

Always keep
BOVRIL
in the House
Bovril prevents that Sinking Feeling.

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XLIV.—(Cont'd.)

While Conal was there he would dominate, convert him into the shaking, shrieking thing McNab became when the fear of violence, or a violent death, took possession of him; but afterwards, when Conal was gone, his brain would get to work—that cunning brain of his, quickened by a sense of his injuries and his spluttering, passionate fear and hate of the man who had humiliated and thwarted him. Deirdre wondered how it would fare with Conal then, whether McNab would outwit him. He would try. He was made that way—McNab—to scheme out of holes and corners. If Conal would have to reckon with him in the end, she realized that it would have been better to let the reckoning be now, before any

further mischief was done. Yet her mind shuddered at the thought. She knew that she had meant to delay it.

When Steve came shambling into the yard, blinking at the sunlight, she told him that Conal had returned and that he had gone down to the Black Bull, but would be back by the evening.

He exclaimed all the morning about Conal's coming, and had a thousand questions to ask. Where had Conal been? What had he been doing? Why was it he had gone off the way he did without saying a word to anybody? All of which Deirdre had not thought to ask. But they talked about Conal all the morning. Steve came in from cutting ferns for the cow-shed to ask if Conal was going to stay long. What was he going to do? Was he going up to the trial? Had she told him what McNab had said to them?

Deirdre wanted to be very busy all day so that the time would not seem long till Conal returned.

Steve with his questions made a little current of joyous excitement. Ordinarily the days were very still and empty. She swept and dusted, cooked their food, washed the dishes and sewed, with latterly only anxious thoughts to occupy her mind.

"How is he looking?" Conal? Steve asked, coming to the door when she was beating cream into butter in a delf bowl. He had come in as the idea for a new question occurred to him.

"Oh, well," she said, "but he'd been riding hard and was tired out. I think he's a bit thinner than he used to be, and he was awfully hungry."

"You gave him a drop of grog?" he asked, anxiously.

Deirdre nodded. "He was wet through. I thought he'd have his death of cold to-day."

"But he was all right this morning?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where did he come from?" She shook her head.

"Hadn't you better finish laying down the ferns," she said. "He may be back sooner than we think—and then you'll want to talk to him."

"Oh, yes!" He shuffled out of doors again.

A moment later he put his head in the window. His shabby, drooping hat was outlined against the blank of sunshine. His face looked in at her under the shadow of his hat, bright with a question.

"What did he go to the Wirree for, Deirdre?"

"Oh!" She hesitated. "He wanted to see McNab."

"Why?"

Steve chewed the cud of a wondering thought.

"Why did he want to see McNab, Deirdre?"

"He'll tell you when he comes," she said.

The bare kitchen had the musky, warm smell of newly-baked bread and of curdy, sweet buttermilk by the afternoon. Deirdre had made bread and new butter for Conal. She had prepared a good meal for him when he came home in the evening. After she had scrubbed the wooden table until it was of a weathered whiteness, and reddened the bricks round the hearth, she looked about for other household tasks to work at so that the day would seem shorter.

It was late in the afternoon when she brushed her hair, twisted it up anew, put on a fresh frock, and sat down to sew until Conal came. Steve went out to the road every now and then to see if there were any signs of him.

Deirdre glanced at the shadows the trees cast. She dared not expect Conal before sunset. Her needle flew in and out of a piece of stiff unbleached linen Mrs. Cameron had given her some time ago. She thought of her when she was afraid to think of Conal and what was happening in Wirreeford.

The sun sank behind the distant line of hills, and the jackasses on the high branches of a tree by the road laughed their good-night to the sun. She could not restrain her impatience any longer, and went to the road. Her eyes strained to see Conal and his bay horse, forging out of the gloom that was beginning to gather amongst the trees, hanging mysterious, impalpable veils across the ends of the track where the trees met over it, and it dwindled into a wavering thread.

She lay down by the roadside, and pressed her ear to the earth to listen for the sound of hoof-beats, but only the forest murmurs came to her, the moan of the wind in the valleys, the leafy murmur of the trees, the creaking of broken and swaying branches, the faint calling of birds, all confused and mingled in a vague wave of sound.

The last foot of the jackasses in the misty depths of the hills drifted across the quiet evening air. The cows had gathered against the paddock fence and were lowing plaintively for the evening milking.

Deirdre drove them into the yard and milked. When she had taken the pails indoors, she went again to the road, gazed down into the darkness that had now gathered over the track, and listened for the rapid beat of hoofs on the road.

A glimmer of light in the shanty

windows told Deirdre that Steve had lighted up. He came to the door.

"Conal's late, Deirdre?" he called. "Yes," she replied.

She stood there quite still staring down the road.

"What do you think can have kept him?"

Steve had come out and was standing beside her.

Her face was very wan to his old eyes; her dark hair blew in tendrils about it.

"I—don't know!"

She saw the anxiety start in his eyes.

"Oh, it's all right!" She took his arm and they went towards the house again.

"He'll be having a game of cards with the boys. It's too soon to expect him, that's all. We'll go in and have supper."

She spread the table and put out the hot dinner she had made for Conal. Steve's hunger increased at the savory smell of it, and because it was later than they usually had their meal, he ate steadily and with ready relish. Deirdre sat down at the table with him.

"Aren't you going to have anything?" he asked when he saw that she was not eating.

"I'll wait for Conal," she said.

Steve dozed in his chair afterwards. The night that closed in on the forest was of a soft, thick darkness. Deirdre stood in the doorway looking out into it for a while. Not a star hung its silver lamp over the hills. The wind crept with slow, uncertain breaths about the shanty. She shut the door.

She carried her work-basket, with the socks that she had been mending the night before, to the table. But she could not work; her hands would not stir. She sat listening, listening.

Steve had taken out his pipe and sucked it, nodding in his chair by the fire. His teeth relaxed their grip as he dozed; the pipe fell on the floor. Deirdre started to her feet as the sound broke the stillness. It awakened him too. He stared stupidly about him with sleep-dazed eyes.

"What's that?" he asked. "Has Conal come yet?"

"No," she said, picking up the pipe. "Perhaps you'd better not wait up for him."

"Yes! Yes!" he muttered testily. "Of course I'll wait."

He sank back into his chair and presently was sleeping again.

Deirdre went back to the table and sat there staring before her, listening fixedly. Hour after hour went by.

A quick breath crossed her lips; she ran to the door and threw it open.

A gust of wind rushed into the room and it brought the sound of a horse on the road. She slammed the door and went back to the hearth, raked the embers and pulled back the log so that it fell with a shower of sparks and the flames leapt up over the new wood. She moved the pots with Conal's dinner in them nearer the fire,

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.

and opening the door again, stood by it waiting.

Ginger swung round the corner, and Conal on her. He was riding low, huddled against her neck. The way he dropped from the saddle drove the breath from Deirdre's body.

He threw out his arms and staggered forward. He would have fallen if she had not been there to hold him. She dragged him indoors leaning against her.

"Steve—Steve!" she called.

The old man was beside her in an instant.

Conal had fallen, his legs crumpling up under him. There was a stain of blood on his clothes.

Deirdre tore them from the place where the blood welled. She put the brandy Steve brought to Conal's lips, and sent Steve for water and rags, telling him where to find the soft scraps she kept together for burns or cuts.

"It's like the wound Davey had," Steve cried, when he saw the way the flesh was plowed up on Conal's breast, "only nearer the heart."

Conal moaned as the cold water struck him. A damp sweat lay on his forehead.

"It's all up—I'm done for," he muttered. "Give me—your hand, Deirdre—never—never thought I'd reach you—but I couldn't die—there—in the dark—down by the creek."

His voice failed.

"Don't try to talk, Conal dear," she begged. "You'll be all right if you keep quiet—lie still—Davey was."

But there was a greyness about Conal's face, a dimness that Davey's had not had.

"Davey?" he muttered. "Davey—"

His eyes opened; they were the wild, bright eyes, reckless and challenging, of Fighting Conal.

"You—believe—I shot Davey?"

"No," Deirdre bent over him, her breath coming sobbingly. "I don't believe it now, Conal. The same hands that did this to you—did it to Davey, too."

"A damn', whispering slug in the dark!" he gasped. "It was by the culvert over by the creek too—from the cover of the trees—And I know whose hand it was—I saw the slinking hound. By God—why did I let him off? Why did I think I'd got him tight enough?"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

About the House

SIMPLE DESIGN FOR CENTRE-PIECE.

Buttonhole around the linen centre with No. 20-white cotton thread. Then crochet the lace on with crochet cotton No. 50.

First Row—Making 1 tr under stitch of the buttonholing; 2 ch, 1 tr under next stitch. Repeat to end of round, and join to first tr.

Second Row—Dc 1 in next 2 tr, 3 ch; 4 tr in same hole, * 2 ch; 1 tr in each of next five holes with 2 ch between each; 2 ch, 5 tr in next hole. Repeat from * to end of next hole, and join.

Third Row—Make 4 sl st on the 4 tr at the beginning of the last row; 1 dc in the next hole, 3 ch; 4 tr in same hole (this occurs at the beginning of the next seven rows, so will be described as 5 tr to save space); * 2 ch, 1 tr in each of the next four holes with 2 ch between each; 2 ch, 5 tr in next hole; 2 ch, 5 tr in next hole. Repeat from * to end of row and join.

Fourth Row—* tr 5 in next hole 2 ch; 1 tr in second hole from tr just made, 2 ch; 5 tr in second hole from tr just made, 5 ch; 1 long tr in hole between the two groups of tr, 5 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Fifth Row—* tr in next hole, 2 ch; 5 tr in next hole, 5 ch; 1 dc under next 5 ch, 1 dc on the long tr; 1 dc in next hole, 5 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Sixth Row—Tr, 5, * 8 ch; 5 dc, one before, three on and one after the three dc of last row, 8 ch, 5 tr in next hole. Repeat from * and join.

Seventh Row—* tr 5 in next hole of 8 ch in last row, 5 ch; 3 dc in centre of the 5 dc, 5 ch; 5 tr in next hole of 8 ch, 4 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Eighth Row—* 5 tr, 3 ch; 1 long tr on second dc, 3 ch; 5 tr in next hole, 3 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 4 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr all under the next 4 ch, 3 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Ninth Row—* 5 tr in next hole, 2 ch; 5 tr in next hole, 2 ch; 2 long tr in first hole of 1 ch, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr all in middle hole of 1 ch, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 2 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Tenth Row—* 5 tr between the two groups of tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in the first hole of 1 ch, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 4 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in middle hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr in next hole, 1 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Eleventh Row—Sl st on the first tr, 1 dc on the 3rd tr, 4 ch; * 2 long tr in first between 1 tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in 2d hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr in 3d hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr, 1 ch; 2 long tr in middle hole, 1 ch; 2 long tr in 1st, 2d and 3d holes of 1 ch; 1 long tr in 3d tr of the group. Repeat from * and join to the 4 ch at beginning of the row.

Twelfth Row—* 5 ch and 1 dc in every hole. In the previous row there is a 1 tr between the points, and the dc must come on the 1 tr, so there will be 10 holes of 5 ch. Repeat from * and join.

Thirteenth Row—Sl st on the first 2 st of previous row; 1 dc under the 5 ch; * ch, 1 dc into each loop around the point; at the tenth hole of last row after 6 ch insert the hook in the 10th hole and first hole of next point, and dc, which will make 9 holes around the point. Repeat from * and join.

Fourteenth Row—Like the 13th except that you make 8 ch instead of 6 ch, and insert the hook in the 9th row and 1st holes.

Fifteenth Row—10 ch instead of 8 ch between dc.

Sixteenth Row—12 ch between each dc.

Seventeenth Row—14 ch between each dc.

Eighteenth Row—15 ch between each dc.

LOST, A PROMOTION.

Meta Carrick hung up her jaunty hat and fur coat and revealed a new gown with the latest style girdle. But oddly enough she was not thinking of the new gown; she responded absently when Myrtle Bright spoke of it.

"Yes," she said, "it is good-looking, isn't it? Miss Reed in Mackenzie's gave me the tip. It's a sample—not on sale yet. Say, girls, I had a chat with Rudolph."

Martha Erskine's face did not change. Yet Meta knew that Martha disliked hearing anyone speak of a man without using the title mister. Somehow Martha irritated her, though Meta never had taken the trouble to decide just why. Now, looking straight at Martha, she repeated her statement.

"Yes, sir," she continued. "Wasn't it luck? I met Rudolph on the stairs, and he called me into the office to ask something about the vouchers in the Dunlap contract. I

didn't miss my chance, I'll tell the world! I just hinted that I had had three other positions offered me."

"O Meta, you didn't!" Martha exclaimed.

"O Martha, I did!" Meta mimicked angrily. "Why not, Miss Last Century? You've got to do your own pushing if you want to get anywhere. I've never discovered that anybody was standing round waiting to do it for me! It strikes me it works pretty well."

Meta's glance swept from her gown with its unmistakable air to Martha's plain trim dress.

But Martha did not notice the glance. "Oh, I believe in pushing yourself," she replied, "but I think the right way to do it is to do your best possible work. To tell how many chances you have had—well, it's like telling a man that he isn't keen enough to see what good work you do. Besides, it doesn't seem—loyal—"

"Bosh!" Meta interrupted her. But for a moment the girl was uneasy; then the feeling passed. She was quite as expert as Martha Erskine, and she knew what an asset she had in her air of health and competence! She felt very sure that no man in his senses would hesitate in choosing between the two in a matter of promotion.

A week later, when a vacancy occurred, Mr. Rudolph did not hesitate. He chose Martha. Then he called Meta to his office and told her why.

"You do good work, Miss Carrick," he said. "But we value very highly a quality called loyalty. To boast constantly of opportunities elsewhere seemed to us a bit inconsistent with that feeling. I am telling you this because you have so much ability that it seems a pity you should miss opportunities because of a thing so easily remedied."

Meta came from the interview with high color and angry eyes. "Resign?" she cried in answer to Myrtle Bright's question. "You bet I resigned! Anybody who would choose Martha Erskine!"

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

A Doubtful Compliment.

Gushing Lady—"Major, do you remember the time you proposed to me and I refused you?"

Gallant Major—"Madam, it is one moment in my life that I remember with the greatest pleasure."

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Cool, fresh, rested skin tingling with health and comfort—
Feeling cleaner than you ever felt before—
Because of the big, creamy lather of Lifebuoy.