

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

Mr. Elden promptly engaged the doctor in conversation, and in a few moments had gleaned the main facts in connection with the accident and the father and daughter which it had brought so involuntarily under his roof. He was quite sober now, and his speech, although slowly, was not incoherent. He was still able to pay to woman that respect which curbs the coarseness of a tongue for years subjected to little discipline.

After breakfast Irene attended to the wants of her father, and by this time the visiting doctor was manifesting impatience to be away. Other fees were calling him, and he assured Doctor Hardy, what the latter quite well knew, that nothing more could be done for him at present. He would come again at any time he was summoned by the young man, or if his professional duties should bring him into the neighborhood of the Elden ranch. But Dave declared with prompt finality that the horses must wait until after moon, and the doctor, with a spent morning's rambling in the foothills. Meanwhile the girl busied herself with work about the house, in which she was effecting a rapid transformation.

After the midday dinner Dave hurried the team for the journey, but before leaving inquired of Irene if there were any special purchases, either personal or for the use of the house, which she would recommend. With some diffidence she mentioned one that was uppermost in her thoughts—soap, both laundry and toilet. Dr. Hardy had no hesitation in calling for a box of his favorite cigars and some new magazines, and took occasion to press into the boy's hand a bill of all proportion to the value of the supplies requested. There was an argument in the yard, which the girl did not fully hear, between father and son, but she gathered that the old man insisted on going to the city, and, failing that, that Dave should replenish his stock of whisky, to neither of which would the young man assent. It was evident that Dave was the responsible person in the family of the Elden ranch. The day was introductory to others that were to follow. Dave returned the next afternoon, riding his own horse, and heavily laden with cigars, magazines, soap, and with a soft little package, which he proved to be a sponge, which he had bought of his own initiative, and which he tendered to Irene. She took it with slowly rising color, and with a strange misgiving whether this was a bona fide contribution to the toilet equipment of the house, or a quiet bribe designed to offset the effect of the appeal for soap.

The following day it was decided that the automobile, which since the accident had lain unturned by the road, should be brought to the ranch building. Dave harnessed his team, and, instead of riding one of the horses, walked behind, driving by the reins, and accompanied by the girl, who had proclaimed her ability to steer the car. When they reached the stream she hesitated, remembering her mishap, but the boy slipped his untried hand firmly under her arm, and they walked the log in safety. It seemed to Irene that he continued the assistance when it was no longer needed, but she accepted the courtesy without remark.

With the aid of the team and Dave'sariat the car was soon righted, and was found to be none the worse for its detour from the beaten track. Irene presided at the steering wheel, watching the road with great interest, and turning the wheel too far on each occasion, which gave to her course a somewhat wavy or undulating order, such as is seen in a better hand. There would be no comparison with that rolling motion affected by fancy skaters. However, the mean of her direction corresponded with the mean of the trail, and all went merrily until the stream was approached. He was a rather steep descent, and the car showed a sudden purpose to engage the horses in a contest of speed. The animals were suspicious enough at first of their strange wagon, and had no thought of allowing it to assume the initiative. Now Irene knew perfectly well where the brake was, and how to use it. In fact, there were two brakes, one for each wheel, and she intended to insure safety, that was responsible for her undoing. Her impulse was to use the emergency brake, but to do so she must remove her hand from the steering wheel, where it was very fully occupied. She did start to put this impulse into effect, but an unusually violent deflection caused her to reconsider that intention. She determined to use the "foot brake," a feat which was accomplished, under normal conditions, by placing one foot firmly against a steering-post. She shot a quick glance downward, and to her alarm discovered not one, but three contrap-

tions, all apparently designed to receive the pressure of a foot—if one could reach them—and as similar as the steps of a stair. This involved further hesitation, and in automobileing he who hesitates invites a series of rapid experiences. By this time all Irene's attention was required to bring the car to some unimpaired direction. It was quite evident that it was running away. It was quite evident that the horses were running away. The situation assumed the qualities of a race, and the only native of a grave doubt related to its termination. Dave, still holding fast to the reins, ran beside the car with prodigious strides which enabled him to bring but little restraint upon the team, and Irene held to the steering wheel with the grip of desperation.

Then the girl had put her foot on the extra resistance it caused, and the extra alarm it excited in the horses, resulted in the breaking of the lariats. Dave clung fast to his team, and now that the terrifying rival no longer pursued them, they were soon brought to a standstill. Having pacified them he tied them to a post and returned to the stream. The car sat in the middle of the stream, and the water flowed by a few inches below. She was laughing merrily when Dave, very wet in parts, appeared on the bank.

"Well, I'm not wet, except for a little splashing," she said, "and you are. Does anything occur to you?" With thoughtless reply he walked stolidly into the cold water, took her in his arms, and soon repaired, and the car hauled to the ranch buildings without further mishap.

Later in the day he said to her, "Can you ride?" "Some," she answered. "I have ridden city horses, but don't know about these ranch animals. You know, a city horse has to do as he is told, much as he likes it. But I would like to try—if I had a saddle." "I have an extra saddle," he said. "But it's a man's." They all rode that way here.

"It's a straddle-legged," he said when he drew up beside Irene. "But it's a girl's. I couldn't find anything else in the whole diggins." "I'm sure it will do splendidly—if I can just stick on," she replied. "If it can't stick on," she replied. "It apparently had not occurred to Dave that women require special clothing for riding, especially their hips to restrain this, then closed her lips to her own. She opened her eyes again. He had been to enough trouble on her account. He had already spent a whole day scouring the country for a saddle. She would manage some way.

Late that night she was busy with scissors and needle.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Hardy recovered from his injuries as rapidly as could be expected, and while he chafed somewhat over circumstances, the time passed not unhappily. Had he sought the world over for a haven from the intrusion of business or professional cares, he could have found it nowhere in greater perfection than in the foothill country centering about the Elden ranch. Here was an Arcadia where one might well return to the simple life; a little bay of still water sheltered from the on-brow prairies and the white-bosomed mountains towering through their draperies of blue-purple mist. It was a life as far removed from his accustomed circles as if he had been suddenly life without the contact of life, without the crowd and jostle and haste and gaiety and despair that are called life; but the doctor wondered if, after all, it did not come nearer to filling the measure of experience—which is life.

A considerable acquaintanceship had sprung up between him and the senior Elden. The rancher had come from the East forty years before, but turning over their memories of association; third persons known to them both; places, even streets and houses common to their feet in early manhood; events of local history which each could recall, although from different angles. And Elden's life in the West had been a treasury of experience, in which he now dipped for the first time in years, regaling his guest with tales of the open range long before barbed wire had stuck its poisoned fang into the heart of the ranchman; tales of horse-stealing and cattle-rustling, with glimpses of sud-

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den justice unrecorded in the official documents of the territory, of whisky-running and excess and all these large adventures that drink the red blood of the wilderness. In his grizzled head and stooping frame he carried more experiences than would fill a dozen well-rundled city lives, and he had the story-teller's art which seems to spoil dramatic effect by a too strict adherence to fact. But over one phase of his life he kept the curtain resolutely down. No ray of conversation would he admit into the more personal affairs of his heart, or of the woman who had been his wife, and even when the talk turned on the boy he quickly withdrew it to another topic, as though the subject were dangerous or distasteful. But once, after a long silence following such a diversion, had he betrayed himself into a whispered remark, an outburst of feeling rather than a complete sentence, "I've been alone so much," he said. "I seem to have never been anything but alone. And—sooner or later—it gets you—it gets you."

(To be continued.)

First Woman Enters Inner Temple Bar.

The sacred portals of the Inner Temple were passed recently by a woman when Miss Ivy Williams became a member of the British bar, the first to be called in the Temple, since the recent London despatch. Miss Williams is an Oxford lecturer, who says she does not intend to practice, although she took precedence over a score of men because she possesses a certificate of honor. She appeared in a black evening dress, gowning as a bailister.

H. E. Dickens, son of the novelist, said: "Women have attained this eminence in law not by virtue of the frantic suffragist activity, not by dropping ink and smoke bombs, but by virtue of their great and inestimable service to their country during the war. The days are long past when women were regarded as mere chattels by men. They are no longer regarded as mere ornaments, but as the equals of men. The work of women during the war has won down every existing prejudice against women taking active part in the management of the country and in dispensing its laws."

Call night at the Inner Temple is always a memorable occasion, but this year's ritual made history for a British bar when a woman adorned herself in wig and gown and was warmly received by her fellows.

Villages Adopted by Britain.

Under the heading "British Generosity" the French press publishes a list of recent gifts to French communes by English towns which have adopted villages in the Somme department.

The gifts include: Brighton—2,000 frs. to Courcellette; Eastbourne—Forty sacks of vegetables sent to Bray-sur-Somme; Ipswich—Sixteen sacks of seed to Bazentin; Marylebone—£500 to Sailly-Saillais; Stourbridge—13,300 frs. to Grandcourt for the purchase of agricultural material and seed; Southampton—2,000 frs. to Guendecourt; Portsmouth—600 apple trees to Flers; Gloucester has sent an engine to Villers-la-Boiselle, to aid in the installation of a water supply; an Eolian pump, with two reservoirs, each containing 20,000 litres.

Italy owns the longest stretch of electrified railway in Europe, covering a distance of about 170 miles, over which the trains travel in two and three-quarter hours.

News from Western Canada

Sixty-six industries employing between 800 and 900 persons are now in operation in British Columbia, under grants granted by the British Columbia Government, according to the annual report of the Department of Industries. The government has them \$1,088,658. Six of the industries thus established have progressed so well that they have repaid the whole of their obligations.

It is reported that a strike of free milling gold, running high in value, has been made on Texada Island in the Gulf of Georgia, British Columbia. The samples submitted for analysis are free milling variety and strings of gold are plainly visible in the quartz. The vein discovered is 1,500 feet long. A shaft will be sunk immediately and will show the depth of the lode.

Registration of goats in Canada has increased 50 per cent. during the past year and keen interest in goat raising is being evinced by suburban dwellers. British Columbia has maintained its lead and now exports large numbers of these animals to other provinces of the Dominion. In order to encourage breeding, the Dominion Live Stock Commissioner has agreed to have pedigree placed on registration certificates that distinction can be made between purebred and scrub stock.

After nearly a year's labor the ten telescope being built by T. S. Sherman at Vancouver, B.C. for C. H. Fryre, of Seattle, is nearing completion. The glass is ten feet in diameter and it is estimated that the instrument will make visible four hundred million stars.

It is reported that A. H. Anderson, of Spokane, has entered into a contract with a firm in Vancouver where he acquires a blanket agency of approximately three million acres of

the Kaiser Wilhelm lost something besides the war. He lost the greatest and grandest ship afloat. Newspaper men and women from almost every country in the world made a critical inspection of the R. M. S. Majestic—fresh from a record-breaking maiden voyage across the Atlantic the other day at New York.

This wonder ship was in course of construction in Germany when the war ended. Had things gone differently she would have borne Bismarck's name, and Kaiser Wilhelm, it is stated, was to have occupied a specially appointed suite on her maiden trip. But with the advent of peace the White Star Line acquired the partially built ship, completed her and put her into commission on the Atlantic run.

British Expression. British workmen brought her to the stage of the finished article, with new adaptations in furnishing and decorating. So, while the Majestic is of German conception, she is of British expression.

The Majestic has been called a "floating palace" and an "ocean-borne hotel." Either, or both, may be suitable, but inadequate. She is a wonderful institution. Those who were guests of the White Star Line at the inspection surveyed a marvel of luxurious accommodation and grandeur. Spacious halls, stately columns, fluted and domed ceilings, mural paintings, hand-carved, gorgeous draperies, tapestries and upholstery, and the most spacious of the White Star Line, with 4,100 passengers and carries a crew of 1,000, a total that would people a town.

She has 1,245 staterooms, including many suites, the largest of which consists of eight rooms, and three baths. One of these latter, especially designed for the ex-Kaiser, "lets" for \$5,400 per trip. In the first cabin staterooms upper berths have been eliminated, every room being fitted with one or two beds. All rooms have running water.

Wonders of Floating Palace.

Public apartments include a lounge 75 by 57 feet, with a concert stage and a ballroom floor, a dining saloon 117 feet by 33 feet, with a ceiling 31 feet high, the highest in any ship; a palm court, fitted like the fashionable Continental style of cooking and service; a smoking room; a special cardroom for bridge and other socially approved card games, which is situated on the main deck aft, where the smoking room usually is found; a gym; a Pompeian swimming bath of 320 square feet area, and from 4 to 9 feet deep.

The Majestic has nine decks, of which five are subdivided into watertight compartments. Above these are four superstructure decks. Her propulsion is the most extensive in any ship. Four times around it is a mile. The ship's weight is 64,000 tons; her horsepower is 100,000 and her speed more than 25 knots, or nearly 30 statute miles, an hour.

On Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean, there grows a tree which, according to one traveler, "emits the most disagreeable odor in the world." It has a trunk as sturdy as an oak and leaves as beautiful as an aspen. Its scent permeates the air for hundreds of feet in every direction; and if one touches its bark or leaves, repeated scrubbing with carbolic soap humors society. Christmas Island has been chosen by the chief observation point for the 1922 eclipse of the sun.

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The Care of Your Mesh Bag.

Mesh bags have been increasingly popular for several years because of their pleasing appearance, but some who have received mesh bags of gold or silver as gifts, or who have purchased them, have been disappointed in regard to their wearing qualities. Either the meshes soon begin to show tiny holes like dropped stitches, or the bags themselves begin to look dark and dingy.

Keeping the bags in good condition is really a matter of personal care. The mesh bags of better quality are made of soldered links, and while solder is a metal, it is not what might be called a tough, resistant metal, and the meshes themselves are all fine and delicate.

If the mesh bag is used thoughtlessly it will suffer, of course. No sharp article should ever be carried within its folds, such as nail files, orange-peels, hairpins, sharpened pencils, or anything with a point which will penetrate the meshes and cause tiny breaks to appear.

In one case, the owner of a very beautiful mesh bag found that her treasure was beginning to show mysterious breaks. She traced it to a small, bead change purse which she was in the habit of carrying inside the bag. The beads were of just the right size to force themselves into the mesh opening, if circumstances were right.

She had the bag repaired and stopped using the little bead change purse and had no further cause for complaint. It is also a mistake to force the carrying capacity of the mesh bag, for it is essentially a dress article, and not one to be used for utilitarian purposes. The owner of the mesh bag should remember if she goes shopping that a more capacious leather or silk receptacle into which she can stuff parcels of different sizes, will be a convenience, while the charming mesh bag will be saved for more appropriate use.

If the article is gold or silver plated the plating will wear off in time, although if this is a good quality it should last as well as any other plated article would if it is taken care of. But under no circumstances should it be cleaned with gritty scouring powder or soaps, or with unknown materials.

One owner of a mesh bag scrubbed it vigorously with a borax preparation. After the first cleaning, it was certainly improved for much of the soil was removed, but after several cleanings, the plate was removed also. The bag was replated and the owner was sadder and wiser for the expense was unnecessary.

In the future, she used a good silver cleaning polish and a soft little brush. After cleaning, the bag was rinsed thoroughly under the warm water faucet until it was quite clean; then it was dried on a soft, clean towel and hung wide open in a draught of air, that any clinging moisture within the meshes might be evaporated.

Bags of gold plate or of solid gold should only be cleaned with some preparation obtained from a reliable jeweler for the purpose. Naturally the bags will grow dingy if they are carried throughout a season without being cleaned. The meshes are peculiarly adapted to catch dust anyway, so a frequent cleaning with suitable materials, or a good rinsing in clear water, and a process of gentle drying will help to keep the bag attractive.

Some owners of mesh bags have lined them with silk or kid, to prevent soiling dainty handkerchiefs, light card cases, or anything of that kind. This really spoils the effect of the dainty article itself, making it look thick, instead of fine and filmy. It also complicates the cleaning process, for, of course, such a lining has to be removed before cleaning is undertaken.

The trouble can be avoided by keeping the bag clean and by using a small, inner, removable envelope of silk into which handkerchiefs or anything else of a light color can be slipped. Even this is unnecessary if all meshes are quite clean, as they should be.

A Novel Playhouse.

Take the old, worn-out, large umbrella and make it into a playhouse. Find a stump into which the umbrella handle can be securely fastened—use a bit of cement to hold it if necessary. Draw a circle around the stump, about six feet in diameter. To

do this, tie a string three feet long to the handle of the umbrella; on the other end of the string tie a sharp stick with which to make the circle. Then make a flower-bed about ten inches wide along this circle, and in the flower-bed plant morning glory or other quickly growing vine seed. By the time the seeds are up, tie stout hemp strings from each of the ribs of the umbrella to the stakes. As the vines grow they form a green wall, and the umbrella forms the roof of a charming little playhouse.

Refinishing of Furniture.

Are you going to paint that chair or table that is stored away in the attic or shed? Painted furniture is very popular nowadays, why not make the most of what we have and bring in those old deserted pieces of furniture and rejuvenate them?

To make a perfect job of an old varnished piece, every bit of varnish should be removed. Unless this is done the work will not be entirely satisfactory. Varnish may be scraped off with a knife blade, piece of glass, steel wool, or sandpaper. This is too harsh a treatment for varnished or delicate surfaces. Care must always be taken not to mar or dent the wood.

Ammonia, turpentine and alcohol will dissolve varnish but the most satisfactory method is to use a commercial varnish remover. There are many of them on the market and all are about equally good. They soften the varnish and it can be easily removed by scrubbing or wiping with a heavy cloth. For final cleaning use gasoline or turpentine. These will remove all traces of the varnish remover. If, however, it takes too much time to remove the varnish, be sure the varnish is absolutely clean, for paint will not stick to greasy surfaces. Rub with steel wool, emery paper, or a fine grade of sandpaper. This will smooth the rough pieces of varnish and at the same time scratch the smooth surface so that the paint will adhere to it.

Use a no-gloss house paint for the first coat, and two coats of a light-colored paint is to be used over a dark surface. Allow each coat to dry thoroughly, then add a coat of enamel paint of the color desired.

Little Dorrit's Haven.

This month the old parish church of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, celebrates the 500th anniversary of its foundation. The original church, built in 1122, by Thomas Aderne, went long ago. In its place stands the present church, commenced in 1134 and finished two years later.

Here were buried Bishop Bonner, Edward Cocker, a famous 17th century arithmetician, and many unfortunate who died in the Marshalsea Prison, which stood near by.

Londoners are chiefly interested in the church because Dickens touched upon it in the porch of St. George the Martyr that Little Dorrit slept one night when she was too late to get back to the Marshalsea Prison.

Dickens pictured Little Dorrit making herself comfortable with a bed made of cushions and a book of registers for her pillow. Later he married her to Arthur Clennam in the same church.

Although blind, a Canadian ex-soldier has passed the civil service examination for employment as a shorthand clerk.

Blood Poisoning.

Blood poisoning is a rather indefinite term that is applied popularly, and quite properly, to a number of diseases in which the blood contains poison of any kind. But in order to avoid confusion it is better to restrict the term to what is known in medicine as pyaemia and septicæmia. Pyaemia means the presence of pus in the blood; septicæmia means the presence of any septic material, whether bacteria or toxins or both, in the blood.

Blood poisoning may follow inflammation in any part of the body or may result from bacteria entering the blood from any centre of infection, such as the abscess of a tooth, chronically inflamed tonsils, sinus disease or chronic suppuration of the middle ear. Sometimes, though less frequently than formerly, blood poisoning follows a slight wound that has been neglected and allowed to fester. Surgeons sometimes acquire fatal blood poisoning through a needle puncture or a cut while they are performing an operation or making a post-mortem examination. If the wound is in a finger, you can often trace the course of the inflammation along the lymphatic vessels, just beneath the skin, as far as the armpit, where the poison causes the glands to swell. What is called the bubonic plague is really blood poisoning of a special kind; the poison enters the body through a flea bite on the foot or leg and causes the glands in the groin to swell.

The general symptoms that follow the infection of a wound soon appear, and at first resemble those of typhoid fever; the patient has chills and fever, headache, loss of appetite, nausea and vomiting, a coated tongue and dry lips. The severity of the symptoms varies greatly according to the degree of the infection and the resisting powers of the patient. The object of treatment is to increase the power of resistance and to get rid of the excretory organs—the lungs, the skin, the bowels and the kidneys—and at the same time by giving the patient plenty of water to drink or by injecting water into the blood.

The patient should breathe the outdoor air; the bed should be near an open window, or preferably a window tent should be used. The skin should be kept warm and should be sponged frequently with dilute alcohol. Internal antiseptics or vaccines are often curative.

Electric Flypaper.

The struggles of a fly caught on a sheet of antiseptic paper are painful to witness. Perhaps, however, the insect undergoes no worse sufferings than when poisoned.

Why not kill the flies by electricity? A simple little machine for the purpose has been invented. You hang it on the wall and it does the rest. Bait, of any kind suitable, attracts the insects to a slot through which it is exposed to view and smell. The slot is a narrow elongated opening between two metal plates. When a fly crawls across from one of the plates to the other, it is instantly killed and falls into a little trough beneath. This happens because the plates are attached by binding posts to a couple of copper wires which pass through an electric cord connected to an ordinary plug, which is inserted in an electric socket.

Warships to the number of over 600 have been "scrapped" by the various nations since the Armistice. The people of Amsterdam, Holland, have been taught, by means of an official movie film, how to behave in public—on which side of the pavement to walk, how to hold a cane, an umbrella.



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