

RIMROCK JONES

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

"I MADE the mistake," returned Rimrock hoarsely, "of trusting a lot of crooks. But I never trusted you—don't you think it for a minute—you've got n. g. written all over you."

"Another remark like that," said Stoddard freezingly, "and I'll put my chequebook away."

"You do it," warned Rimrock without changing his position, "and I'll blow the top of your head off."

Stoddard looked at him keenly, then uncapped his pen and proceeded to fill out the stub. For a moment there was silence, broken by the soft scratching of the pen, and then Mary Fortune stood up.

"I know it is customary," she said in suppressed tones, "for men to settle everything themselves; but you, Mr. Stoddard, and you, Mr. Jones, are going to listen to me. I have put up long enough with your high-handed methods; but now, will you kindly look at that?"

She laid a paper on the table before Stoddard and stood back to watch the effect, but Rimrock only grunted contemptuously.

"Aw, fill out my cheque!" he said impatiently, but Stoddard was staring at the paper.

"Why, what is this? Where did you get this, Miss Fortune? I don't think I quite understand."

"No, naturally! You overlooked the fact that a woman can jump claims, too. That is a recorded copy of my re-location of the Old Juan claim, at twelve-fifty-one, on January first. Your drunken Ike Bray came along at one-thirty and tacked his notice over mine. And now I must thank you, gentle-

men, both of you, for your kind efforts in my behalf. By spending your money on this expensive lawsuit you have proved my title to the Tecolote Mine."

She sat down, smiling, and as Stoddard looked again at the paper his drawn face went suddenly white. He laid it down and with startled eyes glanced fearfully at those two. Would they stand together? Did she realize her advantage? Could he buy her off—and for how much? A hundred swift questions flashed through his mind, and then Rimrock reached over for the notice. He gazed at it quietly and then, looking at Mary, he gave way to a cynical smile.

"Could you hear through a wall?" he inquired enigmatically, and Stoddard snapped his fingers in vexation.

"Ah, I see," he observed, "not so

deaf as you seem. Well, Miss Fortune, may I see you alone?"

"You may not!" she answered. "I might show you some pity, though you don't deserve it; so, knowing Mr. Jones as I do, I will leave the decision to him."

She glanced at Rimrock with a quick, radiant smile that revealed more than she knew of her heart; but his face had suddenly gone grim.

"Take him out and kill him," he advised vindictively. "That's all the advice I'll give."

"No, I don't believe in that," she answered sweetly, "but perhaps our decision can wait."

"Well, you needn't wait for me," replied Rimrock ungraciously, "because I'm through, for good and all. The first man that gives me a cheque for my stock—"

Whitney Stoddard reached swiftly for his chequebook and pen, but she stopped him with a warning look.

"No, there'll be nothing like that," she answered firmly. "But I move once that we declare a dividend."

"Second the motion," murmured Stoddard resignedly; and Rimrock, too, voted: "Ay!"

Then he rose up sullenly and gazed at them both with a savage, insulting glare.

"You can keep your old mine," he said to Mary. "I'm going to beat it to Mexico!"

He started for the door and they looked after him, startled, but at the doorway he stopped and turned back.

"Where do I get that cheque?" he asked, and after a silence Mary answered:

"From Mr. Lockhart."

"Good!" he muttered and closed the door quietly, whereat Stoddard began instantly to talk. He might have talked a long time, or only a few moments; and then Mary began to hear.

"What's that?" she asked and Stoddard repeated what he considered a very generous offer.

"Mr. Stoddard," she cried with almost tearful vehemence, "there's only one condition on which I'll even think of giving you back your mine, and that is that Rimrock shall run it. Mr. Jepson must be fired, Mr. Jones must have full charge, and all this chicanery must stop; but if Rimrock goes away without taking his mine I'll—I'll make you wish he hadn't!"

She snatched up her papers and ran out of the room and Stoddard caught up the phone.

"Give me Mr. Lockhart!" he said. "Yes, Lockhart, the banker. Mr. Lockhart? This is Mr. Stoddard. If you pay Henry Jones a cent of that money I'll break you, so help me God. And listen! If you value your rating with Bradstreet, you make him apologize to that girl!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Gift.

MARY FORTUNE was pacing up and down her room in something very like a rage. Her trunk, half-packed, stood against the wall and her pictures lay face down on the bed, and she hovered between laughter and tears. It seemed as if every evil passion in her nature had been stirred up by this desperate affray and in the fierce swirl of emotions her joy in her victory was strangely mingled with

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FACTS ABOUT FOODS

THE Food Controller's Office, through its Educational Bulletin, is responsible for the statement that enough good food is wasted in Canada every day to feed every Canadian soldier who has gone overseas to fight for us. Through carelessness and inefficiency there is wasted in garbage every year throughout Canada, food to the value of \$56,000,000, or about \$7.00 per capita of the home population, according to the recent estimates of the Canadian Food Controller.

Wasting \$7.00 worth of food per year means a daily waste of only 1.92 cents per head. Without doubt, larger crops, better distribution, closer buying on the part of the housekeeper, more careful preparation and more thorough utilization of our foodstuffs, would not only correct this waste, but would appreciably reduce the actual cost of living very considerably. Let it be assumed that, by complete national organization and rigid economy, the cost of living could be reduced by 5 cents per day for each individual. Roughly, then, counting in the elimination of garbage waste, we would have a saving of 7 cents per day, or \$25.55 per capita annually. The national grand total saving would then amount to the astounding sum of \$204,400,000; enough to feed an army of one million men for a year. These figures are appalling, but they are not beyond the range of achievement.

But there are other equally cogent illustrations of what economy in little things can accomplish. Suppose, for example, that one million families in Canada waste one slice of white bread per week. For convenience we shall consider that the one pound loaf divides into 14 slices of 1.14 ozs. each. The sum is simple:

I slice of bread (1-14 of loaf) weighs 1.14 oz. If 1,000,000 families waste one slice per week, the weekly total waste of bread is 1,140,000 ozs., or 71,250 one pound loaves, or enough for 3 1-3 divisions for one day, or one division (21,500 men) for three and one-third days, or 10 meals to each man.

The annual national waste rising from the same source is impressive: Annual total result of 1,000,000 families wasting 1 slice of bread per week . . . 3,705,000 one pound loaves; or 2,593,500 lbs. flour; or 3,572,000 lbs. wheat; or 59,244 bus. wheat.

CANADA was slow in building up her bacon export trade in the British market, says the Food Controller's office. It was not until the bacon hog was bred instead of the fat hog that a grip on the trade was secured. During the three years of war Canadian bacon was to a very large extent indeed replacing the high grade Danish bacon, formerly the chief source of Great Britain's external supply.

The Canadian farmer is gradually recognizing that the bacon hog costs no more to raise than the fat hog. In fact, the advantage, if any, lies with the former. Added to this is the consideration that there is no possibility of competing with the United States in the export trade in fat bacon. Cheap feeding in the United States corn belt puts competition out of the question. On the other hand, the United States does not produce the bacon hog for export.

"Wiltshire" sides, the distinctive product of the bacon hog, are derived not from any particular breed, but from a well-marked type of many breeds, a long, moderately thick type.