

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)
Dave was not long in discovering that his engagement as coachman was a device, born of Mr. Duncan's kindness, to enable him to accept instruction without feeling under obligation for it. When he made this discovery he smiled quietly to himself, and pretended not to have made it. Two things were apparent after their first drive—that nothing was further from the minds of Mr. Duncan's boys than anything which called for so much exertion as a runaway, and that, even had they been so disposed, Edith was entirely competent to manage them. The girl had not lived in the foothills since childhood without becoming a horsewoman. But Dave pretended not to know that she was a supernumerary. To have acted otherwise would have seemed ungrateful to Mr. Duncan. And presently the drives began to have a strange attraction of themselves.

When they drove in the two-seated buggy on Sunday afternoons the party usually comprised Mrs. Duncan and Edith, young Forsyth, and Dave. Mr. Duncan was interested in certain Sunday afternoon meetings. It was Mrs. Duncan's custom to sit in the rear seat, for its better riding qualities, and it had a knack of falling about that Edith would ride in the front seat with the driver. She caused Forsyth to ride with her mother, ostensibly as a courtesy to that young gentleman—a courtesy which, it may be conjectured, was not fully appreciated. At first he accepted it with the good nature of one who feels his position secure, but gradually that good nature gave way to a certain testiness of spirit which he could not entirely conceal. It became evident that he would have preferred other ways of spending the Sunday afternoon in the parks, for instance, or quiet walks through the cotton-woods by the river.

The crisis was precipitated one fine Sunday in September. Dave called early, and found Edith in a riding habit. "Mother is indisposed," as they say in the society page," she explained. "In other words, she doesn't wish to be bothered. So I thought we would ride to-day."

"But there are only two horses," said Dave.
"Well?" queried the girl, and there was a note in her voice that sounded strange to him. Then, after a pause in which the color slowly rose to her cheeks, "There are only two of us."

"But Mr. Forsyth?"
"He is not here. He may not come. Will you saddle the horses and let us get away?"
It was evident to Dave that, for some reason, Edith wished to evade Forsyth this afternoon. A lover's quarrel, no doubt. That she had a preference for him, and was revealing it with the utmost frankness, never occurred to his sturdy, honest mind. One of the delights of his companionship with Edith had been that it was a real companionship. None of the limitations occasioned by any sex consciousness had narrowed the sphere of the frank friendship he left for her. She was to him almost as another man, yet in no sense masculine. It seemed rather that her femininity was of such purity that, like the atmosphere he breathed, it surrounded him, flooded him without exciting consciousness of its existence. Save for a certain tender delicacy which her womanhood inspired, he came and went with her as he might have done with a man chum of his own age. And when she preferred to ride without Forsyth it did not occur to Edith that she preferred to ride with him.

They were alone in the country, and Edith, leading, swung from the road to a bridge trail that followed the winding of the river. As her graceful figure drifted on ahead it seemed more than ever reminiscent of Renee Hardy. What rides they had had on those foothill trails! What dippings into the great canyons! What adventures into the spruce forests! And how long ago it all seemed! That was before he started on the paper; before he had been in the grocery business, or in the coal business; back in the long, long past on the ranch in the days before his father died. Life—how it goes! And had it brought to her as many changes as to him? And had it, perhaps, brought to her one change it had not brought to him—a change in the anchor about which her heart's affection clung? This girl, riding ahead, suggestive in every curve and pose of Renee Hardy. . . . His eyes were burning with loneliness. He knew he was dull that day, and Edith was particularly charming and vivacious. She coaxed him into conversation a dozen times, but he answered absent-mindedly. At length she leapt from her horse and seated herself, facing the river, on a fallen log. Without looking back she indicated with her hand the space beside her, and Dave followed and sat down. For a time they watched the swift water in silence; blue-green where the current ran deeply; tinged with

thing like that, and, behold, next season they bear. Sounds silly, but they say it's a fact. I guess it's natural law. Well—"

"I shouldn't tell you this, Dave. I shouldn't know it myself. But I'm sure that things hadn't been, well, just as good as they might in our home. . . . They've been different since."

The shock of her words brought him upright. To him it seemed that Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were the ideal father and mother. It was impossible to associate them with a home where things "hadn't been just as good as they might." But her half confession left no room for remark.

"Mother told me," she went on, after a long silence, and without looking at him. "A few years ago, if some one had only told me when I was your age," she said.

"Why do you tell me this?" he suddenly demanded.

"Did you ever feel that you just had to tell someone?"

It was his turn to pause. "Yes," he confessed at length.

"Then tell me."

So he told her down through the tragedy of his youth, and the lonely, rudderless course of his boyhood. She followed sympathetically to the day when Dr. Hardy and his daughter Irene became guests at the Elden ranch. And then her interest manifested something deeper than sympathy. But he had become engrossed in his narrative. . . . The September day had drawn to a close, and the dusk was thick about them, ere he reached the end. But before the end he stopped. Should he tell her all?

Why not? She had opened her life to him. So he told her of that last evening with Irene, and the compact under the trees and the moon. Her hand had fallen into his as they talked, but here he felt it slowly withdrawn. But he was fired with the flame of love which had sprang up in the breath of his reminiscence. . . . And Edith was his friend and his chum.

"And you have been true?" she said, but her voice was distant and strained.

"Yes."

"And you are waiting for her?"

"Yes, I am waiting. . . . It must be so," it is cold," she said. "Let us to home."

(To be continued.)

Somewhere Sometime.

It is raining on the river and
The sky is low and gray;
It is raining in the timber,
It's a dismal sort of day.

But a fellow shouldn't holler,
Though the day is dark and drear;
For it's always raining somewhere,
And I happen to be here.

Somewhere else the sun is shining,
Somewhere else the world is glad,
Somewhere else they're having weather,
Or

Of the sort we wish we had.
Sometime, maybe right to-morrow,
For it's always shining somewhere,
Sun will shine and skies will clear;
It may happen to be here!

The Bird That Ceased Singing
What poor bird sings in this tall tree,
But halts to hear my foot approach.
His very silence a decree
Bidding me hence who dare encroach
On his demesne of melody?

How shall so gross a self entreat
My lord in high green state aloof?
Could he but know his silence beat
About me like a king's reproof
He would sing swift and twice as sweet!

—Louis Golding.

Anything Welcome.

The very small boy with the very large sun was standing in a country road.

"What are you hunting for?" asked a passerby.

"I dunno," he replied frankly. "I ain't seen it yet."

A Distant One.

When a woman tells her husband she will be ready in a minute 'she picks out a minute about half an hour away.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The Phantom Fleet of the Arctic

Every winter deserted ice-locked ships are seen in the mists of the polar seas, drifting at the mercy of wind and current, their broken masts and crumpling rigging hung with ghost-like icicles, and their decks and cabins buried in drifts of snow. At least, so run the stories of Eskimo narrators.

A Russian sea-wheeler, the "Polotofski," built 70 years ago, is the latest addition to this "phantom fleet." She was discovered, toward evening, by a party of Eskimo hunters hunting walrus. Plans were made to board her next morning, but during the night the changing wind swept the ship far north into the unexplored wastes.

The "Polotofski," according to the only accounts available, was caught in the ice at St. Michael, in December, 1915, and disappeared the following spring in the great storm off Cape Nome. It was thought that she had been ground to kindling and sunk.

Vessels have been disappearing in this great unknown, ever since the beginning of arctic navigation. In 1845, the "Erebus" and the "Terror," of the British navy, called with 129 souls on board to attempt the northwest passage. They were last seen by civilized men in Baffin Bay. More than a score of ships, with crews of nearly 2,000 men, at an expense of millions of dollars, vainly sought, between 1847 and



Our Vacation Cost Five Dollars.

"The farmers have been hit hard," Jim said, and added that funds were running low. "We'll have to give up the vacation, Mary—can't make it this year."

I looked up from my sewing, really concerned, for my plans were laid to visit a brother in the city. Of course, that meant new clothes, a suit for Jim and a dress or two for myself; besides, the baby needed a new outfit.

"But," I said, "we've worked so hard, Jim, and the anticipation of our little trip has been the one incentive to push me along, these days."

I was in earnest, and decided we would take our vacation just the same. I said nothing, but gradually thought it all out. We had a flivver which was as faithful as ever. Why not drive away to some woodland haunt and camp for a week? We'd have no need for fine clothes there.

A few days later I referred to our coming vacation.

"Oh, Jim, how would you like to go on a fishing trip with me in the flivver? We could leave the chickens and cows with Grandpa. A little while, couldn't we?"

We went on the fishing trip. I packed an old suit case with everyday clothes, bought some overalls for Betty (she was two, and did look so cunning in them), and filled the back seat of the car with bedding and a few crude effects which made up a camper's outfit. There was a large box filled with provisions—we would have to eat, even though we remained at home, so I didn't count that expense.

It was necessary that we take a tent, as there were no cottages to be had, so we succeeded in renting one from a neighbor. I had decided on Bridgeport, a secluded spot on a tiny river where fishing was good and the water not treacherous for a bad swimmer. (I wanted to improve.)

"We're off!" Jim called as we sped away. Such a glorious time we had, too! Fishing, swimming, or reading at our leisure, and how we did sleep, that deep, invigorating sleep. The week was short, but proved very successful. Fully refreshed and ready to get into the harness again, we returned. With new strength Jim went at his work. My mountains of work had diminished to mere ant-hills. The outing had given us a new lease on life.

And what did it cost? Just \$5, which went for gasoline and renting the tent. I'm sure anyone can squeeze out a five-dollar bill during the year for a week's pleasure.—Mrs. R.G.W.

Help Your Skin.

My article to-day is written for the hard-to-keep. That will be you, Mrs. "Careless in the Sun," and you, Miss "Go Without Your Hat."

You will have to call the egg to the rescue of your burned and brown-spotted skin. Spread the yolk slightly beaten all over your face, and let it dry there. After twenty minutes wash it off with milk. The fats in the milk will help to restore some of the natural oils the sun has dried out of your skin. But water will do to wash away the egg yolk. Most city women have to use water for this purpose anyway.

Give yourself this egg treatment twice a week for a few times, and see if your complexion isn't beginning to have more of a fresh clear look and if those spots aren't disappearing into the smoothness of the new skin. But remember not to expect too much at first.

The peach will help too. A simple way to get a peach-bloom skin is to go to the peach orchard for assistance. Peach juice is the foundation for a wonderfully effective bleaching and beautifying cream. But who needs manufactured creams when peaches are in season? Time enough to turn to them when winter comes, or if you

are in such a hurry that you just can't stop to take the time to compound your own natural but delightful complexion aids.

Before applying peach juice choose a time when you are least likely to be disturbed. Make sure that you cleanse your face thoroughly before starting the treatment. You don't want any film of oil and dust to keep the peach from refining and whitening your skin.

Select a ripe peach—the riper the better. Cut it in slices, and rub these lightly over the face in a circular motion, always moving them upward and outward. Or else you may squeeze the juice out and pat it lightly on the skin.

And please, I beg of you, don't forget to give your neck a touch of the peach juice. How can a smooth white face be attractive when the chin marks the boundary and the throat below is brown-wrinkled like last year's leaves.

Here's a jolting for you to remember: the mature skin prefers nourishment to stimulation. Make a paste of ripe peaches and real cream. Apply this just as you would one of those expensive wrinkle creams, patting it on in an upward motion and being sure that plenty of it is patted under the eyes and around the corners of the mouth—those treacherous places where the first wrinkles always appear. Let this paste stay on just as long as possible, and then wash off with cool water. When your fingers touch your face, you will get a new sensation of satiny softness—a real peachbloom feeling. There are face powders warranted to give your complexion the desired peachbloom while you wait for the peach treatment to take effect.

Children.

Children are what the mothers are. No fondest father's fondest care can fashion so the infant heart.

As those creative beams that dart, With all their hopes and fears, upon The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see A father near him on his knee, Who wishes all the while to trace The mother in his future face; But 'tis to her alone uprise His wakening arms; to her those eyes Open with joy and not surprise.

—W. S. Landor.

A Fairy Shower for an Autumn Bride.
The underlying idea of a shower should be in harmony with the old belief in fairies—the "little people" who were credited with bringing all kinds of unexpected gifts and blessings. So if one of your friends is to be married soon, give her a fairy shower out of doors some bright afternoon.

A garden is the ideal place to hold the affair, but if the house is the only available place clear the room of ornaments and pictures, and decorate it with foliage, with flowers and with potted plants. No other decorations are necessary. There should be only an easy-chair, decked with greens and blossoms, for the guest of honor.

Wrap the presents in white and light green crepe paper, with a cluster of silver paper hearts attached by silver twine or green crepe-paper ribbons to every package.

To carry out the fairy idea, get two or three younger girls to help. Make each of them a fairy costume. Hide the fairies behind clusters of foliage and escort the guest of honor to her throne. Then let the fairies appear and present the gifts; if they can do it to the tune of soft, delicate music, played behind the scenes, so much the better. After that, lead the company into the dining room and let the fairies serve them.

Have a spray of fresh flowers and greens at every place. A big white-frosted angel cake with ribbon tinted and alternate green and white crepe-paper ribbons radiating from it to the guests' places will make an attractive centerpiece.

Have the bride-to-be cut the cake, and serve vanilla ice cream with it. Plain glass dishes of white peppermints make attractive side dishes.

Before the party breaks up, play some suitable variations of amusing old-time games. What will you give an old bachelor? Can, for example, be played as, What will you give a young couple? Steamer basket, too—introduced as a good going-away game—is amusing, and so are woodland lovers and find the ring.

Baby Bargains.

Little Jane had long desired a baby sister, and one day she came home very excited.

"Oh, mother," she said, "come to the picture-palace with me at once! You can get babies there cheap! But you must hurry!"

"What are you talking about?" asked her mother.

"Why?" Jane was jumping up and down in her excitement—"there's a placard up there, which says, 'This week only. Children half-price!'"

Do Unto Others.

Bibson Frocks—"This cake is awful nice mamma." (Silence). "This cake is awful nice, mamma."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; only when the minister says it you always ask him to have more."

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God's Guest.

I think the gentle soul of him
Goes softly in some garden place,
With the old smile time may not dim
Upon his face.

He who was lover of the spring,
With love that never quite forgets,
Surely sees roses blossoming,
And violets.

Now, that his day of toil is through,
I love to think he sits at ease,
With some old volume that he knew
Upon his knees.

Watching, perhaps, with quiet eyes,
The white clouds' drifting argosy,
Or twilight opening flower-wise,
On land and sea.

He who so loved companionship,
I may not think walks quite alone,
Falling some friendly hand to slip
Within his own.

Those whom he loved aforeside, still,
I doubt not, bear him company;
Yea, even laughter yet may thrill
Where he may be.

A thought, a fancy—who may tell?
Yet I who ever pray it so,
Feel through my tears that all is well;
And this I know—

That God is gentle to His guest,
And, therefore, may I gladly say,
"Surely the things he loved best
Are his to-day."

Prodigies of Memory.

The Genoa conference was marked by an incident which may have no diplomatic or political significance, but which has greatly piqued the interest of some scientific observers as an extraordinary display of memory.

An English woman interpreter immediately rendered faithfully, perfectly, literally all the Italian speeches and a French interpreter repeated addresses exactly in cadence, tenor, sound and other qualities of the speaker. This was, of course, more than a curiosity, but rather a phenomenon, making possible deeper insights in the nature of memory.

The latest researches of such achievements have been communicated by Dr. Hegge, of Christiania, to the "Klinische Wochenschrift." The record tells of a German mathematician who one minute after hearing 204 figures repeats them faultlessly.

Next comes a Norwegian woman philologist who memorized 204 figures in fifty-four minutes and 408 figures in 104 minutes. She also could repeat 350 words put together at random immediately after hearing them. In the whole series she omitted only 11.7 per cent, and reciting the same series after a year only 67.4 per cent.

Wireless Vision Possible, Says British Scientist.

That the development of the wireless will include ability to see objects miles away, is the prophecy of Prof. A. M. Low, the English scientist, who has done much research work in electricity.

"We shall be able in the future to see by wireless," he says; "to speak from London to a man on an ocean liner and see him at the same time. Such a vision, I am convinced by my experiments, is a practical proposition. It is entirely a matter of time and money for the necessary research."

Your Greatest Discovery.

Sir Humphrey Davies said that his greatest discovery was Michael Faraday. A poor boy, son of a blacksmith, applied to him for a chance to wash bottles in his laboratory.

Now, your greatest discovery, my friend, should be yourself. No one can make a greater discovery than that, to find one's self, this is the greatest human discovery.

The longer you gaze at an obstacle the bigger it becomes.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

KEEPING BRITAIN'S CLOCKS CORRECT

WONDERS TO BE SEEN AT GREENWICH.

Every Civilized Country in the World Reckons Time from Famed Observatory.

Greenwich observatory was founded by Charles II. in 1675.

That monarch was aghast when the fact was brought to his notice that there was no provision in England for the study of the heavenly bodies and no way of helping navigators to find their longitude at sea.

It was a comparatively simple matter to find latitude, but the early navigators had to rely on "dead reckoning" (calculated from the speed of the ship shown by the log) for their longitude. When we consider that a modern battleship can be as much as twenty miles out of its course by "dead reckoning," we get a better idea of the wonderful courage and adventurous spirit of the old sea-dogs.

Studying the Stars.
Without delay, Charles II. appointed Flamsteed, "the King's Astronomer," at a salary of £100 a year. He received a grant of £520 for a suitable building, but had to provide his own instruments. Flamsteed's original building is still standing, but it is now only one of the many buildings that comprise the observatory.

The work to be done was defined in the warrant, and the programme has been adhered to strictly by Flamsteed and his successors. At first their chief work was to make such study of the heavenly bodies as would enable them to forecast accurately the positions of the stars and planets in the sky, and issue almanacs giving these positions for the use of mariners.

Greenwich observatory now makes time for the whole world, for every civilized country reckons its time from its distance east or west of Greenwich. If we know the longitude of a place we can by simple calculation find out what time it is there at any given hour of "Greenwich Mean Time." There is a difference of one hour for every fifteen degrees on the earth's surface.

The daily distribution of the correct time to the rest of Great Britain, now one of the Observatory's chief activities, was not, of course, possible before the invention of the electric telegraph in 1839.

In the "time room," in a sort of cupboard something like the inside of a large telephone switchboard, are wires connecting with the various stations to which the time signal is sent. There are also instruments which record the reception of the signals.

The celebrated time-ball on top of Flamsteed's Tower is wound up by a hand-winch a few minutes before 10 a.m. each day, and dropped electrically at 10 o'clock. On the same tower is the recording anemometer, which automatically registers each shift of the weather vane. The meteorologist examines the sheet for the day, and finds an exact record of the direction of the wind and the time of every change of direction.

The clock—the one that makes "Greenwich Mean Time"—is kept locked up, and is guarded as far as possible from risk of vibration, changes of temperature, and so on.

Magic Machines.
Most people have heard of the two most famous instruments at Greenwich Observatory—namely, the equatorial and the transit circle. Each of these has its own building. The equatorial is electrically clock-driven in the horizontal plane at the precise rate of the earth's rotation on its axis, so that a star is automatically kept in the field of view for as long as the astronomer wants to observe it.

The transit circle moves only in the vertical plane, so that a star passes quickly across the field of view and out of sight as the earth rotates. Across the object glass of the transit instrument are stretched very fine wires—really spider's web silk—and the exact moment at which the star under observation crosses a particular wire is recorded.

A Literary Accident.
Some members of a club were talking of a fellow member noted for his precision of speech and writing.

"But," said one, "he met with an accident the other day."

"An accident! Why, what do you mean?"

"The poor chap dropped into the vernacular, bumped against a hard one and split an infinitive."

Glue Container Is Shaped Like Fountain Pen.

Carrying glue in the vest pocket or handbag, and in a container no larger than a fountain pen, is possible with a novelty lately introduced. The barrel of the innovation is filled from the top, and in using, the contents are ejected, one drop at a time, by a slight pressure of the point on the article to be glued.

What a Pity!
"You're lookin' bad, Wullie."

"Aye, I've been in the hospital an' the doctors have taken awa ma appendix."

"These doctors 'll tak' onyting. It's a peety ye dinna have it in your wife's name."

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