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CHAPTER XXXVII.

She ran out of doors for water. In

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)

Steve watched in the room beside ment of his eyes. He sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

Steve watched in the room beside Davey.

His shrunken, crippled limbs ached. His head sank on his breast. He drooped and slept forgetfully. The Schoolmaster strode the length of the kitchen. The fire smouldered low. He threw some wood on it. The crackling flames flashed and played freakishly across the room. He wondered if Conal would come—where he was. The hours passed. There was no sound or sign of late riders from the Wirree. He opened the door of the hut. The night was very still. Only a mopoke called plaintively in the distance.

There was a stir in the room in which Davey was sleeping. Farrel heard Steve's voice in startled and sleepy protest. The door opened, Davey stood on the threshold, his eyes with a delirious brightness in them. "What have you done about those calves?" he asked, his voice quick and clear.

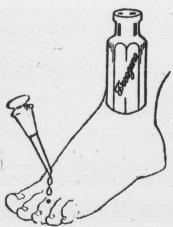
"We are going to let, 'em go," Steve.

might was very still. Only a mopode called plaintirely in the distance. There was a site in the room in the distance. There was a stir in the room in the still of the state o

"Don't be a fool, Davey!" Schoolmaster intercepted him. Davey pushed him aside.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



He fell back from her hands.
She threw herself across him, sobbing brokenly. Pressing her face close
to his, she leant over him, murmuring
and trying to revive him with a
breathless agony of grief and tenderness. A FINANCIAL COURTSHIP

Gonal stared at her a moment; then he swung heavily out of the hut into the yard. He had the gait of a drunken man. She heard him stumble over something in the yard, strike his head against a post. Then the sound of his horse's hoof-beats in the clearing deal. ing died.

Deirdre looked down at the still

Deirdre looked down at the still figure beside her. In spite of what she had said she could not believe that Davey was dead—that all that young, strong body would not move again, that Davey's eyes would not open and look at her with the ager, questioning glance she had known. Something of the horror of his stillness had passed; she moistened his lips with the spirit. Putting her arms round him she gathered him up against her, put his head on her bosom and leaned over him, crooning softly, as though he Deirdre and the black boy drove their straggling herd into the stock-yard in the narrow bush clearing, walled by trees, an hour or two before dawn.

The stock-yards which Conal had put up at the end of Narrow Valley were invisible to any but those who knew the winding track that led over the brow of the hill and through the heavy timber on the spur, to the old hut at the foot of it. Teddy was pulling the rails of the outer-vard into

NURSES

offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the reme," she meaned. "Deirdre, that loves you. Your sweetheart, Davey!"

The cry died away.

In her frenzy she had not heard the door open. Spent with anguish, she laid her head against Davey's still one. She felt rather than saw that someone was there in the hut behind her. She turned. Conal was standing in the doorway.

She stared at him. He might have glimmering night behind him. There is glimmering night behind him. There was something stricken, aghast, about him. He gazed at her as if the tragic woe of her face were a revelation to him.

"He's dead—and it's you that have traded to you have in the card," we could have called him Conel" she said at langth.

woe of her face were a revelation to him.

"He's dead—and it's you that have killed him, Conal," she said, at length.

"You—love—him, Deirdre?" Conal asked.

So slow and dreary their voices were that they seemed to be talking in their sleep.

"Yes," she said, "and it's my heart that's dead with him."

"I didn't know you felt like that—about him, Deirdre," Conal said, a humble, awkward air about him.

That it was Davey lay there dead did not seem to trouble him. It was of Deirdre he was thinking in a mazed, dazed way, and the thing she had said to him.

"You've done what no woman could half singing, half sighing that beguilforgive you, Conal." A vibrating passion had come to her voice. "I never want to see you again as long as I Hive."

Lonal stared at her a moment; then he swung heavily out of the hut into the ward. He had the sait of all.

Birds' eggs."

Her voice ran on with a brooklike tenderness.

"If you'd come back, we could have all those times again, Davey," she whispered, looking down into his face beneath, hers.

Just when there was the faintest shimmer of dawn in the dim windows, a fluttering breath caught her face. She put the spirit to his lips again. So, chafing his hands and calling him, with tearful and eager little cries, the shadows.

Davey openel his eyes. They dwelt on her with a deep, serene gaze. She smiled and went on crooning to him, and singing, half sighing that beguiling little melody of tenderness and entreaty. Warmth came back to him.

Diverme the trouble him has a mother leads a child just learning to walk, from the valley of the shedwes.

Davey openel his eyes. They dwelt on her with a deep, serene gaze. She smiled and went on crooning to him, be the shed the she

bunk and put them under him on the floor.

He slept. A faint smile on his mouth, his hand sought hers, the fingers curled round it. She sat watching him, a mist of awe and joy and thankfulness gathering in her eyes, because it seemed to her that a miracle had been accomplished that night in Narrow Valley hut.

in Narrow Valley hut. (To be continued.)

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The uphill along the spur.

Deirdre opened the door of the hut.

Davey took a step or two into it and fell

Bran muffins—1 cup flour, 1 tbsp. saft, 1 tsp. soda, ½ to 2 cups sour milk, 2 cups shortening (melted), 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. celery, 2 tbsp. seeded raisins, 1-3 cup with the dry materials. Add the the semi-darkness of the hut it was difficult to find anything to put water in, but there was a pannikin near the water barrel and she filled that and not pour from a spoon. Bake in not pour from a spoon. Bake in and enough milk to form a batter of tity of sweet or sour cream may be tore pieces of calico from her petti-coat to bathe his wound. present muffin pans about one-half hour.

coat to bathe his wound.

Groping along the shelves near the fireplace she found the end of a thick rush and tallow candle. She did not light it at first because the fire had Excellent lemon mincemeat-1/2 cup shortening, 2 large lemons, 1 tsp. powdered cinnamon, 4 apples, 1 tsp. sprung up and was lighting the room, showing its meagre equipment, the branding irons and a saddle flung down in a corner, a bunk against the wall with a couple of sheepskins over it, a table with two or three pannikins and a black bottle on it. There was a drain of some spirit in the bottle. She poured it carefully into a pannikin and held it to Davey's lips. His immobility frightened her. She lit the candle and held it close to his face. Under the leaping yellow flames face. Under the leaping yellow flames it had the mask-like stillness and pal-chopped), lemon peel, shortening, cur-

cheese (grated Amer.), 3 tbsp. walnut meats, 1/2 cup boiled dressing. Mix together the cheese and the chopped cupful of celery and add all to the dressing, mixing thoroughly. Serve in nests of lettuce. An equal quan-

combined with the dressing if desired. Fruit tapioca—½ cup pearl tapioca, ¼ cup almonds, 2½ cups cold water, % tsp. salt, 1 inch stick cinnamon, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup currant jelly, 1/4 cur citron, 1/4 cup sherry wine or fruit juice, ¼ cup seeded raisins.. Soak tapioca in cold water over night or

The Child Born Deaf.

cluded those who become deaf before acquiring speech and intelligence; those who become deaf between the ages of six and sixteen; and those who

become deaf after the age of sixteen. Children of the first class will grow up to be deaf-mutes unless taken in hand early and taught by scientific methods to articulate. Members of the family should speak to them loud and distinctly close to the ear. The whole family must be made to realize that here is an opportunity to do great good, and that, if they selfishly refuse to take the trouble to speak loud and distinctly, the child will grow up with the enormously greater handicap of inability to talk properly—and they will be responsible for his condition just as much as if they had cut out his tongue!

school age will have learned to speak but if neglected will never learn the speech of educated adults and may even forget much that they have a quired. Those who become deaf after sixteen or seventeen are in the class of the adult deaf and must in general look to themselves to acquire new knowledge and to retain what they already possess.

Tips to Canna Growers. My cannas make much more beau-

bulbs do best if they are growing well before being set out. They are heat lovers, and will not grow to amount to anything if planted while the soil is cold. If started in pots or flats and allowed to get a good start they will make blooming plants just that much sooner. A canna clump is increasing I sometimes have had plants two feet in size all the time while growing. Each flowering stalk sends out two side shoots, with eyes at their end, as soon as the parent shoot is well launched on its way, so this increase in size is pretty rapid. The more of these side shoots I can get to blooming size the more flowers I have. The plant will keep on sending up blooming stalks and forming new eyes until frost stops it. It follows that even a little start ahead of the time you can get the bulbs to grow outside, which is not earlier than you plant the started plants, will make your cannas much more effective during the whole blooming season. It is not that it makes them a little earlier, but that it makes them correspondingly more beautiful for the whole summer after they begin blooming.

Cannas are so hardy and so easy to start and transplant that you do not have to pamper them any. I have placed a clump on the ground where there was a fair light and warmth, and watered it well, and the new shoots

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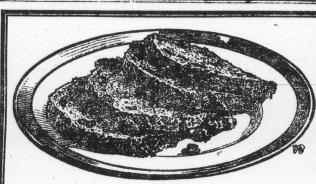


started at once, and soon were sturdy. I divided the clump when they had My cannas make much more bear pleaves eighteen increase them apart tiful plants if Latart them early. The of the shoots. I just cut them apart so each plant had some roots and a piece of the rizom on it. It went on growing without showing any serious check. I prefer, though, to cut the bulbs out when dormant, and pot up in four-inch pots, and then shake them out and plant when the time comes. high this way.-Agnes Hilco

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