Again Bob tried. But this time he was barely

Dede looked triumphantiy at Daylight.
"Let me give him a run," she asked.
Daylight nodded, and she shot down the road. He

nade him grin ructuriy as ne muttered:-"And now

quarter round when the doubled quirt on his nose com-pelled him to drop his fore feet to the road. Then, with neither rein nor spur, but the mere threat of the

quirt, she straightened him out.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. 66 Q URNING DAYLIGHT"-Elam Harnish-is in-

But troduced to the reader as he enters a Circle City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is.

Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight resents, or rather fears, the wiles of the women who frequent the dance hall. But he is afraid to be even civil to a women, because he dreads the idea of being mastered by anylogy or with the many days are supported. by anybody or anything, and to surrender to a woman means, in his mind, that he is conquered. Drink leads to boasting, and in the turmoil that fol-

lows Burning Daylight shows his amazing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the giants that come before him.

Then comes a polar game—the greatest ever played in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's luck deserts him at the end, and he rises from the table penniless worse than broke.

The indomitable corrage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an impossible task—to run the mail to Dyed and back with a dog team and an Indian.

After evercoming what to the ordinary man would prove insurmountable difficulties he reaches his goal,

without rest this amazing man makes a wild night of it. He outdances men, and women, too; wins at roulette, and then, still scorning slumber or any re-superation, starts at daylight, with three partners and a dog team, for the newest gold strike in the upper

a dog team, for the newest gold strike in the upper country along the Stewart.

There comes the battle for gold. Strike after strike is explored. Daylight sees himself the dominant figure slong the Yukon and in the golden Dawson. Discouraged frequently, he refuses to allow life's loaded dice to beat him, and in the end comes victory—and millions. He is at length a great mine owner and an almignity hig pile is his.

Daylight leaves the Tukon behind for new fields of endeaver. His denature is an event of great important and an explanation.

endeavor. His departure is an event of great impor-tance, and as the vessel swings clear this all conquer-ing man weeps—a little. In San Francisco Daylight sweeps all before him. In San Francisco Daylight sweeps all before him. Money comes so easily that he feels the call of Wall

He goes to New York and is "done" to the tune of 110,000,000. This, however, he recovers by means of his 6,000. This, however, he recovers by means of his matic pistol and a display of his old time courage. If street, he finds, is not for him. So he returns to e Golden Gate, where he becomes a financial Robin cod. His fortune increases magically and he lives a ard, cruel life.
All of a sudden Dede Mason enters his ken.

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued).

H, what a beauty!" she had cried at sight of Bob. From the shining light in her eyes and the face filled with delight he could scarcely have believed that it belonged to the young woman he had snown in the office, the young woman with the controlled, subdued office face. "I didn't know you rode," was one of her first re-

marks. "I imagined you were wedded to get-therequick machines." I've just taken it up lately," was his answer. "Be-

ginning to get stout, you know, and had to take it off She gave a quick sidewise glance that embraced

him from head to heel, including seat and saddle, and said:-

"But you've ridden before." She certainly had an eye for horses and things con-

nected with horses, was his thought, as he replied:-"Not for many years. But I used to think I was a regular rip snorter when I was a youngster up in Eastern Oregon, sneaking away from camp to ride with the cattle and break cayuses and that sort of thing.

Thus, and to his great relief, were they launched on a topic of mutual interest. He told her about Bob's tricks, and of the whirl and his scheme to overcome 34th, and she agreed that horses had to be handled with a certain rational severity, no matter how much one loved them. There was her Mab, which she had had for eight years, and which she had had to break of stall kicking. The process had been painful for Mab, but it had cured her.

"You've ridden a lot."

"I really can't remember the first time I was on a horse," she told him. "I was born on a ranch, you know, and they couldn't keep me away from the horses. I must have been born with the love for them. I had my first pony, all my own, when I was six. When I was eight I knew what it was to be all day in the saddle along with daddy. By the time I was eleven he was taking me on my first deer hunts. I'd be lost without a horse. I hate indoors, and without Mab here I suppose I'd have been sick and dead long ago."

"You like the country?" he queried, at the same moment catching his first glimpse of a light in her eyes other than grav.

"As much as I detest the city," she answered. "But a woman can't earn a living in the country. So I "Go ahead and be frank with me," he urged, "just as frank as I am with you. Why didn't you ride in the Piedmont Hills?" And thereat she told him more of her ranch life in

anything about horses," she flashed back. "But I've been thrown off and bucked off enough not to be overconfident. And I'm not a fool. I wouldn't get on a bucking horse. I've learned better. And I'm not afraid of any other kind. And you say yourself that Cold doors't buck!" the days before her father died. And Daylight was hugely pleased with himself. They were getting acquainted. The conversation had not lagged in the full half hour they had been together. "We come pretty close from the same part of the

Bob doesn't buck."

on an unfred

swiftly.

light called.

"But you've never seen him cutting up didoes," Day-

"But you must remember I've seen a few others,

Against his better judgment Daylight gave in, and,

"Remember, he's greased lightning," he warned, as

whirl him back the way he had come and almost as

"Get ready to give him the quirt on the nose," Day-

But, too quickly for her. Bob whirled again, though

she handled him; her method was imperative and mas-

preliminary exhibition had taught him something

unfrequented stretch of road, changed saddles

country," he said. "I was raised in Eastern Oregon, light contended. and that's none so far from Siskiyou." The next moment he could have bitten out his

and I've been on several of them myself. I broke Mab here to electric cars, locomotives and automobiles. She was a raw range colt when she came to me. Broken to saddle, that was all. Besides, I won't tongue, for her quick question was:-"How did you know I came from Siskiyou? I'm sure I never mentioned it."

"I don't know," he floundered temporarily. heard somewhere that you were from thereabouts." Wolf, sliding up at that moment, sleek footed and like a shadow, caused her horse to shy and passed the be helped her to mount.

She nodded, while Bob pricked up his ears to the awkwardness off, for they talked Alaskan dogs until She hodded, while Bob pricked up his ears to the knowledge that he had a strange rider on his back. The fun came quickly enough—too quickly for Dede, who found herself against Bob's neck as he pivoted around and bolted the other way. Daylight followed on her horse and watched. He saw her check the animal quickly to a standstill, and immediately, with rein across neck and decisive prod of the left spur, which him back the way he had come and almost rethe conversation drifted back to horses. And horses

it was all up the grade and down the other side. When she talked he listened and followed her, and yet all the while he was following his own thoughts and impressions as well. It was a nervy thing for her to do, this riding astride, and he didn't know, after all, whether he liked it or not. His ideas of women were prone to be old fashioned. They were the ones he had imbibed in the early day frontier life of his youth, when no woman was seen on anything but a side saddle. He had grown up to the tacit fiction that women on horseback were not bipeds. It came to him with a shock, this sight of her so manlike in her

this time, by a severe effort, she saved herself from the undignified position against his neck. His bolt was more determined, but she pulled him into a prancing walk and turned him roughly back with her spurred heel. There was nothing feminine in the way saddle. But he had to confess that the sight looked good to him just the same.

Two other immediate things about her struck him. culine. Had this not been so Daylight would have expected her to say she had had enough. But that lit-First, there were the golden spots in her eyes. Queer that he had never noticed them before. Perhaps the light in the office had not been right, and perhaps the preliminary exhibition had taught him something of Dede's quality. And if it had not, a glance at her gray eyes, just perceptibly angry with herself, and at her firm set mouth would have told him the same thing. Daylight did not sugrest anything, while he hung almost gleefully upon her actions in anticipation of what the fractions bob was going to get. And Bob got it on his next whirl, or attempt, rather, for he was no more than half way around when the quirt met him smack on his tender nose. There and then light in the office had not been right, and pernaps they came and went. No; they were glows of color—a sort of diffused, golden light. Nor was it golden, either, but it was nearer that than any color he knew. It certainly was not any shade of yellow. A lover's thoughts are ever colored, and it is to be doubted if any one else in the world would have called Dede's color golden. But Devlight's mood verged on the ten-

eyes golden. But Daylight's mood verged on the tender and melting, and he preferred to think of them as golden, and therefore they were golden.

And then she was so natural. He had been prepared for find har a most difficult young woman to get actions as most difficult young woman to get action.

Was no more than the met him smack on his tender nose. There and then, in his bewilderment, surprise and pain, his fore feet, just skimming above the road, dropped down.

"Great!" Daylight applauded. "A couple more will the stoop of the production of the met him smack on his tender nose. There and then, in his bewilderment, surprise and pain, his fore feet, just skimming above the road, dropped down.

"Great!" Daylight applauded. "A couple more will the stoop of the production of the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. There are the met him smack on his tender nose. The met him to find her a most difficult young woman to get acquainted with. Yet here it was proving so simple. There was nothing highfaluting about her company beaten."

"Great!" Daylight applauded. "A couple the fine was nothing highfaluting about her company beaten."

manners—it was by this homely phrase that he dif-ferentiated this Dede on horseback from the Dede with the office manners whom he had always known. And yet, while he was delighted with the smoothness with yet, while he was delighted with the smoothness with which everything was going and with the fact that they had found plenty to talk about, he was aware of an irk under it all. After all, this talk was empty and idle. He was a man of action, and he wanted her. Dede Mason, the woman; he wanted her to love him and to be loved by him, and he wanted all this glorious consummation then and there. Used to forcing issues used to originate were and this ground. ing issues, used to gripping men and things and bending them to his will, he felt now the same compulsive prod of mastery. He wanted to tell her that he loved her and that there was nothing else for her to do but marry him. And yet he did not obey the prod. Women were fluttery creatures, and here mere mastery was the same and here mere mastery than the same and here mere mastery was the same compulsion. Women were fluttery creatures, and here mere mastery would prove a bungle. He remembered all his hunting guile, the long patience of shooting meat in famine when a hit or a miss meant life or death. Truly, though this girl did not yet mean quite that, nevertheless she meant much to him—more now than ever, as he rode beside her, glancing at her as often as he dared, she in her corduroy riding habit, so bravely manlike, yet so essentially and revealingly woman, smiling, laughing, talking, her eyes sayshing, the smiling, laughing, talking, her eyes sparkling, the flush of a day of sun and summer breeze warm in

CHAPTER XXVI.

NOTHER Sunday man and horse and dog roved the Piedmont hills. And again Day-light and Dede rode together. But this time her surprise at meeting him was tinctured with cion, or, rather, her surprise was of an-The previous Sunday had been quite acother order. The previous Sunday had been quite ac-cidental, but his appearing a second time among her favorite haunts hinted of more than the fortuitous. Daylight was made to feel that she suspected him. Daylight was made to feel that she suspected him, and he, remembering that he had seen a big rock quarry near Blair Park, stated offhand that he was thinking of buying it. His one time investment in a brickyard had put the idea into his head, an idea that he decided was a good one, for it enabled him to suggest that she ride along with him to inspect the quarry.

So several hours he spent in her company, in which So several hours he spent in her company, in which she was much the same girl as before—natural, unaffected, light hearted, smiling and laughing; a good fellow, talking horses with unflagging enthusiasm making friends with the crusty tempered Wolf and expressing the desire to ride Bob, whom she declared she was more in love with than ever. At this last Daylight demurred. Bob was full of dangerous tricks and he wouldn't trust any one on him event his and he wouldn't trust any one on him except his worst

"You think because I'm a girl that I don't know.



"How did you know I came from Siskiyou? I'm sure I never mentioned it."

"Oh, one thing more, Miss Mason, and I hope you won't mind my being frank and straight out. You've struck me right along as a sensible minded girl, and I don't think you'll take offence at what I'm going to say. You know how long yo.'ve been in the office—it's years, now, several of them, anyway—and you know I've never what you call—presumed. Because you were in my office I've tried to be more careful than if—if, you wasn't in my office—you understand. But just the same it don't make me any the less human. I'm a lonely sort of a fellow—don't take that as a bid for kindness. What I mean by it is to try and tell you just how much those two rides with you have meant. And now hope you won't mind my just asking why you haven't been out riding the last two Sundays,"

He came to a stop and waited, feeling very warm

I can't explain myseir, but I do, that's all. Will you you't next Sunday? To-morrow?"

Nor did he dream that her low acquiescence was due, as much as to anything else, to the beads of sweat on his forehead, his trembling hand and Ms all too evident general distress.

CHAPTER XXVII.

F course, there's no way of telling what anybody wants from what they say."

Daylight rubbed Bob's febellious ear with his quirt and pondered with dissatisfaction the words he had just uttered. They did not say what he meant them to say. "What I'm driving at is that you say flat-footed that you won't meet me again, and you give your reasons, but how am I to know they are your reasons.

He came to a stop and waited, feeling very warm and awkward, the perspiration starting in tiny beads on his forehead. She did not speak immediately and e stepped across the room and raised the window

'I have been riding," she answered, "in other direc-"But why"—— He failed somehow to complete the

"But why"— He failed somehow to complete the question. "Go ahead and be frank with me," he urged. "Just as frank as I am with you. Why didn't you ride in the Piedmont hills? I hunted for you everywhere." "And that is just why." She smiled and looked him straight in the eyes for a moment, then dropped her own. "Surely you understand, Mr. Harnish." He shook his head shumly

own. "Surely you understand, Mr. Harnish."

He shook his head glumly.

'I do and I don't. I aln't used to city ways by a long shot. There's things one mustn't do, which I don't mind as long as I don't want fo do them."

"But when you do?" she asked quickly.

"Then I do them." His lips had drawn firmly with this affirmation of will, but the next instant he was amending the statement. "That is, I mostly do. But what gets me is the things you mustn't do when they're not wrong and they won't hurt anybody—this riding, for instance."

She played nervously with a pencil for a time as

She played nervously with a pencil for a time as if debating her reply, while he waited patiently.

"This riding," she began; "it's not what they call the right thing. I leave it to you, You know the world. You are Mr. Harnish, the millionnaire"—

"Gamblen" he beste it bounds.

"Gambler," he broke in harshly. She nodded acceptance of his term and went on.
"And I'm a stenographer in your office"—
"You're a thousand times better than me"—he at-

tempted to interpolate, but was in turn interrupted.
"It isn't a question of such things. It's a simple and fairly common situation that must be considered. I work for you. And it isn't what you or I might think, but what other persons will think. And you don't need to be told any more than that. You know yourself." Her cool, matter of fact speech belied her-or so

Daylight thought, looking at her perturbed feminineness, at the rounded lines of her figure, the breast that deeply rose and fell, and at the color that was ow excited in her cheeks.
"I'm sorry i frightened you out of your favorite

watched her out of sight around the bend, and watched till she came into sight returning. She certainly could sit her horse, was his thought, and she was a sure enough hummer. God, she was the wife for a man! Made most of them look pretty slim. And to think of her hammering all week at a typewriter. That was no place for her. She should be a man's wife, taking it easy, with sliks, and satins, and diamonds this frontier better that the state of without being frightened. We were together two Sundays, and I'm sure I wasn't frightened of Bob or you. It isn't that. I have no fears of taking care of monds (his frontier notion of what befitted a wife he loved), and dogs, and horses, and such things—"And we'll see, Mr. Burning Daylight, what you and me can do about it." myself, but the world insists on taking care of one as well. That's the trouble. It's what the world would do about it," he murmured to himself; and, aloud, to have to say about me and my employer meeting regu-'You'll do, Miss Mason; you'll do. There's nothing larly and riding in the hills on Sundays. It's funny, but it's so. I could ride with one of the clerks without too good in horseflesh you don't deserve, a woman who can ride like that. No; stay with him, and we'll jog along to the quarry." He chuckled. "Say, he actually gave just the least nite of a groan that last time you fetched him. Did you hear it? And did you see the way he dropped his feet to the road—just like he'd struck a stone wait? And he's got savee chough remark, but with you-no."

"But the world don't know and don't need to know," he cried. "Which makes it worse, in a way, feeling guilty of nothing and yet sneaking around back roads with all the feeling of doing something wrong. It would be he'd struck a stone wall? And he's got savec enough to know from now on that that same stone wall will be always than finer and braver for me publicly"be allow from flow on that that same stone wall will be always there ready for him to lam into."

When he parted from her that afternoon, at the gate of the road lant led to Berkeley, he drew off to the edge of the intervening clump of trees, where, unobserved, he watched her out c. signt. Then, turning to ride back into Oakiand, a thought came to him that made him grin Therhity as he multigred—"And now said, divining the drift of her uncompleted argu-

She nodded. "I didn't have that quite in mind, but it will do "I didn't have that quite in mind, but it will do. I'd prefer doing the brazen thing and having everybody know it, to doing the furtive thing and being found out. Not that I'm asking to be invited to lunch," she added, with a smile, "but I'm sure you understand my position."

"Then why not ride open and aboveboard with me in the hills?" he urged.

tr's up to me to make good and buy that blamed quarry. Nothing less that that can give me an excuse for snooping around these hills."

But the quarry was doomed to pass out of his plans for a time, for on the following Sunday he rode alone. No Dede on a chestnut sorrel came across the back road from Berkeley that day, nor the day a week later. Daylight was beside himself with impatience and apprehension, though in the office he convenient Sue shook her head with what he imagined was just the faintest hint of regret, and he went suddenly and almost maddeningly bungry for her.

"Look here, Miss Mason, I know you don't like this talking over of things in the office. Neither do I. It's part of the whole thing, I guess; a man ain't supposed to talk mything but business with his cross-posed to talk mything but business with you. I want you, and I was never more in carried to talk mything like that. What I mean is the control of the and apprehension, though in the office he contained himself. He noted no change in her, and strove to let none show in himself. The same old monotonous routine went on, though new it was irritating and maddening. Daylight found a big quarrel on his hands with a world that wouldn't let a man behave posed to talk anything but business with his stenographer. Will you ride with me next Sunday and we can talk it over thoroughly then and reach some sort women. What was the good of owning millions, anyway? he demanded one day of the desk calcudar as she passed out after receiving his dictation.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

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As the third week drew to a close and another case.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

As the third week drew to a close and another case.

late Sunday confronted him, Daylight resolved to I"- He was beginning to flounder and the hand speak, office or no office. And, as was his nature, he went simply and directly to the point. She had finished her work with him and was gathering her note pad and pencils together to depart, when he said:

"Oh, one thing more, Miss Mason, and I hope you the same as the

but how am I to know they are your real reasons? Mebbe you just don't want to get acquainted with me, and won't say so for fear of hurting my feet. ings. Don't you see? I'm the last man in the world to shove in where I'm not wanted. And if I thought you didn't care a whoop to see anything more of me, why, I'd clear out so blamed quick you couldn't see

Dede smiled at him in acknowledgment of his words, but rode on silently. And that smile, he thought, was the most sweetly wonderful smile he had ever seen. There was a difference in it he as sured nimself, from any smiles she had ever given him before. It was the smile of one who knew him just a little bit, of one who was just the least mite acquainted with him. Of course, he checked himseir up the next moment. It was unconscious on her part. was sure to come in the intercourse of any two persons. Any stranger-a business man, a clerk, anybody-after a few casual meetings would show similar signs of friendliness. It was bound to happen, but in her case it made more impression on him, and, besides, it was such a sweet and wonderful smile Other women he had known had never smiled like that; he was sure of it.

It had been a happy day. Daylight had met her on the back road from Berkeley and they had had hours together. It was only now, with the day drawing to a close and with them approaching the gate of the road to Berkeley, that he had broached the important subject.

She began her answer to his last contention, and he listened gratefully. "But suppose-just suppose-that the reasons 1

"But suppose—just suppose—that the reasons I have given are the only ones—that there is no question of my not wanting to know you?"

"Then I'd go on urging like Sam Scratch!" he said quickly. "Because, you see, I've always noticed that folks that incline to anything are much more open to thearing the case stated. But if you did have that other reason up your sleeve, if you didn't want to know me, if—if—well, if you thought my feelings oughtn't to be hurt just because you had a good job with me"— Here his calm consideration of a pos-"Ym sorry i frightened you out of your favorite stamping grounds," he said rather aimlessly.
"You didn't frighten me," she retorted, with a touch of fire. "I'm not a silly seminary girl. I're taken care of myself for a long time now, and I've done it without being frightened. We were together two

est, Miss Mason, please, and tell me if that's the reason. I almost got a hunch that it is."

She glanced up at him, her eyes abruptly and slightly moist, half with hurt, half with anger.
"Oh, but that isn't fair!" she cried. "You give me the choice of lying to you and hurting you in order to protect myself by getting rid of you, or of throw-Ing away my protection by telling you the truth, for then you, as you said yourself, would stay and urge." Her cheeks were flushed, her lips tremulous, but she continued to look him frankly in the eyes.

Daylight smiled grimly with satisfaction.
"I'm real glad, Miss Mason; real glad for those words.

"But they won't serve you," she went on hastily. "To go to lunch with me on a week day," Daylight
"They can't serve you. I refuse to let them. This is our last ride, and—here is the gate." Ranging her mare alongside, she oent, slid the catch and followed the opening gate.
"No; please no," she said, as Daylight started to

Humbly acquiescent, he pulled Bob back, and the gate swung shut between them. But there was more to say, and she did not ride on.

"Listen, Miss Mason," he said in a low voice that shook with sincerity, "I want to assure you of one thing—I'm not just trying to fool around with you.

was angry and she was laughing at the same time.

"The last thing you should have said," she cri "The last thing you should have sain, she cried.
"It's like a—a matrinonial bureau—intentions strictly honorable; object, matrinony. But it's no more than I deserved. This is what'l suppose you call urging the contract of the contract of

TO BE CONTINUED.

WANTED

WANTED—A second or thin male teacher for North Clarish of Petersville (district rapply, stating salary, to W. L. retary, Clones, Queens county

WANTED—A third class fe to teach in school District Settlement, Sunbury county, to F. T. Kingston. State 88

WANTED-A second class fer to take charge of the sc. venile Settlement, School Dist at the commencement of the Secretary to Trustees, Juveni

ANTED-Second or Third ty. Apply, stating salary, to V Kinnie, secretary trustees

WANTED-A first class fe for district No Charlotte county. Apply, stati to Arthur W. Newman, secretar tees, Wilson's Beach, Charlotte

WE pay Ladies or Gentleme dollars and expenses weekly for us. Expense money advancemence in home territory. Writing the control of the contro ticulars. Winston Co., Limited WANTED—A second class fem to take charge of the

school, commencing Jan. 9, 191 stating salary, to R. M. Dunlop, School Trustees, Passekeag, B. 512 TWO table maids wanted for Ne school, Rothesay, for Janu

MEN WANTED-We want a man in each locality to intro advertise our Royal Purple St Poultry Specific and other goo to the consumers as well as to chants. \$15.00 a week salary penses or commission. No needed. The largest advertised Canada. Write at once for pa W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London

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SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY liable and energetic salesman our line of First Grade Nurser Big demand for trees at pre Thirty-two years in shipping to Provinces puts us in position to quirements of the trade. Paywee mahent situation. Stone & W.

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CALESMEN WANTED for W. varieties seed Potatoes. Libera Cavers Bros., Galt., Ont.

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nsignments solicited. Write for latest price list to address. J. YAFFE

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ion to serve fruit salads with gashould be tossed in a French dressing of oil and vinegar, seaso salt and freshly ground black p

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