

Always Buy "SALADA" GREEN TEA

The little leaves and tips from high mountain tea gardens, that are used in SALADA are much finer in flavor than any Gunpowder or Japan. Try it.

The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. MCCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPHER.

CHAPTER V. THE ENEMY LISTENS.

From trivial things so often arise such serious consequences. For example: When, one day, some three years previous, a new and wild bronco was put into John Marshall's stable in Paradise Canyon, he became uncontrollable. They let him vent his anger by himself in the stable. The horse neighed and whinnied and snorted. He plunged back and forth and stamped and kicked. He kicked and kicked. So hard did he kick against the walls of the stable that he loosened several of the boards. But the stable remained standing all right, and nobody thought anything of it at the time. It was not serious enough to bother repairing. Pretty soon everyone had forgotten all about the incident.

But on this night Buck McLeod, the man who had sneaked into the canyon and been captured by Marshall's men, was locked up, a prisoner in this very same stable. Buck had every reason for wanting to get free, and none for remaining. As soon as night had fallen, and all was quiet outside, Buck started to try and find ways and means of escape. It did not take him long to discover the loose boards. He found one which the bronco three years ago had kicked so hard that it required very little pushing on his part to wrench it loose from its support. Cautiously he broke through, and peered about the stable. There was no one in sight. He crept out stealthily and found himself a free man.

He stood thinking a moment what to do next, when he perceived a light shining in the window of the Marshall cabin. He decided to take advantage of his opportunity and see what he could learn. Stealthily he made his way toward the lighted window. When he began to get close he dropped on his hands and knees, to keep out of the range of vision of the occupants of the cabin. As he drew still closer, the spy dropped and crawled on his stomach. A minute later he was lying directly beneath the ledge of the open window. Raising himself cautiously he peered furtively inside. He saw Marshall and Mary, sitting on the sofa, engaged in earnest conversation. He immediately dropped his head just below the ledge to safeguard himself against being seen, and then listened intently.

Marshall was talking. Buck heard him saying: "—and so, my dear, you see I was forced to shoot—in self-protection. But he had powerful friends—so that night I fled with you in my arms. I left the ranch in the care of my friend Taggart. He has managed it for me ever since. "Things went along fairly well until the last couple of years. Then there came a big slump from which we have never recovered. Since then things have been going steadily from bad to worse. We have had large losses due to cattle rustlers. When I saw Taggart to-day I learned from him that there aren't half enough cattle on the ranch to pack the \$100,000 we owe the bank."

Marshall's voice halted on a note of despondency. He began again, falteringly: "That means dear—that simply means that unless we buy at least 2,000 head at once and fatten them for the fall market, we'll lose everything. "Oh, but we'll find a way out, Daddy," came Mary's voice reassuring her father. "We must find a way and we will."

There was a moment of silence; then Marshall spoke again: "The only money we have is this—"

At these words the spying Buck lifted his head again and looked in the window. He saw that Marshall had brought out a bag, opened it, and was taking from it several large rolls of bills. "\$50,000 left to you by your grandfather, dear," Marshall's voice continued. "But I can't use this, dear. It was left only for you, to be spent on sending you to school in the East, and the balance for you to use on yourself to do what you want with."

Mary's voice interrupted, exclaiming excitedly: "Daddy, that money can save the ranch, please use it. You must, you must. It's been in the family idle for years. If it was left to me to do what I want with it—as you say—well, that's what I want to do with it—save the ranch for you, dear Daddy. You will use it now, won't you, Daddy?"

Deep emotion was apparent in the old man's voice, as he replied: "You are a loyal, darling girl, Mary—true-blue and thoroughbred—and you never will know how much your Daddy appreciates your doing this. Dear, dear little girl."

"Why, it's nothing, dear old Daddy—nothing at all," came Mary's voice. "Could you suppose there is anything in the world I wouldn't do for you?" "It is very, very sweet of you," a pause. Then Marshall went on: "But there is still another problem to solve. I don't dare show myself in Pico of Latigo. There is a price of \$5,000 on my head. That shooting still hangs over me. That is why we have been forced to live on this side of the border, away from my property, all these fifteen years, and leave the ranch affairs in the hands of Taggart. It wasn't murder—it was self-defence—I would swear it before God. But all the evidence is against me—the circumstances point to murder. I would be taken sure, and they would prove murder against me. Taggart must have the money to pay for the feeders at once. But how can I—"

Mary's voice interrupted again: "I'll take it to him myself," she exclaimed. "Oh, no, my dear—you couldn't—it would be too dangerous. Please, please. Nothing will happen to me. Marshall protested, but to no avail; Mary was insistent. Finally her father reluctantly acquiesced to her entreaties, warning her to the strictest caution. "I'll start first thing in the morning," said Mary. "Buck, the spy beneath the window, was satisfied. He had heard all he wanted to know. He crawled away from the window, and slunk around the corner of the house, then hurried away in the darkness to take his departure from Paradise Canyon.

ender hastens with the glasses as the man sits down. The angry customer is Taggart—the man who is managing the Bar M Ranch for John Marshall. From his vest there dangles a large, curious looking topaz watch charm. For the man with the topaz watch charm who waited on the road the day before and disappointedly received from the pursuers of John Marshall the news that the latter had slipped away; and the man Taggart, trusted friend of John Marshall, managing his ranch for him, were one and the same. "Topaz" Taggart, he was called, because of his strange, almost fanatical faith in that topaz watch charm. Politician, attorney-at-law, gambler and ringleader of Pico, Taggart superstitiously imagined that his fortunes depended upon that topaz charm, which he wore constantly. With it he would dare anything, and trust to luck. Without it he would have been reduced to cowardice.

In Taggart, the ranchowner Marshall had placed the most implicit confidence during the fifteen years since he had fled across the border. Unable ever to come back on the American side safely, he left the entire management of the ranch to Taggart. Willlets owned the ranch adjoining Marshall's.

The sound of the nickel piano finally ceased, and Taggart looked relieved. "Both we can talk," he said to his companion. The other man, a paunchy, sour-faced individual, was "Doc" Willets, the town chemist and assayer, one of Taggart's political henchmen. Willets owned the ranch adjoining Marshall's.

"Now you see," said Taggart, "Marshall trusts me absolutely. He never would guess the truth about his steers." Both men grinned nastily. Taggart puffed at his cigar, and continued: "Now, if he fails to raise the cash, his ranch will be sold for taxes." He paused, puffed, and then went on, less than pleased: "And we can buy the place in with the money we got from that last bunch of steers."

Willets nodded and chuckled. "Let's have another drink on that," he said, and waved the bartender. An excited man burst through the swinging doors and rushed up to Taggart's table. It was the keeper of the general store around the corner. "Look, Mr. Taggart, at these," said the storekeeper, holding a handful of brown topaz stones under Taggart's eyes. "You'll like them. Are they real?"

Taggart excitedly examined the gems and asked: "Where'd you get 'em, Bill?" "That old Injun—Komi—just gave 'em to me for some grub," replied the storekeeper. Taggart veiled his excitement, shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and shoved the gems back at the storekeeper.

"Yes, they're real all right, Bill—pretty good bargain for you," he said. "Beneath his exterior pretense of being a chemist, Taggart, stirred by the gems, was surging in his mind. Taggart and Taggart alone, knew something of the strange secret guarded by Komi. And this secret was the real reason for his desire to acquire the Marshall ranch.

"Well, thanks, Mr. Taggart—g'by," said Bill, and departed. Taggart and Willets had barely recommenced chatting when they were again interrupted by a newcomer entering the saloon. This time it was Buck McLeod, the escaped prisoner from Paradise Canyon who had spied at Marshall's window the night before. Buck lost no time in reaching Taggart's table, and seating himself. "Well, Buck, any news?" Taggart asked eagerly.

"News, Chief?" Buck grinned and quaffed at the drink which had been brought him. "I've got news that'll make your eyes pop out of your head. Well, out with it—quick, what is it?" Taggart commanded.

Buck related his adventures in Paradise Canyon, and ended, with emphasis, by saying: "I'm sending the girl in to the bank this morning with \$50,000." Taggart's eyes flashed at this announcement, and he jumped up, exclaiming: "I knew the old fox had some cash planted somewhere. That's why I told him his ranch affairs were in such bad shape. He doesn't dare show himself for fear of capture. Doc Willets leaned forward, grinning, and said: "Look here, Topaz, this is too good a chance to overlook."

Willets glanced at Buck and winked. Buck winked. Taggart dropped back in his seat, grinning. "Right you are, boys," he said. They put their heads together. "She'll probably be coming in over the upper trail," Willets whispered. "Need more be said?" "I get you, doc," answered Taggart, with a broad leer. "Well, there's no time to lose. You know your stuff, Buck. Are you ready?" Buck nodded. Taggart rose and caressed the three cow punchers at the bar.

"Got a job for you, boys," cried Taggart. The men followed him and Buck to the door. Willets, grinning, came up behind the group, puffing at their cigars, watched grinning as Buck and his men disappeared in a cloud of dust. (To be continued.)

Peppermint from Japan. Peppermint for the production of peppermint oil and mineral crystals is grown chiefly in the northern Japanese islands, Hokkaido, and the annual production ranges between 17,000 and 20,000 short tons.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

WHEN IN TORONTO VISIT THE Royal Ontario Museum

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Our Sweetest Flowers. The flower gardener of to-day has hundreds of varieties of flowers to choose from, but while many of the new varieties are far ahead of the old ones in color, size, and beauty, it does not appear that they excel their predecessors in the matter of scent.

During the past few years there has been a distinct revival in the cult of scented flowers. It is an interesting point, that barely one flower in ten has any scent whatever. Some years ago a chemist who devoted a long time to research on the subject, declared that out of 4,110 varieties of flowers known and cultivated in Europe barely 400 had any odor and of these fifty had a scent which was distinctly disagreeable.

To some extent scent seems to depend upon color. Among white and yellow flowers, a greater number are sweet scented than among those of other hues. The tuberose, the orange blossom, the gardenia, and syringa are among those which come to mind—all white, all extremely fragrant. Of the white varieties are usually the sweetest. The paper-white narcissus and the white lilies are nearly all richer in scent than the colored ones.

Of the blue and scarlet flowers, few possess any scent. The blue violet (the cultivated variety) is sweet, and so, too, is the blue Roman hyacinth, both double and single. But among scarlet flowers not one is scented. It has been argued that the scarlet salvia, which is an exception, but any scent possessed by this plant is really due to aromatic properties of the leaves, not of the gorgeous scarlet bloom.

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Can we tell what kind of weather the ancients were having at this season 3,000 years ago? This apparently impossible puzzle can be solved if the theory of certain botanists is proved correct. These men hold that it is possible to discover with the aid of simple arithmetic and a magnifying glass whether the year in which Julius Caesar was assassinated was wet or fine, and whether Magna Charta was signed in a heat wave.

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Thus our knowledge of past weather conditions is limited only by the age of the trees. However, there are many yewns in England that date back to Saxon times, while in Turkey there are pines trees known to be over two thousand years old, and the Australian eucalyptus will sometimes live for more than three thousand years.

He'd Make Light of It. Wife—"Government scientists are weighing the earth and finding it a mighty tedious job." Hubby—"Why don't they get our butcher to do it? He'd make light of it and never complain."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house. Random Remarks. A collar-stud company ought to make profits considering the number of times one loses collar-studs.—Mr. Justice Eve. The man who is wrapped up in himself makes a very small parcel.—Dr. Charles Porter. When smoke is abolished, rickets, tuberculosis, and other foul diseases will be stamped out in a generation.—Dr. Percy Hall.

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GIRLS' PANTIE DRESS.

Styles for little folk play no small part in the world of fashion to-day. The delightful little pantie frock of dotted material pictured here is well worth considering from a point of fashion as well as comfort. The pattern is all in one piece, and groups of small tucks at the front and back run into a low neck, which is finished with a narrow binding. The sleeves are made long with an extension and gathered into a narrow band. Pockets of plain material are attractively placed on the front. The panties are in two pieces and gathered into knee-bands. The tucks have been omitted in the frock worn by the little tot, and the edge of the neck and short kimono sleeves are trimmed with narrow lace. The diagram shows the simplicity of No. 1160, which is in sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 2 years requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material for the dress, and 1 yard for the bloomers. Price 20 cents.

The garments illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

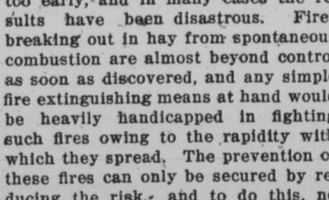
HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Barn Fires. In Ontario, in the week ending August 13th, there were 23 fires reported by the Monetary Times. Of these no less than twelve, or more than one-half, were barn fires. "Barn and contents" is the report, and only the farmer can appreciate what this means. His labor of months and his living for the year has probably all gone up in smoke, with, in the majority of cases, no insurance, or at least but a comparatively small amount, on account of the rather high premium on farm risks.

Spontaneous combustion has been the cause of a considerable number of the barn fires, due to the incomplete curing of hay before being stored in the barns. The excessive rains of the harvest season caused many farmers to take chances in putting up the hay too early, and in many cases the results have been disastrous. Fires breaking out in hay from spontaneous combustion are almost beyond control as soon as discovered, and any simple fire extinguishing means at hand would be heavily handicapped in fighting such fires owing to the rapidity with which they spread. The prevention of these fires can only be secured by reducing the risk, and to do this, no chances must be taken in putting into barns immature hay.

Where Rainbows Endure. In the coldest parts of Siberia a rainbow may sometimes be seen all day long in a cloudless sky. It is supposed to be due to the reflection of the sun on fine particles of snow in the air.

Now your grocer has the cheese you like so well in this handy size.



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THIS new kind of laundry soap makes a thick soap-suds solution. Pour this into your tubs, boiler or washing machine. Use it instead of bar soap.



USE enough Rinso to get good lasting suds that stand up after the clothes are put in. These rich soap-suds SOAK dirt out. No more harmful rubbing!



SOAK clothes an hour—overnight if you wish. Then rinse. Because Rinso dissolves completely, it rinses out thoroughly leaving clothes snowy white.

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux to do the family wash as perfectly as Lux does all fine things. Get Rinso from your grocer today.

Meaning of "Britain." Britain received its name from the Phoenicians, the great commercial people who visited the country long before the Romans came. The word meant "the country of tin," great quantities of this metal being found there and in the adjacent islands. Tin mining is now practically non-existent, except in Cornwall, where it has recently been revived.

Life on the Ocean Wave. At the age of eighty-three, E. Francis Hyde, a retired American banker, has just made his seventy-sixth voyage across the Atlantic.



For Quick Hot Water. Fill an SMP Enamelled Tea Kettle. Set it on the stove. No Kettle will boil water quicker. That means convenience, time saved, too. All SMP Enamelled utensils are very fast coming to the boil and in their job of cooking. Not only quicker to cook with, but easier, more quickly cleaned after. The best way you look at it. Think this over.

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WRIGLEYS AFTER EVERY MEAL

Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEYS is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.

THE FLAVOR LASTS. The Pico Bar—the town's unofficial chamber of commerce and social gathering place—is open. Within these tawdry walls men do business, lay plots, seek pleasure. Commerce, politics, crimes, and romances of a kind, all have their genesis in the Pico Bar.

The clink of glasses on the bar is heard through the doors. Suddenly these tawdry walls men do business, lay plots, seek pleasure. Commerce, politics, crimes, and romances of a kind, all have their genesis in the Pico Bar.

Peppermint from Japan. Peppermint for the production of peppermint oil and mineral crystals is grown chiefly in the northern Japanese islands, Hokkaido, and the annual production ranges between 17,000 and 20,000 short tons.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.