

BOVRIL FLAVORS STEWS AND HASHES



The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

Dave led into the old ranch house, kicking the door wide open with his heel as he passed. A musty smell fell on the senses of the girl as she entered, and she was conscious of the buzzing of innumerable flies. A partition from east to west divided the house, and another partition from north to south divided the northern half. In the north-east room they set the stretcher on the floor.

"Now," said the boy, "I'm going for the doctor. It's forty miles to town, and it'll likely be mornin' before I'm back, but I'll sure burn the trail. You'll have to make the best of it," he continued, impersonally addressing the much-spotted window. "There's grub in the house, and you won't starve—that is, if you can cook." (This was evidently for Irene. There was a note in it that suggested the girl might have her limitations.) "Dig in to anything in sight. And I hope your father's leg won't hurt very much." Irene wondered afterwards why the hope concerning her father should have been expressed to her. Did he already feel—that was it?—better acquainted with her?

"Oh, I'll stand it," said Doctor Hardy, with some cheerfulness. "We medical men become accustomed to suffering—in other people. You are very kind. My daughter may remain in this room, I suppose? There is no one else?"

"No one but the old man," he answered. "He's asleep in the next room, safe till mornin'. I'll be back by that time. That's my bed," indicating a corner. "Make yourselves at home." He lunged through the door and they heard his spurs clanking across the hard earth.

The girl's first thought was to assure as much comfort for her father as the circumstances would permit. She removed his boot and stockings, and, under his direction, felt the leg of his trousers above the injury. It was bleeding a little. In the large room of the house she found a pail with water, and she bathed the wound, wiping it with her handkerchief, and mingling a few drops of the warm blood that dripped from it.

"You're good stuff," her father said, pinching the fingers of her unoccupied hand. "Now, if you could find a clean cloth to bandage it—"

She looked about the place, somewhat helplessly. Her expedition to the main part of the house, when she had found the water pail, had not recovered her as to the housekeeping of the Eldens. Her father read her perplexity.

"It seems as though you would be in charge here for a while, Irene," he said, "so you will save time by getting acquainted at once with your equipment. Look the house over and see what you have to work with."

"Well, I can commence here," she answered. "This is Dave's room. I suppose I should say Mr. Elden's, but—what was it he said about 'mistering'? It would be splendid if it were cleaned up," she continued, with kindling enthusiasm. There were logs, here floors, here rafters—were gone back to essentials, anyway. And that's his bed." She surveyed a framework of spruce poles, on which lay an old straw mattress and some very grey blankets. "I suppose he is very tired when he goes to bed, even this, as though that could be the only explanation of sleep amid such surroundings. And the walls give one a clue to the artistic side of his nature." A poster advertising a summer fair, with a prodigious bull occupying the centre of the picture, hung on one wall, and across from it a lithograph of a young woman, with very bright clothing and very abashed

of it, and—horrors—reveling in it." Then she looked again from the open window, this time with eyes that saw the vista of valley and woodland and foothill that stretched down into the opening prairie. Suddenly she realized that she was looking down upon a picture—one of Nature's obscure masterpieces—painted in brown and green and saffron against an opal canvas. It was beautiful, not with the majesty of the great mountains, nor the solemnity of the great plains, but with that nearer, more intimate relationship which is the peculiar property of the foothill country. Here was neither the flatness that, with a change of mood, could become in a moment desolation, nor the aloofness of eternal rocks towering into cold space, but the friendship of hills that could be climbed, and trees that lapped in the light wind, and water that bubbled playfully over gravel ridges gleaming in the August sunshine. The girl drew a great breath of the pure air and was about to dream a new day-dream when the voice of her father brought her to earth.

"Can't you find anything that will do for a bandage?" he asked.

"Oh, you dear Daddykins," she replied, her voice tremulous with self-reproach. "I had forgotten. There was a spell, or something; it just came upon me in the window—that's a good idea, blaming one's negligence on a spell. I must remember that. But the bandage? Dear, no; the only cloth I see is the kitchen towel, and I can't recommend that. But what a goose I am! Our grips are in the car, or under it, or somewhere. I'll be back in a jiffy." And she was off at a sharp trot down the trail along which she had so recently come in Dave Elden's wagon.

At the little stream she paused. A single log was the only bridge, and although the water was not deep it ran swiftly, and still with the coolness of its glacier source. She ventured along the log, but near the centre she slipped with an acute sense of her temerity. Perhaps she had been foolish in attempting this passage without the aid of a stick. A stick, which could be shoved against the gravel below that blue water, would have been a very practical aid. Suddenly, the wavering of the log was arrested, and she felt an impetuous desire to fall up-stream, which she resisted so successfully that she promptly fell down-stream. The water was deeper than it looked, and colder than it looked, and when she scrambled up the farther bank she was a very wet young woman indeed. She was conscious of a deep annoyance toward young Elden. A fine bridge, that! She would tell him—

But this thought died with a birth with the consciousness that Elden would be amused over the incident, and would be at little pains to disguise his merriment. And then she laughed, and ran along up the road. The grips were duly found, and Irene congratulated herself that she and her father were in the habit of traveling with equipment for over-night. She had even a spare skirt along, with which she was able to disguise her mishap at the stream, although she took the precaution not to make the change until she was safe back over the narrow bridge. And this time she used a stick. Arrived at the house, she deftly wrapped a bandage about her father's injury, and set to work at the preparation of supper—a task not strange to her, as her mother considered it correct that her daughter should have a working knowledge of kitchen affairs. Her equipment was meagre, and she spent more time scouring than cooking, but her heart beat high with the spirit of adventure.

Once, during the evening, she took a glance into the other room. It was even less inviting than Dave's, with walls bare of any adornment, save dirty garments that hung from nails driven in the logs. On the rude bed lay an old man; she could see only part of his face; a grey moustache drooping over an open mouth, and a faded cheek turned to the glow of the setting sun. On a chair beside the bed sat a bottle, and the room reeked with the smell of breath charged with alcohol. She gently closed the door, and busied herself through the long evening with reforms in the kitchen, and with little ministrations designed to relieve the sufferings of her father.

The sun sank behind the Rockies, and a darkness, soft and mystical and silent, stole up the valley, hushing even the wilderness day. Presently the glow of the rising moon burst in the ruddy effulgence over the foothills to the east, first with the effect of fire upon their crests, and then as a great, slowly-whitening ball soaring high into the fathomless heaven. The girl stood framed in the doorway, and the moonlight painted her face to the purest ivory, and toyed with the rich brown fastness of her hair, and gleamed from a single ornament at her throat. And she thought of the young horseman galloping to town, wondering if he had yet set out on his homeward journey, and the eerie depths of the valley communicated to her a fantastic admiration for his skill and bravery. She was under the spell. She was in a new world, where were manhood, and silence, and the realities of being; and moonlight, and great gulfs of shadow between the hills, and large, friendly stars, and soft breezes pushing this way and that without definite direction, and strange, quiet noises from out of the depths, and the intense of the evergreens, and a young horseman galloping into the night. And conversations had been swept away, and it was correct to live, and to live!

(To be continued.)

Japanese Shipbuilding.

At present there are fourteen Japanese shipbuilding establishments capable of constructing ocean-going merchant vessels as compared with fifty-three in 1918. Of these fourteen plants only nine are actually engaged in new building. The estimated output of Japanese yards for 1921 was forty ships of 130,000 gross tons. The maximum output was in 1919, when 136 ships of 821,513 tons were built.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



Canning Times Comes 'Round Once More.

With the return of dandelion and other greens, rhubarb and small fruits, canning activities are resumed, although many housewives claim that they can find all the year 'round. Whatever plan may be pursued, now is the time to look over the supply of jars and other equipment, replacing or adding to one's canning conveniences and making ready for the season's work.

Jars can be sorted and fitted with lids, the wide-mouthed jars being set aside for the large fruits, pickles and for meat and poultry. Jars having a small opening should be used for greens, small fruits and for vegetables. Imperfect rubber rings should be discarded and a supply of new ones obtained. Paring knives should be sharpened, strainers, kettles, steamers and pressure cookers inspected and needed repairs attended to. A good supply of towels and holders is much to be desired, and the force-handled woman will provide herself with cover-all aprons and low-heeled comfortable shoes.

A screened porch where much of the preparation of fruit and vegetables can be done is highly desirable, as it enables the housewife to work out-of-doors in comfort, allows the space in the kitchen to be used to greater advantage and keeps all waste matter out-of-doors.

A successful method of canning rhubarb is to weigh the rhubarb, add sugar in the proportion of one pound of sugar to two pounds of rhubarb, place in a baking dish with a cover and bake until tender. Add no water. When tender, fill sterilized jars with the mixture. Place the jars in a hot water-bath, boil for five minutes and seal while hot.

In order to preserve the mineral salts and volatile oils, greens should be blanched in a steamer, not thrust into the boiling water. If a steamer is not to be had, a good substitute can be made by putting the greens in a colander which can be closely covered, and placing this over a kettle of boiling water.

The following greens are common: Swiss chard, kale, Chinese cabbage, leaves, upland cress, French endive, cabbage sprouts, turnip tops (young and tender), New Zealand spinach, asparagus, spinach, beet tops, cultivated dandelion, wild dandelion, dandelion sprouts (tender), mustard, lamb's-quarter, purslane, pokeweed and milkweed sprouts.

Can greens the day they are picked. Wash clean and remove all dry, decayed or diseased leaves. Place greens in a square of cheese-cloth, blanch (by steam) for 15 minutes, remove and plunge into cold water. Cut into convenient lengths, pack tightly in hot jars or tin cans, add sufficient hot water to fill the container, and season to taste. A few slices of boiled bacon or chopped dried beef improve the flavor. If using glass jars, place rubbers and tops in position and partially seal. If using tin cans, cap and seal completely. Sterilize for the length of time given below:

Water-bath, home-made or commercial 2 hours
Water-seal, 214 deg. 1 1/2 hours
Pressure cooker, 5 lbs. pressure, 1 hr.
Pressure cooker, 10 lbs. pressure 40 minutes

Strawberries are best made into jam or preserved, as they do not hold up well under canning. They lose color, too, and the berries become soft and unattractive. Canned by this recipe, however, strawberries will not rise to the top of the syrup. Use only fresh, ripe, firm, and sound berries. Hull and rinse the berries and add eight ounces of sugar and two table-spoonsful of water to each quart of berries. Boil slowly for 15 minutes in an enameled or acid-proof kettle. Allow the berries to cool and remain several hours (or overnight) in the covered kettle. Pack the cold berries in hot glass jars. Put the rubbers and caps of glass jars in position, not tight. Sterilize for the length of time given below:

Water-bath, home-made or commercial 8 minutes
Water-seal, 214 deg. 6
5 pounds steam pressure 6
Remove the jars; tighten the covers; invert the jars to cool, and test the joints. Wrap the jars with paper to prevent bleaching.

Strawberries may be combined with rhubarb in an excellent sauce, made thus: Three quarts of rhubarb, cut into small pieces; one quart of strawberries; two quarts of sugar. Mix the fruit with the sugar, and boil until the liquid forms a heavy syrup. Pour it into sterilized jars and seal immediately.

The Baby's Sleep.

The babies who grow into the healthiest men and women are those who have the proper amount of sleep. The sleep habit should be formed in early infancy. New-born babies should sleep twenty out of twenty-four hours. At six months they should sleep twelve at night without interruption, except, perhaps, for one evening feeding. At this age they will probably sleep two hours both morning and afternoon, but should not sleep after 3 o'clock, so that they may be ready

to go to bed at 6 o'clock in the evening.

The long period of night sleeping should be kept up throughout childhood, but the day naps may be gradually shortened. At one year of age the baby may need one long and one short nap during the day. In the second year one nap is enough. This may be taken for an hour or two in the middle of the day. Even if the child does not sleep all this time, it is good for it to get the habit of resting in a quiet room.

The babies should, if possible, sleep by themselves. Not a few young babies have been smothered while lying in bed with an older person, some part of whose body was thrown over the baby's face during heavy sleep.

The room where baby sleeps should, if possible, be quiet and not too bright, though a baby should be taught to sleep through ordinary household noises. It should not be necessary to walk on tiptoe or to talk in whispers so as not to disturb it.

Making Surs.

One morning a negro sauntered into the office of a white friend. "Good mornin', Mr. Withrow. Kin I use yo' phone a minute?" he asked.

"Why, certainly, Sam."

Sam called his number, and after a few minutes' wait, "Is this Mrs. Whiteside? Well, I seen in de papeh where you-all wanted a good culled man. Is you still wantin' one? Then the man youse not is puttin' satisfaction, and you doesn't contemplate makin' no changes soon? All right, ma'am. Good-bye."

Mr. Withrow called to Sam as he left the phone. "Now that's too bad, Sam, that the place is filled."

"Oh, dat's all right, Mr. Withrow. I see de nigger what's got de job, but I see jest a wantin' to check up."

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

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Useless Change.

A woebegone-looking traveller reached the river-side, and approached the old boatman who operated the ferry across the pretty stream.

"Dad," he whined, "I'm broke, and I must get across the stream. Will you trust me for it?"

"Pore's only a penny, mister," said the old ferryman.

"I know it; but I haven't got a penny," replied the woebegone traveller.

The old ferryman placidly resumed his pipe.

"Mister," he declared, "if you ain't got a penny you won't be none the better off on the other side of the river than you are on this."

Before Germs Were Fashionable.

Village Doctor—"To what do you attribute your remarkable age and your wonderful health?"

Old Inhabitant—"Well, I got a pretty good start on most people by bein' born afore germs were discovered, an' so I have had less to worry about!"

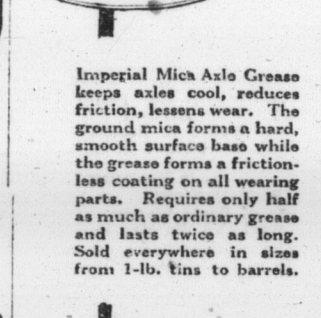


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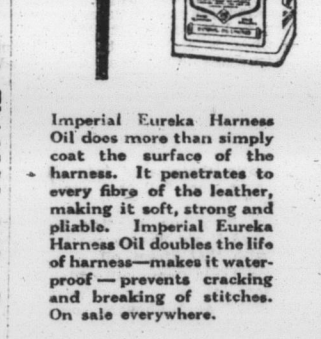
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SIR ROSS SMITH LOVED HIS AIRPLANE

AS A THING ALIVE, WITH LUNGS, VOICE, POWER!

Interesting Light Thrown on Mental Attitude of Gallant British Aviator.

There was a gallant ship which set out on a voyage of 14,000 miles, for a prize of \$50,000 and the honor of being the first man-carrying vessel to follow the highways of the air between England and Australia. The ship was the Vickers Vimy, a sister of the British airplane which flew the Atlantic last summer. Months ago the cables carried the story of how the four air adventurers had completed their journey halfway around the earth within the time set by the paper which offered the prize. The pilot for the expedition, Capt. Sir Ross Smith, who was killed just previous to starting from Crofton, England, on a trip around the world, wrote the story of the long cruise and it has been published, illustrated with photographs, under the title of "14,000 Miles Through the Air."

"Lyons-Rome," "Cairo to Bagdad," "In the Clouds Above Burma," "Siam to Singapore"—so run some of the chapter headings. The gallant pilot had more than a sporting interest in the flight, it may be gathered from many suggestive passages in his journal. He loved his machine. This tribute to it appears in the chapter which records the start of the flight: "The machine was flying stately and steady as a rock. All the bracing wires were tuned to a nicety; the dope on the huge planes glistened and glistened in the sunlight; I was filled with admiration. The engines, which were throttled down to about three-quarters of their possible speed, had settled down to their task and were purring away in perfect unison and harmony."

"A small machine is ideal for short flights, joy-riding the heavens, or sightseeing among the clouds; but there is something more majestic and stable about the big bombers which a pilot begins to love. An exquisite community grows up between machine and pilot; each, as it were, merges into the other. The machine is rudimentary and the pilot the intellectual force. The levers and controls are the nervous system of the machine, through which the will of the pilot may be expressed—and expressed to an infinitely fine degree. A flying-machine is something entirely apart from and above all other contrivances of man's ingenuity."

Almost a Living Thing.

"The airplane is the nearest thing to animate life that man has created. In the air a machine ceases indeed to be a mere piece of mechanism; it becomes animate and is capable not only of primary guidance and control, but actually of expressing a pilot's temperament."

"The lungs of the machine, its engines, are again the crux of man's wisdom. Their marvellous reliability and great intricacy are almost as awesome as the human anatomy. When both engines are going well and synchronized to the same speed, the roar of the exhausts develops into one long-sustained rhythmic boom—boom—boom. It is a song of pleasant harmony to the pilot, a duet of contentment that sings of perfect firing in both engines and says that all is well."

"The melody of power boomed pleasantly in my ears, and my mind sought to probe the inscrutable future, as we swept over the coast of England at 90 miles per hour."

Land Ruined by Reckless Tree Cutting.

When by reckless tree-cutting the forest cover is removed from hills and mountains, nothing is left to hold the rain—no layer of living roots, mosses and other vegetable growths mixed with decaying leaves, to act as a sponge and retain the moisture. Thereafter, in consequence, the rainfall runs off in torrents, and the streams to which it should afford a regulated supply throughout the year are flooded in winter and dried up in summer. Incidentally the soil is washed away and the hillsides, once beautiful with fresh growing verdure, become so much barren desert.

In this way the water supply of great areas of country has been practically abolished. The forests of the hills and mountains are natural storage reservoirs. Destruction of these reservoirs means ruin to the farmers in the valleys.

To illustrate the idea, the United States Forest Service has constructed for exhibition a model showing water from two sprinklers falling upon two mounds of earth which represent hills. One mound is bare and the water (representing rain) runs off it as fast as it falls. The other is planted with growing vegetation, and the water that falls upon it from the sprinkler, far from doing any mischief, makes the plants grow, only the surplus being discharged gradually and regularly to supply a little stream in the miniature valley below.

During the war 500 ships were recovered from the sea by the Admiralty salvage section.

Save Time and Keep Your Temper

Dishwashing is the day's most disagreeable task. Pot washing is the dirtiest job of all. Save time and keep your temper by cooking with utensils that cannot absorb dirt or grease—pots and pans that wash easily with soap and water and wipe sweet and clean like china. Make your housework easier by using

