

# The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.  
Dr. Eady, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, met with an accident while on a motor trip in the foothills of Alberta and found a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute 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. He spends the evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction David's education thrives apace. He becomes a member on the Call. One Sunday he told Edith the story of his life and his compact with Irene. Conward drops in with talk about "industrial development" and fires David's imagination. They form a real estate partnership. A boom follows, making David a millionaire, but he vaguely distrusts his partner, Roberta Morrison, compiler of the woman's page of The Call, comes to his office one evening and Dave orders dinner.

## CHAPTER XL—(Cont'd.)

"A recherche repast," screamed Bert, half through her soup, with a great burst of merriment. "Oh, I must tell you. You remember the McFords? You used to shovel coal for them. I know you're no snob, or I wouldn't put it so brutally. Of course, they're rich. Sold the old stable-yard for a quarter of a million, or thereabouts, and are now living in style. Some style! When they have guests, as they nearly always have—there'll be parasites as long as there's money—old man McFord gets breakfast in evening dress. And she orders the chiffron to take the guests down to the depot in their Packard. But one thing has gone to her heart. She didn't realize in time that it wasn't good form to be profane. Now that she knows three is the limit she has sent the other six to the country. But that isn't what I started on. She called up this morning and gave me hell because I said yesterday that I had served a recherche repast at some function they pulled off the other night. 'See here, young woman,' she says, 'I want you to understand there's none of that recherche stuff in my talk. Nothing short of champagne, every drop of it. I just yelled.'"

"Why didn't you print a retraction?"

"I don't know."

"I do. It's because, Miss Roberta, beneath your cynicism and your assumption of masculinity, you are as sympathetic as a young mother. It would be mean to put over anything like that, and you just can't do it."

"Nonsense. You see what I print at times."

"Bert," he said suddenly, "why don't you get married?"

"Who, me? Then she laughed. 'I guess I'm too young. It would be mean to put over anything like that on a man, and a girl wouldn't have me.'"

"Well, then, why don't you buy some real estate?" he continued, jocularly. "Every man should have some disposition—something to make him forget his other troubles."

"A little late in the meal for that word, isn't it?"

He stared a moment, and then sprang to his feet. "I beg your pardon. What will you drink?"

"What you drink?"

"But I drink coffee."

"So do I. I may be mannish, Dave, but I don't think I'm a fool. I can understand a man drinking, but not a woman. It's too gorgeous."

"But I'll smoke a cigarette."

"Now, as for real estate. The fact is, I have invested."

A look came into his face which he did not understand. "With whom?" he demanded, almost peremptorily.

"With Conward & Elden," she answered.

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up and said, "Forgive me, Dave, I didn't mean to whine." When he thought of it, long afterward, he had a sudden conviction that if he had realized then just how much of a brick she was he would have proposed to her on the spot. . . . And she would have laughed, and said, "Now, Dave, don't spoil our fun with anything like that."

What she did do was to let her hand creep up his arm until she could tap his cheek with her second finger. "Is this all the entertainment you can think of to-night?" she bantered.

He glanced at his watch. "Late for a theatre," he said, "but we can ride. Which do you say—auto or horse-back?"

"I can't go horse-back in these clothes, and I don't want to change."

Dave pressed a button, and the omnipresent Chinese "boy" stood before him. "My car," he said. "The two-passenger car. I will not want a driver." Then, continuing to Miss Morrison, "You will need something more than that coat. Let me see. My smoking jacket should fit."

In a few minutes they were threading their way through the street traffic in Dave's machine. Whatsoever had been his forecast of impending disaster, the streets held little hint of it. They were congested with traffic and building material. Although it was late at night the imperious clamor of electric riveters rattled down from steel structures on every hand. Office blocks, with their rental space all contracted months in advance, were being rushed to completion by the aid of electric lights and double shifts. But presently the traffic thinned, and the car hummed through long residential avenues of comfortable homes. From a thousand unmarked windows came the glow of light; here and there were the strains of music. On and on they sped, until

the city streets and the city lights fell behind, and the car was swinging along a fine country road, through a land marked with streams and bridges, and blocked out with fragrant bluffs of young poplars.

At last, after an hour's steady driving in a delight of motion too keep for conversation, they pulled up on the brow of a hill. A soft breeze from the south-west, sensuous with the smell of spruce and balsam-of-gilead, pressed, cool and gentle, against their faces, and far to the south-east some settler's burning straw pile lay like an orange-red coal on the lips of the prairie, from which she blew an incense of ruddy gold and ochre, fan-shaped against the heavens. Behind them, to the north, far-away city lights danced and sparkled in the lap of the f-th's like diamonds strewn by some mighty and profligate Croesus. Dave switched off his lights, the better to appreciate the majesty of the night, and in the silence came the low murmur of water. There were no words. They sat and breathed it.

(To be continued.)

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## Woman's Interests

### What's In the School Lunch Basket?

With the opening of the new term of school, the minds of many mothers are again turned to the perplexing problem of the school lunch, and indeed at times it becomes a perplexing one. To plan, in such a manner, as to always have just the right thing on hand for lunch is no simple task and this task becomes even more difficult to the mother who isn't just a few blocks from a grocery store, but sometimes a few miles. Nevertheless, I believe my sympathies rest with the children who are obliged to eat these noonday lunches, for that has been my experience for some sixteen years. Mary had a little lunch.

To tell the honest truth, too little, quite inadequate; it wouldn't fill a toddler.

It went with her, this little lunch. This paper, bread and butter.

To school each day; she lost her punch. Her health was sadly shaken!

Till Mary's school served every day a warm milk soup nutritious.

Now ask her how she feels; she'll say, "Oh, boy, I feel auspicious!"

The thought of the second stanza of this little jingle is seldom true, for the lunch packed by mother contains sufficient amount, but that amount may lack in nutrition, variety and an appetizing manner of packing. The normal child that gets "two miles of oxygen twice a day" needs plenty of nourishing food. It is an easy matter to school and says each day needs a nutritious and appetizing lunch.

to build up the cells of his body that are being consumed by these activities. If the lunch basket doesn't supply its part of this needed vitality in the daily menu of the child, then the result is bound to attract attention.

There are still many cases where the problem is not solved by a "warm milk soup nutritious," as referred to in the third stanza. Some rural schools have furnished themselves with suitable equipment for serving at least one hot dish to each pupil at noon, but those cases are still the exception rather than the rule. However, I believe the time is coming when the spirit of co-operation in rural districts will be developed to such a measure when the rural school without hot lunches will be the exception in vice versa to the present predicament.

In preparing the contents of the lunch basket, the one great thing to be avoided is falling into a rut. Just because the child likes a certain dish is no reason why it should be in the lunch basket five days a week. It has been said, "Variety is the spice of life," and if it were changed to "Variety is the spice of the school lunch," I believe it would be equally true.

Sandwiches seem always to form the basis of any lunch and offer a good opportunity for daily change. The following are a number of fillings that will satisfy almost any appetite:

Chop very fine one-half dozen of the small mild stalks of celery, and two large tart apples, sprinkle lightly with salt and spread between slices of buttered bread.

Chop fine a bit of sliced cucumber pickle and some left-over salmon, pour a little melted butter over it, sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread on buttered bread.

Grate hard-boiled eggs on slices of buttered bread and sprinkle with salt and pepper. A bit of prepared mustard or mayonnaise may be appreciated by some.

Spread bread with chopped ham and thin slices of dried pickles.

With one cup of chopped celery mix

one tablespoon of walnuts and five eggs, or a small pickle. This is good with dark bread.

To one cup of chopped celery add one cup of cooked chopped raisins and moisten with a little lemon juice and mayonnaise.

If a little lemon juice or some nut meats are added to many of the jams or preserves they will make tasty fillings for sweet sandwiches.

Thin slices of cheese, pimento cheese, peanut butter, or slices of bacon add a welcome variety.

If Graham, brown, rye, bran, or raisin bread is used for these sandwiches, the change will help to tickle the palate.

The price of a thermos bottle for the lunch basket should be considered as money well invested. Many things can be carried in it and it gives a splendid opportunity to carry something warm for the lunch. It can be filled with the many different soups, broths or bolognas, or cocoa, or milk, with a change every day.

For the mother who plans the lunch the day before, there are many possibilities in little baked puddings, such as rice with dates or raisins, custards with jelly, a baked apple, junket, a cup of potato salad, or the numerous fruit jellies that are such favorites with the children.

Fruit of some sort, such as the apple, orange, banana, peach, which can be had when fresh, may be varied with prunes, dates or raisins when others are not to be obtained. Pickles, of which there are numerous varieties, to suit the individual taste, give a bit of relish to the school lunch, as do little fancy cakes and cookies.

When the lunch is opened everything will be in fine order and there will be no cake on the sandwich, or the pudding will not taste of the apple that was near it, if each article is wrapped separately in waxed paper.

A paper napkin should also be packed with the lunch, that the child may keep in mind his table manners while eating.

It is not necessary to have a wide variety for the lunch basket or an elaborate one, for a simple lunch with plenty of it, is much more suitable. Just see there is a little change each day. A little planning on mother's part will soon overcome the habit of a child grabbing a sandwich and running out to play without finishing his lunch.

The teacher should also assume this as her duty for the welfare of the children in her school to see that each one takes sufficient time to digest his lunch before rushing out to play.

"The Way I Do It."

I have enjoyed reading how other housekeepers "did things" and so thought I would tell of some helps I have learned. In canning sweet peppers, I wash them, remove the seeds, cut them up, if necessary, and cook a few minutes in saucing and water, then drain them and pack into small jars or wide-mouthed bottles and fill with vinegar, and when cold dip into melted paraffin. If preferred the jars can be filled with the hot brine. Mine keep fine. I use empty vaccine jars if I have only a few peppers.

Old stockings tops sewed together and saturated with any good polishing oil—such as is used on dust mops—make fine rubbers to rub the tops and sew marks off the darts and saves lots of washing.

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**How Do You Pronounce It?**  
Grandfather always said his "grooms" hurt, meaning the fleshy covering of his jaws. But when he had to masticate his food with those toothless jaws, he said, "I guess I'll have to gum it." The word is pronounced the same whether as noun or verb, whether it means the covering of the jaws or the stuff that you buy for a nickel a package. Don't tell the dentist your "grooms" hurt.

**Forgot the Baby.**  
The clergyman drew near to the baptismal font and directed that the candidates for baptism should be presented. A woman in the congregation gave a gasp of dismay and turned to her husband, whom she addressed in a strenuous whisper.

"There! I knew we'd forget something. John, run home as fast as you can and fetch the baby."

**Perfectly Safe.**  
"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked a physician, "are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors sometimes give wrong diagnosis and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever."

"You've been woefully misinformed," replied the medico indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia he dies of pneumonia."

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## Treasure Islands of the Frozen Seas.

While most people are aware that Spitzbergen, four hundred miles north of the coast of Norway, is rich in minerals, and that for some years past the coal has been mined from its cliffs in large quantities, the wealth of other far Arctic islands is by no means so valuable.

Southampton Island, for instance, which lies in Hudson Straits, is covered with rocky hillocks rich in graphite and mica. Some years ago the whaler Active brought back a number of cases of these minerals. Graphite, the material more familiar to us as black-lead, is becoming scarce in the more temperate latitudes, and is very valuable.

Gold and various precious stones, particularly amethysts, have been found in various islands off the coast of British North America, and further discoveries are certain to follow.

But the treasure islands, par excellence, of the Far North are the New Siberian, with their startling stores of fossil ivory. Few stretches of sea are more dangerous to navigate than those which surround these islands. For eight months of the year the sea is fast frozen, while during the remaining four the shallow waters are subject to violent storms. In 1769 a Yakut named Etkin, saw a large island north-east of the mouth of the Lena River, and a fur-trader, named Lisakov, visited the new land.

He found it simply packed with bones and tusks of mammoths. Three years later he travelled a hundred miles farther north and found a new island—Kotelnoi—which was also a cemetery of fossil ivory. He was granted a monopoly by the Russian Government, and made yearly visits, his men building huts and collecting vast stores of ivory.

In 1775 a government surveyor was sent, who said in his report: "It seems as if the whole islands are made of tusks and teeth of elephants, cemented together by sand and gravel."

Early in the nineteenth century two more ivory islands were discovered. All were equally full of tusks and teeth of elephants and rhinoceros, and of bones of buffalo ox and musk ox.

It is, of course, evident that this country must once have enjoyed a very different climate from its present intense cold, but as for any explanation of the cataclysm which destroyed all the teeming animal life, apparently at one blow, that is very far to seek.

**Floodlights on Trains.**  
Brilliant night illumination of its picturesque transcontinental route, is the plan contemplated by a large railroad system in the United States. The idea, as conceived at present, is to equip the observation coaches of its fast limited trains with a battery of powerful floodlights. These lights would be arranged to cover a range of approximately 160 degrees, with sufficient height and depth to illuminate the canons, rivers, lakes, and mountains in the vicinity of the right of way, as the train rushes on through the night. Power for operating the lamps would be furnished by the axle-driven generators with which railroad cars are now commonly equipped, and which ordinarily are never used to their full capacity.

Although, thus far, the location of the floodlights has been confined to the observation car, certain officials have suggested the advisability of placing them along the full length of the train. Also, further to enhance the effect, it has been proposed to employ lamps, or reflectors of various colors, which would undoubtedly yield fairylike scenes, particularly when directed upon snow-covered surfaces. Railroad men in authority have nothing but praise for the scheme, and while eagerly awaiting the completion of the initial floodlighting equipment, have pointed out the fact that there is an additional and practical value of the brilliant lights as a protection against rear-end collisions.

**Looking Backward is Dangerous.**

A wag says, "We know what happened to Lot's wife when she looked back; she was crystallized into salt. Lot didn't look back; he just went ahead and looked for another wife!"

Looking back is dangerous. To progress, we must keep our eyes turned forward, not backward. If we would succeed, we must be pliable to the changing conditions of life, always alert for the new idea, the new opportunity responsive to the forward movement. The habit of living in the past, of regretting what has gone by, shuts out the new chances, the new advantages that change brings. It sets up within us a hardening process which strangles growth and renders further development impossible.

Agreat many people go through life looking backward most of the time, and they are good illustrations of the thing that befell Lot's wife. They never go forward, they are never reaching the progressive or up-to-date. They stand still, become rusty and narrow, cases of arrested development.

—O. S. Marden.

An interesting migration is that of several hundred Icelanders to the Tanana Valley in Alaska. Last fall a delegation of Icelanders took home such glowing reports of the opportunities in the far Northwest that the new colony was formed. Icelanders are of Scandinavian and Irish descent. They are good grain farmers and should succeed in a country so much more productive than their own.

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