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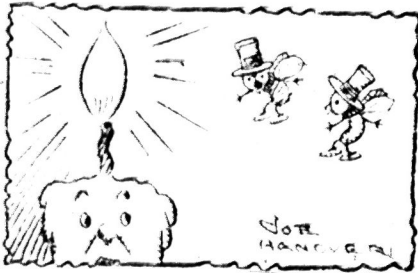
Protecting Source of Natives' Food Supply.

The protection of the game supply of the Northwest Territories has been given special consideration by the Dominion Government during recent years. Particular attention has been directed to the caribou, on which the natives, Indians and Eskimos, who are the wards of the Government, depend for food, clothing, and other necessities. The valuable wild life is protected for the natives by means of preserves (in which all whites are prohibited from hunting) and by bounties for the destruction of wolves. The preserves, five in number, aggregating 241,800 square miles, have been set aside by the Department of the Interior and are administered by its North West Territories and Yukon Branch.

During recent years further steps have been taken to suppress the wolf menace by outfitting wolfing expeditions and sending them into those parts of the north country in which wolves are known to congregate, particularly to the east of Great Slave Lake, where a heavy toll of the caribou is taken during the spring and fall migrations.

During the season of 1922-23 a party of three, operating in this region, secured 135 wolves. The success of this experiment was most gratifying and in July, 1924, a party of four, with provisions for a year, was sent to the Great Slave Lake area. This expedition returned to Fort Smith in July, 1925, after an eventful trip with a bag of 186 wolves and 2 wolverines.

The great destruction to game wrought by wolves in the Northwest Territories may be better realized when it is remembered that the average number of caribou killed in a year by a wolf is estimated at sixty, and that in addition they cause heavy loss to trappers by destroying the pelts of furbearing animals caught on the trap line. From the above figures it will be seen that considerable saving has been effected in wild life by this feature of the Government's game protective activities in the Northwest.



The Moth and the Flame. Let Moth "You can well imagine it with Miss Candler." and Moth "You shall an old flame of mine."

Leaves Protect Birds.

A woodcock on her nest has been known to have so much faith in the protection afforded her by the brown-leaf plumage of April that she would permit a person to approach within a foot or two of her nest. A light snowfall occurring a few days later made the same bird suspicious, and she would fly from her nest before the observer was nearer than fifty feet. The "withstand-will as it sits among the dead leaves in the depth of the forest appears not unlike a mass of leaves some of which are brownier than others.

Cleaned for the first time for forty years, a carpet in the drawing-room of the Premier's house, 10 Downing St., was found to be a priceless Persian carpet. It had been unrecognizable through layers of London dirt.

Carry it always with you!

WRIGLEYS

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

Great after smoking

After Every Meal

THE :: CALGARY :: STAMPEDE ::

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK.

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"Well, I don't say he was very tender, at least toward me," rejoined Dan solemnly.

Then a look of determination spread over his good-natured face.

"But believe me," he said, as he brought his clenched right fist into the open palm of his left, "Marie's going to be Mrs. Dan Malloy whether Papa likes it or not!"

As Neenah approached the ranch house, she had a queer feeling that someone had been there during their absence. Neenah had an uncanny sixth sense which frequently warned her of danger or of an unseen presence. Many Indians and half-breeds have it. With all due caution, she opened the gate and slowly mounted the steps of the porch. Then she gave an involuntary start. Behind the third pillar there was a man.

"Sh-h-h. Neenah, Neenah," came from the shadow.

Neenah recognized the voice at once, although she had no idea that Fred Burgess had been released from jail. He had to serve a sixty-day sentence for poaching on the reservation. His sentence wouldn't have been up for ten days yet. Neenah had kept an accurate account.

"Oh, Fred, how I am glad to see you!" she cried as she threw herself into his arms.

For answer, Burgess clapped his hand over her mouth and looked anxiously around. He didn't want to be seen and least of all heard.

"Where's La Farge?" he hissed.

"La Farge, Marie, everybody all away."

Even then he seemed undecided. But Neenah's welcome was so enthusiastic, her joy at seeing him so evident, that the poacher relaxed his suspicion and returned in a somewhat less exuberant fashion, Neenah's passionate salute.

"Come on in house, nobody home."

And with another look around, Burgess followed the girl. Once inside, he inspected the living room carefully, tried both doors and looked out of all the windows. Satisfied that Neenah had told him the truth, he walked over to the fireplace and examined La Farge's short-barreled shot-gun. Neenah watched him anxiously.

"For why you want La Farge?" she asked suddenly.

Burgess jumped as though someone had drawn a gun on him. Then a sudden, revengeful look leapt into his eyes. Burgess's eyes were blue, very light blue, almost white, they looked in his tanned, deeply lined face. The bright gleam sent cold shivers down Neenah's spine.

"La Farge sent me to prison," he said slowly, meaningly. "And I ain't over-akin' it."

With an effort Neenah set herself to dissuade Burgess.

"Why mak' trouble? We go 'way, get married, that's best 'ting," and again she threw her arms around the neck of the tall poacher.

So eloquent were the little half-breed's arms and eyes that she soon had Burgess responding to her own mood, when a sudden step sounded on the porch. La Farge had returned.

CHAPTER III.

A COWARDLY SHOT.

Burgess had prepared his retreat in case he was surprised, and he retreated as he stepped out of the back door of La Farge and his daughter came in the front. As he went out the door, he heard La Farge explosively declare:

"If dat Malloy don't keep away from you, I keel 'im."

So determined and unrelenting was the watch which La Farge kept on his daughter, that for the new few days, Malloy had to content himself with stolen and momentary meetings.

Patience finally reached the breaking point. Arrayed in all of the pride of his best cowboy grandeur, and leading another horse, he rode boldly up to the La Farge domain. A cowboy less in love and less intent upon his errand than Malloy might have recognized a figure slinking into the bushes beside the gate. But Malloy noticed nothing. He was certain that La Farge was at home and that Marie was. Tying his horse, he went boldly into the house. Marie was alone.

"Why have you come here?" she asked, startled.

"I couldn't help it, Marie, I had to. I have come to take you away with me. See, I have a horse for you. We'll go down to Fort Stanwicks and be married."

"But father," began Marie.

"Father will forgive us. I know he will, after he gets used to the idea."

"But no," said Marie, "it would break his heart."

"He'd get over it, I know, but mine will be broken forever if you don't marry me."

Marie was still unconvinced, though this young Irishman had a very convincing way of stating his case. Even Marie's bird, which she had been feeding when he came in, tried to add his persuasiveness to the Irish tongue, and Marie was mightily torn between desire and duty. With a last burst of eloquence interspersed with kisses, Dan finally won.

"We must hurry," said Marie.

"Father will be back any minute. I'll just get my hat and will write a note to him."

But before she could break away from his embrace, the door opened and Jean La Farge strode in. The game warden had been riding the range that afternoon with Bill Harkness and he had invited him to dinner, but seeing Malloy's horse tied in front of his gate, La Farge had left him

hurriedly and galloped over to the ranch. Now he was in a white frenzy of anger.

"So!" he cried, almost beside himself. "You have come to steal my girl."

"But we love each other."

"You lie, you Irisher, she don't love you. I forbid it!"

"Father, Father," cried Marie pleadingly, "I do, I love him."

"Go into your room, Marie," shouted La Farge as he pointed sternly toward her door.

As she hesitated, he stamped his foot.

"Go in zer. I settle w'er 'im once for all."

Dan, with hands outstretched, took a step toward the door closing after his beloved Marie. When he turned around La Farge had removed his coat and was standing, glowering at him, with a huge bull whip in his hand. Once, twice, three times he brought it whistling and crackling about Dan's unsuspecting shoulders.

Suddenly a shot rang out. Jean La Farge pitched forward at Dan's feet.

Stunned as he was at this sudden development, Dan rushed to the window from which smoke was still pouring into the room. Down the walk he saw a fast-flying figure. Drawing his own revolver, he fired at the dodging target. Then he leapt back to see what assistance he could render La Farge.

As he bent over the old man, his revolver still in his hand, Marie rushed out of her room. One look at the huddled figure on the floor with her lover bending over him, and her whole world came crashing down upon her. Neenah, dashing in from the porch, was just in time to catch her mistress as she fainted away. Dan made a gesture as though to take her in his arms, but Neenah held her tightly, an inscrutable look in her heavy black eyes.

"You take care of her, Neenah. I'll be back as soon as I've caught the scoundrel," and Dan dashed out of the door, made a flying leap onto his horse, and was off like the wind, in the direction the murderer had taken.

As Marie regained her senses the full realization of the situation was born in upon her.

"Did you see it, Neenah?"

"No, mamee, I was on porch. No one here except Dan Malloy."

Into this scene of death and sorrow strode Bill Harkness. From the sobbing and hysterical Marie he could learn nothing. His friend, Jean La Farge, had breathed his last. Instinctively, and putting out of his mind all personal sorrow for the passing of his friend, Harkness set to work. He was all officer now.

"Take Miss La Farge into her room, Neenah, and come back here immediately."

While she was gone he studied the situation. He examined the wound, noted the whip in the old man's hand and the position of the body.

When Neenah returned, he pointed his finger at her threateningly.

"What do you know about this, Neenah?"

"All I know, sir," replied the girl, hesitatingly, "is Malloy come for Marie. La Farge mak' 'isself fuss. I stand on porch, hear much heug words. Malloy he go 'way—beug hurry."

"All right," said Harkness. "Call up the post. Tell them what you've told me, and tell them to send the coroner right over. I'm off after Malloy."

CHAPTER IV.

THE RESCUE.

Fred Burgess, his vengeance satisfied, thought only of escape. He had a good start owing to Malloy's effort to assist the dying La Farge. Naturally he rode toward the country he knew best, the heart of the buffalo reservation, but in his haste he left tracks which the pursuing Malloy readily followed. And Malloy, too, had the better horse.

Their combined track was easy for the trooper to follow.

Dodging in and out of gullies, across narrow, swift flowing streams, and doubling back on his track once, Burgess halted near a shack in a hope that he had thrown pursuit off his trail.

To his amazement and consternation, he heard approaching hoof beats. As he glanced over his shoulder he recognized the peculiar color of Malloy's pony.

It was a Palomino. The only others he had ever seen were on a ranch where he had previously worked, three hundred miles from here, Calgary. He knew they were fast as the wind and tireless.

He mounted a ridge commanding a wide stretch of territory and he noted with satisfaction that Malloy had stopped at the place where he had doubled back on his tracks.

Now another horseman claimed his attention. He wore the red coat of the Royal Mounted. As the trooper drew up to Malloy, Burgess recognized him. It was Harkness. The man who had seen him commit the crime and the official administrator of law and order in the territory were together. If in some way he could accomplish their destruction, he would insure his own safety. His eyes roamed the wide upland, grazing land of the buffalo reservation. Suddenly a diabolical plan formed itself in his scheming brain.

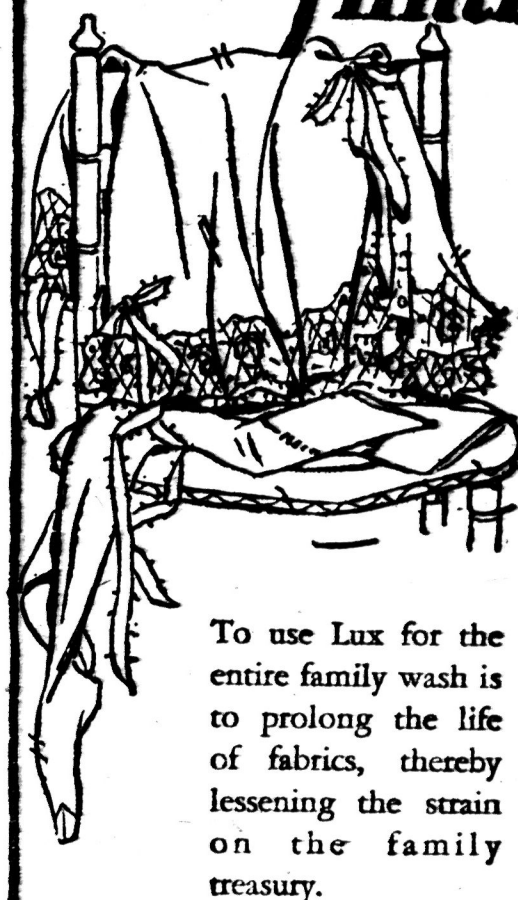
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Recent London Observations.

The real difference among men is between those who are prepared to give more than they get and those who want to get more than they give.—Stanley Baldwin.

To be appreciated by the populace reflects no discredit upon a composer.—Alexander Brent-Smith.

Though debt is a quarrelsome topic, the settlements at Washinton have paved the way for friendly and practical solutions in Europe. The Observer.

We must show the man who strikes a hammer all day long, just how and why he is serving God with every stroke.—P. T. R. Kirk.

As surely as contending nations, victor and vanquished, lose by war, so surely do employers and employees lose by industrial strife.—W. A. Appleton.

There are always three sides to every dispute—yours, mine, and the correct one.—G. W. Paton.

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

Gradually man's knowledge of diseases is becoming more and more complete, his control over them more effective, and with each year of peace will come greater knowledge and efficiency along these lines.

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Chained.
I want to see the slender spars Dark against the moon;
I want to feel the deck's plunge And hear the wind's rane.
My coultter cuts the stubbled sod (I heard a gull cry Flying toward the open sea)
I am a captive, I.
Chained by sordid circumstance To furrow out this sea,
When I would go in a swift ship To plow the black sea.

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