand, and warm him up; then we'll drive him down to this end."
Here, in his eagerness, found the time very tedious while August delayed about camp, punching new holes in his saddle-girth, shortening his stirrups, and smoothing kinks out of his lasso. At last he saddled the roan, and



Is Anything Wrong With Your Skin?

WHETHER it's a cut or scratch, an outbreak of pimples or rash, or a case of itchy disturbing eczema, you need Zam-Buk.
You can always rely upon this grand herbal balm to soothe pain, draw out poisonous matter and inflammation, and quickly end the worst attack of skin disease.
A daily dressing of Zam-Buk keeps the skin healthy and free of all blemish. It is a real skin medicine and of a different nature entirely to ordinary ointments or salves.
ZAM-BUK is provided a marvelous success in the treatment of eczema, ringworm, freckles, warts, skin eruptions, itchy, sore hands and faces, chilblains, burns, scalds, etc. 50c. box, or for \$1.50, of dealers everywhere.
Zam-Buk
COOTING, PIMPLES & RASH

also Black Bolly. Mescal came out of her tent ready for the chase; she wore a short skirt of buckskin, and leggings of the same material. Her hair braided, and fastened at the back, was bound by a double band closely fitting her black head. Hare walked, leading two mustangs by the halters, and Naab and Mescal rode, each of them followed by two other spare mounts. August tied three mustangs at one point along the level stretch, and three at another. Then he led Mescal and Jack to the top of the stone wall above the corral, where they had good view of a considerable part of the plateau.
The eastern rise of ground, a sage and juniper slope, was in plain sight. Hare saw a white flash; then Silvermane broke out of the cedars into the sage. One of the brothers raced him half the length of the slope, and then the other coming out headed him off toward the forest. Soon the pounding of hoofs sounded through the trees nearer and nearer. Silvermane came out straight ahead on the open level. He was running easily.
"He hasn't opened up yet," said August.
Hare watched the stallion with sheer fascination. He ran seemingly without effort. What a stride he had, how beautifully his silver mane waved in the wind! He veered off to the left, out of sight in the brush, while Dave and Billy galloped up to the spot where August had tied the first three mustangs. Here they dismounted, changed saddles to fresh horses, and were off again.
The chase now was close and all down-hill for the watchers. Silvermane twined in and out among the cedars, and suddenly stopped short on the rim. He wheeled and coursed away toward the crags, and vanished. But soon he reappeared, for Billy had cut across and faced him about. Again he struck the level stretch. Dave was there in front of him. He shot away to the left and flashed through the glades beyond. The brothers saved their steeds content to keep him cornered in that end of the plateau. Then August spurred his roan into the scene of action. Silvermane came out on the one piece of rising ground beyond the level, and stood looking backward toward the brothers. When the great roan crashed through the thickets into his sight he leaped as if he had been stung, and plunged away.
The Naabs had hemmed him in a triangle. Dave and Billy at the broad end, August at the apex, and now the real race began. August chased him up and down, along the rim, across to the long line of cedars, always in the end heading him for the open stretch. Down this he fled with flying mane, only to be checked by the relentless brothers. To cover this broad end of the open required riding the like of which Hare had never dreamed of. The brothers taking advantage of the brief periods when the stallion was going toward August, changed their tired mustangs for fresh ones.
"Ho! Mescal!" roared out August's voice. That was the call for Mescal to put Black Bolly after Silvermane. Her fleetness made the other mustangs seem slow. All in a flash she was round the corral, with Silvermane between her and the long fence of cedars. Uttering a piercing snort of terror the gray stallion lunged out, for the first time panic-stricken, and lengthened his stride in a wonderful way. He raced down the stretch with his head over his shoulder watching the little black Steiner gaining, he burst into desperate headlong flight. He saved nothing, he had found his match; he won that first race down the level, but it had cost him his best.

PUTS HEALTH AND VIM INTO WOMEN

So Says Mrs. MacPherson of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brantford, Ontario.—"I was always tired and the least exertion would put me out for a day or two. I had a pressing pain on the top of my head, pain in the nape of my neck, and when I stooped over I could not get up without help, because of pain in my back. I did not sleep well and was nervous at the least noise. I kept house, but the boys nor wash the dishes without my help. I had a friend living near me told me what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for her so I began to take it. With the first bottle I felt brighter and got so I could wash dishes and sweep without having to lie down. Later I became regular in my monthly periods. I have taken ten bottles all told and am now all better. I can truly say that your wonderful medicine cannot be beaten for putting health and vim into a woman."
—Mrs. JAMES H. MACPHERSON, 309 Greenwick St., Brantford, Ont.
If you are suffering from a displacement, irregularities, backache, or any other form of female weakness write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 255 Central Ave., Lowell, Mass. or to the nearest Dispensary or Druggist.

FIVE YEARS' AGONY ENDED

When He Took "Fruit-a-tives" For Rheumatism

The Medicine Made From Fruit
There can be no doubt that "Fruit-a-tives" is the long sought remedy for Rheumatism and Lumbago. From all over Canada come letters testifying to this fact.
Mr. John E. Guileson of Parrsboro, N.S. writes: "I suffered badly with Rheumatism for five years—tried different medicines—was treated by doctors in Amherst—and here at home—but the Rheumatism came back."
In 1916, I saw an advertisement for "Fruit-a-tives" and took a box and got relief, so I took them for about six months and the Rheumatism was all gone and I have never felt it since."
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

If he had been fresh he might have left Black Bolly far behind, but now he could not elude her.
August Naab let him run this time, and Silvermane, keeping close to the fence, passed the gate, ran down to the rim and wheeled. The black mustang was on him again, holding him in close to the fence, driving him back down the stretch.
The brothers remorselessly turned him, and now Mescal, forcing the running, caught him, lashed his hanches with her whip and drove him into the gate of the corral.
August and his two sons were close behind, and blocked the gate. Silvermane's race was nearly run.
"Hold here, boys," said August. "I'll go in and drive him round and round till he's done, then when I yell, you stand aside and rope him as he comes out."
Silvermane ran round the corral, tore at the steep scaly walls, fell back and began his weary round again and yet again. Then as sense and courage yielded gradually to unreasoning terror, he ran blindly; every time he passed the guarded gateway his eyes were wilder, and his stride more labored.
"Now!" yelled August Naab.
Mescal drew out of the opening, and Dave and Billy pulled away, one on each side of the opening with something of yellow loops flashed in the sun, circling, narrowing, and he seemed to run straight into them. One loop whipped close round his glossy neck; the other caught his head. Dave's mustang staggered under the violent shock, went to his knees, struggled up and held firmly. Billy's mount sid on his haunches and spilled his rider from the saddle. Silvermane seemed to be climbing into the air. Then August Naab, darting through the gate in a cloud of dust, shot his lasso, catching the right foreleg. Silvermane landed hard, his hoofs striking fire from the stones; and for an instant strained in convulsive struggle; then fell heaving and groaning. In a twinkling Billy loosened his lasso over a knot, making it a halter, and tied the end to a cedar stump.
The Naabs stood back and gazed at their prize.
Silvermane was badly spent; he was wet with foam, but no fleck of blood marred his mane; his superb coat showed scratches, but none cut into the flesh. After a while he rose, panting heavily, and trembling in every muscle. He was a beaten horse; the noble head was bowed; yet he showed no viciousness, only the fear of a trapped animal. He eyed Black Bolly and the halter, as though he had divined the fatal connection between them.

VIII
The Breaker of Wild Mustangs
For a few days after the capture of Silvermane, a time full to the brim of excitement for Hare, he had no word with Mescal, save for morning and evening greetings. When he did come to see her, with a purpose which had grown more impelling since August Naab's arrival, he learned to his bewilderment that she avoided him. She gave him no chance to speak to her alone; her accustomed resting-place on the rim below knew her no more; early after supper she retired to her tent.
Hare nursed a grievance for forty-eight hours, and then, taking advantage of Piute's absence on an errand down to the farm, and of the Naab's strenuous day with four vicious wild horses in the corral at one time, he walked out to the pasture where Mescal shepherded the flock.
"Mescal, why are you avoiding me?" he asked. "What has happened?"
She looked tired and unhappy, and her gaze, instead of meeting his, wandered to the crags.
"Nothing," she replied.
"But there must be something. You have given me no chance to talk to you, and I wanted to know if you'd let me speak to Father Naab."
"To Father Naab? Why—what

about?"
"About you, of course—and me—that I love you and want to marry you."
She turned white. "No—no!"
Hare paused blankly, not so much at her refusal as at the unmistakable fear in her face.
"Why—not?" he asked presently, with an odd sense of trouble. There was more here than Mescal's habitual shyness.
"Because he'll be terribly angry!"
"Angry—I don't understand. Why angry?"
The girl did not answer, and looked so forlorn that Hare attempted to take in his arms. She resisted and broke from him.
"You must never—never do that again."
Hare drew back sharply.
"Why not? What's wrong?"
"I remembered." She hung her head.
"Remembered—what?"
"I am pledged to marry Father Naab's eldest son."
For a moment Hare did not understand. He stared at her unbelievably.
"What did you say?" he asked slowly.
Mescal repeated her words in a whisper.
"But—but Mescal—I love you. You let me kiss you," said Hare, stupidly, as if he did not grasp her meaning. "You let me kiss you," he repeated.
"Oh, Jack, I forgot," she wailed. "It was so new, so strange, to have you up here. It was like a kind of dream. I and after—after you kissed me—I—"
"What, Mescal?"
Her silence answered him.
"But Mescal, if you really love me you can't marry any one else," said Hare. It was the simple persistence of a simple swain.
"Oh, you don't know, you don't know. It's impossible!"
"Impossible!" Hare's anger flared up. "You let me believe I had won you. What kind of a girl are you? You were not true. Your actions were lies."
"Not lies," she faltered, and turned her face from him.
With no gentle hand he grasped her arm and forced her to look at him. But the misery in her eyes overcame him, and he roughly threw his arms around her and held her close.
"It can't be a lie. You do care for me—love me. Look at me." He drew her head back from his breast. Her face was pale and drawn; her eyes closed tight, with tears forcing a way out under the long lashes; her lips were parted. He bowed to their sweet nearness; he kissed them again and



Your Doctor takes no Chances

Your doctor always uses sterile gauze, steel, cotton and sterile bandages. He never uses strips of old linen or handkerchiefs. He takes no chances of infection.
For 25 years great physicians and great surgeons have used Bauer & Black products because the name Bauer & Black is to them a guarantee of complete safety.
Wesell Bauer & Black dressings absorb moisture from your life, have been made impossible by double sterilization—because each package is marked "Sterile" and guaranteed to be sterile when you break its seal.
Always have in your home, ready for emergency, Bauer & Black's adhesive plaster, sterile absorbent cotton, sterile gauze, and sterile bandages. The cost is small. Be prepared for the little accidents and for the emergency first aid until the doctor comes. Be so careful as your doctor.

For Sale by J. E. Richards & Co.

again, while the shade of the cedar seemed to whirl about him. "I love you, Mescal. You are mine—I will have you—I will keep you—I will not let you have you!"
She vibrated to that like a keel struck by a strong wind. A flash in a flash the trembling, shame-stricken girl was transformed. She leaned back in his arms, supple, pliant with quivering life, and for the first time gave him wide-open level eyes, in which there were now no tears, no shyness, no fear, but a dark smouldering fire.
"You do love me, Mescal?"
"—I couldn't help it."
There was a pause tense with feeling.
"Mescal, tell me—about you being pledged," he said, at last.
"I gave him my promise because there was nothing else to do. I pledged to him in the church. I White Sage. It can't be changed. I got to marry—Father Naab's eldest son."
"Elders son?" echoed Jack, sudden, mindful of the implication. "What's that Snap Naab. Ah! I begin to light. That—Mescal—"
"I hate him."
"You hate him and you're pledged?"
Continued on page 9

Steady Savings **DOMINION STORES** **Quality Products**

CLEAN UP AT A SAVING

Spring housecleaning time is here and special prices to help you do it at a saving are listed below. Look them over and buy what you need quickly.

Special Service Package at Special Prices

1 Pkt. LUX	
1 Pkt. RINSO	
1 Bar SUNLIGHT SOAP	
1 Bar LIFEBOUY SOAP	
Regular Price, 35c—Customer's Saving, 8c.	
Only on packet to each customer—Make sure of yours to-day.	

Other Suggestions for your Spring Cleaning

ALL LAUNDRY SOAPS, 10 bars	74c	EXTRA SPECIAL QUALITY BROOMS	75c
FELS NAPHTHA SOAP, 10 bars	74c	CLOTHES LINES, 30 ft. Cotton	23c
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, 2 tins	25c	CLOTHES LINES, 50 ft. Manila	29c
BABBITT'S CLEANSER, 3 tins	27c	MOP STICKS	22c
STAR or HANDY AMMONIA POWDER, 3 pkts.	25c	WASH BOARDS	57c
CHLORIDE of LIME, pkt.	15c	HAWES FLOOR WAX	45c
BORAX, 2 pkts.	25c	O'CEDAR POLISH	45c & 23c
GOOD STRONG CORN BROOMS	55c	LIQUID VENEER	45c & 23c

We have a fine stock of Nail, Scrub and Stove Brushes. See this stock and prices before buying elsewhere.

PURE QUEBEC MAPLE SYRUP No. 10 tin	\$2.09	RICHMELLO TEA, lb.	79c
Quarts	74c	BREAKFAST COCOA, 1/2 lb.	19c
Pints	39c	BREAKFAST COCOA, 1/4 lb.	10c
CHOICE DRIED APRICOTS, lb.	20c	BAYSIDE PEARS (in Light Syrup)	16c
CHOICE PRUNES 40/50, lb.	15c	MAYFIELD BRAND BACON, Machined Sliced, lb.	31c
CHOICE PRUNES 60/70, 2 lbs.	25c	NEW CHEESE lb.	23c
COOKING FIGS 4 lbs.	25c	HONEY BISHMALLOW BISCUITS, lb.	23c
PRACTICALLY PEELED PEACHES, lb.	18c		

DOMINION STORES Limited
CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL GROUP

SALE RE

Advertisements of Sales under not procured at this office, will be per line for each insertion. No than total of One Dollar per week

Thurs., April 3rd, 1924—Clearing Auction Sale of Farm, Farm Stock, Feed, Implements, the property of HENRY NORTON, lot 19-20, con. 9, Yarmouth, 1 mile north of New Saram, commencing at 1 o'clock sharp, the following: Span of mares rising 5 yrs. old. A fine pair of blocks, weighing about 2600 lbs. fine farm team; colt, rising 2 yrs. a dandy; 11 high-grade Holstein Cows, averaged over \$100 each last year at the Condenser; 3 new milkers, the rest to freshen about the time of sale; 1 fat cow, (cash); 3 heifers, rising 2 yrs. old; 2 yearling calves; Holstein bull, rising 2 yrs. old (can be registered); 2 pig about 120 lbs. each; 4 Chester White Sows, due to farrow about time sale; 10 shoats about 70 lbs.; Canadian truck wagon, 3-inch tire; flat rack; set Adam sleighs, new; top buggy, good; cutter; steel roller; Noxon Drill; F. & W. spring-tooth cultivator; F. & W. binder, 6 ft. cut; Derringer mower, 5 ft. cut; lance tooth harrow; set of smoothing harrows; 2 corn scufflers; Oliver walking plow, No. 21; set double harness; 2 sets single harness; set Retrow scales, 2000 lb. cap.; milk wagon; 10 tons hay; 200 bus. oats; 12 8-gal. milk cans; pails; strainer; cooler; separator; chains; forks, shovels, spades, grain bags and numerous other articles. THE FARM—Will be offered for sale, 110 acres, subject to reserve bid. Inspection invited. Terms—\$10; 6 months' discount at 6 per cent. per annum of for cash. Lindsay & Pound, Auctioneers.

Friday, April 4th, 1924—Clearing Auction Sale of Farm Machinery, Grain and Hay, the property of LOUIS McCALLUM, Lot 10, con. 10, South Dorchester, about 1/2 mile east of Lyons or 2 miles north and 1/2 mile west of Springfield, commencing at 1:30 p.m., the following: M.H. grain binder; 13-hoe drill; McCormick mower; corn planter; manure spreader; corn binder; roller; 2-row corn cultivator; set disc harrow; field cultivator; Percival walking plow; M. H. walking plow; dump rake; hay loader; hog crate; open buggy; farm wagon and walking plow; cream separator; milk wagon; 2 sets smoothing harrows; hay fork; rope and pulleys; Chevrolet touring car; good driving mare; team work horses, 2000 lbs.; 150 bus. oats; quantity hay; some straw; 5 h.p. gas engine (Luster) in good condition. Terms—\$10; 6 months; 6 per cent. discount per annum. T. Merritt Moore, Auctioneers.

Stenograph

With slight knowledge. Apply

HAMBID

NOT

Silverwoods' A

Will be Open Sa

During Spring and

Brin Your

No Cream Accept

W. A. Will

Phone