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## 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. Dr. Hardy's broken leg is mending and this is David and Irene's last evening together.

### CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

They reached an open space. Something black—or was it red?—lay on the ground. Dave bent over it a moment, then looked up to her white, clear face, whiter and clearer than ever since witnessing the strength of his hate.

"It's your lame calf Brownie," he said, as calmly as he could. "Half cut up. Wolves, I guess."

He saw her eyes grow slowly larger in the moonlight. Without a word she sank to her knees. He saw her fingers about her head, burrowing in her hair. Then she looked up, over the black trees, to the sky with its white moon and its few great stars.

"The poor, poor thing," she breathed. "The poor, innocent thing. Why did it have to die?"

"It's always the innocent things that suffers," he answered.

"Always the innocent things," she repeated mechanically. "Always—"

She sprang to her feet and faced him. "Then what about the justice of God?" she demanded.

"I don't know nothin' about the justice of God," he answered, bitterly.

"All I know is the critter at can't run gets caught," he said.

There was a long pause. "It doesn't seem right," she said at length.

"It ain't right," he agreed. "But I guess it's life. I see it here on the prairies with everythin' that lives."

Everything is a victim, some way or other. Even the wolves at tore this little beast 'll go down to some rancher's rifle, maybe, although they were only deen' what nature said."

He guessed it the same way in the cities. The innocent being hunted, and the innocent they are the easier they're caught. An' then the wolves begin off, an' sayin' it was only nature."

The girl had no answer. No one had ever talked to her like this. What was this country boy knowin'? And yet it was plain he did know. He had lived among the fundamentals.

"I guess I was like that, some," he went on. "I've been caught. I guess a baby ain't responsible for anything, is it? I didn't pick my father or my mother, did I? But I got to bear it."

There was something near a break in his voice on the last words. She felt she must speak.

"I think your father is a wonderful old man," she said, "and your mother must have been wonderful, too. You should be proud of them both."

"Reenie, do you mean that?" he demanded. His eyes were looking straight into hers. Once before she had faced her with that question, and she had not forgotten.

"Absolutely," she answered. "Absolutely, I mean it."

"Then I'm goin' to say some more things to you," he went on, rapidly. "Things at I didn't know whether to say or not, but now they've got to be said, whatever happens. Reenie, I haven't ever been to school, or learned lots of things I should 'a' learned, but I ain't a fool, neither. I know at when you're home you live thousands of miles from me, but I know at in your mind you live further away than that. I know it's like all the prairies an' all the oceans were between us. But I know, too, that people cross prairies an' oceans, an' I'm wantin' to cross. I know it takes time, an' I'll be a slow traveller, but I'm a mighty persistent critter when I start out. I didn't learn to break all those bottles in a day. Well, I can learn other things, too, an' I will, if only it will take me across. I'm goin' to leave this old ranch, someway, jus' as soon as it can be arranged. I'm goin' to town, an' work. I'm strong; I can get pretty good wages. I've been thinkin' it all over, an' was askin' some questions in town to-day. I can work days an' go to school nights. An' I'll do it if—"

"I'll do it if—it'll get me across. You know what I mean. I ain't askin' no pledges, Reenie, but what's the chance? I know I don't talk right, an' I don't eat right—you tried not to notice, but you couldn't help—but, Reenie, I think right, an' I guess with a girl like you that counts more than eatin' and talkin'."

She had thought she could say yes or no to any question he could ask, but as he poured forth these plain, passionate words she found herself enveloped in a flame that found no expression in speech. She had no words. She was glad when he went on.

"I know I'm only a boy, an' you're only a girl. That's why I don't ask no pledge. I leave you free, only I want you to stay free until I have my chance. Will you promise that?"

### When in Toronto visit the Royal Ontario Museum

253 Bloor St. West, near Avenue Road  
Largest permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology, Zoology. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m. Bloor, Delt Line, Dupont and Avenue Rd. cars.

"Ain't we? But that's gone an' done; that old life's all busted, an' of a sudden, like a bolt, Bursell an' run cut. I got a big job on now, an' yet can't take no part. You jus' got to get out. You're gone, see?" He sold horse and saddle for sixty dollars and took a room at a cheap hotel until he should find work and still cheaper lodgings.

In the evening he walked through the streets of the little cow town. It was not altogether new to him; he had frequently visited it for business or pleasure, but he had never felt the sense of strangeness which oppressed him this night. In the past he had always been in the town as a visitor; his roots were still in the ranch; he could afford to notice the ways of the town, and smile to himself a whimsical smile, and go on. But now he was throwing in his lot with the town; he was going to be one of it, and it stretched no arms to welcome him. It snubbed him with its indifference. . . . He became aware that the gathering twilight in the great hills had never seemed so vague and empty as the dusk of this strange town. He realized that he had but one friend in the world; but one, and of her he knew not so much as her address. . . . He began to wonder whether he really had a friend at all; whether the girl would not discard him when he was of no further use just as he had discarded his faithful old horse. Tears of loneliness and remorse gathered in his eyes, and a mist not of the twilight blurred the street lamps now glimmering from their poles. He felt that he had

treated the horse very shabbily indeed. He wanted old Slop-eye back again. He suddenly wanted him with a terrific longing—wanted him more than anything else in the world. For a moment he forgot the girl, and all his homesickness centred about the beast which had been so long his companion and servant and friend. (To be continued.)

### Engines Made From Sand.

Modern science produces all kinds of things from the most unlikely sources but, even so, one would hardly expect to see important parts of a steam engine made from sand dug up from the sea-shore.

Cast-iron of excellent quality is now being made from the iron sands that abound on the shores of New Zealand. On over a hundred miles of coast there are millions of tons of this iron sand, but it is only during the last few years that it has been utilized.

The raw material—a heavy black sand—is shovelled into an electric furnace; purifying materials, such as limestone, are added, and the electricity is turned on. The electricity flows through great carbon rods, weighing nearly half a ton each, and makes an arc, or electric flame, in the furnace.

Under this flame the sand soon melts, and the heavy, molten iron sinks to the bottom of the furnace, whilst the lighter impurities float as a scum on the surface. At intervals the electricity is shut off, the whole furnace is tilted forward, and the iron runs into a ladle, from which it is poured into the moulds.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.



### Woman's Interests

#### Woman's Work at the National Exhibition.

The interior of the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition will have quite a new aspect to visitors to the fair of 1922, just as the interior of the Educational Pavilion will offer many surprises to the needlewoman who has sufficient foresight to send to the offices in the Lumsden Building for a copy of it before planning her contribution to the various competitions.

With a view to presenting every aspect of the work of Canadian women, the upstairs room, formerly devoted to the amateur art of both men and women, has been given over to the artistic professions. Its walls will be hung with the portraits of our musicians and composers and paintings by our artists, while the bookshelves will be lined with books by our own women writers, and the show-cases piled with handicrafts and the like.

With the same object, needlework, which has for years occupied the centre of the stage on the main floor, has had to give a turn to other phases of women's activity formerly neglected. In many new wall-cases space has been found for the linens and embroideries that formerly occupied two large cases in the middle of the central room. These cases have been removed and in their places a series of demonstration booths arranged where practical demonstrations will be in progress throughout the Exhibition fortnight, showing what Canadian women are accomplishing along lines of household science, home industry, business, handicraft, needlecraft and philanthropy.

Within the covers of the Educational Prize List, now obtainable from the offices of the Canadian National Exhibition in the Lumsden Building, will be found many other innovations, knowledge of which will be most essential to all exhibitors of women's work. Old exhibitors will be in danger of finding their work disqualified if they fail to study the changes, and new ones will find new opportunities to test the skill of their needlecraft.

Prizes for new ideas in almost every class offer scope for the inventive and the artistic.

Several entirely new classes have been added, too, including one for the civilian blind, one for Ukrainian women and children to encourage their continuance in this country of the artistic handicrafts, examples of which have been shown in the Women's Building from year to year; one in cookery for brides and one for girls of 16 to 20 years. Formerly these younger cooks had to enter into competition with seasoned housewives. Now the classes for the practical cook have been reduced in order to give the bride and the young girl a chance.

**Canning Peas.**  
Peas for canning should be young, tender, well grown and picked when in best condition for table use. Pick in the early morning or on a cloudy day; never after the sun has shone on them for several hours. If the peas can not be canned immediately, place them in a cool, damp place where they will keep crisp. Shell from the pods and can immediately.

Blanch from five to ten minutes in boiling water (five minutes if tender, ten minutes if old). Cold dip, then pack in jars, add boiling water (equal to each quart (from one to 1/2 teaspoonful of sugar may be added, if desired). Adjust the rubber and top

and partly seal. Sterilize from two to three hours in the hot-water bath, or one and one-half hours in a water-seal outfit, or under ten pounds of steam, for forty-five minutes in pressure-cooker. Remove the jars, tighten covers and invert to cool. Examine for leaks. Store in a dark, cool place.

Blanching is done by placing the peas in a fine wire basket colander, a square of cheese-cloth, or a cloth bag, then dipping in boiling water for from five to ten minutes. This partly cooks the peas, thus shrinking them, removes some of the gluey substance which coats them, and if properly done prevents cloudy liquor. It also turns the old tough peas yellow, thereby making them easy to pick out. A small amount of bicarbonate of soda—one-fourth of a teaspoonful to a ten-quart kettle of water when blanching—will aid in retaining the green color.

Plunging the container of blanched peas into cold water for a few seconds makes the peas firmer and more easily handled. Sometimes one tablespoon of salt is added to each quart of water for cold dipping.

Pack peas firmly in the jars to within one-half inch of the top. If too full some of the peas will burst and make the liquor cloudy. Sterilize by any method for the length of time indicated. Count time after the water starts boiling, if water-bath is used.

"Cloudy peas," that is, a cloudy appearance of the liquid, does not usually mean that the peas are spoiled, but is a result of the product having been roughly handled in blanching and cold dipping, or of split or broken peas not being removed before packing.

Blanching of peas that are too old may split them and cause a cloudy liquid. Frequently "cloudy peas" are caused by the use of very hard water.

"Flat sour" peas is a product having a disagreeable odor and sour taste, although showing no signs of spoiling. This is due to standing too long before canning or cooling off too slowly. Too much salt may develop a sour taste, also.

Green peas (and beans) are superior in nutritive value to other green vegetables due to large nitrogen content, which builds up bodily tissue and furnishes energy. They also contain much mineral, chiefly lime and potassium salts.

**The Tired Housewife.**  
"You have nothing to do but housework. I don't see why you should always be so fagged at night," her husband complained.

Her overtaxed patience snapped. "I'll show you how many steps I take!" she cried. "I'll prove to you how hard 'nothing but the housework' can be."

That was how the Tired Housewife came to buy her pedometer.

A pedometer is a little watch-like machine that measures the distance you walk just as a speedometer shows the distance an automobile goes. You adjust it to the length of your stride, hook it to your belt and it registers the job of each step.

The Tired Housewife found that in one average day's work about her house, she had taken 27,840 steps, or had walked nearly eight miles! This, of course, did not count the hours of standing or the labor done with her hands. At that rate she could have gone around the world in less than ten years.

This pedometer test called the Tired Housewife's attention to the fact that she was taking a great many steps unnecessarily.

A great proportion of these steps



## Get Some —energy and iron

NEVER mind the weather—get some new vitality—speed up any way. Don't be a lagger.

Vital men resist the heat. Let little raisins help. 75 per cent pure fruit sugar. 145 calories of energizing nutriment in every package—practically predigested so it gets to work almost immediately.

No tax on digestion so it doesn't heat the blood. Fatigue resisting food-iron also! All natural and good.

Try it when you're slipping—when you yawn at 3 P.M. Stiffens up your backbone and makes thoughts flow again.

Two packages and a glass of milk form greatest mid-day lunch you've ever tried.

## Little Sun-Maids

Between-Meal Raisins  
5c Everywhere  
—in Little Red Packages

were taken in a large, badly arranged kitchen. And so, when her husband built the long-planned addition to the house, he turned the old kitchen into a living room and built his wife a brand-new model kitchen, arranged to save steps.

**A Sunny Shower for the Bride-To-Be.**  
The invitations are on yellow paper or cardboard, cut round to represent the sun. The guests should be instructed to bring something yellow for this miscellaneous sunny shower.

When the guests arrive, the gifts are all concealed, and the party divided into two sides for charades. After a couple of words have been acted, the bride's side chooses the word Yellow, and announces to the opposing side that it rhymes with "mellow." The other side, of course, has been previously informed of all this. They first act out "below" and "fellow" and then come in laden with all the "yellow" packages and lay them before the bride.

There are any number of yellow gifts which would appeal to an engaged girl: yellow bowls for the kitchen, yellow towels, a centrepiece done in yellow, a guest-towel or bath-towel with yellow border, a yellow cretonne luncheon set, a yellow apron, yellow bon-bon dish, yellow pitcher and sugar bowl, seeds of yellow flowers for the garden, lingerie in yellow crepe-de-Chine, even dainty yellow handkerchiefs.

The centrepiece for the table might

be either a bowl of yellow blossoms, or a large ball made of yellow crepe paper to represent the sun. For place cards, regular shower cards in the shape of parasols and umbrellas come in different colors. These should be procured in yellow if possible. If these cannot be found, get place cards with old-fashioned girls in yellow dresses, or a small yellow flower in the corner.

If light refreshments are to be served, these must also carry out the yellow idea.

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### FORGET IT!

By Dr. Frank Crane  
The World-Famous Journalist, Philosopher, and Preacher.

It's over now. It's done. Forget it! Don't forever be raking it up, thinking it over, wishing you had done differently. Forget it!

What's done's done. It's down in the bottomless pit of the past. Let it be!

Look ahead, not behind! Think of tomorrow not yesterday! You can make something of to-morrow; yesterday is beyond recall!

Yesterday's as dead as a door-nail, as lifeless as a brick, as hopeless and unchangeable as wood. Turn from it! To-morrow's alive, pregnant with beauty, radiant with power, bulging with all conceivable possibilities. Turn to it!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," is the way one of the greatest souls of earth described his attitude.

For the past is dead. The future is life. From the past come up despair, remorse, self-contempt, until the high star is quenched in murky cloud.

Forget it, boy! You've brought tears to the eyes of her that bore you, and anguished care to your mother, than whom none in heaven or earth has greater love. But she will thank it no more if you only come back, put your face on her blessed knees, and let her love unfold you.

Forget it, woman! You've sinned. Out of your weakness you have plucked loathing, and out of your waywardness, shame. But it's done. Look not back at it. Look forward, to where One stands. One who, though He be judge of all the earth, says: "Go, and sin no more!"

Forget it, man! Take her back into your arms. What is love worth that cannot forgive? What is love worth that is not mightier than pride? Forget it! In the streets of heaven you will never blush to think you have forgiven too much.

Forget it, wife! I know it means heartache and humiliation and dry-tipped care; but climb up, climb up the steps of grandeur, till you reach the stage of that love which "beareth all things, believeth all things—and never faileth."

Once in that mountain air of nobleness you will not regret the troubled valleys of pride.

Forget it, Everybody! Every up-springing sun brings a new chance to all the sons and daughters of men. Every swelling moon means a new month of opportunity. Every star of the innumerable stars, and sun-strewn of the dusky blue of night, is a star of hope.

### Electrical Energy and Our Water-Powers.

The beneficial service rendered to Canada as a whole by a centralized system of cooperation to investigate and survey our hydraulic resources, such as organized by the Department of the Interior and gradually extended during the past twelve years, is demonstrated with greater force from day to day. The intimate connection between water-power and electrical energy is recognized throughout the world, and applies to our Dominion perhaps more than to any other country. Over 90 per cent of the electricity produced in Canada is derived from water-power and, naturally, any facility or incentive afforded aimed at the sound and adequate development of water-power will reflect directly on the electrical progress of the country.

The ever-growing value and absolute necessity of electricity to our present civilization are pointed out in a recent address by Dr. C. P. Steinmetz in New York:

"Just as the railroads seventy-five years ago organized the transportation of materials, so the transmission of energy, to turn our wheels and fetch and carry, is being supplied by the electrical industry. Great factories, which make electricity and supply it as other factories supply stoves or bats, have come into being. Electrical energy is the only kind that can be ducted to the centres where it is needed, whether in small quantities for the vacuum cleaner or the house lamps or in huge masses for great mills and factories."

**Quaint Chinese Oratory in Prince's Welcome.**

Quaintly worded was the address of welcome to the Prince of Wales from the Chinese community of Hongkong during his visit there. It spoke of him as drawing nigh in princely array, and said: "Long have we looked up to your Royal Highness and now we welcome you to this plain the rain; with one accord we spin forth our feelings of gladness and fashion our hymn of praise." Referring to the fact that the heir apparent of the British throne was on his first visit to the East, the address stated: "This meet that the streets and the lanes resound with acous; high and low, the people dance with gladness; the willows that droop their heads along the banks joyfully brush the royal banner; the nightingales that fill the earth with flying blossoms join in welcome to the princely palanquin."

Great Britain's winter temperatures would be 30 degrees lower but for the Gulf current.