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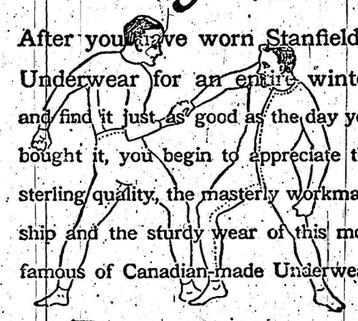

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It wears longer

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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Synopsis of preceding Chapters.

Donald and Mary Cameron are carving a home out of the Australian wilds. When little David was four months old his father set off to Port Southern for fresh supplies. On the fourth day two gaunt and ragged men, one of them wounded, entered the hut. Mary offered them unstinted hospitality and heard the story of their escape from the Island prison and the treachery of McNab who had promised to befriend them—at a price. Clothed and provided with food, they departed, the still one hoping to repay the debt. Mary refused to aid her husband in putting the police on their track. Ten years of industry have brought prosperity to the Camerons. While making a tour of the neighborhood advocating the establishment of a school, Mary meets again one of the refugees of long ago, Daniel Farrel, who is appointed schoolmaster. Three years later he brings his motherless daughter Deirdre, Davey's playmate, to Mrs. Cameron for housewifely instruction.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"Mother says, Mrs. Cameron dear," Jessie cried, "would you please give her the recipe for making cough-mixture with gum leaves. And she sends her love and hopes you are well—as she is—and our black cow has a calf, and I found thirteen eggs in a nest in the creek paddock, and Mick killed a snake, five-foot long, under the verandah on Sunday."

Mrs. Cameron smiled and kissed her. Jess snuggled affectionately against her.

"The Schoolmaster's bringing Deirdre," Davey said.

Mrs. Cameron's eyes flew along the track to the other cart that was coming slowly up the hillside.

Davey took charge of the Schoolmaster's horse. Mrs. Cameron and he and the children went indoors.

"I've come to apologize, Mrs. Cameron, for Deirdre's rudeness last night," the Schoolmaster said gravely. "It was very good of you to say that you would teach her what I so much want her to know. I hope that you will forgive her and——"

His voice trembled.

"Deirdre, you've got something to say to Mrs. Cameron yourself, haven't you?"

"I'm sorry!" Deirdre cried, with a dry, breathless gasp.

Her face had whitened; the misery had come into her eyes again. They went appealingly to the Schoolmaster and back to Mrs. Cameron's face.

"Will you—forgive me and teach me to cook and sew and be a good housewife," she sobbed, as if she were repeating a lesson.

"Poor child!"

Mrs. Cameron's compassionate gaze turned from Deirdre to the Schoolmaster.

"Do you really think you ought to?" she asked.

"So help me God, ma'am," he said, struggling with his emotion. "This is the only chance I've got of making a decent woman of her—your influence—if you will use it. I don't want her to be a boyden always. She must be gentled and tamed, and if you will be as good as to help me——"

He stopped abruptly.

"You will forgive me. Good-day," he said, and went out of the room.

Deirdre made a quick, passionate gesture after him. She did not call him, but a sob broke as she stood staring after him. She ran into the garden to watch the cart with him in it go down the hillside and slip out of sight among the trees; then she threw herself on the grass and sobbed broken-heartedly.

Davey moved to go out to her.

"Leave her alone," his mother said gently. "It's best to let her get over it by herself, Davey."

Jess flew backwards and forwards helping to set the table. She delighted in making herself useful.

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron, what a funny salt-cellar," she cried. "We've got two blue ones and a big new lamp mother got at the Port!"

Mrs. Cameron looked from the tear-stained, grief-torn face of the Schoolmaster's little daughter to the plump, rosy-cheeked, happily-smiling child of her nearest and most prosperous neighbor, and sighed. When the tea was made, she and the children sat round the table for their meal.

Donald Cameron was away and not expected home for a day or two.

Deirdre tried to eat when she was told to; but her lips quivered. She choked over the mouthfuls of food she swallowed. Mrs. Cameron put her arms round her, but Deirdre stiffened against their gentle pressure. She would not be comforted. Davey stared at her miserably.

Only Jess chattered on artlessly, taking no notice of her, eating all her bread and butter, and drinking her milk and water, saying her grace and asking to be excused from the table when she had finished her meal—as though she were demonstrating generally how a nice, well-mannered child ought to behave. She had the other bed in the room in which Deirdre had been put to sleep the night before.

Mrs. Cameron kissed them both good-night.

Jess responded eagerly to her caress. She threw her arms round Mrs. Cameron's neck and rubbed her soft little face against hers, purring affectionately.

"I do love you, Mrs. Cameron, dear," she whispered. "Good-night."

Deirdre submitted to the good-night kiss; she did not respond to it. Of Davey she took no notice when she went to the little room she and Jess were to sleep in. Jess held up her face for him to kiss as Mrs. Cameron had done, but he turned away brusquely, as if he did not see it, and she ran off crying gaily:

"Good-night, Davey Jones,
And sweet sleep rest your bones."

Jess undressed methodically. As she took off each garment she folded it and laid it neatly on the chair beside her bed. When she had on her little night-gown of unbleached calico, she brushed her hair and plaited it again so that it hung in two braids on either side of her face. Then she knelt down by her bedside, folded her hands together, and prayed aloud.

She got into bed and looked at Deirdre across the patchwork quilt, conscious of having performed her whole duty for the day.

"Aren't you sorry you're such a bad, naughty, wicked, little girl?" she asked.

Deirdre's sobs were her only answer.

"God doesn't love you, and I don't, and Mrs. Cameron and Davey don't love you either. Nobody loves bad, wicked, naughty little girls," Jess said solemnly.

She put her head on the pillow and was sleeping, sweetly, peacefully, in a few minutes.

Deirdre crept to the open window. She gazed out of it at the dark heave of the forest that cut her off from the being she loved and the hut in the clearing behind the school. The blue night sky that spread over her was spread over the hut in the clearing and the school too, she knew. They were not many miles away, the hut, the clearing, and the school. From gazing steadily before her and realizing the fact, she glanced from the window to the ground. It was such a little distance.

Davey, going to bed in a loft in the barn saw her standing at the window, and watched her, a troubled pain at her suffering gripping his heart.

When she dropped from the window into the garden he was beside her in an instant. He caught her sobbing breath as he touched her.

"You're not going home, Deirdre?" he asked.

"Yes!" she panted, her eyes wide and dark with anguish. "I can't bear it, Davey. I can't breathe."

"He'll be angry," Davey said.

"Yes." She cried and sobbed quietly for a moment. "But I'd rather he'd be angry than send me away from him."

"It'll be morning soon. If you walked you wouldn't be home any earlier than if you waited for us to go to school," Davey said, with rare subtlety. "The Schoolmaster won't be angry if you wait till then, Deirdre, and——" A brilliant inspiration came to him. "I'll bring Lass in an hour earlier and we can start then."

"True, Davey?"

Her eyes questioned him tragically.

"True as death!" he said, and struck his breast three times.

She turned to go back to the bedroom.

"I'm sorry—that sorry, Deirdre," he cried, fumbling for words, and unable to express his sympathy.

She did not turn or look back at him as she clambered in the window; but her face in the morning showed that she understood his championship. She turned to him eagerly when she saw him at breakfast, a subdued gratitude in her eyes. Davey thought that she had at last recognized in him a friend to whom she could turn when everybody's hand was against her.

CHAPTER XII.

For months Davey and Deirdre went together along the winding tracks, from the school to Cameron's and from Cameron's to school, sometimes in the spring-cart, but more often on Lass's broad back.

Deirdre had to hang on to Davey when the old horse took it into her head to step out jauntily, but for the most part they rode her lightly enough, Davey with one hand on her mane and Deirdre swinging behind him.

Sometimes Davey dug his heels into her fat sides and put her at a trot that set them bumping up and down like peas in a box, and laughing till the hills echoed. And sometimes in the middle of the fun they found themselves shot on the roadside, as Lass shied and propped, pretending to be startled by a wallaby or a dead tree. These comfortable, middle-aged shies and proppings were regarded as her little joke, her way of indicating that she did not like being dug in the sides. They shrieked with laughter as she stood blinking at them, her white-lashed eyes, on which a chalky whiteness was growing, bland and innocent.

"As if she were so surprised—and hadn't done it all of a purpose," they explained to each other.

Deirdre quickly outgrew the dresses that Mrs. Cameron had first made for her. The Schoolmaster thought that Davey was growing too. Although Lass was up to the weight of the two, and they ran beside her up the hillsides as often as not, and rode her only one at a time as they grew older, with keen eyes for a fair thing where a horse was concerned, the Schoolmaster bought a little wilding of a white-stockinged chestnut for Deirdre to ride. A stockman had traded the colt for a bottle of rum when his mare foaled at Steve's. She was a fine animal with a strain of Arab in her, and when the Schoolmaster had mouthed and gentled White Socks, as Deirdre christened the colt, she straddled him bare-back and Davey had his old Lass to himself.

There was nothing for him to do but watch Deirdre as she went off down the track clinging lightly to the little horse whose legs spread out like the wings of a bird. Davey's heart sickened with envy every time Deirdre dashed past him. He urged Lass to the limit of her heavy, clompering gait; but even then she did not keep the chestnut in sight, and all but broke a blood vessel in the attempt. When Davey came up to her, Deirdre was invariably twisted round, waiting for him, brilliant-eyed, a wind-whipped color in her cheeks, and her hair flying about her.

"You'll break your neck some day, riding like that," he told her, sombrely.

But he was eating his heart out at not having a horse to put against hers, at not being able to send flying the pebbles on the hill tracks as she did. He had asked his father over and over again for a horse of his own, but Donald Cameron would not give him one.

"No, my lad," he said shrewdly. "I'm not going to have you racing horses of mine on these roads with the Schoolmaster's girl—breaking their knees and windin' them. I haven't money to throw away, if the Schoolmaster has. By and by, when you're working with me, you'll have a good steady-going stock horse of y're own—maybe."

Davey's school days were numbered, Mrs. Cameron knew. He was shooting up into a long, straggling youth. His father was talking of breaking him into the work of the place, and Davey was beginning to be restive at school, wanting to do man's work and get a horse of his own.

(To be continued.)

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Some folks make their joys mere incidents and their sorrows great events.

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Crime in Canada

FOR THE YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1921.

Dr. J. G. Shearer, Secretary Social Service Council of Canada.

Statistics of crime are always of widespread public interest. They are of special interest at the present time in Canada by reason of their bearing on the question of the effects of prohibition and of Government sale of liquor. Extremists on both sides are liable to quote what suits them, and reject the others. A representative of "Social Welfare" has had access to the statistical abstract now on file at the Judicial Branch of the Bureau of Statistics. The full Blue Book will not be off the press for some time.

Canada's returns for 1921 show an increase in both indictable and non-indictable offences. There is an increase of 953 or 5.2% in indictable offences over 1920. In non-indictable offences the increase is 13,439 or 9.3%. The increase is due in considerable measure to new laws, creating new offences. It is well therefore to look at the figures in more detail.

The whole group of indictable offences against the person, i.e., serious crimes such as murder, manslaughter, rape, assault, bigamy, procuring for immoral purposes, etc., show a decided decrease in occurrence, though an increase in convictions was also secured—a healthy condition. Of certain crimes in this whole group, charges for non-support of family show a decrease of practically 20%, while murder, rape, and manslaughter, particularly murder, and rape, show considerable increase. Burglary, banditry, robbery and like crimes also show a considerable increase in volume. This no doubt is due in considerable measure to the extensive and heavy unemployment and business depression.

A similar increase is shown in crimes without violence against property such as theft, embezzlement, false pretenses, doubtless due to the causes above cited, but malicious offenses against property are marked by a slight decrease. There is a slight increase in forgery and offenses against the currency. Illicit stills show a decrease, though comparatively small, both in offenses charged and in convictions, so that the people who speak of wholesale prevalence of moonshine in Canada must face the disquieting figure of only 2.7 illicit stills for every 100,000 of population in 1921.

Convictions for drunkenness decreased 5,407 or approximately 14%, the total convictions for drunkenness for the year being 34,362 or 4 per 1,000 of population, as compared with 1911 when there were 41,379 or a rate of 6 per 1,000 population. Offenses against liquor, prohibition and temperance acts show an increase of only 213 in a total of 10,460, which total is 1.5 per 1,000 of population.

Charges of general outlawry, disrespect for laws and waves of crime cannot survive beside the columns of Canada's official records of offenses against her laws. As has been seen, the offenses against liquor laws have shown a slight increase. Those against her Vehicles Acts and her Income Tax regulations show a considerable increase, due to new laws having come into operation. The whole volume of offenses in 1921 arising from drunkenness, violation of liquor laws, etc., amounts to 5 per 1,000 of population, the rate for 1911 being 6.4 per 1,000. The entire volume of crimes for all offenses for the year was 182,647, or roughly, 21 per 1,000 of population and as we have seen, of these 5 per 1,000 were for offenses relating to drunkenness and non-observance of liquor laws.

This impartial readers will admit, is not abnormal. The corresponding figures for 1911 are 17.5 per 1,000 and 6.4 respectively. The increase from 1901-1911 was 7%. That for 1911-1921 3½%.

Offenses against motor regulations total 33,641, or 3.8 per 1,000 of population, as compared with 34,362 breaches of liquor laws.

The statistics show also that the claim that the going into effect of prohibition as compared with license or government sale results in the people taking to the use of drugs is not well founded. Offences against the drug laws after decisive strengthening of the laws themselves, and more vigorous enforcement thereof, totaled 1,443, an increase of only 13 or less than 1%. These offences represent roughly 16 per 100,000 of population. British Columbia always heads the list in this column which is in considerable measure doubtless due to her large proportionate Oriental population. The figures supplied by the Federal Department of Health for the year ending September 30th, 1921, by provinces, are as follows:

Nova Scotia, 2; New Brunswick, 29; Quebec, 352; Ontario, 312; Manitoba, 36; Saskatchewan, 170; Alberta, 162; British Columbia, 801.

Offences against the law regarding the keeping and patronizing of houses of ill fame total 4,138, or 47 per 100,000, which shows a decrease from the year 1911 with a rate of 108 per 100,000, when very high figures in this group were reached.

One gratifying fact of the returns is a decrease of 1.6% in the volume of offenders under sixteen years of age, which suggests that the allegation of a "wave of juvenile delinquency" has been exaggerated.

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And the new NIPS—the candy-coated peppermint gum, is also a great treat for your sweet tooth.

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MUSIC AS AN AID TO DEMOCRACY

The rapid development of our country and the speed with which land workers arrived almost to a point of affluence, were the determining factors in preventing the growth of peasantry in this country. In contrast with this, we find that the lack of a universal system of education in most of the European countries was the great determining factor in the development of Continental peasantry. We read much about the marvelous folk music of Russia. If we regard it, we find that this was the result of lack of school education, and it was one of the ways through which the peasantry expressed its social, intellectual and political developments. The folk music of Germany, perhaps not so inspired as the music of Russia is not so beautiful in its content, was the result of education built largely around mythological text.

European diplomacy realized at a very early stage that music as a creation would be a large contributing element in solidarity in political action, and because of this has done a great deal to encourage it as a national institution. The publicly supported opera houses of several continental countries' marked development of music pe... and therefore brought distinct... or, to native sons. This ... has not felt the necessity for ... time will surely come when ... government will appreciate ... that there is no greater ... ticalization than a ... and controlled schem... the populace to the belief ... is an important part of ... and political strength.

What the Schools Can D...

Our public school system ... few exceptions, are now ... music with the hope that ... leave school ignorant of ... influence which music has ... building for citizenship. ... enormous sums of money ... appropriated by private ... the maintenance of opera ... phony orchestras, ... Such money was needed to ... out it life ... progress could be made. To such citizens who ... given unselfishly to the ... only the fullest praise ... corded. Criticism is ... even by those who still ... great subject of music ... largely by the wealthy ... bodies have done a great ... direction of cultural ... fortunately there was ... consistent effort to ... principle. The activity ... ly local and no ... tion has up to the present.

In spite of these ... schools have been ... great war of bringing ... into the school, but ... The organization of ... chestras, glee clubs, etc., ... cannot be without fruit. ... full effect, of course, ... ized for several generations ... bound to come, because ... music is being instilled ... of the citizens of to-morrow ... that reason the early ... rect habits will inspire ... women of coming generations ... possible the ideals of the ... teachers.

The development of ... musical instruments has played ... strong part in the cultural ... people. Perhaps the well-... music in motion pictures ... larger cities will gradually ... felt in smaller towns and ... although not so fre...

Every once in a while ... enthusiastic people gather ... for the purpose of giving ... nition to music by our ... posers. Surely there ... worthy movement. Yet ... few of the new world ... have schooled themselves ... in the ancient routine to ... al repute. The day is coming ... this will be the case, and ... will be the determining ... whether the music by ... shall have its place, ... be ... composers of the old ... if we are going to make ... in a democracy, we must ... merely by adopting the ... ards which we have followed ... years, but we must begin an ... effort to reach all people of ... and stations in life, train the ... the ideals of appreciation ... that at least a few of them ... at the point where it is ... create something wonderful ... well as to develop the power ... form. Such standards have ... been determined. It ... largely upon the character ... which is to be taught in our ... for years to come.

Poor Child!

School Superintendent (to ... in front row)—"What is your ... Little Girl—"Iona."

"No, your surname."

"Please, sir, I would rather ... you."

"Come, come, you needn't ... of me."

"Are you sure you won't ... "Of course I won't laugh."

"Well, then, it's Ford."

No man can do more than his best. But many men can do more than they think is their best.