

The Game of Nations

By DONNA SHERWOOD BOBERT.

CHAP. IV.—(Cont'd.)

In the lobby, after an indifferent meal, he found James Herford awaiting him. Miss Peggy's brother proved to be a blond muscular giant, the only resemblance to his sister lying in his odd, amber-colored eyes, which combined with his yellow hair and brows gave to his face an indescribably negative appearance. But let it not be deduced that James Herford was a negative person. Far from it! He took charge of Trevanion's affairs with a swing and dash for which the other man was inwardly grateful.

"You're to come right to the ranch," he exclaimed breezily. "Plain quarters—plain grub—but an improvement on our western hotels at any rate. The accompanying grin was cheerfully malicious.

Silently Trevanion fell in with Herford's plans. The roomy sleigh, drawn by a sleek, well-kept team, was waiting.

It had been years since the city bred man had listened to the pleasant slide of runners crisscross the snow. The sun struck with grateful warmth against the rush of their progress and a sudden feeling of bodily comfort enveloped him.

Leaving the team behind, they passed through a bare, uninteresting region, each mile appearing more barren and desolate than the last. Not a house, not a living creature was to be seen.

"It gets you first, the silence and the loneliness," Herford said, "and after a while one learns to love it; the desert holds a soul, the soul of the great Northwest."

Trevanion looked quickly at his companion. The blond giant was gazing straight ahead into the white distance and his eyes held an unconscious reverence. What queer combination of energy and idealism had he run across?

He wondered, also, whether the life of a photographer back in New York shared his brother's enthusiasm. If she did, it was not for a mere living pittance.

"Miss Herford does not care for Canada," he ventured to remark. "Peggy Oh, Peggy's crazy about the ranch and the Rockies. But you see, his tone dropped to confidential, "she had a little fight with my foreman, Lennox—don't know what over—some lover's quarrel I fancy—and like a whirlwind she beat it for the States and her own living. That's Peg all over—sweet and serene as a daisy one minute, and a raging tumbler the next. Gad! I don't know how to handle her myself. Guess Lennox wasn't to blame. I'd have fired him long ago if I thought so, but he's my right-hand man and as Peg was gone I concluded to overlook the whole affair. By the way, I imagine you'll see your telegram it was my sister who sent you up here? It's none of my business, of course, but if it's investments you're after, I'd advise you to take six months or a year to look over the ground. A man can't afford to be in too much of a hurry, especially when he stops to think of the millions of things he has to choose from—beef, mutton, pork, wheat, oats, vegetables, all the actual necessities of life—abundant water power—ample timber—admirable big game—half a dozen good and cool under the whole country—gad!" he paused for an expressive whistle—it was a wonder to me the ground isn't swamped with par-haters! And if the war continues—who knows?"

"Calgary has certainly been booming lately," remarked Trevanion. "Calgary was plunked into the existence. A few years ago men camped on the streets in tents. The railroad companies are responsible; they lay their tracks through the city, and speak, meaning the province of Alberta. What's the next logical step? Fill up Alberta, of course—boom the country—attract business, and by going at the thing backwards, that's all, because they can't afford to wait for the public to get wise. The public's too air-fried near-sighted to suit 'em."

For several hours the horses coasted to whirl the sleigh through the sparkling drifts. Herford had relaxed into silence, and Trevanion, unused to prolonged journeying in the open air, felt the insidious seep of the clear cold and the slow cramping of inactive limbs. When the house finally came into view, he straightened himself with relief.

The ranch house was rather prepossessing than otherwise, its low, wooden framework and steep roof giving it a quaint, old-fashioned air. At each end of the building was a huge chimney from which smoke ascended in wavering spirals; a winding, outside staircase gave a rakishly foreign touch to the whole, and across half the front extended a broad verandah to which bare, snow-weighted vines still clung. Trevanion breathed a prayer of thankfulness as he stiffly descended and for a fleeting second wished he had not dispensed with the services of Wilkes. That faithful face would look almost pleasant just now and Wilkes' trained fingers would soon erase the nervous kinks from every chilled muscle.

Sighing regretfully, Trevanion followed his host through a comfortable living room and up a pair of uncarpeted stairs.

"I'm giving you Peggy's room," his host was explaining. "It's a nice little room and fussed up a bit more than the rest. I thought perhaps you'd feel more at home there. Opening a door to the left of a rambling corridor, he ushered Trevanion in. "When you've freshened up," he said genially, "come down and get some grub. Lennox and I eat in the quarters with the men. There are a few queer flashes Peg selected who don't measure up to standard." He chuckled with evident amusement. "She felt sorry for 'em. Peg has a taste for philanthropy which she indulges at my expense."

Don't ever let her play on your sympathy, Trevanion. If you do, you're a goose!"

CHAPTER V.

Left alone, Trevanion gazed curiously about him. The little room was neat, the comfortable bed dressed daintily in blue and white and azure blue curtains were before the windows. A rag carpet covered the floor; two lazy-looking chairs lounged on either side of a white washstand and on the old-fashioned bureau was a filmy scarf embroidered by girlish hands.

Trevanion had hardly thought of his stenographer as a distinct and separate individual. He had no time to be interested in women and to him Peggy had been merely a cog in the business wheel. But now, through the medium of this blue-and-white room, the girl's personality was thrust upon him. He could picture her drawing aside the curtains to greet the rising sun, or, at night, before the mirror, shaking down the masses of her heavy, dark hair, her tawny eyes flickering like the yellow flame of her candle.

Amplified he thrust the pictures from his mind and making a hurried toilet from the ice-cold pitcher on the stand, descended to the living room where he found his host awaiting him.

"The boys are celebrating in your honor," announced Herford dryly. "I left Lennox out there to keep them in hand. Winter and idleness come hard to men of that breed; they welcome any kind of excitement."

The dozen or more cowboys who assisted Herford lived in rough-and-ready quarters a short distance from house and corral. Their cook, a young French-Canadian, had imbibed liberally of the spirit of the occasion. He slapped the smoking meal on the table with joyful abandon that made Trevanion shudder.

Lennox, more familiarly known as Dave, waived inspection to meet Herford's guest. The man was tawny, heavily built, and tough as a pine knot. His rough clothing was tidy; his grammar faultless. So this was Peggy Herford's lover! Trevanion scrutinized him closely during the boisterous meal which followed. He thought he detected a certain hardness in the man's blue eyes—a weak twist at the corners of his full lips.

"Beverly dropped in this morning," said Lennox during a lull in the festivities of the "boys." "I signed the papers for you—told him things had been so quiet we were liable to break loose and commit murder ourselves."

"Beverly belongs to the Northwest Mounted Police," Herford informed his guest. "Every district is visited at certain intervals. We file complaints and sign a voucher testifying that the man has done his duty. Beverly is a card—the slickest chap in the service. There isn't a crook that lives who can put anything past him."

Lennox yawned audibly behind one shapely brown hand.

"In my opinion, Beverly is losing his grip. The murderer of old man Schneider is still at large. It's been two weeks now—" he paused significantly.

"Give him time," retorted Herford almost irritably. "He'll get him in the end. Schneider was a thieving beggar anyway. He probably deserved all he got. Rascally German spy to my way of thinking!"

"Off on his hobby!" grinned Lennox, turning affably toward Trevanion. "Did you chance to notice a peaceful little settlement just across the Bow from Calgary? More home-loving, law-abiding citizens you never saw, but Herford will have it that it's a hotbed of intrigue and mischief."

"Put a bunch of Germans together anywhere," argued Herford, "they'll start something, believe me!"

Punctuated by the ribald laughter of the cowboys, the discussion waxed fast and furious. Trevanion rose presently, his nerve tingling with unholly din, and rejecting Herford's offer to accompany him, plodded back to the house through the snow. He found the top of Peggy's room closed, though he distinctly remembered leaving it ajar. With the tale of old man Schneider still ringing in his ears, he cautiously pushed it open a crack and peered in.

A youth was cowering and cowering at the foot of the blue-and-white bed, pistol clutched in a trembling hand. "Arise up!" he whispered hoarsely. "Move a step and I croak yer!"

Trevanion surveyed the pitiful object in silence. Evidently the boy was ready to drop from hunger and fatigue. His clothing hung in tatters; his bare toes, bleeding and frost-bitten, protruded from gaping shoes; a half-frozen scar showed angrily red across his forehead; his eyes glared wildly above a scraggy growth of beard.

(To be continued.)

Our Democratic Court.
One reason for the democracy of the Prince of Wales may be policy. But the other is certainly home training. A Canadian nurse who had performed distinguished service in France was invited informally to tea by the Queen of England. A servant appeared in the doorway of the queen's drawing room and announced that tea was served.

The queen turned to her daughter. "Mary," she said, "go tell your father that tea is ready."

Nothing in all the palace impressed the visitor so deeply as this bit of informal home life.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium spends much of her spare time learning the art of navigation.

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CROP AND TRADE CONDITIONS, THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting.

Complete Reports Submitted on Conditions in the Various Provinces of the Dominion at Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal Will Be of Special Interest to Mercantile and Farming Communities.

At the Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal, complete reports were submitted by the Superintendents of the Bank, dealing with trade and farming conditions in the various provinces of the Dominion. These reports cover the particular operations carried out in the various sections of the country and on this account become of very special interest to the mercantile and farming communities desirous of keeping in touch with the important developments that are occurring throughout Canada. Our Superintendents reports are as follows:

Ontario.

Manufacturing in Ontario has been limited only by shortage of supplies and disturbances in labor. Government credits for goods sold to Europe have stimulated manufacturing, and domestic demands have been insistent. New industries are being started, and a number of successful manufacturing concerns in the United States have been making enquiries with the intention of locating in Ontario.

Ontario farmers have been steadily bettering their position in recent years, installing modern equipment and improving their modes of living. The past year has been one of fair crops and high prices. A wet spring was followed by an exceptionally dry summer, and grain crops, with the exception of fall wheat, fell below the average. Root crops were good; corn and tomatoes were a record yield; the season was poor for all fruit except grapes. Cheese production showed a falling off. There is a shortage of hogs; sheep raising is on the increase. The cattle situation is somewhat unsettled, owing to the limited amount of feed available for carrying through the winter.

The production of lumber has been seriously reduced owing to a shortage of labor. 1919 has been an excellent marketing year, with heavy sales to Great Britain and the United States, and a steady demand for all classes of lumber. Prices have been unusually high, there is no accumulation of stocks on hand, and notwithstanding the scarcity of labor and increased costs of operating, the year has been a successful one. Pulp and paper have been in large and increasing demand, with soaring prices for the latter.

Mining production during the year has been curtailed. The demand for nickel fell off after the Armistice, strikes lessened the silver output.

Both these situations are improving and larger production has taken place at the gold mines.

Both wholesalers and retailers report it easy to sell goods. Cereals are shortened and had debts negligible. Larger expenditures were generally made by municipalities this year in an effort to overtake works postponed during the war.

Population shows a general increase, with a tendency to drift to urban and manufacturing centres.

There has been a continued extension in hydro-electric power during the past year, and works at Nipigon and Chippewa, as well as at other places less important, will within the next two years add very largely to the available power for manufacturing and other purposes throughout Ontario.

Generally speaking, the year has been one of great activity throughout the Province.

Prairie Provinces.

During part of the past season extensive areas in Saskatchewan and Alberta experienced, in common with the North-Western States, severe drought and loss of crops, but owing to good yields in other areas, and to high prices, the value of grains raised exceeded that of the year 1918, when the largest crops in the history of the West was produced.

Failure of pasture and hay in certain districts caused anxiety to ranchers, and while autumn rains brought relief, the scarcity of feed for the winter was forced the sale of some unfinished cattle at prices adversely affected by worse conditions in the United States.

The West on the whole has had a prosperous year, exceptions being the districts in which crops were lost through drought.

British Columbia.

Grain crops were affected by drought and were below the average. Fruit and vegetables have been good crops with prices ruling high. More attention is being given to agriculture and farmers and grocers generally have had a profitable season.

Wholesale trade has been good and retail trade active.

The population has increased, and further immigration is expected during the coming year.

Conditions throughout the province on the whole are better than they have been for some years, and prospects appear good for continued business activity into the new year.



Woman's Interests

A Hedge-Podge Party.
Send out invitations for a Hedge-Podge Party on odd scraps of paper and unmatched envelopes, with part of wording written in ink and part in pencil, or with two colors of ink.

For a party of twenty have five tables, four at each table. Select partners by matching pictures cut across in different shapes and numbered for the different couples and tables. These are to be used as score cards, the winning couple getting a gold star each time, and progressing to the next table, changing partners each time.

Prizes can be given those who win the most stars. If desired—one for the boys and one for the girls.

Five minutes should be allowed for each game, and five minutes between games, to allow for change of seats and checking up scores. It is best to start and stop with a bell signal.

At the first table have the old-fashioned game of Jack straws, which requires a skilled touch. At the second table an alphabet game is good. Cut inch squares of cardboard, and paint a letter of the alphabet on each. Have three sets of letters all mixed up in a heap, the letter side down. Then have a list such as this: 1. Vegetable. 2. Fish. 3. Kitchen utensil. 4. Popular song. 5. Books. 6. Names of towns. 7. Wearing apparel. 8. Animals.

Each player, in turn, draws a letter and turns it right side up. The first one who calls out the name of a vegetable beginning with that letter scores one for himself and partner. The couple scoring the highest number wins. The next hand around the subject changes to fish, and so on until the list is exhausted or time is up.

At the third table have a game of tidily winks, and at the fourth have two sets of picture puzzles, the partners first completing the picture being the winners.

The fifth table should provide the most fun. Have a lot of old hats and millinery trimming, with plenty of pins. Here the boys turn the hats with suggestions from the girls. Then the girls put on the hats and parade around the room to give votes as to which hat is the most stunning.

For refreshments have a "hodge-podge salad" made of spaghetti, canned tuna fish, pimientos, celery, and ripe olives, all chopped together and mixed with mayonnaise. Place a neat mound of this mixture on lettuce leaves, with a slice of red tomato on top of that. A bit of mayonnaise with a ripe olive gives it an appealing finish. Serve with cheese crackers or saltines, nicely crisped in the oven. Hot chocolate with a marshmallow in each cup is nice served with it.

Washing Woollens.

To wash woollen goods successfully the water should be soft and warm, not hot, and of uniform temperature throughout the operation. Only the sicker-soaps should be used and these not applied directly to the fabric. If much dirt is present, a volatile alkali such as ammonium carbonate may be added to the wash water.

The scrubbing to which fabric is subjected should be gentle, and the wringing through loosely-set wringers.

Once washed, the goods should not be allowed to lie about wet, but should be immediately hung up to dry, preferably out of doors if the air is dry and the temperature above freezing.

The reason for the careful treatment is found in the peculiar nature of the wool fabric. Its outer or epidermal layer is made up of minute serrations which are arranged in some degree as the scales on a fish. Now these scales are softened and opened up by hot water and by such alkalies as are found in the harsher soaps. In this softened condition the pressure due to hard scrubbing is sufficient to cause the serrated edges of the fibres to interlock or felt. Felted fibres are usually hard and brittle.

This is because the alkali which has helped in felting process has removed from the cells certain fatty substances which serve to make the fibre soft and pliable.

Fabrics which have become hard and felted, have not only lost their attractiveness, but also most of their usefulness as a protection from the cold. This latter quality is due to the "air blanket" which forms in the spaces between the fibres, for quiet air is, as we know, a very poor conductor of heat and cold. When the fibres have become felted, these air spaces are lost and consequently the fabric is no longer able to materially aid the body to retain its heat.

Pet Cock Opener.

In many motors the pet cock used for detaching the level of the oil is placed in inaccessible locations under the engine. By sawing a slit in the end of a broom handle and wrapping the lower end with tape so that the crack will not spread a very convenient opener for these pet cocks is had, relieving the car owner of the need for crawling under the car to determine the level of the oil in the crankcase.

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