

Booril
makes you
enjoy life

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Dr. Eardly, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a morning trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction, Dave's education thrives apace. He becomes a reporter on The Call. One Sunday he told Edith the story of his life and his compact with Irene.

CHAPTER X.

Whatever the effect of this conversation had been upon Edith she concealed it carefully, and Dave counted it one of the fortunate events of his life. It had sealed to him a new friendship, a confidence to support him in days of stress. He had been working under the spur of his passion for Irene, but now this was to be supplemented by the friendship of Edith. That it was more than friendship on her part did not occur to him at all, but he knew she was interested in him, and he was doubly determined that he would justify her interest and confidence. He threw himself into the columns of The Call with greater vigour than ever.

But just at this time another incident occurred which was to turn the flood of his life into strange channels. Dave had been promoted to the distinction of a private office—a little six-by-six "box stall," as the sports editor described it—but none the less a distinction shared with the managing editor and Bert Morrison, compiler of the woman's page. Her name was Roberta, but she was masculine to the tips, and everybody called her Bert. The remainder of the staff occupied a big dingy room, with walls pasted with specimen headings, comic cartoons, and racy pictures, and floor carpeted deeply with exchanges. Dave, however, had established some sort of order in his den, and had installed at his own cost a spring lock to prevent depredations upon his paste pot or sudden raids upon his select file of type copy.

Into this sanctuary one afternoon in October came Conward. It was such an afternoon as to set every office-worker at war with the gods; the glories of the football October are known only in the football country, and Dave, married though he was to his work, felt the call on the sunshine and the open spaces. This was a time for fallen leaves and brown grass and splashes of color everywhere—nature's autumn colors, bright, glorious, unsubdued. Only Dave knew how his blood leaped to that suggestion. But the world must go on.

Conward's habitual cigarette hung from his accustomed short tooth, and his round, florid face seemed puffer than usual. His aversion to any exercise more vigorous than that offered by a billiard cue was beginning to

reflect itself in a premature rotundity of figure. But his soft, insidious voice had not lost the note of friendly confidence, which had attracted Dave, perhaps against his better judgment, on the night of their first meeting.

"Lo, Dave," he said. "Alone?"

"Almost," said Dave, without looking up from his typewriter. Then, turning, he kicked the door shut with his heel and said, "Shoot."

"This strenuous life is spoiling your good manners, Dave, my boy," said Conward, lazily exhaling a thin cloud of smoke. "If work made a man rich you'd die a millionaire. But it isn't work that makes men rich. Ever think of that?"

"If a man does not become rich by work he has no right to become rich at all," Dave retorted.

"What do you mean by that word 'right,' Dave? Define it."

"Haven't time. We go to press at four."

"That's the trouble with fellows like you," Conward continued. "You haven't time. You stick too close to your jobs. You never see the better chances lying all around. Now suppose you let them go to press with you to-day, and you listen to me for a while."

Dave was about to throw him out when a gust of yearning for the open spaces swept over him again. It was true enough. He was giving his whole life to his paper. Promotion was slow, and there was no prospect of a really big position at any time. He remembered Mr. Duncan's remark about newspaper training being the best preparation for something else. With a sudden decision he closed his desk. "Shoot," he said again, but this time with less impatience.

"That's better," said Conward. "Have you ever thought of the future of this town?"

"Well, can't say that I have. I've been busy with my present."

"That's what I supposed. You've been too busy with the details of your little job to give attention to bigger things. Now, let me pass you a few pieces of information—things you wouldn't get from your newspaper. What are the natural elements which make a country or city a desirable place to live? I'll tell you. Climate, transportation, good water, variety of landscape, open spaces, and the open spaces. Given these conditions, everything else can be added. Now, our climate—of course it is misunderstood in the South and East, but misunderstanding doesn't ruffle it. You and I know it is. It is the whitest in the climate. Follow our latitude into Europe if you want to find the seats of power and success. London and Berlin are north of us; Paris very little south."

"Where did you get this stuff?" Dave interjected. "Sounds like the prelude of an address before a boomers' club."

"I've been thinking, while you've been too busy to think," Conward retorted. "Then there's transportation. This is one of the few centres in America which has a north and south trade equal to its east and west trade. We're on the cross-roads. Every settler who goes into the North—and it is a mighty North—means more north and south trade. The development of the Pacific Coast, the industrialization of Asia, the opening of the Panama Canal—these mean east and west trade. Every railway that taps this country must come to this city, because we have the start, and are too big to be ignored."

"City is good," said Dave.

"All right. Scoff as much as you like. Have your joke before it turns on you. There'll be a quarter of a million people here before you're dead, if you play fair with the life-insurance people."

"Go on."

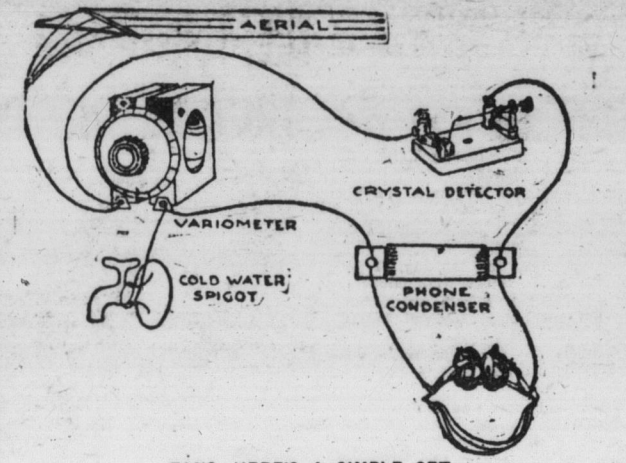
"Then there's the soil—the richest soil in the world. Just dry enough to keep it from leaching. Natural possibilities for irrigation wherever necessary."

"I'm not sure about it as a garin country," interrupted Dave, with a touch of antagonism.

"That is because you were brought up on a ranch, and are a rancher at heart," Conward shot back. "No rancher is ever sure of any country being a garin country. All he is sure of is that if the farmer comes it is good-bye to the open range. Just as the fur-trader blackguarded the climate to keep the stockman out, so is the stockman blackguarding the climate to keep the farmer out. But they're coming. They can't be stopped. It's only a case of education of advertising."

"I tell you, Dave, the movement is on now, and before long it'll hit us like a tidal wave. I've been a bit of a gambler all my life, but this is the biggest jack-pot ever was, and I'm going to sit in. How about you?"

"I'd like to think it over. Promote."



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tion doesn't come very fast on this job, that's sure."

"Yes, and while you are thinking it over chances are slipping by. Don't think it over—put it over. I tell you, Dave, there are big things in the air. They are beginning to move already. Have you noticed the strangers in town of late? That's the advance guard."

"Advance guard of a real estate boom?"

"His! That's a bad word. Get away from it. Say 'industrial development.'"

"All right—industrial development. And do we have to have an advance guard of strangers to bring about industrial development?"

"Sure. That's the only way. You never heard of the old-timers in a town booming it—the term goes between us—did you? Never. The old resident is always deader than the town no matter how dead the town may be. And this business is a science. The right gang can spring it anywhere, and almost any time."

"Let me elaborate. We'll say Alkali Lake is a railway station where lots go begging at a hundred dollars each. In drops a well-dressed stranger—buys ten lots at a hundred and fifty each—and the old-timers are chuckling over sticking him. But in drops another stranger and buys a block of lots at two hundred each. Then the old-timers begin to wonder if they didn't sell too soon. By the time the fourth or fifth stranger has dropped in they are dead sure of it, and they are trying to buy their lots back. All sorts of rumors get started, nobody knows how. New railways are coming, big factories are to be started, minerals have been located, there's a secret war on between great moneyed interests. The town council meets and changes the name to Silver City—having regard, no doubt, to the alkali in the slough water. The old-timers, and all that great, innocent public which is for ever hoping to get something for nothing, are now glad to buy the lots at five hundred to ten thousand dollars each, and by the time they've bought it up the gang moves on. It's the smoothest game in the world, and every community will fall for it at least twice. . . . Well, they're here."

"Of course, it's a little different in this case, because there really is something in the way of natural advantages to support it. It's not all hot air. That'll make the event just so much bigger."

"Now, Dave, I've been dipping in a little already, and it struck me we might work together on this deal. Your paper has considerable weight, and if that weight falls the right way you won't find me stingy. For instance, an item that this property—has been sold for ten thousand dollars to eastern investors—very conservative investors from the East, don't forget that—might help to turn another deal that's just hanging. Sorry to keep you so long, but perhaps you can catch the press yet."

"And, with one of his friendly mannerisms, Conward departed."

Dave sat for some minutes in a quandary. He was discouraged with

his salary, or, rather, with the lack of prospect of any increase in his salary. Conward's words had been very unsettling. They pulled in opposite directions. They fired him with a new enthusiasm for his city, and they intimidated that a gang of professional land-gamblers was soon to perpetrate an enormous theft, leaving the public holding the sack. Still, there must be a middle course somewhere.

He walked to his little window and looked across the warm prairie. No buildings cut his view from the brown hillsides where the lazy mists of autumn beckoned to be out and free. It was a sleepy cow-town still, and yet, as he now recalled, a new pulse had been throbbing its arteries of late. The proportion of strangers—men in white collars and street shoes—at the hotels was steadily growing. Rents were going up. It was the first low wave—and Conward's ear had caught it. . . .

At any rate, he could use Conward's story about the land sale. That must be used at once or discarded altogether. The Evening Call carried a statement of Conward's sale, and on that statement was hung a column story on the growing prosperity of the city, and its assured future owing to its exceptional climate and natural resources, combined with its commanding position on transportation routes, both east and west and north and south. With the industrialization of Asia and the settlement of the great North—and how great is that North—etc., etc.

During the following days Dave had a keener eye than usual for evidences of "industrial development." He found them on every hand. Old properties, long considered unsaleable, were changing owners. Handsomely furnished offices had been opened on principal corners for the sale of city and country property. Hotels were crowded, bar-rooms were jammed. The preponderance of the male population had never been so pronounced, and every incoming train added to it. Money move easily; wages were stiffening; tradesmen were in demand. There was material for many good stories in his investigations. He began writing features on the city's prosperity and prospects. The rival paper did the same, and there was soon started between them a competition of optimism. The great word became "boom." It stood, apparently, for any action or attitude that would increase prices. The virus was now in the veins of the community, pulsing through every street and by-way of the little city. Dave marvelled, and wondered how he had failed to read these signs until Conward had laid his portent bare before him. But as yet it was only his news sense that responded, his only his sense that inoculated with the poison of easy wealth.

(To be continued.)

Mindard's Liniment for Burns, etc.



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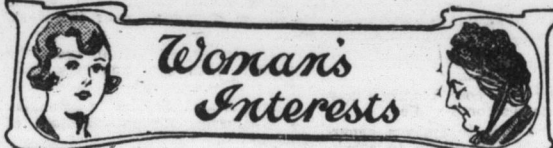
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Chasing the Chicken Dinner Around the World.

The popularity of the chicken dinner is not confined to Canada, but appears to be world-wide in its appeal. The excellence of the dinner, according to the best culinary standards, rests on two points, namely, the quality of the bird and the flavorful method of its cooking.

Every country has a choice bird to use on state occasions, but it is the average chicken whose cookery establishes the cooks' and the countries' reputation for chicken dinners. Like the traveler's check, the chicken dinner makes the whole world kin, and many a bad case of homesickness has been swallowed during its consumption in alien surroundings. No doubt Canadian housekeeper both east and west think their style of cooking chicken the best in the world. May be they are one and all right, but the writer refuses to be chicken pecked into an argument, so she will make tracks right out into foreign territory and offer the housekeeper a few recipes that must stand upon their own merit, for the cooks who originated them are too far away to crow for their own rights of supremacy. The soup and "trimmings" that go with them depend upon the convenience and custom of each country wherein the dinners are served.

Japanese Chicken—Select a young, tender chicken and cut it into convenient pieces. Place the chicken in a deep pot with a sliced carrot, parsnip and potato. Just cover the meat with boiling water, to which add three tablespoonfuls of mirren and a quarter cupful of Shoyu sauce. Cover and cook gently until the chicken is tender, skimming occasionally. Lift the chicken onto a hot dish and surround it with the gravy and pour over the chicken.

Chinese Chicken—Bone a young, tender chicken and cut the meat in convenient pieces. Dice the flesh of a small, fresh pineapple or that of a can of sliced fruit. Pare a piece of green ginger root, pound it and soak it in a tablespoonful of rice wine for ten minutes, then squeeze it over the chicken. Heat two tablespoonfuls of sesame oil in a frying pan and put in the chicken, add a cupful of boiling water and cook until the chicken is tender. Thicken the gravy with a dessertspoonful of cornstarch and a sugar dissolved in a little of the pineapple, cover and heat through. Serve with boiled rice. Mushrooms may be added, and add a few blanched and split almonds, if desired.

Mexican Chicken—Boil a young chicken in the usual way until tender, then cut it into four serving pieces. Meantime put a tablespoonful of oil or lard in a frying pan and fry the pulp of six Chile peppers, with the crumbs of half a stale loaf of bread. When done pound smooth. Blanch and roast in the oven a half cupful each of sweet almonds and peeled melon seed, then chop fine. Strain a pint of the chicken broth and stir in these ingredients to thicken it, then turn it over the chicken. Add salt to taste. Serve tortillas with the chicken.

Persian Chicken—Truss and boil a tender chicken in two quarts of water, adding a chopped onion, a bay leaf, six whole peppercorns, a level tablespoonful of salt, a stick of cinnamon and a bunch of sweet herbs. When

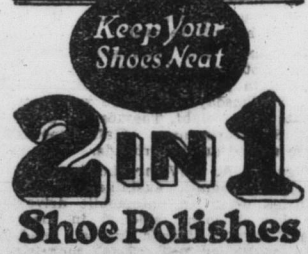
the meat cooks tender lift it, remove the big bones and cut the meat into pieces. Strain the broth and add to it a cupful of seeded raisins, a lump of butter and the chicken. Cover and cook gently until the rice has taken up all the broth, watching that it does not burn, then serve on a hot dish, with a few blanched almonds and a little rose water sprinkled over the rice.

French Chicken—Clean and split a small roasting chicken and brown it in butter, then put it into a saucepan with a pint of white wine, a half bud of garlic, a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, three cloves, salt and pepper. Simmer one hour; then lift the chicken and thicken the gravy with brown roux. Pour some of the gravy onto a baking platter and sprinkle the surface with grated Gruyere cheese, lay over the chicken, cover with the rest of the gravy, then sprinkle generously with more cheese. Put the dish into a medium oven and brown nicely.

Spanish Chicken—Singe, clean and joint a young, tender chicken, barely cover it with water, and cook until tender. Remove the meat to a buttered casserole and cover with an onion, sweet pepper and a small bud of garlic chopped fine, four thinly sliced tomatoes, a quarter cupful of olive oil, a tablespoonful of taragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a half-teaspoonful of powdered sweet herbs and a little pepper. Cover and cook in the oven for forty minutes.

India Chicken—Prepare a plump young chicken and boil until tender. Lift the chicken and remove the large bones and cut into serving pieces. Make a sauce of a sliced onion, a piece of ginger root and a half clove of garlic sliced fine, then fried in three tablespoonfuls of oil; when soft but not brown add a tablespoonful each of curry powder and flour and work in slowly a pint of rich milk. When blended add the cream of a fresh coconut and turn into a double boiler. Add the chicken and let rest, heat to do not boil. Serve with rice steamed dry and relishes of grated coconut, chutney, minced peppers, sliced and broiled bacon, strips of dried fish, pickled shrimp, rolled anchovies and preserved ginger.

Hungarian Chicken—Slice an onion into a small quantity of melted fat and cook to a golden brown, then add a teaspoonful of paprika and then a pint of stock. Cook ten minutes, then put in the chicken, cut into quarters, add salt and pepper and cook a half hour until the chicken is tender. Lift the chicken onto a hot dish, add a cupful of sour cream to the gravy and boil up, then pour over the meat and serve rice as a border around the dish. Sometimes quick dumplings are served with this dish, in which case the rice is omitted.



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THE CRADLE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

PLYMOUTH'S ROMANTIC CLAIMS TO RENOWN.

Nursery of World-Conquerors Her Name and Fame Have Spread to All Lands.

Plymouth has a history which few other towns in Britain can rival and none can eclipse. To-day she may occupy no high place in the list of Britain's rich and populous towns; but she can point to a time in Tudor days when she was the acknowledged queen of them all—the cradle of the British Empire.

Her story had its origin in the mists of the distant past, when the giant Goemot and Corinuc fought each other to the death. As proof that the story is no fable, they can (or could at one time) show the giant's jaw-bone as it was brought to the light of day when the foundations of her citadel on the Hoe were prepared.

But Plymouth has no need to quote legends to prove her length of years. When the first of the Conqueror's followers set foot in her streets she was a flourishing little town. And with the coming of the fourteenth century she entered on an adventurous era which focused the world's eyes upon her.

Armies Come and Go.
In 1346 she saw the Black Prince and his army embark upon that historic campaign which was crowned by the victories of Crecy and Poitiers. The gallant Prince returned crowned with laurels, bringing back as prisoners the King of France and his son.

And it was at Plymouth, years later, that the Black Prince returned from his campaign in Spain, a dying man, scarcely able to complete his journey to London.

Plymouth experienced something of the horrors of war in those long-ago days, when the French swooped down on her twice and left her streets filled with the slain, under a canopy of smoke from her burning buildings.

But it was in the sixteenth century that her golden era really opened. Those were the days when Britain's bold spirits began to roam the seas in search of new lands.

Sir John Hawkins was cradled in Plymouth. His forefathers for generations were Plymouth men; and it was fitting that this "Terror of the Seas," who played such a great part in smashing Spain's Armada, should hail from this nursery of world-conquerors. Raleigh, another man of Devon, sailed from Plymouth on his many voyages, in which he played such havoc with Spanish treasure-ships, and planted the British flag in Virginia. From Plymouth Sir Martin Frobisher set forth on his thrilling adventures; and Sir Humphrey Gilbert to the discovery of Newfoundland. To Plymouth Sir Francis Drake returned from his voyage around the world, bringing rich booty from captured Spanish galleons.

Founding a New World.
It was on Plymouth Hoe, eight years later, that Drake was playing that historic game of bowls when the first glimpse was caught of the far-spread crescent of the Armada.

As the pageant of Plymouth passes before us we see the little Mayflower settling sail from her harbor to people a new world across the Atlantic. We see her fighting bravely on three occasions to keep the besieging Royalist troops out of her streets; and we see the lonely, pathetic figure of Napoleon I. standing on the deck of the Bellerophon, gazing at the dense mass of boats packed with sightseers who were curious to look upon the fallen despot of Europe.

To-day Plymouth is a flourishing port, to and from which the world's ships carry their freights. Her name and fame have spread to all lands.

The Soldier.
What dreaming drone was ever blest By thinking of the morrow? To-day be mine—I leave the rest To all the fools of sorrow; Give me the heart that mocks at care, The heart, its own defender; The spirits that are light as air, And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms— We meet—'tis death or glory; 'Tis victory in all her charms, Or fame in Britain's story; Dear native land! thy fortunes frown, And ruffians would enslave thee; Thou land of honor and renown, Who would not die to save thee? —W. Smyth.

Overwhelmingly Right.
When the school inspector walked in, the class pulled itself together and determined not to make any mistakes this time. All went well until the inspector picked on Jimmie. "Now, my lad," he said, "what's the plural of mouse?" "Mice," said Jimmie. "Right," said the inspector. "And now, what is the plural of baby?" "Twins!" said Jimmie and that did it.

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