

No Waste—more Taste.
Use Bovril in your Cooking

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER I

The wagon had come to rest among the trees an hour or two before sunset. It was a covered-in dray, and had been brought to in a little clearing of the scrubby undergrowth. Two horses had drawn it all the way from the coast. Freed of their harness, they stood in the lee of a great gum, their flanks matted with the dust which had caked with the run of sweat on their backs. The mule that had followed at the back stretched on the ground toward the side. A red-dappled ewe and her calf were tethered to a willow of the wagon, and at a little distance from them were two battered drooping and drowsy fowls. A patch of earth strewn clear of brush and debris, the fire threw off a glow of smoke and the dry, musky smell of burning eucalyptus and gum wood. It had smoldered, and a great white plume of fresh wood and bark smoke had been in her hands or

When the vehicle had reached the summit of the foothills, the track fell wavering into the green depths of the forest behind it, a wale of broken ferns, stain-sappings, blue gums and myrtles, mown down as with a scythe by its wheels. The timbered hills fell away, wave upon wave, into the mist of the distance, and the plains stretched outward from them to the faintly glittering line the sea made on the dim horizon. Somewhere to the west on those grey plains, against the shore of an inlet, was the township of Port Southern from which they had come.

Donald Cameron, after studying a roughly-made plan and the wall of the forest about him, had taken the mare by her sandy forelock and turned the wagon in among the trees on the far side of a giant gum, blazed with a cross, on which the congealing sap had dried like blood. Steering a north-westerly course, the wagon had tracked among the trees and come to the clearing.

And now that all preparations for the night were made, he took the animals to the creek for water. It ran in the foot of the long, low hillside and could be heard crooning and gurgling under the leafy murmur of the forest.

Leaving the fire, the woman went to a fallen trunk, sat down and gazed into the shadows, gathering among the trees a rosy and saffron mist hung between their intruding boles. The peace of the after-glow held the hills, the chirping of insects and the shrill sweet calling of birds had quivered into silence. Only a leafy whispering stirred the quiet.

For a moment the fire of her clear spirit burn low. Hope and courage were lost in dreams. There was a wistfulness in her grey eyes as they went out before her, wistfulness and heart-ache. She sought to be reading the scroll of the future, seeing a dim, gleaming unridding of joys and gains, rows with the eyes of her inner vision.

The sun had set when Cameron returned. He tethered the cow to the wheel of the wagon and clamped rusty shackles about the horses' fetlocks. Then he looked towards the woman.

"Mary!" he called.

She did not hear, and he walked towards her.

A man of few words, Cameron did not speak as he searched his wife's face.

"I—I was dreaming," she said, looking up, startled at the sight of him.

"You're not grieving?" he asked.

There was a tremor in his voice, though its roughness almost covered that.

"No, not grieving," she said. "But thinking what it will be to us and our children, by and by, in this place. It is a new country and a new people, we're making, they say at home, and I'm realizing what they meant now."

"Aye. But it's a fine country!"

Cameron's eyes travelled the length of the clearing, over the slope of the hill, to the trees, the mist that still grew ed between their slender, thronging stems. There was pride and an expression of sated hunger in his glance.

"It's all ours, this land about here," he said.

Her eyes wandered too.

"I have worked all my days, till now," he said, reviving a bitter memory, "without so much as a plot of sour earth as big as yore handkerchief, beside it my own. Worked for other men, sweated the body and soul out of me, and now, this is mine, all this, a hundred acres . . . and more when I'm ready for it, more, and more, and more."

He paused in moment, all the emotion in him stirred and surging. Then, with a short-drawn breath that dismissed the past and dedicated thought and energy to the future, he went on:

"I marked this place when I came through to the Port with Middleton's draught, last year. I'll run cattle—but I want to clear and cultivate, too. Up there where there are trees now will be plowed fields and an orchard soon. The house and barns shall be on the brow of the hill. By and by . . . we shall have a name and a place in the country."

"His wife's eyes were on his face. He had spoken as though he were taking an oath.

"No doubt it will be as you say, Donald," she said, with a faint sigh. "But it is a strange lonely land, indeed, without the sight of a roof in all the long miles we have come by. Never the sound of a human voice, or the lowering of cattle."

Donald Cameron did not reply. He was envisaging his schemes for the future. Not a man given to dreams, the thoughtful mope had taken him; his breath came and went in steady draughts. His face was set to the mould of his musings; there was a gloomy face it was, rough-cast, with deep-set eyes.

His wife's words, and the sigh that went with them were repeated in a remote brain cell.

"You should be giving thanks, not complaining," he said, his gaze turning to her. "We must do that now—give thanks for the journey accom-

And, as if it were the last duty of a well-spent day, he knelt on the grassy earth, and Mary knelt beside him.

Donald Cameron addressed his God as man speaks to man; yet his voice had a vibrating note as he prayed.

"O Lord," he said, "we thank Thee for having brought us in safety to our new home. We thank Thee for having brought us over the sea, through the storms and the troubles on the ship when there was nothing to eat but weevily biscuits, and the water stank, and there was like to be mutiny with the men in the chained gangs. We thank Thee, this woman and I, for the sight of a woman for a man to have with him when he goes to the ends of the earth to carve out a name and a place for himself."

He paused thoughtfully for a moment; and then went on:

"I have said all that before; but I have been thinking that it would do no harm to say it again now that we are ready to begin this new life, and will need all Thy help and protection, O Lord. We thank Thee for having brought us all the miles from the coast, and the beasts and the wagon, in safety—though the bay horse I bought of Middleton's storekeeper is turning out badly. He was a poor bargain at the best of it—week in the knee and spring-halted. Do Thou have a care of him, Lord. It will be a big loss to me if he is no use . . . with all the clearing and carting there will be to do soon."

He talked a little longer to the Almighty, asking no favor, but intimating that he expected to be justly dealt by as he himself dealt by all men. In the matter of the bay, he said that he did not think a God-fearing man had been treated quite as well as under the circumstances; he might have been; but he imputed no blame—except to Middleton's storekeeper—and gave thanks again.

A man of middle height, squarely built, Donald Cameron had the loosely slung frame of a farm-laborer. The woman beside him, although her clothes were as poor and heavy as his, was more finely and delicately made. The hands clasped before her were long and slender.

The prayer ended; they rose from the grass. Cameron's eyes covered his wife. A gust of tenderness swept him.

"There was not what you might call much sentiment about our mating," he said. "But I doubt not it has come, Mary."

"Yes, Donald." Her clear eyes were lifted to his. "May I be a true and faithful wife to you?"

"You're not regretting all the long journey's end?" he asked.

"It's not that!"—a sigh went from her—"but I'm not worthy of you."

"Whist," he said. "You're a woman—my wife. It's all done with, the past."

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About the House

The Dainty Girl's Charm List.

She is not at all the girl with the perfect features, dreamy eyes, long, glossy lashes, Cupid's bow mouth—you know the girl we all like to dream about and wish we might be.

She is the envy of all the girls, they copy her style and her mode of hair-dress, they run to her for ideas and the boys—well, they are simply baffled by her indescribable charm.

This girl of whom we are talking knows something of the secret of personal daintiness and has attained a degree of artistry in appearing lovely.

Her careful toilet for the day really begins the evening before. Hanging by her dressing table, in plain sight, is her Charm List and what a gay time she does have checking off each item.

First there is a thorough scrubbing of teeth, and the prescribed twenty strokes in brushing the hair. (They tell us that girls in "the 60's" made it 100 strokes!) Next, a nice warm bath with a delicately perfumed soap which is refreshing and such a joy! After the bath, a sprinkling of talcum on shoulders, neck and arms. This gives you such a velvety comfortable feeling and then you are all ready for the fresh sweet nightie and to cuddle down (like a contented kitten by the fire for a refreshing slumber of at least eight hours.

Each garment for the morrow is all arranged, buttons, hooks and eyes on necessary mending done and everything nice and clean. No wonder she sleeps a "beauty sleep!"

Our Dainty Girl reveals, once a week, in a sudsy ceremony that calls for a washbowl of beautiful frothy suds into which go her brilliant bits of under-wear, dainty collars and cuffs, sheer blouses and dresses, and best stockings.

She also has discovered that her stocking bill is reduced almost in proportion to the frequency of the washings, so after each day's wear, they are treated to a dip in suds or clear warm water. The voice of thrift prevails even when they are brand new and it is such a temptation to put them on in all their freshness from the box for their first wear. They last longer, too; if introduced to the wash bowl before their first wear.

On down the list is the weekly manicure when her nails are filed, cuticle removed and the buffer gives just the mere suggestion of a shine.

Very important is the matter of removal of all perspiration odor, which sometimes persists in spite of perfect cleanliness. A special toilet preparation, used about once a week after the bath, overcomes this difficulty.

And you should see the Dainty Girl's tiny little brush, much smaller than a tooth brush, which she uses just for her eyebrows, for she knows that her eyebrows must be brushed quite as religiously as her hair.

And the matter of perfume? One of the newest ideas is to select one's fragrance according to one's type. Who could think of the quaint girl, who suggests hoop skirts and brocades, without thinking of the fragrance of lavender buds? The retiring, shy girl chooses the scent of the "modern" violet. Surely many types of girls may use the fragrance of the rose. The Dainty Girl gathers the petals in rose season, carefully dries them, and fills attractive bags for her dressing-table drawers and shirt-waist box.

Here is her Charm List:

Evening beautifiers—Brush teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); warm bath; thorough rub down; a sprinkle of talcum; a fresh nightie; apply cold cream when needed; apply hand lotion; garments ready for tomorrow; complete relaxation (at least eight hours' sleep).

Morning toilet—Exercise before open window; brush teeth; drink glass of water; wash hands; press back cuticle of nails; splash of cold water on face; dash of powder on nose to

remove shine; brush eyebrows; dress hair becomingly.

Once-a-week aids to loveliness—Manicure nails; clear skin with cold cream; wash-bowl laundry, special care of feet; weekly shampoo hair.

Every two weeks—Shampoo hair.

A Progressive Party.

If you would have a pleasant and economical variation from the usual kind of summer party, and would give a "social" that all of your friends—the girls who are in business as well as those who are keeping house—will enjoy, join with two of your friends and send out an invitation something like this:

"You are invited to take part in an all-day summer frolic on Saturday, July — at 7 a.m., luncheon at Miss —'s home at 12.30, supper with Miss — at her home at 6 p.m. Be prompt. Wear tramping clothes."

Of course you will decide with your friends who of you will entertain at breakfast and who at the other two meals, and will write those names in the invitation. In planning for the food do not attempt elaborate menus. Have simple, wholesome dishes and see that the three meals are well balanced—that they make up an appetizing and nutritious whole. Use as little dish and paper napkins, of course, as possible.

The chief chapter about breakfast will lie in getting abroad in the fresh early morning air and in making that usually hurried meal an occasion for social pleasure. Serve the meal informally. The best plan is to set everything on one big table and let everyone help herself. Afterwards, when those who have work to do have gone to it, round up the others and take them for a tramp in the woods and fields to gather flowers, grasses and foliage until it is time to go to the home of the friend who will serve luncheon.

Use some of your flowers and leaves to decorate the luncheon tables (several small tables will make a pleasant change from a large one) and put the rest in water until the afternoon. Then take the company out of doors and let them work the blossoms and the foliage into baskets, tokens and bouquets to be used for dinner favors.

If possible, serve dinner out of doors. It should be a more substantial meal than the others, for everyone will have time to enjoy it fully and at leisure.

Close the day with old-fashioned games, feats and forfeits, story-telling and singing.

Of course, since not a little of the fun of such a "social" is in keeping the guests doing things out of doors for the better part of a long summer day, you must postpone the party if the weather is unfavorable.

Worth Knowing.

Dark shades will make you seem slimmer.

Soft fabrics are more becoming to the stout woman than stiff, wiry ones.

Voile is now dotted the same as swiss.

Batiste is printed in attractive small all-over patterns.

Tub silks are being worn again.

Shiny surfaced silks will make you appear larger than dull-finished fabrics, such as crepe silk.

Cut fibre silk creosote. It falls into more graceful folds on the crosswise thread.

Always stitch skirt or dress seams from the top down. If one seam is stitched down and one up, the garment is apt to twist.

If you loosen the upper tension of your sewing machine, you can machine-stitch for bearing. The top thread can easily be pulled if the tension is loose enough.

As soon as you cut a garment, run a stay thread by hand along the bias edges of the pieces. It will prevent them from stretching.

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—in Little Red Packages

He Probably Got His Wish.

Tommy, though very young—he is only four—has a precocious application of the pleasures of the table. His sister, who is a few years older, has recently been suffering from one of the common maladies of childhood, and as she became convalescent, Tommy frequently observed the most tempting delicacies being carried into the sick room, from which he was still excluded. He decided to put in a word for himself. The next time he saw his mother bearing a tray of especially appetizing food to the invalid's door he made his plea.

"Mother," he said, "may I have the measles when Violet's finished with them?"

A Summer Dish.

The most popular dish of the summer—ice cream—when flavored with raisins, is not only a cooling confection, but one that helps to take away the "hottishness" caused by warm weather. The cooling qualities of raisins are but a temporary relief, it is pointed out; combined with the delicious flavor of raisins, it is truly a delightful, healthful dish.

The sugar in raisins is in practically predigested form, and is turned into energy almost immediately. This revitalizing quality of the raisins makes this fruit-food a boon to warm-weather fatigue and listlessness.

Quite True.

The work of a choir director is hard, but it is not wholly without humor. Recently a man was telling a choir of his English cathedral. "I was them," he said, "to chant the Litany and flattered myself that we were getting along unusually well when I noticed the words they were chanting for the response. Every last one of them was saying, Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners! Surely it was true enough of most of them."

The earliest records of Korea go back to 1122 B.C.

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BY-PRODUCTS OF CANADA'S FISHERIES

LITTLE ATTENTION PAID TO WASTE MATERIALS.

Steady Expansion Will Follow Increase of Exploitation and Capital.

Canada with her vast stores of materials on which to draw before she is forced to turn to the utilization of her waste materials in the major industries, the fishery products present the most lucrative opportunity for the manufacturer of by-products. Such commodities as cod liver oil, fish meal, glycerine, fish glass, fish bone, are in constant daily use in the manufacture of Canada's fertilizers. Caviare is one of the most important fish by-products. It is made from 5 to 35 pounds of fish which fetches from \$1 to \$2 on the American market. The war this product was shipped to Island of Canada to be used where it was prepared and to Hamburg to be utilized as Russian caviare. Now the fish is transported to Toledo, Ohio, where it is used in the American market.

Various kinds of fish oils are available. There are several kinds among the more important are cod liver oil, herring oil, and blackfish. Cod liver oil is most widely known and is made from the liver of the fish. It is made from the liver of the fish. It is made from the liver of the fish.

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