

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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Synopsis of Pioneering Chapters: Donald and Mary Cameron are carrying a home out of the Australian wilds. When little David was four months old his father set off to Port Southern for fresh supplies.

CHAPTER III—(Cont'd.) She stood watching the wagon go along the path they had come by from the Port, until its roof dipped out of sight over the crest of the hill; then she went slowly back along the thread-like path among the trees.

A white-winged bird flapped across her path; already fear of the stillness was upon her. When she reached the break in the trees and the clearing was visible, the hut in the brow of the hill had an alien aspect. The air was empty without the sound of Donald's axe clanging in the distance, or of his voice, falling luscious.

She was glad when Davey began to cry fretfully. But she could not swing to him. She tried, and her voice wavered and broke. Every other murmur in the stillness was subdued to listen to the day seemed endless. At last she closed the door and barred the door.

She did not sleep, but lay listening to every sound. The creek of the door, the panting of the wind about it, the shrill cry of a night creature, every stir and rustle, until the light of early dawn crept under the door, and she knew that it was day.

While she was busy in the morning she was unconscious of the world about her, or of the flight of the day, but when her work was done and she stood in the doorway at noon, the silence struck her again.

All the long day there was a faint hum of insects in the air. It came from the grass, from the trees—the long sweet, white blossoms that hung from the branches. Yet this ceaseless chirring of insects, the leafy murmuring of the trees, the twittering of birds in the brush, the murmuring of the wind, the intermittent opening and closing of the creeks—all the faint, sweet, earthy voices dropped into the quiet that brooded over the plain as they might have been the voices of a vast, unpopulated world.

She gazed at the wilderness of the trees about her. From the hill on which the cow paddock was she could see only the clearing and trees—trees standing in a green and undulating plain in every direction, clothing the hills so that they seemed no more than a thick moss clinging close to their sides. In the distance they took on all the misty shades of grey and blue, or blood purple, steeped in shadows, under a rain cloud. She remembered how she had wondered what their mystery contained for her when she had first seen them on the edge of the plains, and she and Donald had set their faces towards them.

She looked down on the child in her arms, and realized that they had brought him to her: from him, her eyes went to the brown roof of the hut with its back to the hillside, a third of smoke curling from its throat and grey chimney; and to the stretches of dark, unturned earth before it. They had brought her this tool of the peace and consolation filled her heart.

To throw off the spell of the silence she decided that she must work again. But what to do? Donald had said no fires were to be lit in the stumps because the smoke might attract wayfarers on the road, or wandering natives to the clearing. She sang to the child, fitfully, softly. Then, remembering the spinning wheel which stood in its muffling cloth against the wall in the hut, she brought it into the sun-

shine and laid Davey down on a shawl at her feet.

When she had a slender thread of yarn going and the spinning wheel began its familiar, communicative little click-clatter, her mind was set to old themes. She forgot place and time as her fingers pursued their familiar track. A gay little air went fluttering north-wise over her lips to the accompaniment of the wheel, and the little tap tapping of its treads. She glanced at the child every now and then, laughing and telling him that his mother had found the wherewithal to keep her busy and gay, as a bonny baby's mother ought to be, and that the song she was singing was one of the women sang over their spinning wheels in the great country that she had come from far across the sea.

But the shadows fell quickly. The birds were calling, long and warningly, when she carried the wheel indoors, and busied herself for the evening milking.

Wherever she went the dog that had come from the Port with them, followed. He trailed in her footsteps when she went to the creek for water, or to the cow paddock. He lay with watchful eyes on the edge of the clearing, when she sat at her spinning in the afternoon, or walked backwards and forwards crooning Davey to sleep.

At about noon on the fourth day while she was making porridge for her midday meal, the dog started to his feet and barked furiously. He had been lying stretched on the mat in the doorway. For a moment her heart stood still. Then she went to the door.

"What is it, Jo?" she asked. The dog's eyes were fixed on the trees, and she saw undergrowth to the left of the hut. Every short hair on his lean body bristled. He growled sullenly. Later in the afternoon, when she sat in the clearing spinning and singing with Davey on his shawl beside her, he started to his feet suddenly and snarled fiercely.

Mary looked at him again questioningly and her eyes flew to the edge of the trees in the direction he pointed. No quivering leaf nor thicket stirred. He subsided at her feet after a moment, but his ears, kept pricked, twitched unceasingly; his eyes never left the edge of the trees. Once they twisted up to her and she read in them the clear expression of a pitiful uneasiness, the assurance of deathless fidelity, a prayer almost to go into the house.

She checked up the child and walked towards the hut. The dog followed, glancing uneasily towards the edge of the clearing. She shut the door on that side of the hut and went to the back.

"Jo! Jo!" she called long and clearly. He flew round to her. Though her limbs trembled, Mary went up to the paddock and brought back a bundle of sticks. She walked with Davey on her knees and the dog crouched beside her; then, with the child on one arm and the milk pail on the other, she went towards the house again.

She did not go down to the creek for water, as she usually did. "It's not because I'm afraid, Davey," she murmured, "but Jo would not have any more like this. It was a warning, and it would not be nice of us to take no notice of him at all."

As she left the shed the dog darted savagely away. She did not notice that he was no longer at her heels until she had re-entered the hut. As she was going to call him, the words died on her lips. Two gaunt and ragged men stood in the doorway!

CHAPTER IV. Mary stood back from the threshold. The feet that had haunted her for days had suddenly left her.

his arms, tightly, clumsily, the tall man watched her; his face turned to Donald from her, and his eyes wandered apprehensively about the hut, and to the door.

"Here, ma'am," he said at last, snarling over the words, "where's your man? I've no notion for him to come in and corner us if that's your game."

"He's away," she replied, "and will not be back—perhaps for a day or two."

He stared at her. "I should never have thought Davey would be so good with a stranger," she added, her eyes travelling from Davey's round head on his arm to the man's dark face, and the eyes that leapt and glittered in it. She smiled into them.

Davey was crooning and gurgling. He had crooked his little hands into the stranger's beard, and the stranger held his head as though he feared to dislodge those little hands.

"No games, ma'am," he growled, "or I'll be the worse for you. We're desperate men. It's our lives we're fighting for."

"I knew that when I saw you," she said quietly. She put some bread on the table, a mug of milk, and a piece of cold meat. (To be continued.)

A New Two Keyboard Piano. A piano with two keyboards, the manuals somewhat resembling those of a pipe organ, except that they are not so widely separated as in the organ, has been invented by Emmanuel Moor, a Swiss. The instrument has one set of strings only, one set of ham-

mers, and the two manuals as mentioned. To facilitate the passing of the fingers from one keyboard to the other, the back end of each white note on the bottom manual is raised to the level of the sharp notes. The upper manual is everywhere an octave higher in pitch than the lower one, and it is claimed that the player, by passing rapidly from one manual to the other, can execute the most difficult arpeggio without moving the hand literally. The octave coupler is operated by means of a centre pedal. Since two notes are being struck by one finger while the coupler is in operation, there is, of course, an increase in the weight of touch; but as one finger is really doing the work of two, there is no extra labor involved. A further characteristic of the instrument is the harmonichord effect, which the inventor produced by bringing a row of metal strips into contact with the wires, the ordinary hammers being used for striking the strings as usual. It is pointed out by the inventor that the use of his instrument will result in a great simplification of technique, eliminating huge skips and different extensions of the fingers, while at the same time securing an orchestral sonority of tone hitherto impossible with one pair of hands.

That the invention will prove an important factor in the musical life of the people is believed to be certain, it having received the endorsement of many celebrated musicians and heads of musical organizations and institutions.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc. I think it is worth while to try to remove such a growth of hair with drugs. I have often wondered what objection there can be against shaving in such a case. It is true that shaving will make the hair firmer and stronger, but, even so, it is seldom indeed that hair growing on a woman's face is as aggressive as the softest type of beard in a man, and the man with a mild beard can easily keep his face clean by applying the safety razor daily. I would much prefer to see a woman with a clean face that gave some evidence of acquaintance with a razor blade than one with a straggling growth of nondescript hair.

Drugs known as depilatories are familiar to all doctors. Some very good ones are made. It is a mistake to try to use them in cases that call for a razor, and neither should they be used when the hair is removable by the electric needle. But there are many cases in which the hair is not very vigorous nor does it cover any great surface. In such cases a good depilatory, applied by a careful doctor, gives very satisfactory results.

Studies in White and Gold. Why not let the color scheme for your next dish during these warm summer days be white and gold? The housewife who has given little or no thought to the composition of eggs has much to learn of their nutritive food value. Care must be taken in their cooking, however, if this food value is retained. In the words of the poet, "O, egg, within thine oval shell, there is little excuse for failure of these handsome delicacies if one is reasonably careful. A good omelet pan is necessary. This steel spider must be smooth and at the right temperature to insure success. Following are some of the various ways of making eggs palatable: Plain Omelet:—Put one tablespoonful of butter in a steel spider and heat

it over a low fire. When the butter is melted, add one egg, and cook until the omelet is done. Then add a little salt and pepper, and serve.

Hot or warm water makes a much more tender omelet than milk and there is little excuse for failure of these handsome delicacies if one is reasonably careful. A good omelet pan is necessary. This steel spider must be smooth and at the right temperature to insure success.

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Blue Package

Break four eggs into the bowl and only beat enough to thoroughly mix the whites and yolks, add four tablespoons of water, a little salt, and a dash of sugar. Beat until the mixture is light and frothy. Add the yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add a dash of salt and a dash of sugar. Cook in a hot, non-stick frying pan over a low fire. Turn once and serve.

Creamed Eggs:—Chop five or six hard-boiled eggs, not too fine. Make a white sauce of a cup of milk, a tablespoon of butter, a tablespoon of flour and salt and pepper. When this is cooked, put in the eggs and stir gently for a few minutes. Serve hot on a dish with suitable pieces of toast.

Egg Omelet:—Use one cup of chopped cold meats, one teaspoonful of melted butter, one cup of bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Mix together meat and bread crumbs. Add the butter, salt and pepper and enough milk to bind together nicely. Have ready gem pans well greased and fill with the mixture. Break an egg on the top of each, season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with cracker crumbs. Bake eight minutes.

Egg Salad:—Boil the number of eggs required for twenty minutes. When cold shell and remove whites carefully from the yolks. Chop the whites and leave the yolks whole. Serve on lettuce leaves with a boiled dressing and small balls of cottage cheese.

Escalloped Eggs:—Moisten bread crumbs with milk or meat broth. Place a layer of this in a well-buttered baking dish, slice some hard-boiled eggs into it with bits of butter here and there. Then place a layer of minced ham, veal or chicken; then bread crumbs. Bake until well heated and crumbs are browned.

Protection of Table Tops. The careful housekeeper is solicitous for the preservation of the finish on the dining table, and usually provides some protection for the surface from the heat of plates, electric toasters, teapots, and other articles. The Forest Products Laboratories of the Department of the Interior, in the

TREE SAVING DISCOVERY

Three-fourths of every tree cut is waste. To reduce this waste, and to make possible the most efficient utilization of the one-fourth used, is to contribute in a very effective way to forest conservation. That is the purpose for which the Forest Products Laboratory was established by the Forest Service at Madison, Wis., says a Philadelphia paper. It is devoted to experiments which have relation to the better and more economical utilization of wood, and already its work has come to be recognized as of enormous practical value.

If the improved method of milling boxes devised by the laboratory experiments and adopted by the National Association of Box Manufacturers, saves only one per cent of the annual loss in claims for damages to shippers paid by railroads, the saving on that item alone will be \$1,000,000 a year.

Tests of strength, resistance to splitting and ability to hold nails, which make it possible to classify wood for box and crate construction, have been greatly helpful in the same direction. Likewise tests of such containers as revolving drums, which are capable of handling loaded boxes up to 1,000 pounds, is so constructed that the box follows a cycle of drops simulating those received in actual transportation.

Wood in the form of railroad ties, mine timbers, posts, poles, etc., destroyed each year by decay, its approximate value to the country is \$200,000,000. The cost of forest fires, by proper treatment with preservatives, such as sodium chloride or creosote, it would be possible to save a billion and a half dollars per annum in railroad ties alone.

Decay of wood is discussed in a new book, "The Decay of Wood," published by the Forest Products Laboratory. It is a practical guide to the use of preservatives, and is available to all interested in the preservation of wood.

One way to save wood is to use it in the form of small pieces, such as sawdust, which can be used for a variety of purposes. The Forest Products Laboratory has developed a process for the production of small pieces of wood, which can be used for a variety of purposes.

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Creosoted Fence-Posts Out-Last Cedar. For many years it has been thought that the only timber that would give a permanent period of service as fence posts was cedar. The Forest Products Laboratories of the Department of the Interior, Canada, state, however, that by employing a comparatively simple method it is possible to treat posts of certain hardwoods in such a way that they will have a life at least twice as long as cedar posts. The preservative effect of this treatment is clearly shown in fencing erected at the Dominion Forestry Branch forest nursery at Indian Head in 1917. Here posts of Russian poplar were used, both treated and untreated, and it is interesting to note that on the untreated posts erected at this time have decayed and been removed while the treated posts are all still in service and appear as sound as the day they were placed in position.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff. An Observant Nurse. A doctor had been called to see a man who was very ill. He examined him and said to the nurse: "You must watch the case very closely through the night and tell me all the symptoms when I come back in the morning."

The man became worse in the night and talked a lot of nonsense in his fever. When the doctor returned in the morning, he said to the nurse: "Tell me exactly what happened after I left."

"You were hardly out of the room," she began, when he said: "When did that fool say he was coming back again? Those were the last sensible words the patient spoke."

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