

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden 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.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

He became aware of a bell ringing. At first the sound had fallen only on his subconsciousness, but gradually he became aware of it, as one being slowly recalled from sleep. Then he remembered that it was Sunday, and that was a church bell. He was about to dismiss the matter when a strange impulse came into his mind. Why not go to church? He had never been in church and he felt that the surroundings of the pool hall would be much more congenial. He had little stomach for church. What if the rest of the gang should learn he had been at church?

"I believe you're afraid to go," he said to himself. That settled it. In a few minutes he was at the church door, where an oldish man, after surveying him somewhat dubiously, gave him a formal handshake and passed him into the hands of an usher. The usher led him down an aisle and crowded him into a small pew with several others. There were many unoccupied pews, so Dave concluded it must be a church policy to fill them full as far as they went. He also observed that the building was filling up from the rear, notwithstanding the efforts of the ushers to cajole the people farther down the aisles. Dave reflected that the custom here was quite different from the theatre, especially the "musical gallery," where everyone scrambled for the front seats.

He was very conscious of being observed, and there was an atmosphere of formality and, as it seemed to him, of strained goodness that made him uncomfortable. But presently the organ commenced and diverted his interest from himself. It was very wonderful. His position commanded a view of the organist, and Dave marvelled at the manner in which that gentleman's feet hopped about, and how his hands flourished up and down and occasionally jumped from the keyboard altogether to jerk out a piece of the machine.

Then the choir filed in. They were all dressed alike, and the men had on a kind of gown. Dave thought that was very silly. By some mental freak he found himself picturing a man with a gown roping a steer, and it was only by a sudden tightening of his jaws that he prevented an explosion of amusement. He was still feeling very happy over this when a tall man entered from a side door and ascended the steps to the pulpit. He moved very solemnly, and when he sat down, rested his head on his hand for a minute. Then he looked over the audience, and Dave thought that his expression was one of approval. Then he looked at the ceiling.

"He feels safe in his seat," thought Dave. "No buckin' in this bunch. Well—"

The organ had broken forth in a great burst of sound, and everyone was standing up. Dave did so too, belatedly. Then everybody sang. They seemed to know just what to sing. It was all new to Dave, but it sounded all right. It made him feel just like the sunshine did after the stuffy room. Then they all sat down. Dave was becoming more alert, and was not caught napping in this movement.

There was a short prayer, which Dave did not understand, and more singing by everybody, and then the ushers came around for the collection. Dave did not know how much to put on the plate, but he supposed a good seat like this in a theatre would cost a dollar, so he put on that amount. He noticed that his neighbor on one side put on a nickel, and on the other side nothing at all. He began to think he must have made a mistake. All this time the organ was playing boisterously, but suddenly it dropped to a low, meditative theme, and Dave be-

gan to fear it would stop altogether. But no; a young woman was standing up in the choir; she was pretty, with quite a different air and a finer comeliness than that of the theatre girls of the night before. In some vague way she seemed reminiscent of Reenie Hardy. Dave's introspection was not deep enough to know that any fine girl would remind him of Reenie Hardy. Then she began to sing, and he felt again that the sunshine was playing about him, but this time he heard the birds, too, and the ripple of the distant water, and the stir of the spruce trees, and he could see the lattice of sunlight through their dark leaves playing on the brown grass, and there was a smell of distant wood smoke, and the glow of dying coals. He was away, gently in his seat, held in the thrall of her voice, and suddenly he was glad he had put a dollar on the plate. He could not follow all the words, but it was something about a land where the sun would never go down. Well—no doubt the preacher would tell them more about it.

Then there was a long prayer by the preacher. He began by addressing the Deity as all mighty and all knowing, and then spent many minutes in drawing His attention to details which had evidently escaped His notice and in offering suggestions for the better government of the universe. He dwelt on the humility and penitence of the congregation, including himself, and at this point Dave's unorthodox ear began to detect a false note. He looked about from preacher to congregation, and saw no evidence of penitence or humility. "If God is all-knowing," said Dave to himself, "that preacher is going to get in wrong. Why, he couldn't put over that humility bunk on me."

At length it seemed that the sermon was really going to commence, but a well-dressed man came down the aisle and read a long financial statement. Dave gathered from it that the Lord was pretty hard pressed for ready cash. "No wonder," thought he, "if they all give nickels and nothing. Pretty well-dressed bunch, too."

Finally the preacher took the meeting in hand again, and announced his text, but Dave soon forgot it in trying to follow the sermon. It was an orthodox exposition of the doctrine of the atonement. Dave would not have known it by that name, and there were many expressions which he could not understand, but out of a maze of phrases he found himself being slowly shocked into an attitude of uncompromising hostility. There was no doubt about it; the preacher was declaring that an innocent One had been murdered that the guilty might go free. This was bad enough, but when the speaker went on to say that this was God's plan; that there had to be a sacrifice, and that no other sacrifice was sufficient to appease the wrath of Jehovah directed toward those whom He had created, Dave found himself Christianity he would have none of it. His instruction in religion had been of the most meagre nature, but he had imbibed some conception of a Father who was love, and this doctrine of the sacrifice of the innocent crashed through all his slender framework of belief. Had he been told of a love which remained steadfast to its ideals even at the cost of Calvary his manliness would have responded as to the touch of a kindred spirit, but the attempt to fit that willing sacrifice into a dogmatic creed left him adrift and rudderless. Suddenly from somewhere in his memory came the words, "Then what became of the justice of God?" It was Reenie Hardy who had asked that question. And he recalled his answer. "I don't know nothin' about the justice of God. All I know is the critter 'at can't run gets caught." Was there then sympathy with him? No. No! Reenie Hardy had believed in justice, and he would believe in the same. He rose from his seat and went in progress; he arose, brushed the gravel-dust from his Sunday clothes, and wended his way down town.

A crowd was entering the theatre which he had attended the night before. He looked at it wonderingly, as by statute the theatres were closed on Sundays. Still, it was evident something was going on, and he went in with the others. No tickets were required, and an usher showed him to a good seat. It was not long before Dave realized that he was in a Socialist meeting. He knew rather less of Socialism than he did of Christianity, but the atmosphere of the place appealed to him. They were mostly men in working clothes, with tobacco or beer on their breaths, and in their loud whisperings he caught familiar profanities which made him feel at home. When the speaker said something to their liking, they applauded him; when he crossed them they denounced him openly. Interruptions were frequent, and sometimes violent, but Dave admired the spirit of fair play which gave every man a chance to speak his

mind. Through it all he gathered that there were two great forces in the world—Capital and Labor—and that Capital was a selfish monster with a strangle-hold on Labor and choking him to death. No, not quite to death, either, for Capital needed Labor, and therefore only choked him until he was half dead. Also, there were two classes of people in the world—the masters and the slave. Dave was a slave. He had never known it before, but the speaker made it quite apparent.

"But I'm not a slave," said Dave, suddenly springing to his feet. "I can quit my job to-morrow and tell my boss to go to hell!"

There were boos and cat-calls, but at last the man on the platform made himself heard.

"And what will you do, my friend, after you have quit your job?" he asked, quite courteously.

"Get another one," said Dave, without scenting the trap. "There's lots of jobs."

"That is, you would get another

master," said the Socialist. "You would still have a master. And as long as you have a master, you are a slave." And Dave sat down, confused and wondering.

After the main address there was a sort of free-for-all. Half a dozen sprang to their feet, each seeking to out-talk his neighbor, and it was with difficulty the chairman obtained order and established a sequence of events. An old man in the gallery read loudly from Victor Hugo while a speaker in the orchestra declaimed on Single Tax. Finally the old man was silenced, and Dave began to learn that all the economic diseases to which Society is heir might be healed by a potion compounded by Henry George. Another in the audience started to speak of the failure of the established system of marriage, embellishing his argument with more than one local incident of a salacious nature, but he was at last required to give place to a woman who had a more personal grievance to present.

(To be continued.)



When Small Fruits Are in Season.

As the small fruits ripen, jelly and jam making interrupt the canning activities. Only perfect fruit should be canned; jelly making requires fruit which is just ripe or slightly unripe. Slightly overripe or soft fruits should be converted into jam or butters. Jams of superior quality can be made from the seely small fruits, such as raspberries and blackberries, and if a small amount of apple pulp is added, a better consistency is obtained, the product being less seedy. Pulp may be added in the proportion of one-quarter to one-third as much as apple pulp as berry pulp.

The cooking of jams should be rapid, i.e., cook at the boiling point. The sugar should not be added until the product begins to thicken. Add sugar equal to one-quarter the weight of the fruit used. Jams should have a fine, even texture with no free liquid separating from the solid portion. If a spiced jam is desired, the spices may be added just before removing from the stove. Jam made with a small proportion of sugar as directed above will not keep so well in paraffin-sealed glasses as when equal parts of sugar are added. Put these less sweet jams into hermetically sealed containers, such as glass fruit jars.

Jelly can be made of overripe fruit, or fruits lacking pectin (cherries for instance), by combining the juices with apples, rhubarb or concentrated fruit pectin. The latter comes in bottles ready to combine with either fresh fruit juices or dried fruits.

How to tell if the fruit juice will "jell" is a common question among housewives. A specialist recommends this test as sure. Add one-half teaspoonful of Epsom salts and one-half teaspoonful of sugar to one teaspoonful of hot fruit juice. If the juice contains pectin (the technical name for jellifying property) the solution will become jellylike.

A combination of equal parts of rhubarb and blueberries is highly recommended. Canned rhubarb can be used with the fresh berries. Cook together, adding one cupful of sugar to each quart of fruit. This may be canned and served as a sauce or cooked until as thick as marmalade.

Black currant jam is especially desirable for the sick. It is particularly beneficial to the convalescent, making an appeal to the palate which will insure its appreciation. The proportions are one part of rhubarb to one part of black currants, and one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil slowly until thick.

A delicious jam requires two parts of blackberry juice, six pounds of apples, pared and sliced, and one pound of crushed lump sugar. Heat the blackberries, crush and strain through a bag in order to obtain the juice, then combine with the apples. Or the jam can be made in the fall by using canned blackberry juice. Cook juice, apples and sugar until the apples are soft and the mixture reaches the consistency of jam.

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pound or so of naphthalene be scattered inside of it. But the chest must be well built.

Good cookery is possible for you and for every housewife who will avail herself of the opportunity found in tested recipes.

Salmon with macaroni—Cooked macaroni, salmon, buttered bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cupful milk, ¼ teaspoon salt. Sprinkle buttered baking dish with a layer of buttered crumbs, next a layer of macaroni, a layer of flaked salmon and alternate until dish is three-fourths full. Melt butter, add flour and salt and stir until blended. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly and cook until thickened. Pour over salmon and macaroni, top with layer of buttered bread crumbs and bake in a slow oven for half an hour.

Baked bean custard—1 cup prepared bran, 2½ cups hot milk, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 3 slightly beaten eggs. Mix all together and bake in a buttered dish until custard is firm. The yolks of three eggs may be used in pudding, and the whites used for a meringue to be browned slightly on pudding.

Norwegian cheese—To each cup of cottage cheese add one dessertspoonful of finely chopped onion, sprinkle with celery seed and make into little balls. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

Bran cookies—½ cup sugar, ¼ cup butter or butter substitute, 1 egg, 1 cup prepared bran, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons milk. Flour to make stiff enough to handle (about three-fourths cup). Cream butter and sugar gradually, then egg well beaten. Stir in bran and all of the milk and flour. Roll, shape and bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven. Make same size as gingersnaps.

Nervous Children Need Special Care.

Only a mother who has had the bringing up of a child born to a nervous disposition knows the stress and strain of it, and how much more care is required than with average children. A very nervous child should be given the benefit of a careful examination by a physician. Sometimes there is an irritation that can be relieved by circumcision, or the breathing may be half blocked by an excessive adenoid growth. It happens sometimes that medicine may be given to advantage, although it is not likely to be an indispensable feature of treatment.

Proper nutrition is one of the most important things for a nervous child. The mother will have to humor his fancies and study his whims a great deal and do it without his perceiving the fact. If there is a nourishing food that he particularly likes there is no trouble too great to get it for him. He should be fed milk in as many ways as possible—with cereals, in custards and puddings, in ice cream, in

gravies, in cottage cheese and as a regular drink. Increase his weight a few pounds and his disposition will improve greatly.

What can be done when he gets "worked up"? Be patient, don't lose your own self-control. Try to anticipate any occasion for these spells and ward them off. Begin now to teach him that his spells will get nothing for him, and that your "No" is absolute firm; but let it also be kind, and use the mandate only when necessary. I would have such a child sleep in a well-ventilated room, or better still, on a sleeping-porch, eat well, drink well, and have a morning cool bath with a good rub afterward. Let him live in the open but see that his play is not overtaxing, and his playfellows harmonious. It is not well for him to have to contend with a large number of healthy, noisy, normal children. As school age comes, remember that his health is more important than his education and that he always should be watched carefully to see that his ambition does not outrun his capacity.

Forestalled!
Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, but it was his only grievance of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him to the hospital.

After the house surgeon had examined him carefully he said to the nurse: "As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tetanogenic cleavage of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically, "What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure," said Pat, "ye took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was goin' to say."

Only Human.
During the war some Australian soldiers were quartered beside the Gordon Highlanders, and took great delight in chaffing the Scotsmen unmercifully.

One of the Gordons, while passing an "Aussie," trotted rather heavily on his foot. Up sprang the latter, furious, and shouted:

"You stepped on my foot!"

"Well," said the Scotsman, "I did nae best to jump over it; but a Heilan-man's only human, nae a kangaroo!"



PULP AND PAPER IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

REVIVAL IN CANADIAN
NEWSPRINT INDUSTRY.

Sufficient Spruce and Poplar to
Supply 200,000,000 Cords
of Pulpwood.

The output of sixteen Canadian paper mills for the year 1921 was 812,860 tons or an average per mill of 50,805 tons, representing a decrease of eight per cent. in comparison with the previous year. After a year of difficulty and hardship for the industry there has been since the opening of the new year a distinct revival in the Canadian newsprint industry, consequent upon a resumption of demand, which has enabled the Canadian mills to resume production at nearly maximum capacity.

Prospects for the future are, in fact, regarded as so bright by manufacturers that in the present summer a considerable extension of existing pulp and paper plants is taking place and the establishment of additional plants being undertaken. Depletion of stocks has resulted already this year in orders of considerable volume from the British Isles, United States and Japan, the delivery of which was featured by extraordinary expedition on the part of transportation companies, and judging by this alone, the Canadian pulp and paper industry is fast approaching a normal state with a steady and continuous demand.

Among the extensions and additions to the Canadian pulp and paper industry in the present year are:—A new mill for the International Paper Company at Three Rivers, Quebec, which has already commenced to produce and raised the plant's total capacity to an excess of 2,000 tons per day. The Belgian Industrial Company at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, is preparing to extend its paper mill at a cost of from one and a half to two million dollars, exclusive of the cost of machinery. Bathurst, New Brunswick, is to have a paper mill added to its other industries, giving employment to an additional five hundred men. The Great Lakes Pulp and Paper Company is to erect a large paper mill at Port William, Ontario, with a capacity of 100 tons per day and give employment to six hundred men. At Port Arthur, Ont., work on the new paper mill of the Provincial Paper Mills, Ltd., is in progress at a cost of \$1,000,000. The Domagana Paper Company, at Pont Rouge, is to erect a new wood pulp mill. The plant of the Temiskaming Pulp and Paper Company, with forty tons capacity, is nearing completion, and within three years the Great Lakes Pulp and Paper Company is to erect a paper mill at a cost of two million dollars at Port William, Ont., according to its agreement with the provincial government.

Principal Manufacturing Centres.
The two principal pulp and paper manufacturing provinces of Canada are Ontario and Quebec. Ontario in 1920 accounted for an output of newsprint totalling 551,331 tons. The new area of Northern Ontario was responsible for a substantial portion of this and is coming yearly to increase the proportion of the province's production. The production is however relatively insignificant in view of the great resources of this vast area, and Northern Ontario could, without difficulty, absorb the activities of a considerable extension to the pulp and paper industry.

Northern Ontario's forests stretch, in varying degrees of density, from the mid line of the Canadian Pacific Railway right up to James Bay. Whilst this area does not contain any extent of timber of commercial proportions it supplies the multitudinous needs of the mining and farming areas and constitutes an asset of supreme value to the territory. There are estimated to be in Northern Ontario 200,000,000 cords of pulpwood, in the shape of spruce and poplar, and this has given birth to a thriving pulp and paper industry.

Doled over the vast area of Northern Ontario there are eight producing pulp and paper companies at points far apart, from Sault Ste. Marie in the south to Iroquois Falls in the north. These eight plants are accounting for a daily production of more than 1,100 tons of newsprint, more than 600 tons of groundwood pulp, and approximately 700 tons of sulphite pulp.

The daily consumption of pulpwood by these eight producing companies is only about 2,000 cords, which at the present estimated stand, not taking into account regrowth and reforestation, would not be exhausted for nearly three hundred years. It will therefore be perfectly obvious what opportunities exist for the expansion and new establishments in the pulp and paper industry of Northern Ontario.

Hydro in Italy.
Italy is building certain hydro-electric stations that will give that country 1,811,330 horsepower, double the amount existing five years ago.

Owl's Wings.
The wings of the owl are lined with soft down that enables the bird to fly without making the slightest noise. A very important matter to a nocturnal bird of prey.

The mere truth an error has in it the more dangerous it is.

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