Bovril makes you enjoy life

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XVIII—(Cont'd.)

It was the disappearance of a young farmer from the West Hills after a night at the Black Bull that made Donald Cameron decide to take action. He, backed by other farmers and well-to-do hill settlers, made representations to the Port authorities as to the lawless character and conduct of Wirreeford township.

A trooper who rode into it a few days later was pelted with stones, tarred and feathered, and sent back to Port Southern.

In a building was run up on the outskirts of the township—a ramshackle house built of overlapping, smooth, pine shingles. It was white-washed, so that it stood out on the darkest nights to remind roisterers that law and order were in their midst. And as soon as it was finished John M'Laughlin, a police-sergeant from the Port, took up his residence in it. He mitigated the impression that undue severity would be meted out to evil-doers from the new police head-quarters, by genially brawling with most of his neighbors at McNab's as soon as he arrived, very successfully intimating that he was far too long-suffered, easy-going and convivial a soul, to interfere with the Wirree's little way of doing things.

Donald Cameron was well known in Wirreeford when it began to be a cattle market of importance. So was Davey Young—Davey—as he was called when he began to go regularly to the sales in the years that followed the fires.

Cameron worked all day in the saleyards with his men. He drove in his own beasts in the morning, threw off his coat for the drafting and, when the sales were over, went out of the township, a stolid, stooping figure, on his heavy bay colt. Although he sometimes made close on a thousand pounds on a day's sales, he went out of the township, as often as not, without buying a penny.

It was said that he was the wealthiest man in the countryside, and as "mean as they make 'em." Yet his disinclination to spend money was made subservient to his sense of justice; and a spirit of matter-of-fact integrity that he carried round with him made the Wirree people regard him with suspicious awe. The iron quality of his will, the hard, straight gaze of his eyes, were difficult things for men with uneasy consciences to encounter. Because he was the first man in the country, it was reckoned a matter of prestige to have the patronage of Donald Cameron of Ayrmuir, whether for a meal, store order, or any job whatever. In jest, half earnest, he was called the Laird of Ayrmuir.

Wirree men said that Thad McNab loathed Donald Cameron "as the devil loathes holy water."

McNab was not the devil in their eyes, nor Donald Cameron holy water, but the saying perhaps suggested to them the composite forces of the two men. Thad, with his twisted mind, his cruel eyes, his treacherous underhand ways, stood to them for something in the nature of the power of evil. Donald Cameron, with his harsh integrity, his unbending virtue, his parsimony, and sober respectability, stood for something in the nature of abstract good. They had the respect for him that people sometimes have for a standard which has been hung before their eyes, and which they have not been able to live up to. But Thad was their aider and abettor.

Thad, for all his tyrannies, blackmail, petulances, made life easier for them. They stood by him and blessed him, cursing Donald Cameron and his sort, who would have sent them back to the prison cells and torture of the Island. It was not from motives of sheer kindness that McNab stood by them, they knew, but because it paid him. Nevertheless, the thing worked out in the same way. Donald Cameron was more their enemy than Thad. Thad's feud with him amused them as much as a cock fight; their money was on their own bird, and they barracked for him, idly, light-heartedly, scoffing at his enemy.

Almost every man in the Wirree was in McNab's debt. He knew more about their lives and antecedents than was to their soul's comfort. They suspected that more than one of the men who had been taken back to the Island had been put away by McNab, and that those lean, crooked hands of his had fingered Government money—rewards for the capture of escaped convicts. But so long as they were in with Thad McNab, Wirreeford men with pasts that would not bear looking into thought they were all right. Although there were rumors of treacherous dealings on his part, with child-like simplicity, with the faith of the desperate, they trusted McNab, believing that he stood between them and the prisons of Port Arthur. They believed that if they were "in with Thad," they need not wake, sweating, out of their sleep at the thought of the "cat," or worry if, forgetful of consequences, they gave that tell-tale start at the clank and rattle of irons.

It was pretty well understood that Thad McNab and Sergeant M'Laughlin "worked" together. Thad had been hand-in-glove with him since he came to the Wirree River. The fact sometimes stood unruly spirits in good stead when there was a merry night at the Black Bull. But when there was an inconvenient accident over the cards, once or twice, and when there was a hold-up on the Rane road just outside the township, too, it was conceded that M'Laughlin had carried his screw. Thad saw to it that occasionally he made an appearance of doing his duty. If it had been imagined at head-quarters that Sergeant M'Laughlin winked at irregularities in the application of the law at Wirreeford, he might have been moved on, and that would not have suited the landlord of the Black Bull, who would then have had another man to deal with, or have found that another man was dealing with him.

Donld Cameron made no secret of his attitude to McNab. After M'Laughlin had been several months in the township, and there was no outward or visible sight of his having mended its ways, Mr. Cameron made representation to the authorities at Port Southern, and through them to the powers that had their official residence in Melbourne, in respect to Thadeus McNab's position and breaches of the law in Wirreeford. He was clear in his own mind that there was a case against McNab; first, for harboring convicts escaped from Van Dieman's Land; and secondly, for being the possessor of a still, and for turning it to account in sly grog making. John Ross, Mathew Morrison, and the rest of the hill folk and settlers at the farther end of the plains, upheld him in this effort to rid the district of McNab; but although an inquiry was made, nothing came of it.

Donald Cameron gained no extra popularity in the Wirree on the first of his counts. Thad's position was, if anything, strengthened by Cameron's hostility. Every man in the township knew that he had to stand by McNab, or McNab would not stand by him; therefore when an officer from the Port came to investigate conditions in Wirreeford, he found nothing to take exception to. He reported that the local police officer was efficient, and that complaints of the hill settlers were due to a personal rancour existing between Donald Cameron and the landlord of the Black Bull.

Thad flourished like a green bay tree after this failure to move him, and forged the weapon of a very serviceable hate against Donald Cameron. He kept it very carefully scabbarded, but occasionally it leapt forth, and its metal was visible to all and sundry. Ordinarily, Thad kept a locked brain; it was only in rare transports of rage that he revealed anything of its crooked workings. And then those who saw them looked to their own behavior, and were careful to do nothing that would bring them into its toils.

Probably nobody but Cameron himself thought McNab had swallowed that little business of the inquiry when, a few months later, he was fawning round him, telling him that dinners were to be served at the "Bull" on sale days, and that his patronage would be an esteemed favor. Those who heard him say: "Things has not been as they might have been, always, at the Black Bull Mr. Cameron—you have had reason to complain in the past—but everything is goin' to be different for the future," could not believe their ears. It was very humbly, with a flattering deference, that McNab had asked "the laird" to help him to improve the tone of the place by occasionally having a meal in it.

Donald Cameron had been in the habit of taking his meat-pasty, or bread and cheese sandwich to the sale yards in his pocket. He ate his lunch there at midday when most of the men made tracks for the bar opposite. But after a while, he took his meals at the Black Bull, lowering not a whit of his dignity in the doing of it, and treating McNab as curtly in his own establishment as he did anywhere else. When he was down with rheumatics in the early spring, the place had open doors to Davey. He was served like a duke in it.

Young Davey promised to be a chip of the old block, the Wirree said. He worked as insatiably as the old man, and was no more than a roadmender by the look of him. His grey trousers had many a patch on them and his hat was as weathered a bit of felt as was seen in the yards. He walked with the slouch of the cattlemen—men who have spent most of their days in the saddle.

When he flung off his hat, it was seen he was good-looking enough, with an air of breed about him, a something the Wirree did not quite get. There was a great deal of his mother in the cast of his features, and his eyes were grey and green like hers, but his mouth was Donald Cameron's set in a boy's face. Davey was a shy, awkward fellow and spoke as little as the old man, though it was acknowledged that if his hand was as rarely in his breeches' pockets as his father's, it was because there was nothing in them. It was well known that Donald Cameron worked his son like a convict and kept him on short commons, giving him neither wages nor pocket-money, so that he blushed when a down-and-out blackguard asked him for the price of a drink and he had not got it to give.

He fed with the old man, this young Davey Cameron, and was never seen in the bars. Few of the men who entered the shanties could say that they had had much to do with Cameron and his son, except John Ross and the Morrison boys, who occasionally dropped into McNab's. But they were of the same sort—hard-working, thrifty, God-fearing, respectable, lonely people of the hills, who despised the Wirree River township, its antecedents, descendants, and associations, and did business with it only because business was better done there than anywhere else.

The Schoolmaster and Deirdre had been gone from the hills for over a year when Wirreeford began to make concessions for the sake of the younger generation.

Although cards were shuffled and dice were thrown at the Black Bull, when the rush-lights flickered in the windows after the sales, and the little fires of cow-dung—lighted before the doors of the houses to keep away the sandflies and mosquitoes—glowed in the dusk, sending up faint wreaths of blue smoke, Mrs. Mary Ann Hegarty threw open her parlor, and there was dancing in it until the small hours.

The hill people lent the countenance of their presence to days of out-door sports, and to the dancing at Mrs. Hegarty's on Christmas and New Year's day. The Ross boys danced with bright-eyed Wirree girls. Morrison's Kitty and some of the other girls from the hills learnt the reels and jigs that their parents had danced in the country beyond the seas they were always talking of. The old people danced, too. There were nights of wholesome, heart-warming merriment and the singing of old songs.

Only Donald Cameron and his wife held aloof from these festivities. But before long it was observed that Young Davey was going to the monthly dancing with the Rosses. He rode down from the hills with the boys and Jess. They made the Wirree streets ring as they galloped to Hegarty's, and their laughter streeled out on the wind behind them, as they went home in the early hours of the morning, when even the roisterers at the Black Bull had fallen asleep in uneasy attitudes about its verandahs.

(To be continued.)

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About the House

Combination Suits for Home and School.

These little combinations are convenient and comfortable. Daughter likes them because they button down the front so she can button herself up, and because being all in one piece it only takes a minute to dress. Mother likes them because she does not have to stop her work to button up little underwaists and petticoats.

They can be made of any fine material for the best suit but for every day and even common school wear I have found that sugar sacks do very well. Using this material and some coarse crochet lace I made dainty little suits for less than thirty cents; of course, not counting the labor. Two sugar sacks, two spools of No. 40 crochet thread, some buttons and a little sewing machine thread are the materials needed.

First cut a band or strip twelve inches wide and long enough to go around the child's body comfortably and lap over enough to make an inch hem at each end. For my seven-year-old daughter this strip was twenty-seven inches long. Make an inch hem in the top of this and a narrow one in the bottom. Also an inch hem in each end.

Cut two pieces for the bloomers from your regular bloomer pattern. Do not sew all the way up the front of the bloomers but finish about three inches of top for centre front closing. Make four-inch slashes at centre top for seat opening. Sew up back of bloomers.

Join under parts of the legs and put on bands long enough to go around leg well above the knee so they will not be too tight if crowded up when playing. Place a band at top of back for top of seat. For average size this will be about twelve inches long and three inches wide before finishing. Sew the bloomers to bottom of underwaist on each side of front and about one inch up on the underwaist.

Make a skirt of the required depth and sew onto waist at a point about onel inch above the bloomers. This one was twelve inches deep and had three-inch lace, making fifteen inches in all, but it is deeper than you will want if you wish to expose the bare knee. Sew on lace yoke and you are ready for the buttons and button holes. This requires about four down the front and three for the back.

The crochet lace used was an easy pattern and quickly made but any kind may be used or it may be finished with two plain bands over the shoulders and a hem on the bottom of the skirt, bringing the cast down to about fifteen cents.

One suit was made from the bottom of a lace trimmed pillowslip which was worn in the centre. Another was from sister's worn petticoat. One for best was made of fine white linen and trimmed with a fine crochet lace. The coarse lace usually sold for pillow-slips makes a satisfactory substitute for the crocheting if one has no time to make trimming.

Try these and see how well sister will like them.

Keeping a Diary.

Every child, as soon as he is able to write legibly, should be encouraged to keep a diary. The material benefits that result from the practice are many; and as time goes on, reviewing what, if properly done, will be a miniature history of his life will give more and more pleasure to him who keeps a diary.

For the beginner, one of the smaller sizes of regular diaries that provide half a dozen lines each day will do.

One of the first things to consider in beginning a diary is persistence. Mentally pledge yourself to write something every day. All else failing, there still remains the weather. You can at least jot down "Fair," "Foul," "Cold," "Thundershowers" or "Windy," as the case may be. However, you will rarely find yourself so hard put to it. Something in some degree noteworthy happens every day, and, although incidents may seem trifling when they occur, many of them will be found in later years to have had an important bearing on your subsequent life.

Be methodical. Give the first line of every entry a half-inch margin and, at least in the case of the more important subjects to which you are likely to refer in the future, begin the entry with a word that will most readily suggest the matter recorded. For example, "Freshet—Swift River sweeps away dam, mill, other buildings"; or, "Fire—Smith's garage burned, Park Hotel damaged." By following that method you make it possible, when you desire to find a particular entry, simply to run your eye down the left-hand side of the pages until you find the index word.

You should keep carefully a record of births, deaths and marriages in the family and among intimate friends, for you are likely to have to refer to them to verify dates or other circumstances.

Of course the regular entries in a small diary must be brief; but if you wish to make a more elaborate account of any particular event, you can write it in the space devoted to "Memoranda" that appears in the back of all standard diaries. Append the note, "See Mem.," to the regular entry.

As you gain experience you will no doubt outgrow the small diary and make your daily entries in an ample blank book, which will enable you to give more important matters the comprehensive treatment to which their special interest entitles them.

The other departments included in the back part of commercial diaries, "Bills Payable," "Bills Receivable," "Cash Account," "Addresses," can be utilized for jotting down matters of transitory interest. But a boy or a girl will make no mistake in learning to keep a careful account of all money received and expended. An occasional review of such a record serves as a valuable lesson in handling your finances properly.

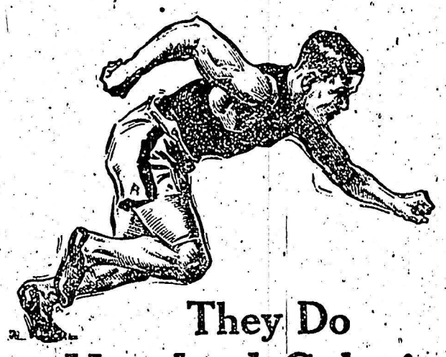
Do not enter upon the work lightly and waste time and space in careless and irregular entries of unweighed paragraphs, but rather take it up with the serious aim to make the most comprehensive and worth-while record possible in the space that you have. Above all, write plainly. On completing each volume mark the year on the binding and place it on file. Get a new book well in advance, so as to be sure to be ready on the first day of the new year. Filling in from memory is an untrustworthy method, to be avoided at all times.

Women Can Dye Old, Faded Things New in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings—everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

If life is hard for you, try to make it easier for somebody else.

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc.



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In about 9⅗ seconds a hundred calories or more of energizing nutriment will put you on your toes again.

For Little Sun-Maids are 75% fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it.

And levulose is real body fuel.

Needing practically no digestion, it gets to work and revives you *quick*.

Full of energy and iron—both good and good *for* you. Just try a box.

Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins

5c Everywhere

Had *Your* Iron Today?

Remedy for Scorched Fabric.

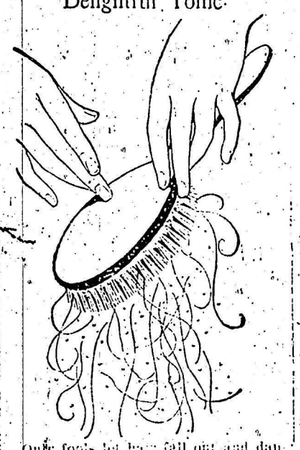
A white waist was scorched so badly that the print of the iron had gone through both sides of the sleeve and colored the ironing board. It seemed a ruined article, for nothing could have been rubbed on it without breaking the fibres of the cloth.

The scorched sleeve was dipped into cold water, bring dripping in the hot sunshine. As soon as the water had dried it was dipped again, and the process repeated over and over. It took two days and one night's exposure out of doors to bring the cloth to whiteness, but it came so perfectly that one would not know which had been the sleeve browned by the iron. Just cold water, hot sunlight and persistence worked the cure. The sleeve has been worn months since then and shows no indication of breaking.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

A PITY TO LOSE ANOTHER HAIR

35c "Danderine" Saves Your Hair—Ends Dandruff! Delightful Tonic



Only fools let hair fall out and dandruff stay. Neglect means a bald spot shortly. A little "Danderine" now will save your hair. This delightful tonic cleans the scalp of every particle of dandruff, tightens the hair-root pores, so the hair stops coming out and so the vitalizing oils, which are the very life and strength of the hair, can not ooze away.

Danderine is not sticky or greasy. It has made weak, sick, neglected hair strong and healthy for millions of men and women. Your comb or brush is warning you. Hurry to any drugstore and get a bottle now. Don't wait!

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THE REGENT DIAMOND

It is announced—and the news is probably true—that the Bolshevists, at their wit's end, have prepared to sell the Russian crown jewels. It is said that they are worth seven million roubles. One of the most famous of the gems is the Orloff diamond acquired by the Tsarina Catherine II. What constitutes the value of the diamond is its size as well as its perfection, but if it is sold the jeweler who acquires it can make the greatest profit by breaking it up into small pieces which would be the cause of great regret.

Such an accident almost happened to an even more famous diamond, the Regent or Pitt diamond, which has become French national property. The history of this diamond is very curious. Its discovery in 1717 has been related by one of those who contributed most to its being brought to France, the Duke of Saint-Simon, as an extremely rare event and, as he the diamond hunter of the Grand Mogul concealed the great gem not in his person but actually within his body, and embarked with it in order to crown his happiness, he says, by bringing Europe with his diamond. He came to England, where the King was without being able to make up his mind to buy it. From England the man and diamond were dispatched to John Law, who proceeded to negotiate its purchase for the King. The price was too great for the King, who refused to take it.

Several million francs were offered for it, and despite the necessity in which Law and his partners were placed, the royal finances were not sufficiently good to stand such an expenditure. However, Law sold it to the Duke of Savoy, who succeeded in persuading his father, and the purchase was made after long bargaining, so that it was brought down to two million francs. Contrary to what was expected by the public, far from considering the purchase approved of the diamond, called the Regent, to be the finest piece of the crown jewels.

Sixty years later the Regent diamond was in extreme peril. For a whole week, from September 11 to 17, 1792, thieves, taking advantage of the prevailing disorder, had broken into the crown furniture depository and had stolen the Regent diamond. Several thieves were found and punished, but the Regent was not found. It was not until December 4 that the diamond was found. The story is very mysteriously. All that was known was that it had been thrown through a hole one and a half inches in diameter, which had been bored in one of the framework of a window of the imperial [illegible]. The French State has come again into possession of this inestimable gem. It is now exhibited in the Louvre, in the Apollo Gallery, under a glass case which by night is put in a vault. And everybody can see and admire it for 25 sous.

Tribute to the Cow.

Little do we realize the debt we owe the cow. During the dark ages of savagery and barbarism we read of our early ancestors living in the forests of the old world. A few bright rays of civilization pierced the darkness of that early period, when man called upon the cow, who came forth from her seclusion to aid in the efforts that gave us a more civilized and more enlightened people.

For twenty thousand years she has shown her all-mighty power to mankind, ever responding to his every need, and all that she asks for her, until taken by her domestication, became an idol of the people in her native country.

Her sons helped to [illegible] conquerors and slowly never [illegible] duets of the farm. [illegible] went with man to the [illegible] the new world, helped clear the forests and made cultivation possible for the coming generations. In the tide of emigration toward the west they hauled the belongings of the pioneer across the mountain ranges, to new homes in a new land.

Truly, the cow is man's greatest benefactor. Hail, wind, drought, floods may come, destroy our crops and banish our hopes, but from the cow manufactures the most nourishing and life-giving foods, and is she not entitled to all the love and life itself to some extent of little children all over the world of ours? We love her for her beauty, and should we overtake us as we become bowed down with the weight of years, we know that in the cow we have a friend that was never known to fail to pay the debt. She says to us, God bless the cow! [illegible] the debt we owe her.

Couldn't Fool Him.

Tired Tim was helping his hard, observing a shallow stone basin containing water, he asked what it was for.

"That," said the gardener, "is a bird bath."

"Don't you fool me!" [illegible]

"What is it?"

"A bird bath, I tell you. Why, you doubt it?"

"Because I don't believe there's a bird alive that can tell a Saturday night from any other."

It matters not how long we live, but how.