

The Fighting Ranger

By F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PETER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Stella became aware that a car, coming at a mad pace, was pursuing her. She was speeding her own machine to its limit, taking the most desperate chances, and defying death on every turn of the road, yet each time she looked back she noted with dismay that the pursuing car was gaining upon her.

At last, she was near the camp where Bud's men were to be. But as she came up to the familiar spot she saw no one was there. Something had gone wrong.

The pursuing car came on. Ahead, dragged out on the road from the shrubbery in which it had fallen after she had leaped from it in the parachute, lay Bud's airplane. As she saw it, she resolved to make a last desperate attempt to escape. She drove furiously up alongside the plane and stopped. Abandoning her car, she feverishly swung the propeller of the plane over. The motor hummed. She leaped into the pilot's seat, and taxied down the road. She left the ground just as the pursuing car, with Mary, and Jack the ranger, drew up in a cloud of dust.

"She's taken to the air—in that lame plane," cried Bud, looking down from his seat behind Terence up in the air, and started to see the other plane arising from the ground. Terence looked over from the pilot's seat, saw Stella's plane coming up, and started to let his plane drop toward it.

"She'll kill herself sure—that plane, in its condition, will get out of her control any minute," Bud exclaimed. He was intensely worried, for in spite of her treachery, there was still that warm spot in his heart for Stella, lingering from the memories of the old days.

"We'll get close up and see what we can do," said Terence, veering his machine in the direction of the other. "If you'll drop close right over her, I'll do one of my old air changing stunts—drop into her plane and take care of her," suggested Bud.

Terence agreed, and circled his plane about for the manoeuvre. Soon they were following close behind Stella's plane, flying at the same height. The plan was to rise just above her as they overtook her, far enough to let Bud swing by his hands above the other plane and drop in. But Stella, seeing she was about to be overhauled, and desperate, almost hysterical, grins set her teeth and decided upon a bold coup. She shifted her controls, and her plane swept around in a startling side spin, turning completely about into the very face of the pursuing plane.

"She's gone mad," shouted Terence, as the two planes swept crazily on toward each other. He shifted, trying to veer from the other machine's path, but Stella's machine followed his move—they were too close for another shift—it was a matter of only an instant before the crash now. Nothing more could be done—the two planes shot toward each other—and crashed.

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."

They all bent over the injured woman. 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 Yaquis," 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 pieces 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 started by the untold heaps of glittering treasure that lay about him, so far surpassing even his wildest expectations, but he kept his

NURSES

The Nurses' Hospital for Women, in connection with the University of Toronto, is a fine example of modern hospital architecture. It is a beautiful building, and the nurses are well trained and efficient. The hospital is located in the heart of the city, and is easily accessible by public transport.



1242

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 lovely 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 1/4 yard of 32 or 36-inch material for the dress; drawers and petticoat 1/4 yard 32 or 36-inch; and the tam and cape 1/4 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.

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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.

Looking at An Old Book.

What learning and skill entered into its production! With what hopes, or perchance misgivings, its author or its editor entrusted his manuscript to the printer! We who live in an age which seems to have adopted for its slogan, "Do it electrically," that is to say, rapidly, may well pause for a moment and think upon the places and the peoples who three or four hundred years ago, produced those books which all the world today so greatly admires. Paris was indeed a town, but it was only a town in 1539; and that huge agglomeration which now is London was then merely a half dozen villages, connected together by rough roads, impassable in winter, dusty in summer, and always dangerous. What facilities had the printers of those days? From our point of view none. Yet they designed and cast beautiful types which are still a delight to the eye, and set them with taste, and printed from them to rude presses in jet black ink upon paper which yet remains as sound as when it first came from the mill. Verily those old printers were artists and craftsmen. Such thoughts as these always break in upon me when I look upon a fine old book—A. Edward Newton, in "The Greatest Book in the World."

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 delightful smile alone.

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.

Ancient Fortress in France.

A Roman fortress built about 275 A.D. as a defense against the advance of barbarians has been unearthed at Dijon, France.

Have You Tasted "SALADA" GREEN TEA

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

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-fruited 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 Akavik, 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 Akavik, Dawson, Mayo, Simpson, Fort Smith, and Edmonton.

The Eskimo town of Akavik 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 Akavik station return messages have been received in Ottawa within a few hours. The extension of the system to include the stations of Akavik 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 substitution 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.

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 1686 Godfrey Hawkewicz, 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.

What's in Your Handshake?

We have a happy custom of shaking hands when we meet or when we part. It is a nice, healthy custom, much better than rubbing noses as some races do.

Perhaps more true, life-long friendships are formed and cemented by handshakes than by anything else.

All sorts of things can be conveyed 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 shake. Nobody likes the over-heavy one, 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 your hand is grasped in greeting by someone whom you like and who likes you, there speeds 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.

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Makes bad complexion good and good complexion better.

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(Coal, Coke or Wood.)

GET MORE HEAT

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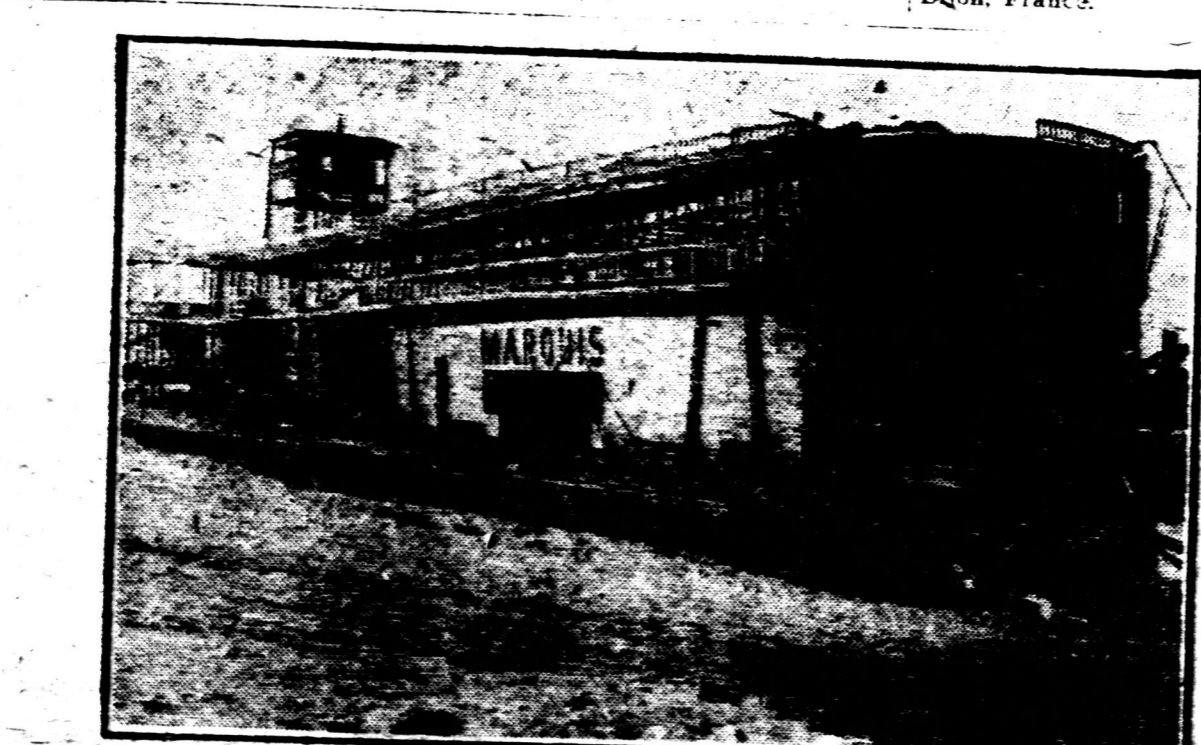
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Rotted timbers, on the banks of the North Saskatchewan river at Prince Albert and a left of the old stern-wheeler Marquis, which once plied between Cumberland House, Sask., and Edmonton, Alta.

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