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## THE :: CALGARY :: :: STAMPEDE ::

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK and PAUL GULICK

### CALGARY STAMPEDE CHAPTER XV.

#### WIN OR LOSE.

A few moments before, under the inspiration of the historical pageant, Malloy was in the mood for delivering himself up to justice and taking his chances as Dan Malloy. But now, for some reason, the proposition did not seem so attractive. Just to walk out on the pack and say: "Here I am, Dan Malloy," seemed kind of blasphemous, like near beer back home. What he really needed was some striking dramatic moment when the thing could be done with a flourish.

As he looked at the back of Bill Harkness' head, so near to him through the fence, an idea occurred to Dan that seemed to harmonize his determination to give himself up and his purpose to wait for an appropriate time and place. Stopping, he picked up a long straw. Inserting it between the boards of the fence he began tickling the left ear of the policeman. Harkness slapped at it idly as though it had been a fly. Dan tried again. Another slap. The next time Harkness turned all the way around and made a cut with his riding crop at the supposed fly. But Dan had dodged down and Harkness walked away from a place so infested with horse flies.

"Well," said Dan almost to himself, "I gave him another chance to catch me. He's a bum catcher. I'll just wait a little longer before I give him the third chance."

But there was still the chance that Callahan might stray in and see him. So he sneaked up to the barn and slouched inconspicuously in the doorway. Through long practice Chuck Jones had managed to become able at will to appear and disappear noiselessly and without attracting attention. And so it was that he saw that red-clad figure of Callahan as he was going out of the door of the barn. He just disappeared.

Callahan rejoined Harkness. "They don't know where he is now. He might be in hell for all the for-man cares. I just asked him and he was damning me from hell to Breakfast for all kinds of a booh. Seemed to be particularly sore on me. I suppose he will show up sooner or later and we'll run into him. I sure thought I was on a hot scent when I spotted him. Same color eyes and hair, same height, and I knew he was a cowboy the moment I saw him wheeling his potato barrow. Can't fool me on cowboy legs. But nobody ever saw him ride, except once," and Callahan went into a gale of laughter at the recollection.

"It was one time when I was up at the ranch," he continued. "I was nosing around to see what I could see. And this buckeroo had just told the gang that he could ride. That was just what I wanted to know too, so I sneaked around the fence and looked on. The gang was all making fun of him and he was taking it all serious like. That outlaw Sweet Marie was in the corral and that morning she had thrown Corbett. Well, this Jones gets up rather clumsy like and at the very first buck he goes off higher'n a kite. No more horse-manship'n a rabbit. That was enough for me."

"What did Marie say when she saw him?" asked Harkness. "She just took one good look at him and shook her head. Told me later that I ought to be ashamed to take her all that way just to see a potato

peeler, when this Malloy was such a swell dresser. Girls are funny."

"Wasn't so bad for you, though," said Harkness with a wink at his companion. "Marie's a mighty pretty girl. Don't know when I've seen a prettier."

"Yes, she's pretty all right, but cold. And she had a funny little breed maid along with her. Watched me like I was going to run off with her mistress all the time. But I was all business. I like 'em jollier than Miss La Farge. Take that little Alberta Regan, for instance. She's a jolly little thing and lots of company. And the prettiest blond you ever layed your eyes on. And by gosh there she is now. I want you to meet her."

Both officers raised their hats to the trig little figure under the parasol. Harkness was duly introduced and Alberta turned on the hundred candle power smile. She was glad to see any acquaintance of Callahan's and Bill was not so unprepossessing himself.

"I certainly hope your man wins that race, Miss Alberta," said Harkness. The whole town's talking about the twenty-five thousand dollar bet that is up on that Roman race."

"Twenty-five thousand nothing," said Callahan eagerly. "These Canadian ranchers are the limit when they get going. I forgot to tell you. When I was out to the stable I heard that Regan had bet the whole works on that Roman race. They tell me that he has bet the ranch against Morton's ranch."

Little Alberta went white. But she was a thoroughbred. From her smile one would have thought that it was the most enjoyable thing she had ever heard. She knew about the other bets. If Corbett was beaten they would be paupers. Yet she smiled and joked. "Why do men have to take things so seriously? Father is just a boy after all. I don't think it would be right for him to keep the other ranch anyway, do you?"

"Well, you better let him win it before you try to give it back. If I were you I'd keep it though. It might come in handy for your father to use as a wedding gift." Bill was facetious, but he winked at Callahan as he said it and Callahan did not look so shocked.

"We are looking for Chuck Jones," Miss Alberta said. "Do you did happen to know where he is?" He did not care to have Harkness continue along the line of his last remark. He might have something to say to Alberta alone but not here. And besides, Regan might lose the ranch he had. What then?

"Why, I have not seen him since we brought him up from the city where he was looking at the parade. He is probably in the stable. I certainly would not expect to see him here in the grand stand."

When Regan sought out his daughter to take her to lunch, he found her in a reflective and unusually quiet mood. "What ails you, Alberta? Has anyone been annoying you?"

The girl pulled the tall man down beside her. "Is it true, Father," she asked earnestly, "that you have bet the ranch too, in addition to everything else that we have?"

Regan looked at his child quickly. He was surprised that she had heard so soon. He would much rather have been the one to tell her. He had the feeling that she did not approve, that she was gently calling him down. She had done this before, for little things he had failed to do. But this was different. And he was none too proud of it himself. Nevertheless he must put a good face on it now before her. "Sure," he said confidently. "I bet the whole works. We can't lose. And it means two ranches instead of one," and he looked down into her face with a smile of as much warmth as he could manage.

His own anxiety he did not dare permit her to see. Putting his hand under her chin, Regan tilted Alberta's face until he could look directly into the big black eyes that formed so startling a contrast to her flaxen hair.

"You're with me, aren't you?" he asked, a note of anxiety creeping into his tone. Biting her lip to steady herself, Alberta reached up her arms and threw them around her father's neck. But her voice was steady and full of love as she said: "Yes, Daddy—win or lose, I'm with you."

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE CHUCK WAGON RACE.

The first event of the afternoon, directly after luncheon, was the Chuck Wagon Race. Outside of the Roman race, which came later the same afternoon, and the Stage Coach Race on Friday, this was one of the most exciting events. In addition there was a Chuck Wagon Race every day, wind-

ing up with a grand finale on Friday. There were prizes for each day and then a grand prize for the wagon that won on the last day and for the wagon that won the most times and for the wagon that had averaged the best time for the five races.

But the best thing about the Chuck Wagon Race was the fact that it always afforded a lot of comedy. Its conditions were such that there was a minimum of danger, a maximum of thrill and a splendid chance for the comedians of each camp to exercise their talent for the benefit of the crowd. The wild cow milking contest earlier in the day had afforded much the same kind of entertainment.

It is possible that some who read this have never been to a Stampede and that they don't know what a chuck wagon is. The word, so applied, will not be found in many dictionaries. But throughout the west the camp wagon which provides the food for the cowboys on roundup or away from the ranch is called a chuck wagon. In addition to the camp stove, the dishes and food lockers, there are also compartments for the storage of the cowboys' bed rolls, the running-traps, horseshoeing outfit and what not. With all of this miscellaneous baggage it is little wonder the name chuck wagon was given to it. Certainly everything was chucked in it that could not go on the horse, and a cowboy hates to have anything on a horse at all but his harness.

As the bugle blew for the afternoon show to begin the sight that met the eyes of the tenderfoot in the grand stand was disconcerting. Arranged along the infield, just beyond the track proper were eight chuck wagons, each arranged just as it would be if the outfit were on an official roundup. Back of each wagon was a canvas tent, one end attached to the wagon, the other held up by two poles at the two corners. Each pole was held steady by a couple of guy ropes held to the ground with wooden pins.

This tent fly was about ten feet long and afforded shelter for the cook and his water barrel, stove and other paraphernalia as well as for the men when they were eating. At the start of the race the men were seated under the flap as they would be in camp. There is, two or three of them were seated. The driver was on the seat, and in this form of wagon the driver's seat is not covered by the canvas that is stretched on bows over the part of the wagon back of him. The four horses attached to the wagon were either tied or a cowboy, sometimes two, held them. There were five men to a team, one driver and four cowboys each mounted. The horses of the riders were picketed behind the tent flap.

In front of each wagon stood two sugar barrels. There was no sugar in them, but a sugar barrel is bigger than any other kind of barrel and therefore more conspicuous, for these barrels were stakes, or buoys, to use a nautical term for a strictly land race. It isn't any worse than to speak of a prairie schooner. The two barrels were directly in line with the wagon, but at different distances apart. The distance between the barrels varied from right to left. That is the distance between the two barrels in front of the first team, that on the extreme right, or east end of the line might have been a hundred feet. The distance between those on the left of the first team, eight feet, the distance diminishing with each team.

The announcer, through a megaphone, explained for the benefit of those who had never seen a Chuck Wagon Race, that this was to equalize the distance that the teams had to go before they turned into the rack. Each wagon had to cut a figure eight between the two barrels in front of it, passing the first barrel on the left, the second on the right and the first again on the left and so on into the track.

Then it was a straight-away race round the track once and under the wire in front of the judges stand. The explanations being over, the announcer shouted: "Are you ready? Get set," and then there was a pistol shot as the signal to start. Each driver knew his team.



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and if he was able to control it properly in the excitement that left the other four men to take down the two lengths of stove-pipe, pack it in the wagon, with all the other things that were under the flap, strike the flap, tie everything securely in the wagon and give the word to the driver that all was ready. One or two of the men could assist the driver in getting the four-horse team started in the proper direction, but thereafter they could not help him at all, but must ride at the back of the wagon, in such a way as not to obstruct the passage of any other team that might attempt to pass. These four horsemen of the Chuck Wagon, though were expected to finish the race well up behind the wagons to which they were attached.

The names of the ranches which entered the wagons were painted or stamped in bold black letters on the canvas sides of each wagon, usually a replica of the brand that the ranch used on its cattle. The places were drawn each day by lot. On this day the Bar-O chuck wagon had drawn the second position, Morton's chuck wagon, adorned with two v's, one a capital and one a small v, was next to the left. Of course this was the luck of the draw, but nothing could have suited the Big and Little V boys better. All through the Stampede these two ranch outfits had been lined up to fight each other as if there were no other contestants at the party. The whole country knew of the rivalry of these two ranches and it added a lot of interest to every contest, irrespective of who else might be in it and of who was the actual winner if he was not a member of either ranch. (To be continued.)

### A Memorable Spot.

Thousands of tourists and motorists pass along the excellent road by the side of the Thames which leads from Staines to Windsor with no thought that they are traversing perhaps the most memorable piece of land in England. Quite recently it has been under water owing to the flooded condition of the Thames.

Runnymede is a meadow by the side of the road, from which one catches a glimpse of Windsor Castle. Magna Charta Island lies in the midst of the stream. The barons are said to have been camped on the meadow and the King on the north side of the river, and the delegates of the contending parties met on the island to discuss the "protocol." It is generally believed that the King placed his seal on the document which is usually regarded as the foundation of British liberties in a pavilion erected on Runnymede.

### Dangers of Mouth-Breathing.

An investigation recently made in schools in England developed that half of the school children who breathe through their mouths, a third of these who are hard of hearing, and a fourth of those who suffer from enlarged tonsils had these defects before coming to school, though the age of entrance is early in England. The need of pre-school medical attention was clearly shown.

### Queen Victoria on Whiskers.

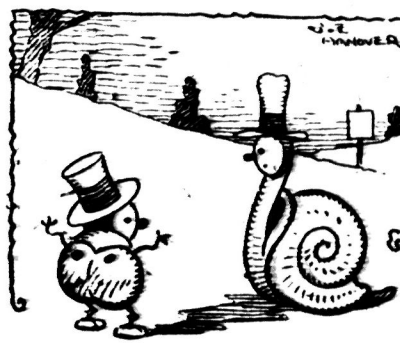
Naval officers must not wear mustaches unless they also have beards. This was the edict of Queen Victoria, made in 1869, one of her letters, recently discovered in London, reveals. The order was an indication of how the queen studied details of administering her realm.

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