

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motor 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 five years 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 Social meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional lessons as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in the Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction Dave's education thrives apace. He secures a position in a warehouse and attracts the notice of a patron of the public library where he spent his evenings.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"You are a Shakespearean student, I see?"

"Not exactly. I read a little in the evenings. But I haven't gone far enough to call myself a student."

"I have seen you here at different times. Are you well acquainted with the town?"

"Pretty well," said Dave, scenting that there might be a purpose in the question.

"Working now?"

"Yes, I'm in the office of the 'Call'."

"I am the editor of the 'Call,'" said the elderly man. "We need another man on the street—a reporter, you know. We pay twenty-five dollars a week for such a position. If you are interested you might call at the office to-morrow."

Dave turned with his problem to Mr. Duncan. "I think I'd like the work," he said, "but I am not sure whether I can do it. My writing is rather awkward."

Mr. Duncan turned the matter over to his mind. "Yes," said Dave at length. "I think you are better than the typewriter. When you learn that I gave you ten fingers, not two, you may make a typist. And there is nothing more worth while than being able to express yourself in English. They'll teach you that on a newspaper. I think I'll take it."

"Not on account of the money," he continued, after a little. "You would probably soon be earning more in the wholesale business. Newspaper men are about the worst paid of all professions. But it's the best training in the world, not for itself, but as a step to something else. I have often wondered why editors who are forever scolding every phase of the work, work so hard, and content to train up so many thousands of bright young men—and then pass them along into other business where they are better paid. But the training is worth while, and it's the training you want. Take it."

Dave explained his disadvantages to the editor of the 'Call.' "I didn't want you to think," he said with great frankness, "that because I was reading Shakespeare I was a master of English. And I guess if I were to write up stuff in Hamlet's language I'd get canned for it."

"We'd probably have a deputation from the Moral Reform League," said the editor, with a dry smile. "Just the same, if you know Shakespeare you know English, and we'll soon break you into the newspaper style."

So, almost before he knew it, Dave was on the staff of the 'Call.' His first assignment was to go to the police court, fire department, hotels, and generally pick-ups. And the very first article, as though to afford fuel for his genius, a small fire occurred in a clothing store.

"Good for two sticks—about four inches," said the editor, when Dave had given him the main facts. "Write your story to it."

Dave suddenly realized that, although he had been a persistent reader of newspapers during the recent months, he had scarcely the remotest idea how many words went into a column of an inch. It was a piece of information needed at once, so he set about to count the words in a column. Then he wrote his story to it.

"No. Where a principle is involved and we have principles, even in the principal, even if we lose the principle. Our notions of what is the public good have cost us a lot of money at times. You see, the exploiter is always ready to pay his servants, which is more than can be said of the public. But where no real principle is involved we try to be friendly to our friends."

With these fresh views on his profession Dave entered upon his work as a reporter. He was chastened by determination. Almost immediately he found the need of acquaintanceships. The isolation of his boyhood had bred in him qualities of aloofness which had now to be overcome. He was not naturally a good mixer, he preferred his own company, but his own company would not bring him much news. So he set about deliberately to cultivate acquaintance with the members of the police force and the fire brigade, and the clerks in the hotels. And he certainly which gave him almost instant admission into their friendships. He had not suspected the charm of his feeding upon his new-born enthusiasm for friendships, still further enriched the charm.

(To be continued.)

Forty-eight different materials are used in the construction of a piano.

Love is a healer. A life giver. It is the great solvent for hatred and uncharitableness. Love your enemies, love everybody, and it will take all the bitterness out of life. It will smooth out all the jealousy and hatred wrinkles. It will kill all discord. Love will bring your life into harmony, into peace and serenity which passeth all understanding.

MANITOBA'S GAME AND FUR FARMS

NORTHERN DISTRICTS ABOUND IN WILD LIFE.

Province May Become as Renowned for Fine Furs as it Now is for Fine Wheat.

Before all else the province of Manitoba still suggests to the rest of the world premier wheat, and for many years the popular conception of the economic value of the "postage stamp" province was circumscribed by myriad wheat fields all turning out "Manitoba Hard" and giving the name world renown. It is relatively a short space of time since the same province, its boundaries extended to embrace the Hudson's Bay, made another bid for world fame by its discovery of valuable minerals in its northern area which, judging by the ever increasing discoveries and in view of the small amount of exploration and development completed, are assuredly of wide range and extent. These are merely two of the province's valuable assets, and there are many others less widely known and not as sensationally advertised because they are longer established and maintain a growth that is free from the spectacular.

Among these may be mentioned Manitoba's big game and its sporting fauna. These have proved strictly profitable and alluring to attract sportsmen and commercial trappers in considerable numbers, and the northern area would exert a still more potent charm had not the province achieved a greater fame in agriculture and industry. It must be borne in mind, however, that industry is yet showing its hand in the first paragraph, a fiction story in the last.

"Then, get the facts. Nobody cares whether the fire-bell rang or not, but they do care about the man who was struck by the bolt, what he was doing there, what he was doing, what he was doing, what he was doing. Get the names of everybody, and get them right. The closest tightwad in the town will buy a paper if it has his name in it. Every newspaper story is a fiction story, as you turned it in"—the editor picked it up from his desk; he had evidently saved it for such an occasion as this.

In all parts of Manitoba where there is any extent of wooded or scrub land, many varieties of deer are to be found, the jumping deer, the mule deer and the blacktailed deer. Their haunts may be considered accessible without the organization of a regular prolonged expedition. The Virginia deer has come into the province with the plough and is to be found solely in agricultural areas. In fact, it is stated that there are hundreds of this species within thirty miles of the city of Winnipeg. The Wapiti, or elk, haunts most of all the deer tribe, is to be found now only in the heavily wooded regions, and it is gratifying to learn that after several years of depletion this prepossessing species is on the increase. Undisputed lord of the north ranges the gigantic moose. It keeps far from the haunts of humankind, and is to be found in the north and east of Winnipeg. In many districts the moose are increasing, due largely to the greater precaution against forest fires, their worst enemy.

Game licenses, issued annually, exceed fifty thousand.

Many valuable fur-bearing animals range in the unsettled areas of northern Manitoba, among them being badger, bear, beaver, coyote, weasel, fisher, fox, lynx, marten, mink, muskrat, otter, rabbit, raccoon, skunk, wolf, and wolverine. In the season 1920-21 the value of Manitoba's fur production was \$1,955,865, taking a position behind the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, and Alberta only. The most valuable animals in respect of total catch were in order, muskrat, beaver, mink, marten, silver fox, and coyote. A more substantial catch is expected to be reported as a result of provincial operations in the past season, it being stated that a million dollars' worth of furs were marketed in the Pas alone, and the entire catch estimated at \$2,000,000. Three thousand Indian trappers supplemented by three hundred white trappers of the provincial wilds in the past winter.

The Establishment of Fur Farms.

The larger phases of agriculture having, in the past, occupied a practically exclusive attention, fur farming has not yet assumed a very important status, though a successful beginning has been made, and the industry will doubtless witness considerable expansion in the future. With all the requisite conditions for success—a full domestic breeding and the numerous opportunities waiting to be taken advantage of, this supplementary industry to trapping should become a valuable addition to the province's sources of revenue. The 1920 returns of the Bureau of Statistics showed the existence of only two fur farms in Manitoba, the value of whose land and buildings was \$86,283 and of the two hundred silver foxes thereon \$155,770.

Several fur farms have been established since the last government returns were compiled, and are in successful operation, and considerable interest is evinced in this interesting phase of agriculture throughout the province. Certain parts offer particularly advantageous openings for engaging in the domestic rearing of a variety of animals. For instance, under the rigorous protective measures which have been in force, beavers have increased in numbers to a surprising extent, and according to an authority there are more of these valuable little animals within one hundred miles of Winnipeg than in the whole of Northern Manitoba.

An extension to trapping activities and the further establishment of domestic fur ranches in the province has been encouraged and stimulated by the establishment of periodical fur sales in the city of Winnipeg, the first of which took place in 1920. Winnipeg is now a better centre for the provincial catch as well as for skins coming in from other areas. Buyers have

and the worst is yet to come



attended these sales from all parts of the continent, and approximately half a million dollars' worth of pelts has been disposed of at each auction.

The first catch of the present season will permanently remain of some volume, as much of the area at present supplying furs will never be wrested away by other industries and against the inevitable depletion stands the growing interest in domestic ranching. Manitoba conditions are conducive to the production of the finest furs, and in time the fur farm may vie for renown with the wheat farm in the province.

Tree Trunks.

Straight and firm and strong yet pliant. Gray suntanned accents of the land. From your boughs and wreathed around. Each stout branch which sweeps the ground.

Cool green fluttering, trembling leaves. Whisper to each wayward breeze: "All our life, our beauty owe To these tall, dark trunks below. While, in truth, they're scarcely seen Hidden 'neath our foliage green. Yet, should they die, struck to the heart By man's ax or lightning's dart, And in proud, brave carried off, Ah, 'tis then we, too, must die." Grave old warriors of the woods, Stripped of all green by winter's moods, Alone ye meet the icy blast, Your leaves in earth's warm arms held fast.

Forest Fires and Sportsmen.

Every forest fire destroys game and game cover. Less game means less sport.

A lightly lighted, lighted cigar or cigarette or hot pipe ashes thrown down on a forest fire, may start a fire. Different laws, rules, places and ways for making campfires. "Sports" neither know nor observe these things. A sportsman does.

Small fires are more comfortable and usable than big ones for cooking and warmth.

Fire is never out until it is dead. Smother out every spark with water or mineral soil before leaving it.

Act as though you were a forest fire warden in preventing and putting out fire and in demanding of others like care and like respect for forest fire laws.

Woman's Little Toe.

Women are losing their toes!

This startling assertion is made by Dr. Pfitzer, a scientist, who says that in the near future women will have only four toes on each foot. The little toe will disappear!

The professor points out that in the days of ancient Greece woman had three joints to her little toe, while it is known that Egyptian women had only two joints, while there are many cases in which only one joint is found.

"As a rule," says Dr. Pfitzer, "women have more primitive figures than men. But the foot is the exception, and as civilization has progressed various organs have disappeared when no longer needed. Women have now done away with the use for the little toe as a foot balance by adopting the high-heeled shoe. Consequently the little toe is disappearing.

"This change will not affect men, who will always retain five toes because they need them."

Messages Under the Sea.

One of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken will be the duplication of the Pacific cable from Canada to Australia and New Zealand.

The cable runs from Vancouver and touches Fanning Island, Norfolk Island, and Fiji. An enormous number of messages pass over it, and although the new line will cost something like ten million dollars it will soon justify the expenditure of this enormous sum.

More than seven thousand miles of cable will be needed, and on a stretch of the line will be the longest in the world—a distance of 6,853 miles.

Some idea of the amount of work that this cable will have to do may be gathered from the fact that nine million words are telegraphed to and from Australia every year.

Be a Man.

Grandma was proud of her grandsons, but there came a day when she found them all pulled up.

"Willie," she said to her little grandson, "you pulled up my grandsons."

"I don't know," the young man replied, "I think it was Margery, grandma."

"Come now, Willie," grandma chipped in, "Be a man. Own up and say 'I did.'"

"That's right, grandma," said Willie, "Grandpa did!"

Rippling Rhymes
By Walt Mason

BEDTIME STORY.

Oh, granddad, ere we hit the hay, tell us a tale," said little Jay. And Peterkin and Abigail insisted that I tell a tale "To-day." I said, "You had a trip in my new car, and saw it zip at giddy speed along the sea, until a speed cork climbed on me. But you're so used to wondrous things, you calloused modern kids, by jinks, the finest car that ever was can't move you to a mild applause. When I was young, aged six or five, my granddad took me for a drive; he doubtless hoped I might endorse the animal he called a horse; it was a tall, ungainly beast, and had four shambling legs, at least; it had no place for oil and gas, but burned up oats and hay and grass; and when all sweated up and warm, it drew the flies, in mighty swarms, and it grew rather peevish, and kicked a hole through granddad's hat. It put in all its pep and power, and took us seven miles an hour."

"It's seventy no doubt you mean," said Peterkin; "you're off your beam."

"'Twas seven miles an hour, by gum; we thought that we were going some; and granddad, he looked down at me, and I looked up to him in glee: 'Now, this is speed!' I heard him call—'You're story is no good at all,' said Peterkin and little Jay; 'We don't believe a word you say; a man might drive a horse, indeed, but who would say a word of speed when biting up so punk a gait? We'll go to bed; it's getting late.'"

Woman's Interests

Crocheted Sports Hat.

Every girl needs a sports hat nowadays and the hats are made in a variety of becoming colors. A particularly pleasing hat is made in a combination of white brush wool with blue, rose or mauve wool. Green, blue, rose or mauve would look quite as well with the white. Brush wool is fairly smooth and is agreeable to work with. The finished article is brushed with a wire brush which comes for the purpose; the brush raises the fibres and produces the fuzzy effect which is so much admired.

The hat requires four and one-half ounces of white brush wool, three ounces of wool in American beauty shade, a hat lining and milliners' wire for the edge.

Double the wool, that is, work with two strands of wool, working either with two balls, or with the outer end of the ball from the inside of the ball. Work with a medium size crochet hook and white wool chain 3 and croch 6 s.c. in 2d stitch of ch.

2d row, 2 s.c. in each st.

3d row, 1 s.c. in first st., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in next st. Repeat from * to end of row.

4th row, 1 s.c. in each of first 2 sts., 2 s.c. in next st., 1 s.c. in each of the next 2 sts. Repeat from * to end of row. Continue increasing in each of the six widening points, always having one more s.c. between the points on each row. Continue until the work measures seven and one-quarter inches in diameter, then crochet without increasing until the work measures six inches from centre to edge.

In working the next ten rows, join the last st. of each row to the first st. of that row with a slip st. This is done in order to obtain perfect stripes. The stripes consist of two rows done in American beauty wool, two rows in white wool, two rows in American beauty, two rows in white.

With white wool work around, increasing 1 st. in every 3d st. Crochet next four rows without increasing. Next row increase 1 st. in every 10th st. Then two rows without increasing. For next row join American beauty wool and increase 1 st. in every 10th st. Next row crochet over the wire, fasten ends of wire, then finish with 1 row of slip st. Brush the entire hat with a wire brush and trim with a pompadour made of the wool.

As the head size is regulated by the diameter of the crown, these directions will make a hat measuring about twenty-four inches in head size. For a smaller hat, reduce the size of the crown.

Save Your Beans and Tomatoes.

All varieties of string-beans can be dried. If to be dried whole, use young beans. Wash and string, put in wire basket or cheese-cloth bag and blanch in boiling water for from six to ten minutes, depending on the age of beans. If you want to preserve the green color, add one-half teaspoonful of soda to each gallon of blanching water. Drain in colander, and place in sun or in sunshine, in order to remove the surface moisture, then place on dry trays and put in evaporator or oven at 110 deg. F. Slowly increase temperature to 140 deg. or 145 deg. (in about one to one and one-half hours) and finish drying at this temperature. They will dry in from two to two and one-half hours. If string-beans are a little old, wash and string, slice in one-quarter inch strips, blanch and dry as above.

To dry beans without a drier or evaporator, string and break into short pieces, then spread out on paper on a shed floor to dry. If dried in the shade they will retain their color better than when dried in the sunshine.

The warmer the room, the better. Watch the beans and stir occasionally. If the weather is damp or cool, the pieces may mold at the broken ends. When thoroughly dried, pack and store in airtight packages.

To cook dried string-beans, parboil for from ten to fifteen minutes in water containing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. Drain and wash in fresh water, then place in a pot with a piece of fat bacon or salt pork; add salt to taste. Cook for from three and one-half to four hours (in a fireless cooker if you have one). Cooked for a shorter time than this, fresh or dried green beans are not quite so palatable. Cook the full time to allow the beans to take up and hold the seasoning. Allow the liquid to cook away until but a small quantity remains.

Tomato paste will commend itself to the thrifty. Get rid of the water in fresh tomatoes and you can pack all the food value, flavor and color in one-tenth of the original space. Both the paste in any size bottle, cork and seal for use in soups and sauces. One teaspoonful of paste will make one dish of soup.

For plain paste, boil the tomatoes until soft. Crush thoroughly and pass through a fine sieve or screen to take out the skins and seeds. Place the pulp and juice which pass the screen in a shallow pan and boil down gently (over a slow fire) to a thick consistency. Then place it over hot water or in a slow oven where the heat is not sufficient to cause the paste to stick to the bottom of the pan. Allow the pulp to evaporate until it reaches the consistency of peanut butter. While still hot add about two ounces of salt to a gallon of the paste and pack into hot sealed jars or bottles. Sterilize in a boiler or deep kettle for from one-half hour to an hour.

Failures in Music.

Why do so many fail to attain musical success? Simply for lack of ambition and efficiency. Hundreds begin the study of music with earnest intentions of becoming eminent musicians, but because they are obliged to encounter a few obstacles they become greatly discouraged and lose interest in their work. Some become incompetent musicians, while others give up the work in utter disgust.

Determination and confidence are essential to successful musicianship. If you desire to develop musical ability, and become an eminent musician you must refuse to permit disappointments to hinder your progress and lead you to failure. There never was an accomplishment worth possessing over attained without effort and application. Anything worth possessing is well worth exertion. A few disappointments to combat now and then presents no reason why anyone should give up. Sincerity of effort and a willingness to endure hardships are the necessary requirements for the attainment of musical success, and unless one possesses an unlimited amount of patience, coupled with optimism sufficient to overcome trials and discouragements, one will never ascend the elevated sphere. There are thousands of failures in the world to-day who are paying the penalty for submitting to discouragements and disappointments.

If Only!

If only dinner cooked itself, And groceries grew upon a shelf, If children did as they were told, And never had a cough or cold, And washed their hands and wiped their boots, And never tore their Sunday suits, But always tidied up the floor, Nor once forgot to shut the door!

If John remembered not to throw His papers on the ground, and oh! If he would put his pipes away, And shake the ashes on the tray, Instead of on the floor close by, And always spread his towel to dry, And hung his hat upon the peg, And never had bones in his leg!

Ahem! If wishes all came true, I don't know what I'd find to do, Because if no one made a mess, There'd be no need of cleanliness, And things might work so blissfully in time—who knows? they'd not last me!

And this being so, I fancy whether I'll go on keeping things together —Fay Ingham.

Finding New Fruits.

It is curious that during the half-million or more years that man has inhabited the earth, he has learned to cultivate only about 300 species of plants out of more than 100,000 that are known to exist.

During the past two thousand years we have not discovered and cultivated a single plant which can rival maize, rice, the sweet potato, the date, cereals, and the banana, which was first discovered three or four thousand years ago.

Among new fruits that have been found recently is the 'bejo,' a South American fruit which is being grown in California. It possesses the refreshing taste of the pineapple and the sweetness of the strawberry.

The 'jubbe' is a new fruit which has been cultivated in Northern China. It was first known some three years ago and is now being grown in California and Texas. It is usually eaten in candied form, and is preferred by many people to the date, which it resembles.

The 'sapote,' a Central American fruit about the size of an orange, is said to be grown in Florida, while the 'roselle,' a new acid fruit grown in Southern California, is used for jellies and in the making of refreshing beverages.

Bees as Doctors.

If you suffer from rheumatism, get stung by a bee!

A remarkable revival of this ancient idea is taking place at the little Hertfordshire town of Wilsbop's, Stafford, one of the largest bee-keeping centres in this country. Some marvelous cures have been effected and orders for swarms of bees are pouring in from all over the world. A large number of the greatest hospitals are among those to whom the swarms have been sent.

The method by which the bee-keepers treat their patients is to place the bees carefully on the nose of the sufferer's neck so that the poison from the stings can be discharged into the body. The healing power of the venom lies in the volatile formic acid it contains.

One of the leaders of the cult is Mr. Hussey, the secretary of the local beekeepers' Association. In the course of his work he has been stung as often as a thousand times a day, and he declares that he never feels better or more stimulated than when he is being stung by a swarm of worker bees.

The Only Place.

A young woman writer of some reputation not long ago asked a well known editor to give his opinion on a book she intended to publish.

"It's all right," said she, "the work is not up to the mark, I beg you to tell me frankly, as I have other irons in the fire and should you think that this is not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else."

After reading several minutes the editor returned the manuscript with this observation:

"Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."

She Had Enough.

As Mrs. Gates, of Cloverdale Corners, was leaving the exhibition hall of the county fair, a man stepped out of a booth and accosted her.

"Won't you enter," said he, "and see the startling spheeristic optical illusions of radium?"

Mrs. Gates shook her head—with a smile, however, for she is courteous if not scientific.

"I'm obliged to you," she said, "but my bag is chock-full of samples now."

Partridge Island Health Watchdog

Health watchdog, and incidentally of the Canadian Quarantine Station where immigrants infectious diseases are detained till they are fit to go ashore. Probably the most important station in the world for the island guarding it at St. John, N.B. A sign on the island reads: "The wireless name of the ship where she comes she is bound, immediately transmits Health Officer's orders. Some time later, a steamer from the quarantine station, with a doctor, who has to inspect the entire passengers and attending the Public Health Officer, is now nearing the receiving and

LANGUAGES HAND

A doctor has a alarming number of germs are transmitted. However, it seems to doubt if my own part of my Evening News, which I conducted for a week and a half, down and out of my own hands, and I am glad to say, it is possible to do it. I am glad to say, it is possible to do it. I am glad to say, it is possible to do it.

How do you strike hands? ample and the man who shakes hands with a mouse? The King is by saving the people. The King is by saving the people. The King is by saving the people.

And never tore their Sunday suits, But always tidied up the floor, Nor once forgot to shut the door!

And this being so, I fancy whether I'll go on keeping things together —Fay Ingham.

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