

Better than
a hotwater bottle—
a cup of Hot Bovril

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STRAD.

(Copyright The Luson Book Co.)

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

I took the letter and read:
"I have had many letters to write since my service began as a nurse in the war, but never have I approached the task with such mixed emotions. The pain I must give you I would gladly bear myself if I could; but it is not all pain; underneath it, running through it in some way I cannot explain, is a note so much deeper than pain that it must be joy."

"You will already have been advised that David Eden was among those who fell at Courcellette. It is true to say that you have the sympathy of a grateful nation. How grateful the nation really is we shall know by its treatment of the heroes who survive the war, and of the dependents of those who have crossed over. But nothing can rob you of the knowledge that he played a man's part. Nothing can deprive you from that universal fellowship of sympathy which is springing up wherever manhood is valued at its worth."

"A raw Order has been born into the world—the Order of Suffering. Not that it is now, either; it has been with us since the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental; a matter of the individual; a thing to be escaped if possible. But now it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who so accept it enter into the new Order and wear its insignia, which is usefulness and sympathy and service. And in that Order you shall not be least, measured by either your sacrifice or the spirit in which you accept it."

"But you are yearning for his last word; for some voice that will seem to you now almost a voice out of the grave, and I am happy to be able to bring you that word. It was something more than chance that guided me that night, as it is every night."

"We were well behind the line of actual fighting, but still in the danger zone of artillery fire. Night had settled in; all was darkness save for occasional distant lights. I had become detached from my party in moving to another station; lost, if you like, yet not lost; never have I gone so directly to so great a destination. While trying to get my location I became aware of a presence; it will sound strange to you, but I became intensely aware of your presence. Of course I knew it could not be you, in the flesh, but you seemed to be, nevertheless. I moved as though led by an invisible hand, and presently I found a bit of shattered wall. In the gloom I could just discern the form of a man lying in the shelter of the wall—if you could call it shelter—it rose scarce a foot above the ground."

"I knelt beside him and turned my torch on to his face. It was pale even through the brown skin; the eyes were closed; the hair was wet and plastered on the forehead; there were smears of blood in it and on his cheeks. As my light fell on his lips they framed a smile."

"Reenie," he said, "it was good of you to come. I knew you would come." "I am here, Dave," I answered, and I think you will forgive the impersonation. "Now let me find out where you are hurt, and we'll fix you up, and get you moved presently."

"He opened his eyes and looked at me with the strange look of a man whose thread of consciousness is half unstrung. 'Oh, it's you, Edith,' he said, when he had taken me in. 'Funny. I thought it was Irene. I must have been dreaming.'"

"I questioned him again about his wound, and began feeling his hair. 'It's not there,' he said. 'Guess I got it all over my hands. They got me this time. Shrapnel, in the body. Don't waste time on me. Some other fellow may have a chance.'"

"I found, with a little examination, that the case was as bad as he supposed. Fortunately, the wound had induced a local paralysis, and he was not suffering to any great degree. I placed my hand in his and felt his grip tighten on it."

"I'm going to stay till it's over, Dave. We'll see it out together." "That's decent," he answered, and then was still for quite a time."

"I've often wondered what was on the other side," he said at length. "I shall know presently."

"You are not afraid?" I whispered. "No. Only sort of—curious. And—revere. I guess it's reverent. . . . You know I haven't been much on religion. Never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word?"

"In one word—sacrifice." "I walked out of church once because of some doctrine about sacrifice," he continued. "I couldn't go. . . . And yet—there may be something in it. It's strange here, Edith. War is sacrifice. Sacrifice for other people. It's not all on the surface. There's something deeper than we know."

"He that loathes his life shall find it," I quoted. "He did not answer, but I could see his lips smiling again. His breath was more labored. A few drops of rain fell and some of them splattered on his face."

"Presently he chuckled. It was an eerie sensation, out on that broad plain of death, alone by the side of this man who was already far into the shadow—to hear him chuckle."

"That splash of water—you remember—it made me think of the time we pulled the old car into the stream, and the harness broke, or something, and I had to carry you. You remember that, Reenie? I could only say 'Yes,' and press his hand. His mind was back on the old, old trails."

"He became suddenly sober. 'And when Brownie was killed,' he went on, 'I said it was the innocent thing that got caught. Perhaps I was right. But perhaps it's best to get caught. Not for the getting caught, but for the compensations. It's the innocent men that are getting killed. And perhaps it's best. Perhaps there are compensations worth while.'"

"His voice was weaker, and I had to lean close to catch his words. 'I'm going—out,' he said. 'Kiss me, Reenie.'"

"And then I kissed him—for you. 'Suddenly he sat up. 'The mountains!' he exclaimed, and his voice was shrill with the pride of his old hills. 'See, the moonlight—on the mountains!'"

"Then his strength, which seemed to have gathered itself for this one last vision of the place of his boyhood, gave way, and he fell back. And he did not speak any more."

"And what can I add? Dear, it is no defeat. It is promise. It is hope. 'Some day we shall know. But until then we shall go on. It is woman's bit to carry on. But not in despondency; not in bitterness; not in anger or despair. He didn't go out that way. He was reverent—and a little curious, and he went out with a smile. And we shall go on, and carry his smile and his confidence through the valley of our sacrifice. What am I doing, speaking of our sacrifice?'"

"I salute you, sister in the Order of Suffering—and of hope." "Edith Duncan."

I handed the letter back to her, and for a time I had no words. "Won't you let me tell the story?" I said at length.

"The world is full of sorrow, and it needs voices to give that sorrow words, and perhaps turn it into hope—as this letter does."

She hesitated, and I realized then how much I had asked. "It is the story of my life—my soul," she said. "Yet, if it would help—"

"Without real names of places or people."

And so, in that little whitewashed home, where the brown hills rise around and the placid mountains look down from the distance, and a tongue of spruce trees beyond the stream stands sentinel against the open prairie, she is carrying on, not in despondency and bitterness, but in service and in hope. And so her sisters, all this world over, must carry on, until their sweetness and their sacrifice shall fill up and flood over all the valleys of hate. And if you should win the confidence of young Threepenny, he may stand for you and say, with his voice filled with the honor and the glory and the pride of it, "My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."

(The End.)

A Ship's Knees.

Did you know a wooden ship has knees? American Forestry tells us that a ship-knee is a right-angled wooden brace used to give strength to the framing, and is fastened from the natural crook of a tree formed by a heavy, shallow, horizontal root and a section of the trunk. Knees when finished are sometimes as much as six or seven feet high. The timber preferred is second-growth Douglas fir, found growing in shallow soil so that the roots turn off at right angles to the trunk and thus give the proper shape.

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"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Betrayed by Pores.

Pores are more important than finger prints to the crime investigator. The science of "poroscopy" is now gaining in vogue. Berillon's method. The new science, discovered by Dr. Edmond Locard in 1912, has taken eleven years to develop to perfection. The shape of the pores, not easily recognizable in the case of fingerprints obtained by printers' ink, on account of the roughness of these records, is found to be very varied when colorless prints or those revealed by a method employed by Dr. Locard are examined.

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Investment Items.

To read "Investment Items" regularly is to keep in touch with every happening that affects the price of Government Municipal and Corporation Bonds as well as general business conditions, commodity prices and stock market values.

Explorer's Premonition.

A strange story is told by Mr. Howard Carter, who recently won fame by discovering, with Lord Carnarvon, the tomb of King Tutankhamen, who died about three thousand five hundred years ago. He says he owes his success to a curious premonition.

For more than thirty years Mr. Carter has been searching for relics such as those he has now found. He met with failure until the idea came to him that he would find what he wanted in a certain spot, and he acted upon this impression with remarkable results.

He felt certain that the tomb for which he was searching was under one piece of ground. Superstitious Egyptians living near the tomb firmly believe that it was the ghost of the dead king that led Mr. Carter to the spot.

Another strange story of this romantic find concerns Mr. Carter's canary. The day the tomb was opened he found a gold crown in the form of a serpent. That night, as Mr. Carter was at dinner, a disturbance was heard. Going outside, he found a serpent in the canary's cage. The bird was already dead, and Mr. Carter soon killed the reptile.

The natives interpreted this story in just the opposite way to the first. They said it was a sign of the king's anger at the breaking open of his tomb.

Tree-Repairing.

"Many tree-owners do not realize the importance of regularly inspecting their trees. Immediate attention to new injuries, or to any defects that may appear in repair work already done, will reduce materially the time, labor, and cost that will be required to make these repairs later. Too often the owner believes that, having paid the repair bills, his tree cares are over for all time. Unfortunately, this is seldom the case, for tree repairs are something like dental repairs. In both, frequent inspection and prompt attention will do much to prevent extensive repairs and large bills."

Tree-Repairing, Bulletin No. 73, Forestry Branch, Ottawa.

Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds.

Canada's Water Power.

Canadian water-power is a potent factor in metallurgical industry for the manufacture of aluminum, phosphorus, calcium carbide, carborundum, cyanamid, caustic soda, chlorine, sodium chloride, and artificial graphite, to mention some of its products. It is used to a large extent to supply power for mining and refineries whilst its prospective use for smelting and synthetic fertilizers promises an even wider field.

KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH.

Will not burn. Easy to use.

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Sad But True
Subbubs—our new cook is very tall, isn't she?
Neighbor—"Yes, but she isn't likely to stay long."

An Island of Churches.

One of the most remarkable islands in the world is Patmos, where St. John wrote the Book of Revelation. It was always the destination of thousands of pilgrims, and in the old days the rich man wished to expiate his sins usually did so by building a church. The result is that this tiny island contains the ruins of no fewer than 300 churches.

The entire population numbers about 4,000, and it is considerably larger now than it was when most of the buildings were founded. As there are only 700 houses on the island there is almost a church for each two families.

The people are Greeks, whose only occupation is sponge-fishing, though there used at one time to be a trade in the manufacture of stockings. Curiously enough, though the island lies quite close to Turkey, there has never at any time been a mosque upon it. Possibly the Mohammedans could not find room for one.

In one month a caterpillar devours 6,000 times its own weight in food.

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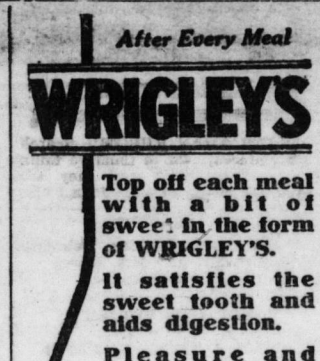
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WRIGLEY'S
Top off each meal with a bit of sweet! In the form of WRIGLEY'S.
It satisfies the sweet tooth and aids digestion.
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FOR THE CHILDREN

Guided by intelligence, a strong will is the greatest of blessings; the servant of stupidity, it is nothing but a curse.

Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds.

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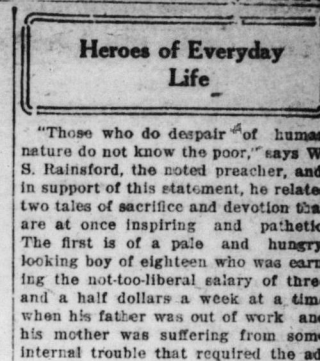
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Heroes of Everyday Life.

"Those who do despair of human nature do not know the poor," says W. S. Rainsford, the noted preacher, and, in support of this statement, he relates two tales of sacrifice and devotion that are at once inspiring and pathetic. The first is of a pale and hungry-looking boy of eighteen who was earning the not-too-liberal salary of three and a half dollars a week at a time when his father was out of work and his mother was suffering from some internal trouble that required the advice of a physician. Each week the boy brought his mother all that he earned; and of this every cent was required for indispensable things, with the exception of ten cents a day which the boy's mother gave him for lunch.

As this ten cents was the lad's only possible source of additional revenue, he scrupulously saved the sum, going without lunch for thirty days, till in the end he had saved the three dollars necessary for hiring a physician and had brought the doctor to his mother's side.

The other story is one of even more intense sacrifice. A young mechanic, who held a well-paid job, was misled from his club, from his workshop, and from his tenement house. At last he was found living in a single room with his mother, who was old and afflicted with a sudden mental disease that was fast leading her to complete imbecility. So thoroughgoing was her decline that she was no longer able to care for herself, and so her son was watching over her vigilantly, performing the commonest offices of life for her, and meanwhile supporting the two of by doing some basket work that enabled him to remain at her side on wages that were hardly ample to ward off starvation and the cold. When asked why he did not hire a nurse, he explained how much he owed to his mother and declared that he was unwilling to entrust her, in her helplessness, to the mercy of any hired servant. Though under thirty years of age he resolutely shut himself out from the world; and for two whole years, devoted himself untrillingly to caring for his mother.

Learn When to Stop.

There exists to-day a man who has not one friend. The others have detached themselves. The one who remains is always on the verge of departure, but sheer pity restrains him.

The trouble? You might hazard that the man without friends must be of the disagreeable, repellent type. Not so! His fault is that he can't stop. When an argument gets warm, and Miss Prudence whispers "Stop it!" he goes on. He can't stop!

He lashes right and left with his whip of words, and looses a friend. If the discussion is one on which no wordy quarrel is possible, he talks and talks.

He can't stop—to listen! There is no chance for the rest to say a word. They get annoyed, and with reason. So, after a few experiences of the same sort, they avoid him, and from friends become mere nodding acquaintances.

Again, he never stops to think. Friends have "orgasms," they have little pet theories, they are "touchy" on certain subjects. But, because he can't stop to think, he treads on their corns, contradicts their theories, and annoys them by, say, introducing religion into a discussion. He knows of the "corns," and so on, but blunders on. He can't stop, and so loses more of his friends.

A friend has a hobby—let us say, for example, the keeping of pigeons. A new bird is bought, and the hobbyist is enthusiastic over the acquisition. So he asks X—to come in for a minute and look at it. But X—, uninterested in pigeons, and quite forgetful of the sure way to lose a friend is to snub him through his hobby, says carelessly that he "can't stop." Baug goes another friendship!

The moral is very obvious. Learn how and when to stop. A friend may be very generous. He may lend you money; he may be hospitable; there may seem to be no limit to his kindnesses. But if you want to retain his friendship, stop the strain on it.

The cause of nine road accidents out of ten is because someone "couldn't stop." And why so many friendships are smashed up is due to the same cause. So learn how and when to stop. Then you'll get on better!

Not to be Caught.

The professor was very keen on the correct use of the English language. One day, when the sky was overcast, he sat looking out of his study window.

"It looks like rain," he murmured, slowly.

His friend thought he had caught him napping. "What does?" he asked. But the professor was quite wide awake.

"Water," he answered, promptly.

Peach stones are used as fuel in the fruit-canning districts of California.

To match anything new under the sun search China, even for an aristocracy of brains. In China there are three distinct classes—labor, capital and brains. The "brains" appear to be an aristocracy descended from long lines of philosophers. They are the thinkers and the peacemakers. Should a difference arise between labor and capital, the "brains" act as a voluntary board of arbitration.

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MOTHER! MOVE
CHILD'S BOWELS</