

Booril makes you feel splendid

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

CHAPTER XXII.
"What's the matter with Davey?" Farrel asked his daughter a few days later. "I've asked him to come up here and have tea with us, but he won't come. He'll barely speak to me when we meet, gets out of my way if he sees me coming."
Deirdre was kneeling by the hearth waiting for the kettle to boil. Their table was spread with cups and saucers and a little pile of toast smoked beside the tea. She said nothing, only bent her head lower to avoid his glance.
"Have you got anything to do with it?" he asked.
The light played on her face. For a moment she thought she would tell him of the meeting under the trees and the promises she and Davey had made to each other when they said good-bye. But there was so much to tell, and he would be hurt that she had not told him about it long ago. They never had any secrets. She had shared all her thoughts with Dan. At first, that she and Davey were sweethearts, had just been something to smile about and gossip over with herself.
The schoolmaster had wondered while they were away why she was always restless and wanting to get back to the hills. And now there was a name and a girl's heart—a snarling sense of anger and disappointment that had come of seeing Davey dancing with Jess, and of hearing what people were saying about them. It was not until she had seen Ross's Jess and Davey Cameron, someone had told her, and remarked what a fine couple they would make, and how satisfied their parents were about it—even Donald Cameron, who was not an easy man to please. She could not explain all that.
"Dan read in her face something of what was in her mind. He took her hand and looked into her face. It was quivering and downcast.
"Then you have had something to do with it, Deirdre," he said.
"Her voice broke.
"It was the night of the dance, at Mrs. Mary Ann's the night we came here. I remember," she said. "I remember, and Davey went away angry. I've tried to speak to him a dozen times since," she cried.
"What I can't quite make it out," the schoolmaster said, after a few moments, "but they tell me in the town that since his father's been ill, Davey's had in charge of things, he's been drinking a good deal, and playing the fool at McNab's generally. We've got to try and get him out of that, if it's only for his mother's sake, Deirdre. We owe her a big debt, you and I—because you love me—than we can ever repay."
"She owes you something, too," the girl said quickly. "That night of the fires if you hadn't tried to prevent it."
"She knew that he was displeased," he said. "You mustn't say that again," he said.
"Oh, I hate her! I hate her!" Deirdre cried, passionately.
"What do you mean?"
The schoolmaster's voice was very quiet.
Deirdre clung to him sobbing.
"I didn't mean that I hate her," she said. "I like her too. But she's the only one who has ever come between you and me, Dan, and I can't bear it."
"He drew her to his knees and looked down gravely into her face. His body was stiff against his; he shuddered and a storm of tears shook her. Tragic dark eyes were lifted to his when her weeping had spent itself.
"When she came and you looked at her, my heart died," she said. "Don't you remember when we used to gather

"Such a sorrowful mite you were!" he went on. "Such a lonely baby, waiting night and day, that there was only one name to give you, Deirdre—Deirdre of the griefs."
His eyes were lifted to hers. The black shield covered one of them; the other was shining with his tenderness for her, the strength of the tide behind it.
"It was a sorrowful name to give you, darling, you that have been the sunshine and the joy of my life, the sorrows of my life," he cried. "May they never come any more or grief touch us again!"

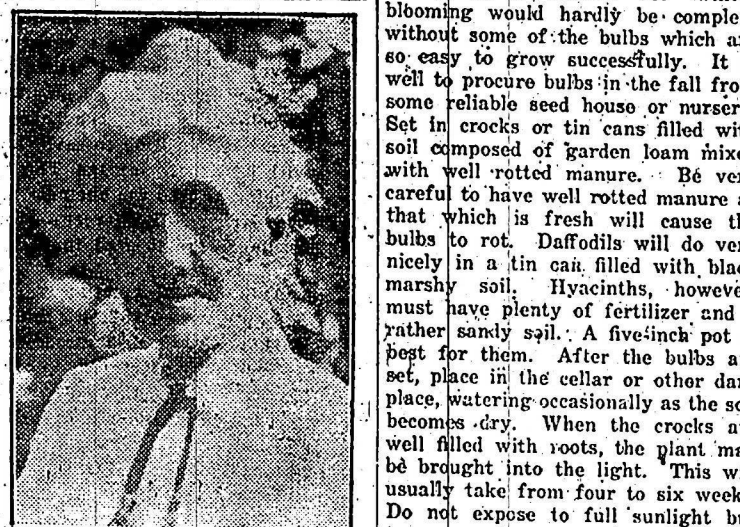
CHAPTER XXIII.
Strange tales were being told of Cameron's son in Wirreeford. Donald Cameron had been laid up, crippled with rheumatism since the early spring, and Davey had been managing for him. For the first time in his life he found himself with responsibility, authority and money in his hands. The man who had been a strict account of his movements and operations, allowing him only a few shillings to pay for his meals and nothing over for the couple of drinks orchids that grew on a long stem, that cemented a deal of Young Davey. How it was not exactly known, but Young Davey's open them for him, sale-yard loafers began to say. Davey swaggered. He was cock of the walk at McNab's. Conal had gone and there was not a man spent more, not as free with the dice as Davey.
The schoolmaster heard McNab talking to Davey in the parlor behind the bar one evening, filling the boy with a flattery that went to his head faster than the cruelties which he plied him with.
"The only son of the richest man in these parts—be a bit of a millionaire yourself, Davey—when you're too old to enjoy the money—have a good time with it, McNab said. 'You're father's a great man—a great man, Davey—a bit near, that's all—don't understand that a high-spirited youngster like you's got to have a bit of gill about him.' Makes you look ridiculous, that's what it does, havin' more money about you than a teamster, or a bloomin' roustabout."
Davey struggled to say, "You... you... you hold your tongue about the old man, McNab. I give you the money. It'll be all right when I come into the property. I've got a game with a game with the boys now."
McNab sniggered.
"Oh, well—you're a lad, Davey," he said. "You're a good man with cattle as your father, and you know better than he does how to make yourself popular. We used to say you was as mean as him once—a chip of the old block."
Davey started to say, "He stood by the table, swaying a little as he hung to it."
"You... you be careful, McNab, or I'll smash your damned head," he said.
It was only when they were very fuddled that McNab spoke to him like this. McNab giggled.
"Farrel heard the boy's voice. It came to him, thick and unclean through the thin walls. The door of McNab's parlor was ajar. He caught a glimpse of Davey's sullen, flushed face, his eyes, stupid and dull, with the glow of drink in them.
He pushed open the door and went into the room.
"Hello, Davey," he said, "I was looking for you."
Davey stared at his uncertainly.
"You mayn't know, Mr. Farrel," McNab said, an evil light in his yellow eyes. "Davey here, here, is doing an important bit of business with me and you're intrudin'."
The schoolmaster glanced at him.
"Is that so, Mr. Farrel?" he replied coolly. "Well, it seems to be, it's just about time."
"What do you mean? What the hell do you mean?"
"School's out, Mr. Farrel," Davey growled, lunging back on his heels. "You hurry up and give me the money, McNab."
McNab put a couple of sovereigns into his hand.
(To be continued.)

Dye Silk Stockings Blouse or Sweater in Diamond Dyes
"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, 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.
Live, work, play, sleep and rest whenever possible in the open air. Teach children to do the same.

About the House

Flowers Brighten the Winter Days.

With the heavy frosts of fall always comes the dread of the long winter months which in many farm homes will not be shortened by the cheery bloom of any flowers. Because many housewives believe that it is difficult to grow flowers successfully, it might be well to give a few rules which, if followed carefully, should produce the best results.
Flowers of nearly all kinds require a reasonably rich soil not too heavy. Well rotted manure should be mixed into the ordinary garden loam and if the soil is heavy, mix in sand enough to make it porous. In watering, be careful the plants are not too wet. It is well to wait until they look quite dry, then soak thoroughly, never allowing any water to stand in the saucer. Manure water about the color of weak tea is also a great help to growth if given every two or three weeks.
Nearly all plants require sunlight and all must have fresh air. Arrange the plants so the draft does not strike them; but never make the mistake of thinking that they do not need air. For nearly all plants a certain amount of sunlight is also necessary.
The sultana and geranium grow very easily from slips. I have had the best success rooting them in water, but sand is also good. When they have a root-growth, set out in a crock filled with a mixture of garden loam, well rotted manure and a little sand if the soil is heavy. For geraniums, I put in the bottom of the crock a quantity of well rotted manure, then fill the crock with the loam, firming it about the plant. Fed in this way, they will grow to a splendid size. Do not have the crock too large as the plant will run to leaves and will not bloom. Stones or broken crockery



Miss Margaret Ross
An interesting discovery during Canadian Book Week was Miss Margaret Ross, who at the age of seventy-seven, makes her first contribution to literature in the form of a biography of her brother, Sir George Ross, once premier of Ontario.

should always be put in the bottom to provide drainage. If kettles or cans are used, punch holes in the bottom of the dish.
Both petunias and snapdragons make fine winter bloomers. If slips are obtainable, start the same as with geraniums. If one cannot get slips, a paper of seeds will cost but little and provide plants not only for the winter but also for the flower garden next summer. Ordinary garden loam mixed with sand is best for starting them. I prefer boxes and like to sift the soil as the seeds are very fine. Sow thinly, then scatter on a layer of the sifted soil. In watering, care should be taken not to wash out the seeds. When they are good-sized plants, transfer to crocks or tin cans filled with the loam and manure mixture mentioned above. These plants will grow rapidly and furnish a wealth of bloom through the later winter and early spring. They can be transferred to the flower beds after danger of frost is past and will bloom through the summer.
There is no plant which will give more beautiful blooms than the cyclamen and nearly every woman loves to have at least one of these. While they are more difficult to raise than many plants, it is quite possible to raise them from seed. Now is a good time to start them in order to have them come into bloom a year from this winter. Procure your seed from a reliable seedsmen. Sift finely into your boxes a mixture of one part garden loam, one part well rotted manure, one part sand and one part woods loam. Sow the seeds at least one and a half inches apart, then cover with more of the finely sifted soil. Put in a sunny window where they will have plenty of light and air. Keep moist but not wet. The plants should appear in from five weeks to two or three months. When they have the second leaf, transfer to thumb pots filled with the same kind of soil. Be careful that you do not have a crock which is too large, and be sure to leave the top of the bulb uncovered. Carelessness in either way may cause the bulb to rot. In watering, guard against wetting the top and never keep them very wet. It is well to re-pot again in May, then they may be put on the north porch or in a shady spot in the garden. It is their nature to shed many of their leaves during this rest period in the summer. Re-pot again in September, using the same kind of soil and allowing the bulb to rest. A week or two after re-potting, the plant may be brought into a sunny window where it should soon begin to show signs of growth, and will bloom freely through the winter. Cyclamen leaves should be washed frequently with a damp cloth and all red spider destroyed as soon as they appear. Pflants taken from the greenhouse often have the tiny white millers which are very bad for cyclamen. Put some ammonia in a saucer and set the plant in that if it is infested with millers. I have found that it takes cyclamen some time to get accustomed to the change in atmosphere, so it is often necessary to keep them away from the sun in some place where the light is good, for that reason I prefer to raise them from seed.
Any list of flowers for winter blooming would hardly be complete without some of the bulbs which are so easy to grow successfully. It is well to procure bulbs in the fall from some reliable seed house or nursery. Set in crocks or tin cans filled with soil composed of garden loam mixed with well rotted manure. Be very careful to have well rotted manure as that which is fresh will cause the bulbs to rot. Daffodils will do very nicely in a tin can filled with black marshy soil. Hyacinths, however, must have plenty of fertilizer and a rather sandy soil. A five-inch pot is best for them. After the bulbs are set, place in the cellar or other dark place, watering occasionally as the soil becomes dry. When the crocks are well filled with roots, the plant may be brought into the light. This will usually take from four to six weeks. Do not expose to full sunlight but turn the crock over the plant in order that the bulb, which is already formed, may be brought well above the leaves. Otherwise the blossom may remain hidden in the soil. Keep the plant covered from light until the flower stalk is well above the leaves, then give plenty of sunlight. In about four weeks the blooms should be ready to open. Weak manure water given every week or two will make larger, finer blooms.
Considering the work and expense, I believe the spring flowering bulb, when forced in the house, brings greater joy than almost any other flower.

Hand In Hand.

Come, mother dear, and set ye down
With me the honey beside.
And let us talk of days ago,
When you a bonny bride
I brought from out the world of strife
To walk with me the path of life.
Since then we've journeyed many a year,
Adown life's rugged way;
But you have been my constant cheer,
And led me e'er to pray,
And when the shadows thicker grew
You took my hand to guide me through.
And now, one boon I ask of grace,
That when our journey's run,
We hear that glad "well done,"
And as we tread the golden strand
We still may journey hand in hand.
—Georgiana Miller.
A good listener gains both information and friends.
An eagle can live twenty-eight days without food, while a condor is said to be able to fast for forty days.

SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality
1/2 LB. TINS
and in packages

Surnames and Their Origin

PANCOAST
Variation—Pancost.
Racial Origin—French and English.
Source—A given name.
Here is a family name which has nothing to do with either a pan or a coat, nor yet with the cost of anything.
It has for the most part developed in a thoroughly normal way, so far as the old records reveal, from a given name. Originally French, it is not possible, however, to state exactly at what time it came over into English (though apparently subsequent to the Norman invasion), nor whether it came over as a given name before the family name was formed, or as a family name already developed. The chances are there are instances of both, but that in the majority of cases it came over with the Huguenot refugees.
At one period in France it was customary for parents to name their children after feast days (and in Spain also where it is the custom to-day) and in this instance the given name is simple.
All the Colors.
When we understand all about color, we shall be able to regulate our emotions and attain our goals of perfect peace. Meanwhile, color experts continue to advance their theories, and the latest comes from a famous eye specialist, who has studied colors and their effects upon human passions. Here, briefly, is his list:
Yellow brings out bad qualities, inducing vulgarity, noisiness, jealousy, and revenge.
Red excites one, and produces violent efforts—sometimes for good, but generally for bad. It is the color of crime.
Green promotes joy, if not of the most peaceful kind.
Blue is the peaceful color. It induces placid happiness, a desire not to be disturbed, and a dislike of argument or contest.
White brings out one's activity, and people who live among the snow and ice are the most active.
Black, appropriately, is the hue of sorrow and evil. Amid black surroundings, life degenerates. It is every bit as black as it is painted.
If these indications are correct, why not paint the whole world blue and green, and make other colors illegal? The painter, and not the politician, is needed to put our old world right.
Cause of Dew.
It was the terminal examination, and a budding philosopher concluded his essay on Mother Earth with this startling statement: "The earth revolves on its own axis 365 times in 24 hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire; that is called dew."

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Guaranteed. Free literature. THE ARNOLD INSTITUTE, ESTABLISHED, CANADA.

Campana's ITALIAN BALM

Prevents chapped hands, cracked lips, chilblains. Makes your skin soft, white, clear and smooth.
All druggists sell it.

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificate being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely making care of the signs (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The undue pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.
But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.
The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly be shifted or pulled off, therefore cannot chafe or pinch. Send your name and ten cents, coin or stamps, to-day to PLAPAO CO., 765 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., for trial Plapao and the information necessary.

Robson New Life Remedy

for Rheumatic Sufferers
The shortest thing in the world is not a mosquito's eyelash—it is the memory of the public.
We again remind sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Neuralgia and Neuritis of our marvelous remedy, "New Life."
Thousands of grateful testimonials received during past twenty-five years.
One bottle for One Dollar; Six bottles for Five Dollars. Mailed direct to customers.
Robson New Life Remedy Company
78 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada.

CONSERVATIVES LEAD ELECTIONS WITH MAJORITY

A dispatch from London says that the political parties in the next House of Commons, the results of which will be announced in a few days, will be as follows:
Conservatives 150
Liberals 100
Gerrymans 50
Other groups 50
To be announced.

A dispatch from London says that the former Premier Lloyd George has been elected to the chairmanship of the party. The party has also elected a new leader, Mr. Asquith, and a new secretary, Mr. Balfour. The party is expected to win a return to office in the next election. The House of Commons is expected to be composed of the following members:
Liberals 100
Conservatives 150
Gerrymans 50
Other groups 50
To be announced.

TURKS SNEAK CONVENTION

Strengthen Daily Prevention

A dispatch from London says that the Turkish government has decided to hold a convention in Constantinople. The convention is expected to be held in the next few days. The government is expected to announce the results of the convention in a few days.