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YOU BET it's warm—the more need then for keeping the vitality up to par.

Vital men resist heat easily. Languid ones are floored. Re-vitalize yourself and you won't mind the weather.

Get new energy in little raisins.

1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in Little Sun-Maids. 75 per cent pure fruit sugar.

Wonderful because this sugar doesn't need, and, therefore, doesn't tax digestion and thus heat the blood. Yet energizes almost immediately.

Contain fatigue-resisting food-iron also. Try a box today.

## Little Sun-Maids

Between-Meal Raisins

5c Everywhere

—in Little Red Packages

## The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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### CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"You have the boy," ventured the doctor.

"No," he answered, almost fiercely. "That would be different. I could stand it then. But I haven't got him, and I can't get him. He despises me because—because I take too much at times." He paused as though wondering whether to proceed with this unwelcome confidence, but the ache in his heart insisted on its right to human sympathy. "No, it ain't that," he continued. "He despises me because he thinks I wasn't fair to his mother. He can't understand. He doesn't know yet that there's things—pulls and tugs of life, that lead a man as helpless as a steer chokin' in his lasso. I was like that. I wanted to be good to her, to be close to her. Then I took to booze, as natural as a steer under the brandin' iron roars to down his hurt. But the boy don't understand." The old man got up and

stood at the western window, watching the gold of approaching sunset gather on the mountains. . . . "He despises me." Then, after a long silence: "No matter. I despise myself."

The doctor approached and placed a hand on his shoulder. But Elden was himself again. The curtains of his life, which he had drawn apart for a moment, he whipped together again rudely, almost viciously, and covered his confusion by plunging into a tale of how he had led a breed suspected of cattle-rustling on a little cantel of ten miles with a rope about his neck and the other end tied to the saddle. "He ran well," said the old man, chuckling still at the reminiscence. "And it was lucky he did. It was a strong rope."

The morning after Dave had brought in the borrowed saddle Irene appeared in a sort of bloomer suit, somewhat wonderfully contrived from the spare skirt to which allusion has been made, and announced a willingness to risk life and limb on any horse that Dave might select for that purpose. He provided her with a dependable mount, and their first journey, taken somewhat gingerly along the principal trail, was accomplished without incident. It was the forerunner of many others, plunging deeper and deeper into the fastnesses of the foothills, and even into the passes of the very mountains themselves. These long rides through the almost untracked wilderness, frequently along paths on which the element of danger was by no means a mere fancy, and into regions where the girl's sense of distance and direction were totally confused, afforded her many side-lights on the remarkable nature of her escort. His patience was infinite, and although there were no silk trappings to his courtesy, it was a very genuine and manly deference he paid her. She was quite sure that he would at any moment give his life if it needed to defend her from injury—and accept the transaction as a matter of course. His physical endurance was inexhaustible, and his knowledge of prairie and foothill seemed to her almost uncanny. When she had been utterly lost for hours he would suddenly swing their horses' heads about and guide them home with the accuracy of the wild roose on its flights to the nesting-grounds. He read every sign of foot-print, leaf, water, and sky with unfailing insight. He had no knowledge of books, and she had at first thought him ignorant, but as the days went by she had found in him a mine of wisdom which shamed her ready-made education.

After such a day they one day dismounted in a grassy clearing among the trees that bordered a mountain canyon. The waters of ages had chiselled a sharp passage through the

rock, and the blue stream now swirled in its rapid course a hundred feet below. Fragments of rock, loosened by the sun and wind and frost of centuries, had fallen from time to time, leaving sheltered nooks and shelves in the walls of the canyon. In one of these crevices they found a flat stone that gave comfortable seating, and here they rested while the horses browsed their afternoon meal on the grass above. Little irregular bits of stone had broken off the parent rock, and for a while they amused themselves with tossing these into the water. But both were conscious of a gradually increasing tension in the atmosphere. For days the boy had been moody. It was evident he was harboring something that was eating through his nature for expression, and Irene knew that this afternoon he would talk of more than trees and rocks and footprints of the wild things of the forest.

"Your father is gettin' along well," he said at length.

"Yes," she answered. "He has had a good holiday, even with his broken leg. He is looking ever so much better."

"You will be goin' away before long," he continued.

"Yes," she answered, soberly, and waited.

"Things about here ain't goin' to be the same after you're gone," he went on. He was avoiding her eyes and industriously throwing bits of crumbled rock into the canyon. He wore no coat, and the neck of his shirt was open, for the day was warm. Had he caught her riding glances even his slow, self-deprecating mind must have read their admiration. But he kept his eyes fixed on the green water.

"You see," he said, "before you came it was misin' an' so it didn't matter. Not but what I was dog-sick of it at times, but still I thought I was livin'—thought this was life, and, of course, now I know it ain't. At least, it won't be after you're gone."

"That's strange," she said, not in direct answer to his remark, but as a soliloquy on it as she turned it over in her mind. "This life, now, seems empty to you. All my old life seems empty to me. This seems to me the real life, out here in the foothills, with the trees, and the mountains, and—and our horses, you know."

She might have ended the sentence in a way that would have come much closer to him, and been much truer, but conventionality had been bred into her for generations, and she did not find it possible yet freely to speak the truth. Indeed, as she thought of her position here it seemed to her she had become shamelessly unconventional. She thought of her mother, careful, correct—"Always be correct, my dear"—and wondered what she would say could she see her only child on these wild, uncharted ridges and in these strange confidences where she was a girl and Dave was a boy, and all the artificialities with which Society aims to protect itself had been stripped away. There was a dash of adventure which added to the relish of the situation.

"It's such a wonderful life," she continued. "One gets so strong and happy in it."

"You'd soon get sick of it," he said.

"We don't see nothin'. We don't learn nothin'. Reenie, I'm eighteen, an' I bet you could read an' write better'n me when you was six."

"Did you never go to school?" she asked, in glee. She knew that his speech was ungrammatical, but thought that due to careless training rather than to no training at all.

"Where'd I go to school?" he demanded, bitterly. "There ain't a school within forty miles. Guess I wouldn't have went if I could," he added as an afterthought, wishing to be quite honest in the matter. "School didn't seem to cut no figure—until just lately."

"But you have learned—some?" she continued.

"Some. When I was a little kid my

father used to work with me at times. He learned me to read a little, an' to write my name, an' a little more. But things didn't go right between him an' mother, an' he got to drinkin' more an' more, an' just makin' hell of it. We used to have a mighty fine herd of steers here, but it's all shot to pieces. We don't put up hardly no hay, an' in a bad winter they die like rabbits. When we sell a bunch the old man'll stay in town for a month or more, blowin' the coin and leavin' the debts go. But I've been fixin' him this year or two. I sneak a couple of steers away now an' then, an' with the money I keep our grocery bills paid up, an' have a little to rattle in my jeans. My credit's good at any store in town," and Irene thrilled to the note of pride in his voice as he said this. The boy had real quality in him. "But I'm sick of it all," he continued. "Sick of it, an' I wanna get out."

"You think you are not educated," she answered, trying to meet his outburst as tactfully as possible. "Perhaps you are not, the way we think of it in the city. But I guess there's a good many things you can't learn out of books, and I guess you could show the city boys a 'good many' things they don't know, and never will know."

For the first time he looked her straight in the face. His dark eyes met her grey ones and demanded truth. "Irene," he said, "do you mean that?"

"Sure I do," she answered. "College courses, and all that kind of thing; they're good stuff, all right, but they make some awful nice boys—real live boys, you know—into some awful dead ones. Either they get the highbrow, and become bores, or the swivel head, and become cads. Not all, you know, but lots of them. And then when they get out they have to start learning the real things of life—things that college boys never learn here for ever so long. My father says about the best education is to learn to live within your income, pay your debts, and give the other fellow a chance to do the same. They don't all learn that in college. So when they get out they have to go and work for somebody who has learned it, like you have. Then there's the things you do, just like you were born to it, that they couldn't do to save their lives. Why, I've seen you smash at a stretch, you going full gallop, and whooping and shouting so we could hardly tell which was which. And ride—you could make more money riding for city people to look at than most of those learned fellows, with letters after their names like the tail of a kite, will ever see. But I wouldn't like you to make it do."

He was comforted by this speech, but he referred to his accomplishments modestly. "Ridin' an' shootin' ain't nothin'," he said.

"I'm not so sure," she answered. "Father says the day is coming when our country will want men who can shoot, and more than that it will want lawyers or professors."

"Well, when it does, it can call on me," he said, and there was the pride in his voice which comes to a boy who feels that in some way he can take a man's place in the world. "There's two things I sure can do."

Years later she was to think of her remark and his answer, concentrated then in clean red blood.

They talked of many things that afternoon, and when at last the lengthening shadows warned them it was time to be on the way they rode long distances in silence. Both felt a sense which neither ventured to express, that they had traveled very close in the world of their hopes and sorrows and desires. Perhaps, as they rode along the foothill trail, they were still journeying together down the long, strange trails of the future; dim, visionary, expiring trails; rough, hard, cruel trails hidden in the merciful mirage of their young hopefulness.

(To be continued.)



## Woman's Interests

### A Touring Party.

A correspondent wishes suggestions for entertaining in a large and unfurnished room.

You might have a Make-believe Touring Party, sending out the following invitations:

"A touring party we've planned; you're invited.

If you wear touring clothes we'll all be delighted.

For Friday at eight of the clock you are bid.

So bring kodak pictures to show what you did."

Arrange the room to look as much like a garage as possible, without the grease. The boys in charge should wear overalls. Hang up appropriate signs, old licenses, advertisements of gasoline, tires and other automobile accessories. Play any games desired, and call upon those who have brought photographs to describe the experiences which these pictures illustrate. Give a prize (a toy automobile) to the one who tells the most impossible yarn. You could also play the old-fashioned game of stage-coach, using

the parts of an automobile instead of those of the stage-coach.

Refreshments should be served from a "lunch-counter" which can be fixed up in one corner of the "garage." The menu should be written out on order-blanks, one item on a blank. Entire sets of orders should be given to the girls, and their partners are expected to take the orders, one at a time, to the "lunch-counter" where they will receive two portions of the article called for. The couple must finish this "course" before going for anything else. As the things called for do not always resemble their names, some couples may find it necessary to eat their ice-cream before the sandwiches, others may get only a paper napkin on their first trip. Here is a suggested menu and the things they stand for:

Hen in the road—chicken sandwiches. Cranks and lubricant oil—cucumber sandwiches with olive-oil dressing. Nuts to bolt—salted peanuts. Snow a la skid—vanilla ice cream. Scorching juice—doughnuts. Scorching juice—coffee, sugar and cream. Ball bearings—olives. Puncture proofs—hard candies. Chamois—paper napkins.

To match partners the cards for the men should have some mishap written upon them, such as "empty radiator," "ignition trouble," "broken spring," and so on. The girls' cards show the remedies for the various troubles. Thus, the first man would find his partner in the girl whose slip bore the words, "water free"; the second would hunt for "spark plugs"; and the next would find "a new spring." A great many things can happen to an automobile and there is no danger of running out of troubles and their remedies.

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gum delights  
young and old.

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mouth" and the gum in the  
center remains to aid digestion,  
brighten teeth and soothe mouth  
and throat.

There are the other WRIGLEY  
friends to choose from, too:



### Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.

Decorate the luncheon table with pussy-willows and pink tulips. For favors pass around tiny pink satin bags. When opened each bag will be found to contain a card on which a gray "pussy" has been glued, her tail, head and whiskers being made with a few strokes of a pen.

Under the pussy appear the names of the engaged couple, and in the lower corner of the card the words—"the cat's out of the bag!"

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## BRITISH AIRMEN TO ENCIRCLE GLOBE

REACH CANADA EARLY  
IN AUGUST.

Party of Three Expect to Use  
Four Planes in 30,000-  
Mile Journey.

Major W. T. Blake and two companions started from the airbase at Croydon, England, at 3.05 p.m., on May 24th, on their attempted 30,000-mile airplane flight around the world.

The three aviators—Major Blake, Captain Norman MacMillan and Lieutenant Colonel L. E. Broome—made their start in the DH-9 airplane equipped for their trip without the attendant plane with photographers and moving picture operators, which it had been planned to send with them, as far as Athens. It was found impossible to get the second machine ready on time.

Major Blake expressed confidence of making the world tour within ninety days. He hoped to be on Canadian soil early in August.

A crowd assembled to watch the departure, with every one in holiday attire on the occasion of Empire Day, who showered mascots on the aviators. These included a black cat and a rabbit's foot. Messages received by Major Blake included one from King George's secretary, reading:

"Their Majesties wish you all good speed and good luck."

Major Blake made an affectionate farewell to his wife and their two small daughters just before climbing aboard the airplane.

The expedition carries only 672 pounds of baggage, leaving behind a folding bed that was part of the equipment in order to lighten up the machine.

Several hours were spent making last-minute changes in the fuselage and equipment. A special car for aerial travel, with a revolving tripod, was attached to the machine at Major Blake's request.

The machine the aviators are using is capable of making 115 miles an hour. It has the very latest equipment for comfort and special attention has been paid to the petrol system. A thorough test has been given the machine and it was taken up again by Pilot MacMillan for the final spin prior to the great flight.

### Machines of Different Makes.

While Major Blake and his fellow aviators made their start in a DH-9 airplane they plan the use of four machines of different makes. They hope to get as far as Calcutta with their first machine, traversing the ordinary route to India, by way of Paris, Rome, Athens, Crete, Alexandria, Bagdad, Basra, Karachi and Delhi, which is approximately 7,000 miles.

On the next stage the use of a Fairlie type 3, a floating airplane, has been planned. In this machine, fitted with a 360-horsepower Rolls-Royce engine, the aviators would fly from Calcutta and proceed via Rangoon, Bangkok, Saigon and along the Chinese coast to Japan, Yokohama and then to Petropavlovsk and along the Alaskan Islands and the Alaskan coast to Vancouver.

At Vancouver the plan calls for a change into another DH-9 machine for the crossing of Canada, with a swerve down to Chicago and thence to New York.

After using this machine for the flight to Newfoundland, the aviators purpose taking up their fourth machine, an F-3 flying boat with two 360-horsepower Rolls-Royce engines, and flying in this machine across Greenland, Iceland and the Faroe Islands to Scotland, landing at Aberdeen.

Colonel Broome, the scientific member of the party, who has spent many years in Alaska, the Aleutian Islands and the Pacific Northwest, said the party will explore Iceland and Greenland if time permitted.

"I am the luckiest and proudest man in the world to be able to participate in such a momentous flight," he said. "I am sure it will be entirely successful."

Not all the air experts who watched the preparations for the flight, however, were so optimistic. Some of them thought the DH-9 was extremely small and frail for such an ambitious flight and expressed serious misgivings regarding the ability of the aviators to complete the journey.

### Birds at Evening.

When the rocks fly homeward and the gulls are following high,

And the grey feet of the silence

With a silver stream are shod,

I mind me of the little wings abroad

In every sky

Who seek their sleep of God.

When the dove is hidden and the dew

Is white on the corn,

And the dark bee in the heather, and

The shepherd with the sheep,

I mind me of the little wings in the

elm-oak and the thorn,

Who take of Him their sleep.

When the briar closes, and the iris

flower is furled,

And over the edge of the evening

the martin knows her nest,

I mind me of the little hearts abroad

in all the world

Who find in Him their rest.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

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