

# The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.  
Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find 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 an evening with Conard, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend his ways. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"You talk about your masters and your slaves, and your taxes and your marriages, and the women, and the shrill voice that penetrated every corner of the building. 'I can tell you something about masters and slaves. I'm hearing everywhere that what this country wants is population; that is the talk of the politician, and the learned men, that are supposed to know. Now, what is the country doing for those that bring the population—not from the slums of Europe, that is not what I'm asking—but for those that bring the native-born population—the only population that doesn't have to be naturalized? I'm the mother of six, and what has the country done for me, but leave me at the mercy of those who charge more for an hour's attendance than my old man can save from a month's drugery? And then, with my health broken down—in the service of the State—I have to go to the hospital, and they tell me I must have an operation, and I wake up with a horrid pain and a bill for a hundred and fifty dollars. All done in an hour, or less, and that's the bill, or part of it, for the hospital dues, and the extras and etceteras are still to come. Masters and slaves! More than I can save in a year, or two years, and no one to see whether the money was needed or not, or whether it was well done or not. When my kitchen pipes are plugged a plumber fixes them and charges me a dollar, and if he doesn't do it right he has to do it over again, and when the human pipes go wrong the man-plumber charges a hundred and fifty dollars, and if he doesn't do it right he collects just the same, and the undertaker adds another hundred. Now I don't know whether this comes under the head of Capital or Labor or Single Tax, but I do know it is outrageous extortion—extortion of blood money, imposed by the wealthy and prosperous on the poor and the sick and the unfortunate, and while the State clamors for population, it does not raise a finger to protect those who are bringing the native-born."

During this philippic Dave had turned toward the woman; her thin face still wore marks of refinement, and even his uncultured ear recognized a use of English that indicated a fair degree of education. But she was broken; crushed with the joint cares of motherhood and poverty, and desperate at the injustices of a system that capitalized her sacrifices. He had heard much talk of slaves, but here he felt, he saw one; not in the healthy, well-fed men with their deep mutterings against employers, but in this haggard woman from whose life the lamp of joy had gone out in the bitterness of suffering and physical exhaustion.

He spent the rest of the day alone, thinking. He was not yet sure of any road, but he knew that his mind had been made to think, and that his life was bigger than that night in the cabin in the morning. He might not find the right road at once, but he could at least leave the old one. He felt a strange hunger to understand all that had been said. He felt, also, a tremendous sense of his own ignorance; tremendous, but not crushing; a realization that the world was full of things to be learned; problems to be faced; conclusions to be studied out, and underneath was a sense almost of exaltation that he should take part in the studies and perhaps aid in the solutions. It was his first glimpse into the world of Reason, and it charmed and invited him. He would follow.

He went early to bed, thinking over all he had heard. His mind was full, but it was happy, and, in some strange way, fixed. Even the morning service

came back with a sense of worth-while as he recalled it in the semi-consciousness of approaching sleep. The music had been good. It had made him think of spring and the deep woods . . . and water . . . and wood smoke. . . . It was about a far-away land . . . and Reenie Hardy. She was very like Reenie Hardy.

## CHAPTER VII.

Fortunate Fate, or whatever good angel it is that sometimes drops unexpected favors, designed that young Elden should the following day deliver coal at the home of Mr. Melvin Duncan. Mr. Duncan, tall, quiet, and forty-five, was at work in his garden as Dave turned the team in the lane and backed them up the long narrow drive connecting the family coal chute. As the heavy wagon moved straight to its objective, Mr. Duncan looked on with approval that heightened into admiration. Dave shovelled his load without remark, but as he stood for a moment at the finish wiping the sweat from his coal-grimed face Mr. Duncan engaged him in conversation.

"You handle a team like you were born to it," he said. "Where did you get the knack?"  
"Well, I came up on a ranch," said Dave. "I've lived with horses ever since I could remember."  
"You're a rancher, eh?" queried the older man. "Well, there's nothing like the range and the open country. If I could handle horses like you there isn't anything would hold me in town."  
"Oh, I don't know," Dave answered. "You get mighty sick of it."

"Did you get sick of it?"  
Elden shot a keen glance at him. The conversation was becoming personal. Yet there was in Mr. Duncan's manner a certain kindness, a certain appeal of sincere personality, that disarmed suspicion.  
"Yes, I got sick of it," he said. "I lived on that ranch eighteen years, and never was inside school or church. Wouldn't that make you sick?"  
So I beat it for town, and then he said, "No, I ain't. That's what makes me sick now. I came in here intending to get an education, and I've never even got a start at it, except for some things perhaps wasn't worth the money. I've always seemed to be something else—in ahead."

"There always will be," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start."  
"I suppose so," said Dave, wearily, and took up the reins.  
"But Mr. Duncan persisted. 'You're not in such a hurry with that team,' he said. 'Even if you are late—even if you should lose your job over it—that's nothing to settling this matter of getting started with an education.'"

"But how's it to be done?" Dave questioned, with returning interest. "Schools ain't books cost money, and I never save a dollar."  
"And never will," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start. But I think I see a plan that might help, and if it appeals to you it will also be a great convenience to me. My wife likes to go driving Sundays, and sometimes on week-day evenings, but I have so many things on hand I find it hard to get out with her. My daughter used to drive, but these new-fangled automobiles are turning the world upside-down—and many a buggy with it. They're just numerous enough to be dangerous. If there were more or less they would be all right, but just now every horse is suspicious of them. Well—as I saw you driving in here I said to myself, 'There's the man for that job of mine, if I can get him'; but I'm not rich, and I couldn't pay you regular wages. But if I could square the account by helping with your studies a couple of nights a week I used to teach school, and haven't altogether forgotten—why that would be just what I want. What do you say?"

"I never saw anything on four feet I couldn't drive," said Dave, "and if you're willing to take a chance, I am. When do we start?"  
"First lesson to-night. Second lesson Thursday night. First drive Sunday," Mr. Duncan did not explain that he wanted to know the boy better before the drives commenced, and he felt that two nights together would satisfy him whether he had found the right man.

Dave hurried back to the coal-yard and completed the day's work in half an hour. It seemed he was at last started on a road that might lead somewhere. After supper he surprised his fellow-laborers by changing to his Sunday clothes and starting down a street leading into the residential part of the town. There were speculations that he had "seen a skirt."

Mr. Duncan met him at the door and showed him into the living-room. Mrs. Duncan, plump, motherly, lovable in the mature womanliness of forty, greeted him cordially. She was sorry Edith was out; Edith had a tennis engagement. She was apparently deeply interested in the young man who was to be her coachman. Dave had never been in a home like this, and his eyes, accustomed to comfortable furnishings, appraised them as luxury. There were a piano and a phonograph; leather chairs; a fireplace with polished bricks that shone with the glow of burning coal; thick carpets, springy to the foot; painted pictures looking down out of gilt frames. And Mr. Duncan had said he

was not rich! And there was more than that; there was an air, a spirit, an atmosphere that Dave could feel although he could not define it; a sense that everything was all right. He soon found himself talking with Mrs. Duncan about horses, and then about his old life on the ranch, and then about coming to town. Almost, before he knew it, he had told her about Reenie Hardy, but he had checked himself in time. And Mrs. Duncan had noticed it, without comment, and realized that her guest was not a boy, but a man.

Then Mr. Duncan talked about gardening, and from that to Dave's skill in backing his team to the coal chute, and from that to coal itself. Dave had shovelled coal all winter, but he had not thought about coal except as something to be shovelled and shovelled. And as Mr. Duncan explained to him the wonderful provisions of Nature; how she had stored away in the undiscovered lands billions of tons of coal, holding them in reserve until the world's supply of timber for fuel should be nearing exhaustion, and as he told of the immeasurable wealth of this great new source of coal resources, and of how the wheels of the world—traffic, and industry, and science even—were dependent upon coal and the man who handled coal, Dave felt his breast rising with a sense of the dignity of his calling. It was no longer dirty and grimy; it was part of the world; it was essential to progress and happiness—more essential than gold, or diamonds, or all the beautiful things in the store windows. And he had had to do with this wonderful substance all winter, and not until to-night had it fired the divine spark of his imagination. The time ticked on, and although he was eager to be at work he almost dreaded the moment when Mr. Duncan should mention his lesson. But before that moment came there was a ripple of laughter at the door, and a girl in tennis costume, and a young man a little older than Dave, entered.

(To be continued.)



## Woman's Interests

### Let's Have a Bacon Bat.

The season is here for planning a day along the untraveled ways through the woods or down the stream. Oh, yes, we have much necessary tramping around the house and garden but there is nothing quite like that whole day of recreation with all the girls in the neighborhood.

A "bacon bat," you know, is just a term applied to the outdoor feast at which broiled bacon is the king of the occasion.

It may be necessary to have a meeting for arrangements. To make the hike really interesting, it is always a good idea to visit some point of interest, either historical or natural, and there must be water available. We will not forget the girl who is yet a tenderfoot in hiking. On the first trip, the distance must not be too great for her.

There will be a captain and lieutenants for the day who will charge and whose orders we must all agree to obey—of course, we hope they will not be too strict. The captain selected is preferably the mother of one of the girls; the lieutenants are girls who will act as leaders of squads, selected as recreation leaders, water carriers, wood gatherers, cooks and dish washers.

Comfortable clothing is a necessity. Walking shoes with low heels; a khaki suit if we have one; if not, a comfortable dress and sweater, a hat with a brim and one of Dad's big handkerchiefs tied around the neck in cowboy fashion.

And remember, girls! We are much like Napoleon's army. You remember Napoleon thought the first necessity for his men. So let's think about the provisions to carry. Can you imagine anything better than sizzling bacon or juicy frankfurters broiled over the camp fire, and eaten between some of Mother's home-made rolls? And if you have never roasted potatoes in the coals under the camp fire, you simply don't know what you have missed!

The long stick on which the bacon is to be broiled will do double duty if roasting ears are ripe, as they too can be roasted over the fire. There must be something to drink, of course. Shall we decide upon cocoa?

To supply the necessary foods for this dinner, each girl may bring her own potato and roasting ears. For the other items, we will divide the girls into groups, all the girls of one group bringing extra rolls, others bring bacon, frankfurters, cocoa, milk for the cocoa and sugar to season it, butter for the potatoes, and so forth. Should the day be thundery, the milk will be sure to keep sweet until needed if scalded before starting.

The more knapsacks, the easier the load is to carry. It would be too bad to be bothered with baskets or bundles on the trip. You are lucky indeed if someone at home is the possessor of a thermos bottle in which to carry hot or cold drink right along.

There is something about these bacon bats that seems to melt away frowns and pouts and leave in their

## The Lost Land.

We question of the Captains  
Each morning on the quay,  
"Good Masters, have you ne'er a ship  
That sails to Arcady?"  
"North and East and South and West,  
Our white sails take the wind,  
But never port o' Arcady,  
May skipper touch or find."

O lost land and lovely land, across the  
leagues of foam,  
Across the sea, across the sand it's  
we'd be winning home,  
For that we chose to wander once in  
quest of golden gain  
Is never ship upon the sea can take  
us back again?

We question of the Wise Men;  
"Fair Sirs, of courtesy,  
Now show us where the glad star lies  
That shines o'er Arcady?"  
"North and East and South and West,  
We call the stars by name,  
But never land o' Arcady,  
Is lighted by their flame."

O lost land, of faith and truth, not all  
our useless tears,  
May bring us back the dreams of youth  
across the crowded years,  
Nor merchants in the market place,  
nor skippers on the sea,  
Nor craft, nor skill, nor wish nor will  
lead back to Arcady.

—Theodosia Garrison.

## Mammoth Pumping Plant.

A pumping plant has been installed deep in a South African gold mine that can lift 8,000,000 gallons of water a day 2,600 feet above its level.

## New Tea Kettle.

Water is boiled in one compartment of a new tea kettle and as desired admitted to another containing the tea.



Serve hot with or without sauce. If  
sauce is desired, a delicious one is  
made according to the following  
recipe:

Cream a quarter of a cup of butter, add one-half cup of powdered sugar and beat until smooth and light. Devonshire Apple Tart—Core, pare and slice tart apples. Line the sides of a well-buttered, deep pie plate with thin pastry and fill with the sliced apples. Add two tablespoonsfuls of cold water, one tablespoonful of butter cut into small pieces and about three-quarters of a cup of maple sugar sprinkled over the top. Cover with pastry strips and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender and the crust a delicate brown. Serve with cream.

When is a pancake not a pancake? Naturally, when it becomes a delicious, nutlike flavored doughnut made after the following recipe:

Dropped Pancakes—One egg, one-half cupful sugar, one-third teaspoonful salt, one-third teaspoonful grated nutmeg, one-half cupful milk, one-half lemon, grated rind, 1 1/4 cupfuls flour and three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Sift the flour and baking powder together and mix the ingredients in the order named. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fat. Fry like doughnuts until a rich brown in color.

## The Blue Apron.

It tells a tale of deeds to make,  
And pies to bake, and mats to shake;  
Of china rare to wash with care,  
Her blue check apron hanging there.

In this brave armor, day by day,  
She fights the fray and keeps at bay  
Her hated fogs of soot and dust  
And smears and stain and moth and rust.

And all her fond housewifely cares,  
Her thrills and fears this comrade shares,  
Abets and aids each charming plan  
To cheer a hungry homing man.

Ah, wife! although with dainty grace,  
In silk and lace you take your place,  
For me, the heart of home, my dear,  
Is your blue apron hanging there.

—G. M. Fowell.

## Very Sorry.

Little Michael had been on a visit to his grandmother, who had not been very well.

His father had come to fetch him home, and Michael, as he was leaving, felt that he must be polite.

So he looked up at his grandmother and said:  
"Good-bye, granny. I am so sorry you have been ill!"

"And I'm sorry, too!" his father put in.

Michael felt that this lessened the merit of his remark. So he continued:  
"But my granny is much bigger than his sorry, granny!"

## Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fisherman that she wanted some eels and when he asked her how much, replied, "About two yards and a half."

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked, politely.

"No; we wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."

## Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

## SUPERIOR--The Inland Sea

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A H this is a trip to remember! Six glorious days on the Great Lakes, voyaging 1,200 miles from Sarnia to Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Port William, Duluth and return. Six days of fresh air, sunny skies and blue waters. As long as you live you will recall with longing, the delicious meals they serve on board the "Northern," "Hamonic" and "Huronic." But best of all to most of us, is the daily life on shipboard—the dances, promenades and concerts—the delightful days on the wide, shady decks of a magnificent Great Lakes liner. And the trips ashore; the luncheon at Prince Arthur Hotel Port Arthur; the trip by train to Kakeboka Falls, near Port Arthur; the day in beautiful Duluth.

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## I Will.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;  
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;  
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear.

I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;  
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;  
I will try and find contentment in the paths that I must tread.

I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;  
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own.

I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—  
I will cease to preach my duty and be more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser.

## The Procession of Bottles.

A singular custom is that observed in Boulbon-en-Provence, a village in the department of the Bouches-du-Rhone, near the town of Aramon, so famous for its red wines.

Every year, on St. Marcellin's Day, that is on the first of June, there is a procession of bottles. About 7 o'clock in the evening, while the bells are ringing at full pitch, the men—the men alone—assemble and in a procession march to a distant chapel, every one carrying a bottle of his best wine.

The cure blesses these bottles after which the participants drink a gulp of this wine while the priest chants psalms.

At the end of the ceremony the cottage returns to the village, this time following the banner of St. Marcellin. And then every one goes home with the precious flask which is only opened in case of fever, stomach trouble or other indispositions.

St. Marcellin, in Boulbon-en-Provence, is as favorable to water as he is to wine. In periods of drought his bust is carried across the vineyards, whereupon the carriers sing, and immediately it rains.

## Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Bess, crying: "Boo, hoo! I scratched my hand on the pussy-cat."

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## Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

## Nothing Easier.

Mr. and Mrs. Jinton, a young couple recently married were beginning their housekeeping and were doing the work of putting the rooms in order themselves.

Mr. Jinton was having some trouble in hanging one of the presents, a fine clock, upon the wall of the dining room.

"Why is it taking you so long, dear," asked the young wife, to put up that clock?"

"I can't get it plumb," he replied. "Then why don't you send for the plumber?" she asked in perfect sincerity.

## The Reason.

Tourist—"Why, Donald, you surprise me. You don't like the English people and yet you have an English wife."

Donald—"With a sigh"—"Ay, mon, that accounts for it."

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