

Carry it always with you!

WRIGLEYS

Keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen and digestion good.

Great after smoking

After Every Meal

True Love is Earned.

Admiration may win, but true love is earned. True love is not won by flattery or by the promise of a future. True love is earned by the steady, unflinching devotion of a man who is willing to give of himself for the good of another.

True love is more than a passion, more than an attraction, or a sense of possession. It is something fine and noble of the spirit and the mind as well as of the heart and senses.

Usually when we want to give great happiness, we study the person for whom we have the affection. We do not study merely our own desires. We take trouble to discover just what he or she needs, in order to complete our own life. And we send out such honest radiations of tenderness that we make that person vibrate in tune with our own thoughts.

The young girl with beautiful face and manners who can draw men to her has little power to keep them always. Caring for her unless she has that fine, unselfish nature which is ever drawing love towards her, even in those moments of anger and irritation which enter the lives of all of us, no matter how devoted we may be to those we love.

Sometimes men who are deeply attached to certain girls vainly imagine that by spending money on them they are winning their love. Love is rarely won by the flinging down of coins. The girl who marries such men seldom brings into marriage that sweet thrill of life-long happiness which is ever to the fore when love is real.

Money that is won is seldom valued as highly as that which is earned. And the same applies to love.

Rob Roy's "House" to be Modernized.

Rob Roy's Blengyle House, on the borders of Perthshire and Strathgairn, associated with the Highland outlaw, is to be modernized. It is to have electric call bells for the servants and incandescent lights for the benefit of its occupants and visitors.

The idea of doing away with candles and ancient oil lamps is that of the Glasgow municipality. Some of the townspeople regard the innovation a sacrilege. Rob Roy Macgregor still has a romantic hold on the imagination of these people familiar with the writings of Sir Walter Scott.

A New Occupation.

Two cotton women found good incomes in a new field, establishing a shop for the express purpose of sewing on buttons for London's thousands of bachelors.

Be kind to your Fabrics your Turbelows and your Purse

Lux is economical because:

It is expensive to buy—makes clothes last longer and—used according to directions, a very little goes a long way.

There is only one LUX. It is made by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, and sold only in packages, never in bulk.

Use LUX for the whole Family Wash

Lever Brothers Limited Toronto

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Dan's inclination was to join the growing fringe of people about the corral, but this same growing fringe had made the necessity for more potatoes all the time a constant menace to his interest in this direction. It kept him tied very closely to the potato pile. Possibly his unusual preoccupation caused him to neglect the gate for a short time. At any event he did not see a dusty buckboard drawn by a pair of up-country horses, which had evidently been driven a long way, trot in at the front gate. It contained three persons—two women and an officer of the Mounted. The dusty equipage drove around the ranch house without stopping at the front door. As it came back into the range of Malloy's vision again, he started as though he had been roused from a reverie. How on earth did that team get in there without him seeing it? And there seemed to be a very familiar slant to that officer's head, too. Where and when had he seen that back before?

The team continued on down to the corral, the officer alighted and tied the horses. Dan got up to watch him better. Shufflingly he made his way over behind the wood-pile, where he could see better. From this new vantage point he had a better opportunity. Like a flash he recognized his inquisitive enemy, Callahan. Instinctively, Dan's hand went up to his head and the foolish looking, down-turned head was pulled still further over his eyes.

"Phew!" exclaimed Dan, under his breath, "I'm in for it again. Wonder who the dames are?"

But Callahan had deferentially saluted his charges and walked over to the corral. As Dan's eyes followed him from over the chunks of a convenient wood-pile, he saw him touch Regan on the shoulder and engage the ranch owner in earnest conversation. Regan nodded several times and twice he shook his head. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

If Callahan had called to see him, it was important for Dan to find out the identity of the ladies. That might have an important bearing. Impulsively a wheel barrow into use, Dan lumbered off toward the barn for another load of potatoes. Half way to his base of supplies, Dan suddenly dropped the wheel-barrow. The taller of the two in the buckboard had turned around. It was Marie La Farge.

At the same instant that Dan had recognized Marie the girl had recognized him. Though she was expecting to see him and though she knew from officer Callahan what to expect, the sight of the smartly apparelled and dashing Irish cowboy transformed into the most foolish looking of the potato peeling gentry was a shock to her. But however great was this shock, the strain on her heart strings was still more powerful.

For a year Marie had lived in a constant turmoil of doubt. Circumstances pointed unmistakably to Malloy's guilt, but her heart would not permit her to believe that he had killed her father. If he had, it must have been by accident. No thread of evidence to controvert the facts adduced at the coroner's trial had come to light to relieve in any way the stain upon the reputation of her lover. All Wainright Park believed that Malloy had murdered Jean La Farge in a quarrel over Marie. And from the standpoint of the police there was every evidence, circumstantial though it might be, to prove his guilt. But the most convincing evidence of it to the police was the fact that Malloy had run away. Still, Marie's heart told her that her own attitude toward Malloy had something to do with his going. And this thought had kept warm within her bosom the love for Malloy which, in spite of everything, would not down.

Then had come officer Callahan. He told her that he had found Malloy, or at least a man whom he suspected of being Malloy. To her own amazement she had absolutely refused to go south for the purpose of identifying him. "Why don't you bring him up here?" she had asked.

"Well," replied Callahan, "I'm not absolutely sure. I don't want to arrest an innocent man, and this Chuck Jones may be Chuck Jones and not Dan Malloy. Still, while there is suspicion against him, the least you can do is to relieve that suspicion. If he isn't Malloy, you can do him a service and you can do me one, too. We will cross him off our books. If you don't identify him he will always be under suspicion."

These arguments left Marie cold. But her heart proved an argument which Callahan knew not of and probably would not have known how to use had he known it.

And here she was with Neenah, the little half-breed maid.

The sight of Marie gave Dan the first real thrill he had had in a year. But it was a mighty complicated thrill. It held the threat of the greatest danger which he had yet faced. The well drilled gesture of pulling down the hat stopped half-way. Instead, he took the hat off. There was no use pre-fitting with Marie. She knew, and the best he could hope was to have her know that he knew, too. If ever a gesture bespoke pleading, that did, homely as it was. Neither spoke. Dan picked up his wheel-barrow and shuffled back again to his peeling post. It was like preparing to face the firing squad. But Dan was no coward. He would face the music whatever tune it played.

He didn't have to wait long. Intent as he apparently was on peeling potatoes, his ears were attuned to the footsteps he momentarily expected.

Nonchalantly he threw a bucket of potato peelings into the basket and stooped to pick out another spud. In spite of his iron nerves he dropped the potato back in the basket as he heard footsteps behind him. They approached slowly. Dan could not stand the suspense any longer. He looked up in apparent surprise.

As he saw the girl, he stood up and removed his hat, holding it deferentially in both hands as he looked her full in the face. Not a movement or word escaped him to indicate that he had ever seen her before. The stupidity of expression and the dullness of intellect which he had carefully cultivated did not waver for an instant. Marie's gaze was as level as his, but it was full of pain, full of anxiety and her hands were constantly twisting and intertwining, indicative of the struggle going on within her.

Callahan watched the duel of eyes with professional attention. Here was either intense human drama, or a huge bluff. Which was it?

As she looked, Marie's eyes filled with tears. Slowly she looked away from Dan toward Callahan and sadly shook her head.

"It isn't he," she said huskily. Callahan frowned. Had he been on a wild goose chase all this time? "Are you sure?" he said, coming closer to her and grasping her by the arm.

"Positive," said Marie, turning away. Dan put on his hat. He pulled it down tighter on his head than he ever had done before.

Turning from Marie, Callahan held out his hand to Dan. "That's the way, sonny," he said, though Dan thought he detected a keen disappointment in the voice. "I won't pester you any more. Good-bye and good luck."

For once Dan's Irish tongue had no rejoinder. He said nothing. But his hand-shake carried conviction.

"I'll get the team, Miss La Farge, and pick you up here. I want to see Regan a moment." Touching his hat, the officer strode away.

Not until he was out of sight of the two men did Marie turn again to the disgraced Malloy. Walking slowly toward him, she held out her hand. Dan took it, his surprise evident even in his carefully trained countenance.

"Tell me again," she said earnestly, "it wasn't you?"

Before her eyes there vanished the Chuck Jones she had come down to identify, and Dan Malloy, though ill clad, stood before her. All thought of Callahan, of discovery, of everything except the girl before him had left Dan's mind.

"Marrie! You know it. You have never doubted me."

Suddenly she reached her arms up and kissed him.

But before he could recover from his astonishment, she was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SET.

It was the night before the opening of the Stampede. Everyone in Alberta knew that the next three days were holidays. Skeleton crews were all that were left on the ranches all through the province. Those few had been told off by lot, the unlucky ones having to remain to care for the stock and keep the home fires burning, as it were.

When they were as cheerless as could be imagined. It was tough to celebrate an event that took place fifty years ago and one that cast glory on the splendid history of Canada.

Dan Malloy was one of the lucky ones. He had drawn lots with the others, though Blackie, the foreman, had suggested that Chuck ought to stay home and do all of the chores, thus permitting the entire force to be present at the events, and particularly at the Roman races on which ten thousand dollars of the boss's money had been bet and every bit of the wages of every man jack of them for the next six months. Humble and retiring as Dan had always been, and he had the extraordinary assertive now.

"Like to see you keep me from drawing lots, you big pumpkin," said Dan, as he stepped up to the rail and threw in the slip with his own name on it. "I just hope your name is the last one that comes out of the hat."

The ranch riders expected to see fireworks follow this remarkable evidence of self-assertion on Chuck's part. But the latter knew his name. Blackie had a yellow streak as wide as a wagon tongue down his back. All the answer he made was the same kind of an ineffectual kick which Chuck Jones had been dodging now for almost a year. Not one of these kicks would ever be forgotten and every one would demand retribution.

The Malloy luck still held. The name of Chuck Jones was one of the first to be drawn out of the hat.

That night the entire outfit moved into town on whatever vehicles or live stock was handy, the cowboys on their ponies, Chuck Jones appropriately riding the chuck wagon which was going into the chuck wagon race.

Regan and his daughter, of course, put up at the Palliser Hotel, the lobby of which was the official headquarters of the stock raising and racing gangs of the province. Most of the boys, however, found lodging either with friends or in the stables with the horses. To Chuck this was no hardship. Many a night he had spent riding a horse and would gladly have passed all his nights in a stable.

But if the gentry of the district polished the Palliser bar, the rank and file congregated at Kelly's. Here the old-timers always met on the eve of the Stampede to renew old friendships and to place new wagers. Kelly's was

about six o'clock Andrew Regan walked into Kelly's. As he made his way through the crowded room to the dimly populated bar, a hand grasped his coat sleeve.

"Well, Regan," said a familiar voice, "do you still think your Romans can beat mine to-morrow?"

It was Morton who spoke, and as usual, his voice and manner had an uneasy effect of disturbing Regan. Morton was so sure of himself, so supercilious, so boastful. Regan was a much finer-grained man. The other's brassiness always grated upon him. As if this condescending question were not enough, Morton reached out and took one of Regan's battery of stogies from his pocket.

"Thanks," he said, as the crowd laughed at Regan's impatient gesture. "Certainly I think so," said Regan, "and if my horses go as fast as my cigars do, your Romans won't have a chance."

The crowd, sensing a betting fray far beyond their own ability to emulate, gathered thickly around Regan and Morton. Dan, who had seen his boss come in, moved up to the table behind him. Morton, with a sneer on his face as he spat out the bitten-off end of Regan's stogy, continued in a loud voice.

"Well, Regan, old boy, if you still think so, I've got another five thousand that says my team beats yours."

A hush came over the crowd. Everyone looked at Regan, Blackie drawing his breath so silently that several of Morton's riders edged in his face. As though Regan might have paid any attention to what he did, Dan started violently shaking his head from side to side. He hated to see his boss plunge any further on a man who rode Romans as unscientifically as Corbet did.

Angered as he was, however, Andrew Regan had but all he cared to. "I'd be glad to accommodate you, Al," he said reluctantly, "but I'm in as deep now as I can afford."

For answer Morton rose from his chair, took the stogy he had "borrowed" from his mouth and hurled it on the floor, then with elaborate sarcasm: "I never thought you were a piker."

Word and gesture were as insulting as Morton could make them and they had the desired effect on Regan. Boiling with rage, he leaped to Morton's table and pounded on it until the glasses jumped and clicked together, he shouted:

"That's the first and last time you'll ever say that, Morton! Here's a proposition for you. I bet you horn for beer and hoof for hoof, the Bar-O stock against yours."

So confident was Morton of his own hand to Regan with a shout of delight. Before the echo of it had died away, the humble potato peeler forced his way to Regan's side.

"Say, boss," he said, all earnestness, "ain't you goin' awful strong?"

But Regan was riding the heights. He had the bit in his teeth.

"Don't you worry, sonny," he said, patting Chuck on the shoulder. "Ed Corbet ridin' them speed demons of mine is a combination that can't be beat."

(To be continued.)

The Fresh Flavor of delicious

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Is preserved in the air-tight SALADA packet. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

Listen to Good Pianists.

One of the greatest advantages music students have today is the opportunity of listening to good pianists, not only directly, at concerts, but also at any time over the radio. Hearing the music of better musicians broadens the student's appreciation of classic music.

To hear music played by good pianists, especially at concerts where the student can watch the pianist, is of great value in helping the student in his interpretation of the pieces he himself plays. No matter how perfect in time, notes and fingering, he may have a piece, he is sure to receive many suggestions which will help him to improve the expression and interpretation of a piece by hearing a great pianist play it. Then, too, hearing a pianist play many pieces, usually without music, will encourage and inspire a hard-working, ambitious student with a greater desire to become a good pianist.

Minard's Liniment for colds.

To keep cheese fresh, wrap it in a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung as dry as possible. Keep in a cool place.

TORONTO OFFERS BEST MARKET FOR Poultry, Butter, Eggs

We offer Toronto's Best Prices. LINES, LIMITED St. Lawrence Market Toronto 2

To Promote League Welfare Work.

A series of lectures in cities of Canada and the United States is planned for the year by Dame Rachel Grosvenor, director of the department of the League of Nations, which is fighting opium traffic.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians.

Baseball Bats in Haste.

A perfect baseball bat is made in 20 seconds.

First Metal Utilized.

Gold is said to have been the first metal worked by man.

TAYLOR-FORBES

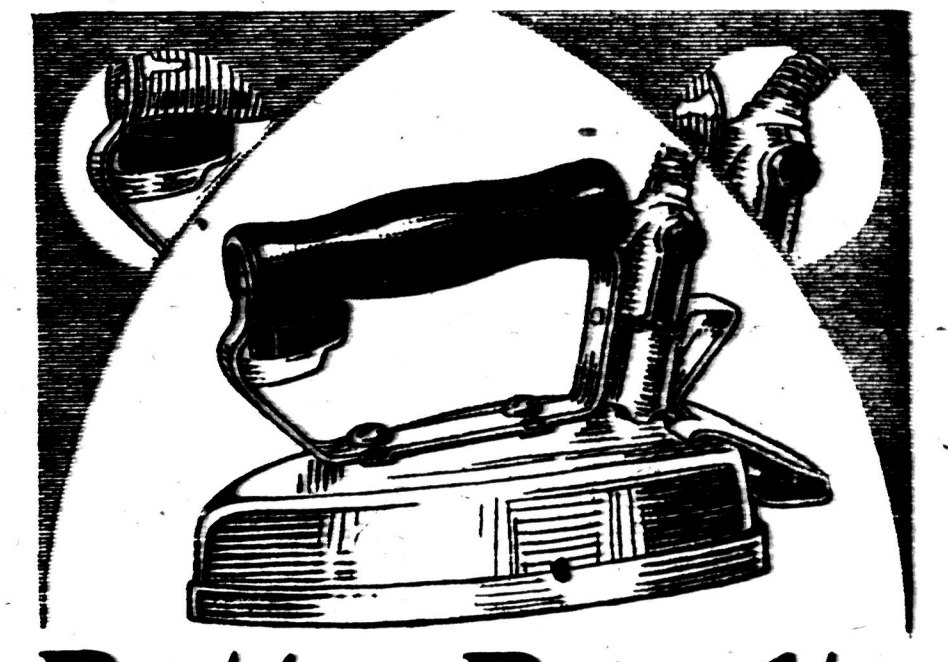
Tree Pruners

For every purpose in the orchard, cutting limbs up to 14 inches. Handles—4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 feet.

Your Hardware Dealer knows the quality.

Our descriptive circular sent to any address on request.

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.



Better Results in less time-with less work

THE Hotpoint IRON

THE Hotpoint Iron, with its famous Hot Point, enables you to iron difficult pieces quickly and easily. Hotpoint's quick, even heat insures better results, while the exclusive Hotpoint Thumb Rest and Heat Guard relieves the strain of gripping and lifting the iron. Inspect the Hotpoint Iron at your dealer's and you will know why there are more in use than any other type of iron in the world. And the price of a genuine Hotpoint Iron is only \$5.50. Special Hotpoint Iron at \$1.00 extra.

THE Hotpoint IRON

A Canadian General Electric Product

Cleans Like China

When you use SMP Enamelled Ware Utensils, you never need to scrape, scour and scrub the way some wares demand. Hot water, soap, a cloth—that's all you need to clean them. It washes like china, has the cleanliness and surface of china, but wears like steel. Don't be the slave of your cooking ware; equip with clean, pure sanitary-lasting

SMP Enamelled WARE

SHIP US YOUR POULTRY, GAME, EGGS, BUTTER AND FEATHERS

WE BUY ALL YEAR ROUND. Write today for prices—we guarantee them for a week ahead.

P. POULIN & CO. LIMITED

36-38 Boulevard St. Jean, Montreal

Use SIMONDS SAWS and Machine Knives

REMONS CANADA SAW CO. LTD. MONTREAL VANCOUVER ST. JOHN, N.B. TORONTO

Income tax

Exemption from \$2,000 to \$3,000 and from \$1,000 to \$2,000. This will mean smaller incomes. The income in the exemptions, the thousand or any be two per cent. excess of two per cent. in excess of two per cent. Other higher incomes.

Receipt tax

Penny postage in Canada and stored as from There will be in the present rate drop letters.

The tax on

8 and 15 cents, the cards, become from sales tax: ley, split peas, exhibitions, messengers, travellers, trawls.

Automobiles

tail value of and on motor reduced from 10 per cent. On autos value general tariff per cent. interest British preference encourage Car drawback of 20 on materials above-mentioned vided that at the cost of this produced in Can

TARIFF

Cocoa beans tariff from \$12 pounds. Corres in certain coo Coffee, green preference.

Ginger, spice arrowroot—rate ance with Wes Bananas—F but Government to impose duty under general tariff, leaving the preference wh Pineapples—rate reduced fr under British Fresh meat—rate reduced fr

Seeds—The tion on free th Sugar—For grees of poar the British pre

Who can in 1864 a dry goods store

Train Whistle From Fire

A d speech says. The Pacific freight on a recent fire. He was ing unable to meet the miles west. H the owner of the who with made their building. The in Port Arthur to the vigilance edic engineer in the fire, wh

Prince of Wales

A visit to the to be on the of Wales. It Prince in London celebrations ha this effect.

The Prince

After for an he is unde and his visit mainly for personal Prince is person Ireland, but feel the time he formal visit was rassment and e