

No Waste—more Taste.
Use **Bovril** in your
Cooking

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 motor trip in the foothills of Alberta and find refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his disolute 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.

CHAPTER V.

Almost the first person he met was the stranger who had schooled him in the gambling game the night before. He greeted Dave cordially; his voice had a soft, seductive, almost feminine quality which Dave had not noticed in their whispered conversation in the pool-room. There was something attractive about his personality, something which invited friendship and even confidence, and yet beneath these emotions Dave felt a sense of distrust, as though part of his nature rebelled against the acquaintance.

"That was the rottenest luck you had last night," the stranger was saying. "I never saw the beat of it. I knew you were wrong the moment you had your hand down, but I couldn't butt in then. I was hoping you'd pay and raise him next time; you might have got your money back that way."

"Oh, I don't mind the money," said Dave, cheerfully. "I don't want it back. In fact, I figure it was pretty well spent."

"Lots more where it came from," he laughed the other. "You're from the ranches, I see, and I suppose the piece of a deer or two doesn't worry you a hair's worth."

"From is right," Dave replied. "I'm from them, an' I'm not goin' back. As for money—well, I spent my last nickel for breakfast, so I've got to line up a job before noon."

The stranger extended his hand. "Shake," he said. "I like you. You're no squealer, anyway. My name is Conward. Yours?"

Dave told his name, and shook hands. Conward offered his cigarette box, and the two smoked for a few moments in silence.

"What kind of a job do you want?" Conward asked at length.

"Any kind that pays a wage," said Dave. "If I don't like it I'll chuck it, as soon as I can afford to be particular, but just now I've got to get a grub-stake."

"I know the fellow that runs an employment agency down here," Conward answered. "Let's go down. Perhaps I can put you in right."

Conward spoke to the manager of the employment agency and introduced Dave.

"Nothing very choice on tap to-day," said the employment man. "You can handle horses, I suppose?"

"I guess I can," said Dave. "Some." "I can place you delivering coal. Thirty dollars a month, and you board with the boss."

"I'll take it," said Dave. The boss proved to be one Thomas Metford. He owned half a dozen saloons and was engaged in the cattle business, specializing on coal. He was a man of big frame, big head, and a vocabulary appropriate to the purposes to which he applied it. Among his other possessions were a wife, numerous children, and a house and barn, in which he housed his beasts of burden, including in the term his horses, his men, and his wife, in the order of their valuation. The children were a by-product, valueless until

such time as they also would be able to work.

Dave's duties were simple enough. He had to drive a wagon to a coal yard, where a very superior young man, with a collar, would express surprise that he had been so long gone, and tell him to back in under chute number so-and-so. It appeared to be always a matter of great distress to this young man that Dave did not know which chute to back under until he was told. Having backed into position, a door was opened. There was a fiction that the coal in the bin should then run into the wagon box, but, as Dave at once discovered, this was merely a fiction. Aside from a few accommodating lumps near the door the coal had to be shoveled. When the box was judged to be full the wagon was driven to the scales. If the load were too heavy some of it had to be thrown off, while the young man with the collar passed remarks appropriate to the occasion. If the load were too light less distress was experienced. Then Dave had to drive to an address that was given him, shovel the coal down a chute located in the most inaccessible position the premises afforded, and return to the coal yard, where the young man with the collar would facetiously inquire whether Mrs. Black had invited him in to afternoon tea, or if he had been waiting for a change in the weather.

Conditions in the boarding-house had the value of distracting Dave's attention from the unpleasantness of his work. Mrs. Metford, handicapped by her numerous offspring, embittered by the regular recurrence of her contributions to the State, and disheartened by drudgery and overwork, had long ago ceased to place any store on personal appearance or even cleanliness. As Dave watched her shuffling to and from the kitchen, preceded and pursued by young Metfords in all degrees of childish innocence, his mind flew back to dim recollections of his own mother, and the quiet, peaceful order of their home. Even in the later days, when he and his father had been anything but model housekeepers, they had never known such squalor as this.

Metford's attitude toward his wife fluctuated from coarse humor to brutality, but there was left in the woman no spark of spirit to resist. With neither tongue nor eye did she make any response, and her shufflings back and forth were neither hastened nor delayed by the pleasure of her lord. Her bearing was that of one who has drunk the last dregs of bitterness, for whom no possible change of condition can be worse. Her indifference was tragic.

The sleeping accommodations had the virtue of simplicity. The Metford tribe was housed in a lean-to which supported one wall of the kitchen, and the eight boarders slept upstairs over the main part of the house. The room was not large, but it had four corners, and in each corner stood a cheap iron bed with baggy spring and musty mattress. The ceiling, none too high at any part, sloped at the walls almost to the edges of the beds. One table and wash-basin had to serve for the eight lodgers; those who were impatient for their turn might omit their ablutions altogether or perform them in the horse-trough at the barn.

All Metford's employees, with the exception of Dave, were foreigners, more or less incoherent with the English language. Somewhat to his surprise, they maintained an attitude of superiority toward him, carrying on their conversations in a strange tongue, and allowing him little part in their common life. Dave's spirit, which had always been accustomed to receive and be received on a basis of absolute equality, rebelled violently against the intangible wall of exclusion which his fellow-workers built about themselves, and as they had shown no desire for his company, he retaliated by showing still less for theirs, with the result that he found himself very much alone and apart from the life of his new surroundings.

His work and supper were over by seven o'clock each evening, and now was the opportunity for him to begin the schooling for which he had left the ranch. But he developed a sudden disinclination to make the start; he was tired to his liking to stroll down town, smoke cigarettes on the street corners, or engage in an occasional game of pool. In this way the weeks went by, and when his month with Metford was up he had neglected to find another position, so he continued where he was. He was being gradually and unconsciously submerged in an inertia which, however much it might hate its present surroundings, had not the spirit to seek a more favorable environment.

So the fall and winter drifted along; Dave had made few acquaintances and no friends, if we except Conward, whom he frequently met in the pool-rooms, and for whom he had developed a sort of attachment. His first underlying sense of distrust had been lulled by closer acquaintanceship; Conward's mild manner and quiet, seductive voice invited friendship, and

it became a customary thing for the two to play for small stakes, which Dave won as often as he lost.

One Saturday evening as Dave was on the way to their accustomed resort, he fell in with Conward on the street. "Hello, old man," said Conward cheerily. "I was just looking for you. Got two tickets for the show to-night. Some swell dames in the chorus. Come along. There'll be doings."

There were two theatres in the town, one of which played to the better-class residents. In it anything of a risque nature had to be presented with certain trimmings which allowed it to be classified as "art," but in the other house no such restrictions existed. It was to the latter that Conward led. Dave had been there before, in the cheap upper gallery, but Conward's tickets admitted to the best seats in the house. Dave had adopted town ways to the point where he changed his clothes and put on a white collar Saturday evenings, and he found himself amid the gay rustle and perfume of the orchestra floor with a very pleasant sense of being somebody among other somebodies. The orchestra played a swinging air, to which his foot kept tap, and presently the curtain went up and the show was on with a rush of girls and color.

It was an entirely new experience. From the upper gallery the actors and actresses always seemed more or less impersonal and abstract, but here they were living, palpitating human beings, almost within hand-reach, certainly within eye-reach, as Dave presently discovered. There was a trouping of girls about the stage, with singing and rippling laughter and sweet, clear voices; then a sudden change of formation flung a line of girls right across behind the footlights, where they tripped merrily through motions of mingled grace and acrobatics. Dave found himself regarding the young woman immediately before him; all in white she was, with some scintillating material that sparkled in the glare of the spot-light; then suddenly she was in orange, and pink, and purple, and mauve, and back again in white. And although she performed the various steps with smiling abandon, there was

in her dress and manner a modesty which fascinated the boy with a subtlety which a more reckless appearance would have at once defeated.

And then Dave looked in her face. It was a pretty face, notwithstanding its grease-paint, and it smiled right into his eyes. His heart thumped between his shoulders as though it would drive all the air from his lungs. She smiled at him—for him! Now they were secondary actors. There were gyrations about the stage; he almost lost her in the maze; a young man in fine clothes rushed in, and was apparently being mobbed by the girls, and said some lines in a rapid voice which Dave's ear had not been trained to catch; and then he danced about with one of them—the very one—with his one! My, how nimble she was! He wondered if she knew the young man very well. They seemed very friendly. But he supposed she had to do that anyway; it was part of her job; it was all in the play. Certainly the young man was very clever, but he didn't like his looks. "I could make him dance different to the tune of a six-shooter," Dave said to himself, and then flushed a little. That was silly. The young man was paid to do this, too. Still, it looked like a very good job. It looked like a very much better job than shovelling coal for Metford.

Then there was a sudden break-away in the dance, and the girl disappeared behind a forest, and the mobbing of the young man recommenced. Dave supposed she had gone to rest; but she could not be hard on the wind. He found little to interest him now in what was going on on the stage. It seemed rather foolish. They were just capering around and being foolish. They were a lot of dancing girls, and the young man—it was plain he didn't care a whit for them; he was just doing it because he had to. There was a vacant seat in front. He wished the girl behind the forest would come down and rest there. Then she could see the show herself. Then she could see—

(To be continued.)



A Bubble Party.

A flock of little rainbow-colored disks on a correspondence card held the keynote of the Bubble Party, especially as one disk on each card bore a grinning little face such as anybody can draw in with three dots for eyes and nose and a parenthesis mark on its side for the mouth. A couplet preceded the date and place:

Fan is what we're all of us after,
So come bubbling over with joy and laughter.

The time was a warm summer evening, the place was a big lawn, the guests were mainly a lot of young folks who liked getting together for a jolly time.

Among the trees, the great colored bubbles were strung round paper lanterns of yellow, pink, green, and lavender, producing a festive setting for the light frocks of the girls, contrasting with the darker attire of the boys.

Having been asked to a bubble party no one was surprised to see soap-bubbles pass around and big bowls of soap-suds set on convenient stands. Had the modern soap-bubbling pipes holding the soap been used, no soap-suds would have been required—merely clear water.

The young hostess proceeded to tie pink ribbons around some arms, and blue around others—having an equal number of pinks and blues and an equal number of girls and boys, both on each side.

A tennis net stretched across an open space divided the two groups, an umpire and a scorekeeper took their place, and after a little preliminary practice the bubble contest was on. Each girl blew a bubble which was the duty of a boy to blow across the net. Meantime the players on the opposite side tried to blow the bubbles back so they wouldn't come over. Striking at the bubbles was not allowed. This game made for a great amount of huffing and puffing, which proved highly humorous, and got the girls to laughing so that they had difficulty in puckering their mouths for blowing the bubbles.

Any bubble which crossed the line scored one for the side that blew it. The score for each side was carefully kept, and announced later in the evening.

The next contest was not blowing rings, but blowing through rings. A big hoop wrapped with wool strips was suspended from a tree, and the two groups—the pinks and the blues—took turns, member by member, blowing a bubble and sending it through the hoop. The side scoring the most bubbles through the hoop was victorious.

Then began some jolly twosome stunts. Girls and boys matched up for partners, and then each couple had to blow a monstrous bubble together. The way to do it is for each to start blowing one, the two being near together, and the bubbles will gradually touch each other and unite into one large one.

Everybody had fun, too, with to-boggan bubbles, blowing them to roll down a cloth covered incline such as a glorified wizard board.

The so-called Wining of the Bubbles made some of the bubbles, such as smoke bubbles, surprise bubbles, dancing bubbles, and a bubble chain—a real bubble exhibit.

When everybody had bubbled over

sufficiently the soap-suds bowls were removed and the little tables utilized for serving bubbling refreshments in buffet fashion.

Out came trays of tall glasses filled with frothy ginger ale and grapejuice blended, fruit salad with a fluffy cream dressing, sandwiches, and finally balls of pink (strawberry) ice cream. Neapolitan ice cream, with its rainbow stripes, would also have been in keeping. If anyone owns the glass sherbet glasses, iridescent as bubbles, they are lovely for holding the ice cream.

Dancing or any jolly group games may follow the refreshments.

Some Simple Desserts.

This Hickory-nut Cake is not only easy to make and delectable, but it also lends itself to numerous variations. For the children's party it's splendid baked in a loaf, cut like a short-cake, and the layer thus made spread with jelly. For sandwiches there's nothing nicer than thin slices of it spread with chopped nut meats and mayonnaise: 2-3 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup nut meats, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla. Cream the butter, add the sugar and slightly beaten egg yolks. Sift the baking powder and flour together, and add the chopped nut meats to the mixture. Add the milk and flour mixture alternately, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the vanilla. Any white icing may be used on this cake.

And this Apple Cornbread is just the thing in which to use some of the first apples of the season: 2 cups cornmeal, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3 sweet apples, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sweet milk. Mix the dry ingredients, beat in the milk and the apples, core, pared, and sliced thinly. Pour in a shallow tin, and bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Serve hot with butter or cold with milk for the children.

Probably you have your pet cookie or cake recipe which you bring out whenever a small amount of cream sours. But have you ever tried a Sour Cream Pie? Here's an excellent recipe: 1 cup thick sour cream, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1-16 teaspoon nutmeg, 1-16 teaspoon salt, pastry. Combine the raisins, sugar, flour, salt, and spices. Mix together the cream and the lightly beaten egg yolks. Combine the two mixtures, and pour into a pie pan lined with uncooked pastry. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with a meringue. Return to a slow oven, and brown the meringue.

Do You Eat Enough Greens?

A man came to a stomach specialist in despair over his digestive troubles. Every remedy had failed. The doctor asked him what he ate. "Doctor," the patient replied, "it can't possibly be my diet that upsets me, for about all I've eaten for years is flour vittles."

This man had ruined his stomach, not by eating indigestible foods, but by a one-sided diet.

His cure was comparatively simple. He was given, besides "flour vittles," plenty of salads, green vegetables, fruit, milk and eggs.

In planning your family's meals re-



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Not Canny Enough.
An expedition was moving through
reputedly unexplored African bush.
They emerged one day from the dense
tropical undergrowth into a small
clearing, where they were astonished
to see a pile of empty whisky bottles.

"There's been a Scotsman here," re-
marked one of the party, himself a
Scot, and proud to think that one of
his nation had been first in this lonely
spot. His pride was soon turned to
anger, for another voice broke in:

"Nonsense! If that had been a
Scotsman he'd have taken the bottles
back!"

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not complain.

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Icebergs in the North Atlantic

* June and July are reckoned the
worst months for ice in the North
Atlantic. It is at this time of year
that the great Greenland bergs drift
south to the danger of Transatlantic
shipping.

North Atlantic ice has claimed a ter-
rible toll of human lives and property
during the past half-century, and over
and over again great liners have had
the narrowest escapes from sinking
after collision with huge bergs. The
Titanic disaster is still fresh in our
memories, though it happened no less
than ten years ago.

Other vessels have been more for-
tunate. The most marvelous escape
way that of the liner Arizona, which,
fifty years ago, gained the title of the
"greyhound of the Atlantic."

On November 7th, 1879, when steam-
ing across the Grand Banks, on her
way to New York, she ran smash into a
monstrous iceberg, crumpling up her
about coal hove as though they were
paper. Her fore part was a mere shell
of cracked steel beams and girders,
and it was only with the greatest dif-
ficulty that she got into St. John's,
Newfoundland, where over two hun-
dred tons of ice were taken out of her
forepeak.

She had five hundred and fifty per-
sons aboard at the time of the col-
lision.

Thirty years later, the Inman liner,
City of Berlin, had a similar experi-
ence, and almost on the same spot as
the Arizona. Her stem was broken
from deck to keel, and such a mass of
ice tumbled aboard her that at first it
was feared she would sink before any-
thing could be done.

Her passengers stampeded, there
was a rush for the boats, and her of-
ficers had their work cut out to re-
store discipline. Her watertight com-
partments saved her, and eventually
she managed to steam slowly into port.

More recently the An-Slor liner Co-
lumbia had an appalling narrow es-
cape from destruction by ice. Off
Cape Race she charged a great glis-
tering mass of flinty Arctic ice which,
as usual, was shrouded in thick fog.
Her bow-plates were crumpled for fif-
teen feet, and her port anchor stuck
on the ice and was lost. Nine feet of
water rushed into her hold before the
leak could be stopped.

The passengers were at dinner when
the collision occurred. The dining-
table was swept clear, and the passen-
gers fled in every direction. One had
a leg, another a collar-bone broken.
Innumerable masses of ice fell thundering
on her decks. This berg was a hun-
dred feet high and a quarter of a mile
long.

Many of those fine ships which have
been plying "Missing" at Lloyd's
have, no doubt, been sunk in collision
with icebergs.

The City of Glasgow, for instance, a
beautiful Clyde-built craft of 1,600
tons and the first of the Inman line,
she left England on March 1st, 1854,
with 480 passengers aboard and was
never heard of again.

The Pacific sailed from Liverpool on
September 23rd, 1856, with two hun-
dred and fifty passengers and crew.
She was fast and well formed, but she
was never seen or heard of after her
departure.

The City of Boston, the Colombo, the
City of Lincoln, the City of London,
the Erin, of the National Line—these
are only a few of the Atlantic liners
which vanished without a sign, vic-
tims either of ice or the treacherous
currents.

Since a berg only shows one-eighth
of the bulk above water, it is easy to
understand what a fearful peril it is
to navigation, especially as the atmo-
sphere around is almost invariably
clouded by fog, through the coldness
of the mass of ice.

An All-Inclusive Charity.

The two churches of Kilmerville
were not on the best terms with each
other. The clergymen were friendly,
but a spirit of rivalry animated most
of the members, and the two societies
seldom united for any purpose, reli-
gious, charitable, social.

Mrs. Hicks, a recent acquisition to
the town, joined the West Church,
where she speedily proved herself
valuable in many ways.

"She's got what I call a wonderful
lot of grace," said one of the other
members to her husband. "Why, if
you'll believe me, Henry, she seems to
love everybody. 'Tisn't only her
friends in her church and the neigh-
bors; but she actually speaks as if she
felt real pleasant toward the members
of the East Church. I couldn't get her
to say a word against any of them!"

Journalism Made Easy.

The fire-engines came roaring and
rattling up the street to the scene of
the fire.

It was a big blaze, and the crowd
watching was enormous.
The journalist who had to do a re-
port of it could not get near enough to
see, so he climbed a lamp-post to get a
better view.

Suddenly he felt a tug at his ankle,
and, looking down, saw an irate police-
man.

"Now, then, down you come," said
P.C. 49.

"Oh, that's all right, constable! I'm
a journalist, and I've got to do a re-
port of the fire."

"Can't help that!" said the police-
man. "Down you come! You can read
all about it in to-morrow's papers!"

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