

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Dr. Early, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a morning trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Edith ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend his ways. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan, he meets an evening in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction, David's education thrives. He becomes a student on The Call. One Sunday he told Edith the story of his life and his compact with Irene. Conward drops in with talk about "industrial development" and fires David's imagination. They form a real estate partnership. A boom follows, making David a millionaire, but he vaguely distrusts his partner. Roberta Morrison, compiler of the woman's page of The Call, comes to his office one evening and Dave orders dinner.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Suddenly, from a sharp bend in the road, flashed the lights of an approaching car. Dave was able to switch his own lights on again only in time to avoid a collision. The oncoming car lurched and passed by furiously, but not before Dave had recognized Conward as the driver. Back on its trail of dust floated the rickety notes of half-intoxicated women.

"Close enough," said Dave, when the dust had settled. "Well, let us jog back home." They took the return trip leisurely, drinking in the glories of the night, and allowing time for the play of conversation. Bert Morrison was a good conversationalist. Her points of interest were almost infinite. And they were back among the street lights before they knew.

"Oh, we are nearly home," she exclaimed. "And, honest, Dave, I wanted to ask you something. Why don't you get married?"

"I guess I'm too sympathetic," he answered, after a moment's pause. "And it wouldn't be fair."

"Oh, can that. It's been warned over once already. Really, though, why don't you?"

"Why should I?"

"And you know you can't go on always just putting it off. It leaves your life empty. To-night, when I asked you if you had had dinner, you said, 'Such a meal as a man can eat alone. That betrays the emptiness.'"

"I suppose it does. But I don't know many girls. I don't know any girl very well, except you, and you wouldn't have me."

"No, I wouldn't," she answered frankly. "I like you too well. But you know other girls, and you could get to know more if you wanted to. There's Edith Duncan, for instance."

"Edith is a fine girl. The Duncans are wonderful people. I owe to them almost everything. But as for marrying Edith—"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it that way. She's a fine girl."

"None better," said Bert, with decision. "Dave, I'm not much on orthodox religion, as you know, but that girl's got something on me. She has a voice that would make her famous on the stage, but she uses it all the time, as she says, in the service of the King. I think she's narrow on that point, but I know she's sincere. Edith has had a great sorrow, and it makes her nobility stand out, pure and wonderful, like a white gem in a black setting. It is to be the last that one must rub shoulders with sorrow before he really begins to live. And any afternoon you can find her down in the children's ward, singing with that wonderful voice to the little sufferers."

"Reason enough, she behaves so strangely. Do you know, I begin—I really do begin to suspect that she's in love."

It was Dr. Hardy's turn to sit up.

"I know about her sorrow," said Dave, as though confessing a profound secret. "She told me about her little brother being killed."

It sprang to Bert's lips to say, "Oh, what's the use?" but she checked herself. They were at the door of her boarding-house. As he helped her to the side-walk Dave stood for a moment with her hand in his. He had long liked Bert Morrison, and to-night he was powerfully drawn toward her. He knew—what she would have most strenuously denied—that her masculinity was a sham. Her defiance of convention—rambling like a fellow bachelor into his apartments—her occasional profanity and occasional giggles—there were but the cloak from which her own deep womanhood was for ever peering forth. He felt impelled to kiss her. He wondered if she would be angry; if such a familiarity would obstruct their growing friendship. He felt sure she would not be angry, but she would probably think him foolish. And man cannot endure being thought foolish by woman.

"Oh, I almost forgot," she said as they parted, as though she really had forgotten. "I was at a reception to-day when a beautiful woman asked for you. Asked me if I had ever heard of Mr. David Eiden."

"What, Dave Eiden, the millionaire?" I said. "Everybody knows him. He's the beau of the town, or could be,

right. "Nonsense," he said. "Why should she be in love?" It is the unfortunate limitation of the philosopher that he so often leaves irrational behaviour out of the reckoning. "She is only a child."

"She will be eighteen presently. And why shouldn't she be in love? And the question is—who? That is for you to answer. Whom did she meet?"

"If you would find a Hamlet at the root of this melancholy you must ask our Orpheus. She met no one with me. My accident left me to enjoy my holiday as best I could at a ranch deep in the foothills, and Reenie stayed with me there. There was no one else."

"No one? No ranch men, cowboys—cow punchers—think I have heard—"

"No. Only young Eiden—"

"Only? Who is this young Eiden?"

"But he is just a boy. Just the son of the old rancher of whom I have told you."

"Exactly. And Irene is just a girl. Dr. Hardy, you are all very well with your fivers and your chills, but you can't diagnose a love case worth a cent. An epidemic would break out under your very eyes and you blissfully unconscious. What about this young Eiden? Did Irene see much of him?"

The doctor spread his hands. "Do you realize that there were four of us at that ranch—four only, and one of us for miles. How could she help seeing him?"

"And you permitted it?"

"I was on my back with a broken leg. We were guests at their home. They were good Samaritans to us. I couldn't chaperon her. And, besides, they don't do things that way in that country. You don't understand. It's altogether different."

"Andrew," said Mrs. Hardy, leaning forward, and the word was ominous, for she used his Christian name only in moments of crisis, "was Irene ever with this young man—alone?"

The doctor arose to his feet and trod heavily upon the rich carpeting. "I told you you don't understand," he protested. "This West is not the East. Everything is different."

"I suppose human nature is different," she interrupted, meaningly. Then her head fell upon the table and her hands went up about her hair. It had been brown hair once, but was now thin and streaked with grey. "Oh, Andrew," she wept. "We are ruined. That we should ever have come to this!"

It was now Dr. Hardy's turn to become exasperated. There was nothing his philosophy could not endure. That was a person who was not, and would not be, philosophical. Mrs. Hardy was not, and would not be, philosophical. She was an absolutist. With Mrs. Hardy things were right or things were wrong. Moreover, that which was done according to rule was right, and that which was not done according to rule was wrong. It was apparent that the acquaintanceship of Irene and Dave Eiden had not been according to rule.

(To be continued.)

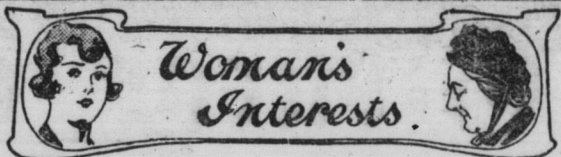
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Benefits of Insurance.

There is a Chicago clubman noted for his presence of mind in exigent circumstances. Just before the war, while proceeding from Vienna to Warsaw, he met, with considerable sangfroid, a situation which, otherwise, might have caused him considerable trouble.

For some reason he had failed to provide himself with a passport. When he reached the Russian frontier he was, of course, instantly held up by an inspector of customs, who demanded to see his passport. For a moment he was stumped, but he quickly met the emergency. From the recesses of his overcoat he drew forth his life insurance policy and handed it to the Russian officer. With great gravity the latter scrutinized the imposing seal and the bewildering array of signatures. Then, satisfied, he returned the policy to the Chicago man and the latter passed on.



Popular Salads.

In the arrangement of salads there is quite as much opportunity for artistic expression as there is in a piece of lovely embroidery. A beautifully arranged salad does to a meal what the looks, salads are appetizing, nourishing and really necessary.

The secret of preparing appetizing salads is to combine the right fruits or vegetables, serve cold as possible and arrange attractively. The salad course is served on individual salad plates or from a salad bowl or round platter. It is usually placed on the table at the beginning of the meal.

For more formal occasions some hostesses prefer to serve the salad from the platter on which it is arranged, letting it fill the place of a separate course.

Macedoine salad—1 c. diced celery, 1 c. diced carrots, 2 c. cooked peas, 2 c. cooked cauliflower, French dressing. Arrange lettuce leaves on a round platter. Heap the diced celery in the centre, surround with a ring of carrots, then a ring of peas and finish with a border of cauliflower. Care should be taken not to break the cauliflower into too small pieces or let it mash in cooking. Sprinkle evenly with French dressing and serve from the platter at table. Each serving will consist of a lettuce leaf and a small portion of each vegetable.

Poinsettia salad—Cut medium sized tomatoes crosswise into eight sections. Spread apart and place cheese ball in centre. Serve on lettuce leaf with French or boiled dressing.

Waldorf salad—Mix equal quantities of apple and celery and moisten with mayonnaise. Garnish with nuts or strips of green peppers or pimento. Serve on lettuce leaf. In apple season, a very attractive way to serve this salad is to hollow out red apples, fill the cavity with the salad and top with the dressing.

Stuffed celery—Cut off tops and scrub celery stalks well with vegetable brush. Fill the hollow in the stalk with a mixture of cottage cheese and boiled dressing. Sprinkle with paprika. Serve on lettuce leaf. Chopped nuts may be used in the cheese mixture, if desired.

Combination salad—1 cucumber, 1 green pepper, 2 medium sized tomatoes, radishes, lettuce. Arrange lettuce leaves on salad plate. Place tomato slices in centre and surround with thin slices of cucumber and radish. Garnish with a radish rose and sprinkle with French dressing.

Radish roses are made by cutting the radish in eighths, just through the skin, and peeling back this skin to the base or stem end. These sections of peel form the petals of the rose, and the white centre of the radish represents the centre of the rose.

Cabbage-and-peanut salad—Shred firm white cabbage very fine and mix with chopped peanuts in the proportion of half a cup of peanuts to a small head of cabbage. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaf.

Raw Cabbage-and-onion salad—Chop fine the heart of a tender cabbage and let lie for an hour in slightly salted, cold water. Chop onion, in quantity according to the onion-taste of the family. Make just enough French salad dressing to season the whole. Drain the cabbage and dry on a clean towel. Toss cabbage, onion and salad dressing lightly together. Serve on lettuce or cabbage leaves.

Boiled dressing—1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. mustard, 1½ tsp. flour, few grains cayenne, 1 egg, ¾ c. milk, ¼ c. weak vinegar, 1 tsp. melted butter. Measure dry ingredients and mix well in pan in which dressing is to be cooked. Add slightly beaten egg, milk, add vinegar slowly while stirring, and melted butter. Cook over boiling water, stirring all the time, until mixture thickens, or about five minutes from time water begins to boil.

Stuffed date salad—Slit dates open at side and remove stones. Fill the cavity with a mixture of cottage cheese, chopped nuts and boiled salad dressing. Arrange on salad plates five of these stuffed dates on a nest of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve cold with French dressing.

Mayonnaise dressing—1 tsp. each, mustard, salt, sugar; few grains cayenne, 2 egg yolks or 1 egg, 2 tsp. each, vinegar, lemon juice, 1½ c. olive oil. Mix dry ingredients, add egg yolks and when well mixed add oil gradually, drop by drop at first. Beat constantly with egg beater. As mixture thickens, thin with vinegar and lemon juice. Add oil and acid alternately until all is used, beating constantly.

French dressing—½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 2 tsp. vinegar, 4 tsp. olive oil. Mix ingredients and stir well until blended, or put ingredients in a small jar and shake. This dressing be made in larger quantities and kept in the jar in a cool place, to be used when needed.

Whipped cream dressing—1 c. whipped cream, 2 tsp. boiled dressing. To the whipped cream, add boiled dressing and mix well. Serve with fruit salads.

Many Ways to Hold the Sun.

There are so many ways to hold the sun

When winter skies are leaden over all:

A pot of jonquils blooming one by one,
A spring-lit picture smiling from the wall,
A rainbow-flashing prism bathed in light,
A sudden bar of music golden-sweet,
And from the kindled hearthstone, warm and bright
Imprisoned sunbeams dancing freed and fleet.

There are so many ways for Joy to stay,
In spite of black horizons banked with cloud;
Small bits of gladness budding day by day,
Swift understandings smiled across the crowd;
A baby's wonder-smile, the shine of stars,
A lingered strain of memory to bless,
And tender, healing, on the throbbing scars
Warm outstretched hands of love and kindness.

—Martha Haskell Clark.

Into the Caldron.

This novel indoor pastime requires only a simple equipment but provides enough excitement to satisfy the most energetic. It combines the attractions of a potato race, tiddly-winks and a relay race and adds a twist of its own.

Have three teams of three members each, or, if the table is large enough, you may have four teams. Give each team a receptacle—one that will not break if it is swept off the table in the excitement—and let each team place its own receptacle in its own corner of the table. Also give each player a parlor match and a piece of string two feet long.

When the signal to begin is given, the first member of each team lays his match about two feet from his container and, taking an end of the string in each hand, tries to place his match in the receptacle. He may work his string under the match and snap it in, as in tiddly-winks, or he may wind the string round the match and lift it in; but he must take care that the match does not touch his hands or body, and he should not let go of the ends of the string at any time. That prevents him from tying knots in the string. If the match falls to the floor, he should place it once more on the table and continue as before.

As soon as he puts his match in the container according to the rules, the second member of his team immediately takes the string and, placing his match two feet from the receptacle, goes ahead and the first player went; and after him the third.

The team that first gets all of its matches into the container wins the contest.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Some rivers of Siberia flow over ice many years old, and almost as solid as rock. A tributary of the Lena has a bed of pure ice more than nine feet thick.

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One bottle for One Dollar, Six bottles for Five Dollars, from your nearest druggist, or

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Quinine is so strong that it can be tasted by the average person when one part is dissolved in 152,000 parts of water.

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc., every thirty-five miles.

The name of the street where the Bank of England stands was originally Three-needle Street. The property was owned by the Needle-makers' Company, whose arms were three needles.

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Danderine is delightful—not sticky or greasy. Go to any drug store now and get a bottle. Use it. Have healthy, heavy, beautiful hair and lots of it.

Getting Her Hand In.

In London they tell a story of a very parsimonious man whose wife had always experienced great difficulty in inducing him to part with any change. One day she followed him to the door and quietly asked:

"Henry, can't you et me have \$10? I want to—"

"There you go again," exclaimed Henry. "It's always money, money, money! When I am dead you will probably have to beg it."

"Well," said the wife, "I shall be a whole lot better off than some poor women who have never had any practice."

What a Scolding Once Did.

"What was your first invention?" somebody asked Prof. Alexander Graham Bell a few weeks before his recent death.

"That takes me back a long way," he replied. "I was a schoolboy. My father, who was a teacher of elocution, had a pupil of about my own age, named Benjamin Hardman, who had been sent to him to be cured of stammering. He and I were playmates and great chums. His father owned a flourmill near Edinburgh, and Benny and I spent a good deal of time there, playing about."

"As boys will do, we managed to get into a lot of mischief, and one day Benny's father called us into his office and read us a rather severe lecture. Said he, 'If you have so much extra steam to blow off, why don't you turn it to some account? Why don't you do something useful?'"

"Some what at a loss for a reply, I asked him what there was that we could do. In response, he picked up from a bin a handful of wheat and said, 'If you could take the husks off that grain you would do something worth while.'"

"I said nothing, but began to wonder if a machine could not be devised that would remove the husks from grains of wheat before milling. It seemed to me that brushing might do it. I experimented with a handful of wheat and a nail brush, and the idea appeared to work well."

"Then it occurred to me that there was in the mill a rotating machine, used for other purposes, which, if lined with brushes, might do the business. Wheat, thrown into it, would be dashed against the brushes as the machine revolved, and thus the husks would be torn off."

"I took the idea to Mr. Hardman, who ordered it to be tried. It proved a success, and the process was permanently adopted in the mill."

Sixty Miles of Books.

With its five million odd printed volumes, the British Museum Library can claim the distinction of being the largest in the world, so far as the number of books is concerned. Indeed, over sixty miles of shelves have been called into requisition to accommodate them.

The library was started in 1553, since when it has grown by enormous strides, absorbing vast and wealthy collections of books, such as the Old Royal Library, the King's Library, a magnificent treasury containing 65,250 volumes besides pamphlets, the Grenville Library, and many large special collections, not to mention the multifarious stores of books in papyrus and inscribed tablets from the ancient libraries of the East.

The catalogue, which is a bare alphabetical list of books, gives one the best means of realizing the stupendous extent of the collection. It consists of 1,500 folio volumes, each as big as one can handle with any facility, which are arranged on both sides of a series of cases describing an arc ninety yards in length.

The Reading Room of the Library, a magnificent circular hall with a dome 166ft. high and 104ft. in diameter, only two feet less than the dome of St. Peter's, Rome, provides accommodation for 500 readers. As the Library enjoys the right to receive a copy of every publication issued in England, its collection is being added to at the rate of 100,000 volumes a year, and it has had to construct a special repository at Hendon to hold some of its treasures.

Facts About Foreheads.

According to an authority on character-reading from the face, a high narrow forehead is a bad sign.

People possessing this feature, although not capable of great thinking, unhesitatingly attempt the study of the most abstruse subjects, without any good results. They are exceedingly popular with themselves, and, let it also be admitted, with others.

A broad forehead is always an advantage, for it indicates breadth of character. Should the rest of the face be weak it should be taken into consideration, although one feature indicating strength is not enough to indicate strength of character.

A forehead that curves easily back from a little above the eyebrows shows a poetic temperament with a liking for art, particularly music or painting, and a forehead that rises perpendicularly from the eyebrows in a straight line indicates severity, tenacity, and even inflexibility.

A high forehead is by no means always a sign of intellect. An intellectual forehead is well developed about the eyebrows, with the ears set well back. It is a good sign if a forehead is broad as well as high.

The marks of a cool and deliberate thinker are a high forehead with well-developed "knobs" at the top and a noticeable "bulge" of the eyebrows.



Competing squaws and papooses at the celebrations when the David Thompson Memorial was opened at Windermere, British Columbia.