

Warms you through and through
— Hot Bovril

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XXXI.

In the yard Conal told the Schoolmaster of McNab's arrival. "Settles us," Farrell said shortly. "That's what he came to do. And we can't afford to let him think there's anything on. He's given his suspicions to M'Laughlin most likely and the delay to-night 'll give them time to get the word out about us along the road. So all we can do is lie low, play civil to McNab, let him think he's on the wrong track. Then when this 'blows over'—in a couple of months, perhaps—"

Conal swore bitterly. "I could have wrung his neck when I saw him. It was all I could do to keep me hands off him," he said. "Don't be giving the game away, Conal," the Schoolmaster cautioned. "Mind, we're taking chances." "It'll be a couple of hours to moonrise after dark," Conal said restively, glancing at the waning sky. "If you could keep him busy, playing cards and drinking—let him think we weren't upset at seeing him and he seems to be settlin' down and looking foolish findin' we're all about—I might walk out after a bit. I could get the beasts, with Davey and that blithering half-breed. Sally's easily worth a couple of men with cattle."

"Do you think I'm likely to be able to keep McNab so busy, he wouldn't notice you were walking out?" the Schoolmaster asked, impatiently. "You and Davey had better come in and hang round loose presently."

He went towards the house. His greeting of McNab was as lukewarm, negligent and friendly as it always was. Deirdre saw no flicker of anxiety in his face. McNab's eyes were quick and keen on it for the first few minutes, but finding no trace of repressed excitement, not a spark of

the impatience he expected, but only a whimsical smile to convey that the Schoolmaster knew why he had come, and was amused for the reason, he dropped into the chair he had taken and sought to cover the unexpectedness of his visit by unusual affability. He was sitting in Steve's chair by the fire when Farrell came into the room that was kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and living-room in general at Steve's. Deirdre slipped out with a jug for water as the Schoolmaster came in. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw her talking to Conal in the yard.

When she returned her laughter and gaiety surprised him. She set a jug of grog between Steve and McNab on the table near McNab's elbow. The Schoolmaster swore beneath his breath when he saw McNab's eyes on her. He trembled with rage when he heard Deirdre talking to McNab; but her eyes met his reassuringly. He caught their message, calm and purposeful. He knew that she was playing the woman to McNab, and why. The knowledge angered and humiliated him.

Davey and Conal came into the long, barely-lighted room. They threw themselves on a bench near the door, Conal taking a pipe from his belt, smoked morosely. Davey did not look at McNab, and McNab took no notice of him, enjoying his position of importance by the fireside and chuckling over the gay chatter Deirdre threw to him.

"We eat our heads off, up here, Mr. McNab," she said. "And sleep! Davey and Conal there, to see them yawning over their supper to-night you'd think they'd never seen a bed for weeks. They've been saying they're going to turn in early because they've to go off musing first thing in the morning, and father and Steve would have sat here dozing by the fire for a while, and then gone off to bed too. I was thinking I would have to take out my sewing and talk to the cat . . . till it was a decent hour to be saying my prayers. But now 'praps you'll have a game of cards with me, though I don't suppose Conal and Davey 'll go to bed early now, seeing we've got company."

Davey sat bolt upright against the wall. It froze the blood in his veins to hear her on such terms of easy familiarity with McNab. Conal shifted uneasily.

"But we can get along without them, can't we?" Deirdre asked blithely. "There's no need for them to be sitting up trying to be polite, is there?"

"None at all." McNab chuckled. He thought he was getting on very well with Deirdre and that she was playing him off against Conal and Davey in a spirit of pique.

"Right. Good-night, McNab, see you in the morning," Conal said angrily. He swung out of the room. Davey followed him.

"And now for the business that brought you, McNab. Mighty kind of you to have come after me with it?" The Schoolmaster sat down before Thad McNab, facing him squarely, his one eye played on McNab's shifty face. There was just the faintest, ironical emphasis in his voice.

McNab stirred uneasily. "Fact is," he began, his eyes shifted under the Schoolmaster's gaze. "Fact is—we're wanting a school in the Wirree," he plunged desperately. "Before you go away I thought—I thought, not knowing exactly what your plans were, I'd have a talk to

you about it. The place is gettin' a bad name with the children growing up not able to make more than a mark for their names. In the hills, of course, you taught the first generation, as you might say, so the older ones can teach the others coming on, but down there it's different. We've never had any school or school teachers. The people can't pay enough—just a few of them—to make it worth your while . . . but if we built a school, got 'em all together . . . it might be a good thing. I'd maybe put up the money for the school—maybe."

He fidgeted in his seat. He did not want to commit himself too far, and yet he was irritablely conscious of the weakness of his explanation unless he did. He had a suspicion that Dan Farrell was laughing at him up his sleeve. An ill-humour was rising in him. There was an ominous silence. A word from either might have been a spark to the long-hidden train of enmity between them. Deirdre broke the silence. She threw down a pack of cards and pulled her chair up to the table.

"All that 'll keep till to-morrow, Mr. McNab, won't it?" she asked. "Have a game of euchre with Steve and me, now. Let's play cut-throat—it's more exciting. Father can think over what you've said and tell you in the morning."

"Yes . . . yes . . . think it over, Farrell," McNab said eagerly. He was glad enough to shelve discussion of this urgent matter which had brought him from the Wirree to talk to the Schoolmaster, seeing that it was not at all urgent and did not look like it.

Deirdre pushed the bottle of rum between him and Steve. She sat opposite to them, the broad yellow glare of the dip on her face.

The liquor was already beginning to warm McNab's brain. His head was steady enough on his shoulders; but there was a glow within him. He watched the face of the girl before him as in a dream.

Farrell saw the arabesques of red and blue the cards made under the light as she threw them on the table. He heard her gleeful and triumphant exclamations. He realized what she was doing for him, was some and angry, but there was nothing to do but to play up to her. He sat at the far end of the table just out of the light; after a while his head drooped.

Deirdre's laughter flashed. "Look at father," she cried, "he's dead with sleep!"

Farrell started and stared at her, sleepily. "It's no good your blinking like an owl and pretending you weren't taking forty winks. You'd better go to bed and have done with it," she said. He struggled to his feet.

"I'm dog-weary," he muttered. "Think I will."

"Good-night," he added after a moment. "And be sure you see the fires are out before you turn in, Deirdre. You're not to be staying up late, either! I won't have her getting too fond of the cards, Steve."

He stumbled across the room to the far end where a screen of brushwood and bagging against the back of the shanty made another small room.

Deirdre laughed again. "I'm winning all the time," she said gaily, "so they won't want to play long."

The cards went backwards and forwards across the table to the tune of her exclamations and the chime of her laughter, the muttered oaths and

exclamations of Steve and McNab. Steve was soggy with drink; but McNab was not as drunk as he seemed. His eyes caught hers with a curious expression when the Schoolmaster had gone from the room.

"And who's the man Conal's going to kill for comin' between you, Deirdre?" he asked.

"How do I know?" she said, a little nervously.

"'Praps it's the man sent you the gold chain," McNab murmured. His eyes glimmered at her out of the darkness. "They tell me Conal went round like a madman looking for Pat Glynn to tell him who it was, threatening to break the last bone in Pat's body if he wouldn't speak."

"Yes, I think it was him," Deirdre said, meeting his eyes. "Conal said if ever he found him, he'd—"

"Conal's a hot head doesn't mean half he says," McNab muttered. "But he means that, I'm sure."

Deirdre said, "And Conal's so strong. Look at his hands. He could put them round a man's throat and wring the life out of it—just as easily as you wring a bird's neck, Mr. McNab. And he's a dead shot, too, Conal—"

"Eh, then it's somebody's neck he'll be wringing, or somebody he'll be blustering, for sure," McNab said. "For 'tis not him you'll be marryin', and it's not him your heart's set on. It's the other."

The quivering of her face, a dilatation of the pupils of her eyes that were wells of darkness, told him that he had scored. He leant forward, following up his advantage eagerly.

"And it's not Conal, for all his blustering, I'm afraid of, my pretty," she whispered. His eyes were narrowed, the smile in them leaping across his face. "It's not Conal, for all his blustering, though I durst say 'll think he'd kill me for love of you. And you'd break his heart for love of somebody else—by way of reward. But it's me all the same that'll get you."

Deirdre pushed back her chair. Then she remembered the part she had been playing all the evening. She steadied herself, putting her hands on the edge of the table, and looked down into McNab's eyes, laughing.

"Why," she cried, "you're as drunk as drunk, Mr. McNab! And so is Steve; you'd better see each other to bed. I'm going myself."

She went across to the corner room next the Schoolmaster's, where she slept. When she had heard Steve shambling before McNab to the room off the bar where occasional visitors were put, she went back to the kitchen, raked over the embers of the fire, and put out a flare that was burning low in its tin of rancid fat and belching forth streams of heavy black smoke.

She opened the door of the Schoolmaster's room. The bunk against the wall on which he slept was empty, the window open. She entered, closed the door and sat down by the open window.

The moonlight was waning. The silver light in which the forest had been bathed an hour before, was dimmer, the shadows the house and sheds cast black against it. Where the light struck dead trees they stood out wraithlike from the dark wave of the forest.

Listening intently, she heard the distant cracking of whips, the long lowing, belched and terrified cries of cattle.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds.

About the House

Her Secret of Happiness.

"On the morning of my wedding day," writes a woman who is now old herself, "my grandfather called me to his side and gave me a bit of advice that I have tried hard to follow."

"He said, 'Avoid getting into a rut. There is nothing that will rob a woman of her good looks or her joy in life like getting into a routine that makes her a slave. Don't you do it, child, don't you do it!'"

"I could just remember grandmother, but I had heard from many sources that she was a slave to washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, and so on, through all the years of her married life, and I know poor grandmother knew just what life with such a victim of routine meant."

"Very soon I had the chance to heed the dear old man's advice, for Bob and I had been married only six weeks when he came in to breakfast one Tuesday morning very early, looking as eager and happy as a boy. 'I say, Jessie,' he began, 'I have half a dozen errands to do in the city. Put off the ironing until to-morrow, can't you? Put on your bonnet and come along with me. We'll make a day of it. Come on, won't you?'"

"I glanced at the basket of clothes waiting for me, and the new housewife's pride bade me stay and get that work out of the way before midday. But there was another side to the question. I glanced at Bob's hopeful face, and then grandmother's words flashed into my mind."

"'I'll go,' I said, and go I did. 'I think neither of us will ever forget that day. We joked like children on a holiday. We finished the shopping and went into one of the exhibitions and got home late that night; and when it was all over I knew my belated ironing was a petty matter compared with the sympathy and companionship that we had known that day."

"That was the beginning. As the years went by, and cares increased, I studied hard and long to avoid the rut—the pitfalls of so many farmers' wives. My husband and children grew accustomed to little surprises—baked potatoes for Thursday or even Monday, instead of always on Saturday,

night. It was a treat on a wintry night when the snow fell quietly all round the house—a treat that our children will never forget—to have supper in the warm, cosy kitchen, whereas the usual supper in the dining room would have made no impression at all."

"Sometimes in early June, when Bob had spent a hard day in the fields, his tired face would brighten at the sight of a substantial tea spread on the table under the oak tree that was our pride. It was a little more work for me, but the children learned very early in life to save me steps, and I was amply rewarded for any effort 'I had ever made when I heard my son say to a boy chum, 'It's always fun at our house. You never know when mother is planning a surprise.'"

The 'Costume Girl.'

A girl who likes to sew has found a way to gratify her taste for it and to earn a considerable amount of pin money. She makes costumes for school, church and college plays. Many mothers and boy students have work for her to do, and in the six or seven months of active dramatic work in her community she makes from two hundred to three hundred dollars. Her patrons furnish patterns and materials; therefore, since she has the use of her mother's sewing machine, her earnings are virtually all profit.

Crepes-paper costumes for fairies or flower girls are the easiest kind for the "costume girl" to make; she sells them for two dollars an outfit. Simple dimities, clown costumes and bloomer costumes bring her from four to five dollars apiece. Costumes made from complicated patterns sell for five to eight dollars—a price that many women are willing to pay rather than

try to make something that may turn out to be a failure.

In one month this girl made and sold the following costumes: Eighteen crepe-paper fairy costumes for two dollars apiece; one jester outfit for five dollars; three dimity schoolgirl costumes, with dimity hats to match, for five dollars an outfit; a gypsy costume of gay sateen for five dollars, and a clown costume for three dollars.

That makes a total income of sixty-four dollars. In the rush season she seldom averages less than that. In slack times she clears from thirty dollars to thirty-five dollars a month. Already she has saved something for the course in dramatic costuming that she wishes to take eventually; and since she never sews for more than five hours a day, the work does not tire her or keep her from other duties and pleasures.

Graham Drop Cookies.

One cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 2½ cups graham flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon to season. Sift all dry materials together, flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, and stir into the creamed egg, sugar and cream, drop in small spoonfuls on buttered tin and dot with raisin or nutmeat.

Household Hints.

To rid an old house of bed bugs, put two ounces of corrosive sublimate into a tight bottle and fill with wood alcohol. Shake this well and apply with a feather to every crack and corner of the floor and around the window as well as in the beds and bedding. Do this once a week until rid of the pests.

Paper four sacks can be cut down one side and around the bottom so they will lay flat. The inside is clean and usually a pleasing shade. This heavy paper can be used in many ways about the house. Lay it under the carpet or rug; sew together, lay on top of mattress, to shut out cold; cut in strips and paste over cracks.

To remove indelible ink stains first soak in salt water and then wash in water to which ammonia has been added. If necessary, repeat this process before boiling.

Three old broomsticks can be made into the best kind of tripod support for a home-made dress form.

Sugar to be used in iced tea, lemonade, coffee or hot drinks, can be made into a heavy syrup and served at table in a small pitcher, greatly economizing the sugar.

Children's Cake.—Half cup of peanut butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, two cups flour, one cup of sweet milk, three teaspoons of baking powder. Mix as directed and bake in patty tins or loaf.

To remove old stain or varnish from floors, scrub vigorously with a strong solution of lye, using for the purpose a stiff brush with a long handle, so that the hands may not come in contact with the lye.

If you wish to keep the gloss on your linoleum when washing it, use lukewarm water to which has been added a tablespoonful of kerosene to half a bucket of water. You will find this is an excellent cleanser and at the same time will aid in retaining the gloss of the linoleum. A strong soap will tend to remove the gloss.

Here is a good dark cake recipe: Cream one cup of brown sugar with two egg yolks and half cup of shortening (half butter and half lard), then add three-fourths cup of sour milk, one teaspoon of cinnamon, half teaspoon of cloves, half teaspoon of nutmeg, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one cup of raisins, and last, fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in a moderate oven.

Care of the Piano.

"Your father thinks it is economy to paint his house every four years. He lets the jeweller clean his watch at stated intervals. He gets his suit pressed, the heels of his shoes levelled up, his razor honed, and he will just as readily have the piano tuned at least twice a year if you remind him," said a music teacher to his pupil the other day when he noticed the piano was getting badly out of tune. The teacher then added jokingly, "Don't wait until one of the neighbors sends for a tuner to tune your piano."

Dye Dress, Skirt or Faded Curtains in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Labor Saving.

A dentist had just moved into a place previously occupied by a baker when a friend called.

"Pardon me a moment," said the dentist, "while I dig off those enameled letters of 'Bake Shop' from the front window."

"Why not merely dig off the 'B' and let it go at that," suggested the friend.

Knitted ties and over-ornamented walking-sticks have fallen under the ban of the best dressed men in Paris society.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Applying His Knowledge.

Bolshevik's Son—"Mother, you have no constitutional right to send me to bed without my supper."

Mrs. Bolshe—"What do you mean, Ivan?"

"You are governing without the consent of the governed."

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds. A Black Poppy.

As the new preacher of the colored Baptist church was passing one morning he leaned over the fence to admire Sam Hill's flowers.

"Sam," he said, "I understand you have a white poppy."

Sam became indignant. "No, sah," he said emphatically. "You been hearing 'bout Samuel Johnson. My daddy's black as the ace o' spades."

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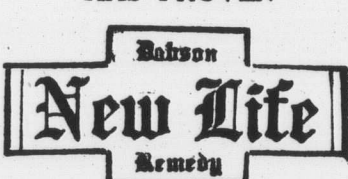
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