

Fighting Ranger

McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPHER.

XIII.—(Cont'd.)

She was recovering consciousness, but was writhing in great agony from her injuries.

"I guess—the game's up—I guess I'm done for," she quavered.

"Stella Montrose, why have you been aiding the enemies of the Marshalls?" Terence asked.

"The love of adventure—and riches promised as a reward—Taggart!" the suffering woman muttered.

"But the treasure is on the Marshall land—these men are wolves—merciless pirates robbing Mary of her one chance to save her father and his ranch," said Terence.

Mary's arm encircled Stella, and she was trying to assuage her suffering.

"Forgive me—if you can," she murmured. Mustering her strength, she went on with an effort: "It is not too late. The treasure is in a hidden cave near the trail that winds up the face of Sierra Diablo. The secret of its location was written on a tiny slip of paper—concealed in the topaz—the topaz that Buck McLeod stole from Taggart. That was the secret of the topaz."

Terence drew from his pocket the copy of the map he had made.

"Here, can you show us where on this copy of the map?" he asked.

"There, at the letter D—that is the cave," said Stella, pointing. "McLeod is waiting for me there now—for me to bring back his gang."

The woman fell back in a swoon.

"She has over-strained herself," said Mary sympathetically. "We must get her to a hospital at once."

Poor Bud had been watching the scene with pain, torn between his loyalty to the Marshalls and Terence, and his love and sympathy for Stella. They carried Stella to the car.

"Rush her to Pico for medical aid," said Terence. "Then bring the sheriff and a posse to Sierra Diablo with all possible speed."

"But aren't you coming with us?" Mary asked.

"I'm going to the cave of the Yaguis," Terence answered. "I have sworn to get Buck McLeod—alone!"

They tried to dissuade him from his solitary, dangerous mission, but their pleas were unavailing. He was determined. Mary made Stella as comfortable as possible in the car, taking her place beside her to care for her, the others boarded the machine, and Terence watched them off on their way. Then he strode off for his lone man hunt.

After a hike of more than two hours, Terence came to the base of Sierra Diablo. He took out his map, studied it.

"At the letter D," he muttered.

He followed the trail indicated by the map, and finally stumbled upon the narrow winding passage between the rocks leading to the cave. On he strode, into the cave.

He found Buck, lifting and dropping handfuls of the treasure, still gloating with miserly joy over the piles of marvelous gems and glistening gold. As Terence appeared, he gave a cry like a trapped animal, then whipped out his gun. Terence made a leap for him and knocked it out of his hand. The men rolled about in the treasure in a mad rough-and-tumble.

"I've licked you before, and I'm going to get you again—with my bare hands," Terence threatened, as they lay, temporarily separated, after a whirlwind of wild blows.

The two men jumped at each other, and the combat was on in earnest. Buck, realizing that he was no match for Terence, and in fear, was manoeuvring for a break to the entrance and escape. But Terence blocked the way. At each attempt Buck made to run for it he was met by a row of hard knuckles which sent him flying back into the cave.

Buck gave up that alley of escape finally, and retreated back into the cave. Terence followed. He was dazed and startled by the untold heaps of glittering treasure that lay about him, so far surpassing even his wildest expectations, but he kept his

mind nevertheless to the business at hand—to get Buck!

Finally, as Buck fell farther and farther back in the cave he noticed a hitherto unseen crevice through which the daylight streamed, leading up and out of the cave. He darted for it and started to climb through, but Terence, close behind, seized him and pulled him back. Seeing he must fight his way out, Buck started for Terence. He was knocked down by a crashing blow to the jaw. Coming to his feet, he picked up a handful of the gold and jewels and flung them at Terence.

"Can't you use your hands, eh?" muttered Terence.

He made a flying leap for Buck, battering him mercilessly as they went down together, Terence on top.

Both men were torn, bleeding, disheveled. Buck struggled, managed to shake Terence off, and both staggered to their feet again. They met head on. Terence delivered a terrible thrashing, and after several minutes of fierce fighting, Buck went down again and lay still—licked—beaten—broken—cowed. Finally he scrambled to his knees, raised his hands supplicatingly. Terence seized him by the throat, his face set sternly, and with grim menace gasped:

"Buck McLeod—if you want to live—answer me—one thing—QUICK!"

(To be concluded.)

CHAPTER 34.
REVELATION.

Mary, watching the sky from the speeding automobile, uttered a shriek of horror as she saw the two planes shoot head on for each other, crash, and locked together, start dropping, a mass of shattered, smoking debris.

"They'll all be killed," she screamed.

Jack, the ranger, crowded the car to its last inch of speed, and headed for the spot where the planes were falling.

When they reached it and jumped out, they found Terence and Bud bending over the unconscious form of Stella. They had dragged her out of the wreckage and were trying to revive her. Mary ran and threw her arms about Terence.

"What a miraculous escape you boys had," she cried. "Oh, Terence, I'm so glad."

"Her plane broke away as we neared ground, and fell under us," explained Terence. "It saved Bud and I—but she, poor thing, is in a terrible shape."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desiring of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive salaries of the Hospital, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.



DOLL'S COMPLETE OUTFIT.

The doll's wardrobe pictured here leaves no doubt about a birthday gift that would bring joy to the heart of any little girl. Such lovable little things—from the wee undergarments to the newest in cape and tam ensembles. Many adorable frocks may be fashioned from the kimono-sleeve dress pattern, and the tiniest of baby dolls could be kept warm in the cape with hood attached. No. 1242 is in sizes 14, 18 and 22 inches high. Size 14 is suitable for dolls 12 and 14 inches high; size 18 for dolls 16 and 18 inches high; and size 22 for dolls 20, 22 and 24 inches high. Size 18 requires 3/4 yard of 32 or 36-inch material for the dress; drawers and petticoat 3/4 yard 32 or 36-inch; and the tam and cape 1/2 yard 32 or 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.

The designs 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.

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., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Next Thing.

"I can do but one thing at a time," declared one of the most distinguished members of a recent surgical congress. The unsuccessful headmaster of an unsuccessful school once said in a faculty meeting: "No teacher is good for anything who cannot do several things at once." His own career was that of a scatterbrain, and he failed because he did not define certain objectives and get after them in the spirit of Lord Northcliffe's terse counsel: "Concentrate."

A famous steelmaster, like any one of several noted statesmen, has developed to a high degree the faculty of giving himself to the task before him or the person in front of him as though, for that teeming moment no other occupation, no other individual, existed. Said an Ambassador with a heavy charge to keep: "My desk is clear because I cannot work in any other way. I must take up one matter at a time and finish it. My secretaries have instructions to carry nothing over till the morrow that can possibly be done to-day."

There lies the secret. Procrastination deserves the blame for thievery of our time that the old adage affixes to it. In Hardy's comic drama, "The Dynasts," much is made of the coming of the first flake of a snowstorm that buried alive so many of Napoleon's soldiers. That first flake was a trifle. But when many flakes piled up they made an overwhelming drift. That is the way with letters. We decide we will defer answering our correspondence till a more convenient season. Soon the amount of it becomes a formidable burden. Had we taken hold of the missives as they came they wouldn't have bothered us much and they would not seem a monumental affliction now. It is thus with every claim of personal, industrial, social or civic obligation. We cannot afford to let our various preoccupations, whatever they may be, gain volume and momentum.

Oratorio and Opera.

Oratorio and opera developed side by side for a long time. They both sprang from the one stem in the early part of the seventeenth century and they were both created in Italy, travelling thence to Germany, France and England. The opera progressed as a form of stage drama with action, while the oratorio remained a setting of sacred text illustrated by music without action. The cult of opera has spread enormously. Oratorio is a diminishing attraction.

A Prayer.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Not that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end,
Wherein we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Not that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast revealed,
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruitful treasures of the field,
The hour to sleep.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed.

—John Drinkwater.

Two New Wireless Stations Are Opened.

The opening of the wireless station at Akilvik, in the delta of the Mackenzie river, on October 7, was announced by the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior. The opening of this station, which is the most northerly in Canada, together with that at Fort Smith which began operations on September 5, marks the completion of the system designed to bring the Mackenzie valley, the Yukon, and the Western Arctic coast into daily touch with civilization. The order of the stations from north to south is Akilvik, Dawson, Mayo, Simpson, Fort Smith, and Edmonton.

The Eskimo town of Akilvik is about fifty miles from the Arctic ocean and 150 miles from Herschel Island. In the past it has taken many months to receive a reply to a letter written to far northern points, whereas since the opening of the Akilvik station return messages have been received in Ottawa within a few hours. The extension of the system to include the stations of Akilvik and Fort Smith will be a great convenience to the people of the country and of immense assistance in administration and development. It is the intention to establish a substation at Herschel Island to operate during the period of open navigation. Herschel is a port of entry for ships coming by way of Bering Strait and Alaska, and wireless communication will be of great assistance to the officials in the collection of customs duties and in other administrative work.

Anniversary.

I bring you roses—one for every year;
The reason for this deed is very clear;
So much of love and sweetness I have known
Has sprung from your delightfulness alone.

I bring you roses—paltry offering!
A flower is a transitory thing;
The benison of nobleness will stay,
And neither be forgot nor fade away.

—Heloise M. B. Hawkins.

Centenary of Match.

The match recently had its one hundredth birthday, having been introduced in 1825 by John Walker, an Englishman, who conceived the idea of selling his matches in boxes at one shilling four pence a box.

The safety match, called "Swedish," did not appear until the year 1892. This was the first match which could be lit only when struck on the box.

The idea of the match, however, antedated Walker by nearly two centuries. As early as 1688 Godfrey Hawkwitz, using phosphorus to ignite little wooden sticks, dipped in sulphur. Various experiments were made by other scientists of the day, but it was not until 1825 that the match emerged from the laboratory and was placed on the market.

Minard's Liniment for stiff muscles.

Machine Made Matches.

Not until 1849 were matches successfully manufactured by machinery.

Have You Tasted

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Those who have used Japan, Yon Hyson or Gunpowder Tea will appreciate the superiority of this blend, always so pure and rich.

What's in Your Hands?

We have a happy greeting for you. It is a nice, healthy, and refreshing drink. It is a nice, healthy, and refreshing drink.

Perhaps you have seen the ships are for sale. Handshakes than by the sea. All sorts of things can be done by a handshake—understanding, appreciation, sympathy, cordiality, affection, love, sincerity. But in a handshake, too, can be conveyed a feeling of distrust, indifference, carelessness. It is often possible to judge a person's character by his or her handshake. Nobody likes the limp handshake, either, when, if you happen to be wearing a ring, it cuts into your fingers and the bones of your hand feel as though they're crushed.

The long handshake can be very embarrassing. Then there is the apology for a handshake which is a mere brushing of fingers, so light, so delicate, that you are scarcely aware of it.

The most irritating handshake, surely, is when, merely from habit, someone takes your hand, but is gazing all the time at somebody or something else.

The best handshake of all is the one that expresses sincerity. Immediately by your hand is grasped in greeting by someone whom you like and who likes you, there speaks direct to your heart a kind of wireless message of understanding. You feel understood—appreciated; and the best in you wells to the surface. Human nature never fails to respond to sincerity.

Often when words fail, the clasp or the pressure of a hand will convey all the thoughts that cannot be spoken.

So when you shake hands, do not be indifferent and turn your gaze elsewhere. Put yourself into your handshake, and to your sincerity will rise all the best in the person whose hand you clasp.

A Kingly Carpet.

The carpet which covers the Waterloo Chamber in Windsor Castle weighs two tons. It measures eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and was woven at Agra in India. The carpet took seven years to make. When it is taken out to be beaten some sixty men are required to carry it downstairs.

When horses use Minard's Liniment.

First Air Restaurant.

The largest air express in the world is to be fitted as the first air restaurant car, and will be put into service between London and the Continent. The saloon has luxurious armchair seats for fifty passengers.

There is only one Campana's Italian Balm

Makes bad complexions good and good complexions better.

Campana's Italian Balm

Because Nothing Else So Beautifies the Complexion.

Sold by Druggists and Department Stores.

BURN LESS FUEL

(Coal, Coke or Wood.)
GET MORE HEAT

Don't let heat go up the chimney! Keep it in the house with the Little Wonder Fuel Saver.

A simple scientific device easily attached to the smoke pipe of your stove, range or furnace. SAVES 25 TO 35 PER CENT. OF THE FUEL. PRODUCES 25 TO 35 PER CENT. MORE HEAT. Holds fire longer. Greatly reduces furnace labor. Absolutely prevents chimney fires. Pays for itself in a few weeks and SAVES MANY DOLLARS EVERY WINTER. Enthusiastically endorsed by over 40,000 users.

Price for 8-inch pipe, \$1.00
Price for 7-inch pipe, \$3.00
Price for 6-inch pipe, \$7.00
Other sizes in proportion.

SEND NO MONEY—pay on arrival. Positive guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. You take no risk. Don't delay. Order TODAY.

Reference: Bk. of Montreal, West Toronto Branch THE LITTLE WONDER FUEL SAVER CO. OF ONTARIO, Dept. T, 2222 Dundas St. W., Toronto 8

KRAFT CHEESE

Please

Be sure this trade mark is on the cheese you buy. Our reputation is behind it.

There is only one Kraft Cheese



Rotted timbers on the banks of the North Saskatchewan river at Prince Albert are all that is left of the old stern-wheeler Marquis, which once plied between Cumberland House, Sask., and Edmonton, Alta.

BOVRIL puts BEEF INTO YOU

SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY