Be better nourished

BOVRIL

prevents that sinking feeling

The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XL.

It was early next morning that Cameron's cart with its slowly moving, heavy grey horse drew up before Steve's, and Mrs. Cameron herself got down from it.

The Schoolmaster was pacing the bare kitchen. He had not been still a moment since Pet McColl brought his news. Pete had gone back to the Wirree to see if anything more had been heard of Davey, whether he was to be brought back to the district for trial, or was being held in Melbourne. The story of his arrest had come through on the vessel that brought stores to Port Southern, but it was very vague. A rumor had reached the Albatross an hour or two before she was sailing that a young man saying he was David Cameron—Young Davey—Cameron of Ayrmuir's son, had been arrested for cattle-stealing, and that he and a nigger were being detained on the charge. Pete had not returned, but the Schoolmaster set about making preparations for a journey. Deirdre had packed his tucker bag; his blanket was rolled up to strap on his saddle.

"Which way are you going?" Deirdre asked.

She knew that the schooner would probably be gone before he could reach the Port, and that it would continue its passage along the coast to Rang before turning back and making for Port Phillip. He had thought of all that too.

"I'll go," he said.

"What are you thinking of?"

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

One of the chairs of his thoughts now had gotten hold of him.

He saw Mrs. Cameron coming, Deirdre [illegible] in the direction of her [illegible] towards [illegible] standing just [illegible] the doorway. His hand went [illegible] pocket.

"I [illegible] you," he said, a [illegible] her face. She drew [illegible] from [illegible] that went with it. [illegible] said, you to keep a [illegible]

"You [illegible] the promise?"

For a moment he did not remember any words any formal undertaking but he knew to what she referred.

"Yes," said [illegible] long ago," her voice was scarcely audible, "that if ever you could do anything for me or mine—"

"Yes," he said. "If ever I can do anything, I want to."

She sank into a chair. Her hands flew to her bonnet strings. She untied them.

"You know what it is I want you to do?" she asked.

"Yes."

He felt for his chair. It was near the one she had taken. He sat down and turned his face towards her. He could just see a dim outline of her against the morning brightness. To him she was a grey figure with a heavy black shadow about her. He strained to meet her eyes again. The very magic of them seemed to illumine her face for him, show him its beautiful outlines. And yet, perhaps, he did not see them at all. It was all memory and vivid imagining that gave him the illusion. He did not see her face, thin and lined with pain and loneliness, the patience and vague disappointment that had come to dwell in her eyes.

"I want you to get the boy off for me . . . to have this charge removed," she said, tremulously.

The Schoolmaster knew that this was what he had meant to try to do; but now that she had asked him, he told himself that it must be done. The means employed to lift the burden of blame from Davey's shoulders he knew—would have to be very sure ones. Davey himself, would not say anything to implicate Conal or anyone else. Evidently the story of his droving for Donald Cameron had not carried much weight.

"Yes," the Schoolmaster said, "I will."

He had no doubt of himself now that he had appealed to him.

"Oh," she cried, after a few moments, "I knew that it was only mischief to us McNab was planning. I can see it all now. I thought it was you, or Conal, he was trying to get at. McNab told Donald that cattle were being moonlighted—most of them Ayrmuir breakaways and wild cattle—at the back of our hills. But he did not know that Davey was droving for Conal, or till he asked me this morning, and I told him. I didn't know myself till a few days ago, when Davey came to me after church. That he said he'd been working with Conal, and I begged him not to, any more, and told him what his father and McNab were trying to do. He promised to come home, but he never came. I was afraid to tell his father for fear he'd never forgive him, and every day I thought Davey'd be coming in the gate. McNab knew, of course. Everybody else in the Wirree seems to have known, but us, that Davey was with Conal. It was to bring our pride in the dust, to make Davey's father the shamed and disgraced man he is, he did it. But where's Conal? How is it he's not there with Davey? Why did Davey ever go in for this business? Why are you in it? I thought that you would never be doing anything again that would bring you under the law."

The distress and reproach in her voice hurt him.

"I thought so, too," he said bitterly.

He did not attempt to excuse himself; and the sightless eyes that gazed at her did not accuse.

His mind was back to the subject between them.

"This is the concern of two men, I and another," he said. "Davey was no more than a hired driver. Besides—"

"Where is Conal?" Mrs. Cameron asked.

"Away."

His tone forbade further inquiry. There was silence a moment.

"How does Mr. Cameron take it?"

"He's broken altogether."

"Would he"—the Schoolmaster hesitated—"would he consent to say that Davey was droving for him? There were DC cows in the mob."

Mrs. Cameron hesitated.

"I think he would do anything—anything in the world to get the boy off," she said.

"I don't know that it would do . . . whether it would work," the Schoolmaster said a little wearily. "Probably Davey has said that he was putting the mob through for his father. He said he would do anything he could. If inquiries are made, will you tell Mr. Cameron to back up the story . . . it's the only chance. Davey may have been only detained until it could be ascertained whether he is Donald Cameron's son and whether Cameron authorized him to sell the cattle. It would be a splendid opportunity to spoil McNab's game, if it could be done. . . . But if, for some reason I don't know of yet, it can't be worked, there's another way."

"Your mean you'll say you were responsible. Davey was only a driver with you?" Mrs. Cameron asked.

"Yes."

She uttered a little cry.

"It was what I meant you to do, but I can't bear to think of it," she said.

She covered her face with her hands.

The Schoolmaster was thinking deeply too; the iron of despair had entered his soul.

"What will it mean?" she asked, looking up at him."

"Three years hard labor on the roads of the Colony or other place as the judge may direct," he quoted, his voice a little uncertain.

"Tell me," she said, rising, a tide of feeling carrying fire to her eyes, dignity to her figure and a subtle timbre to her voice, "would you rather I had not come? Would you rather I had let Davey take his punishment? I'm not sure that he does not deserve it in spite of what you say."

"No!" Farrel cried, passionately.

He grasped her hand. His face fell over it.

"It is the best thing in the world . . . for me . . . to do something for you," he said.

Mrs. Cameron caught her breath when for a moment he carried her fingers to his lips.

"You'll look after Deirdre," he said, if——"

"Yes."

She stood uncertainly looking at him, a pitiful, quivering emotion in her eyes; then she moved away.

"Good-bye," he said, mechanically, hearing the brush of her garments as she left the room.

"Good-bye," she said.

Deirdre saw that Mrs. Cameron's cheeks were wet with tears when she climbed into the buggy again. She did not speak, but drove silently away.

Deirdre had been rubbing Bess's nose and feeding her with handfuls of grass. When she went back to the kitchen her father was sitting with his arms over the side of his chair, his head on them. She flew to him; her arms entwined him. But he pushed her away, with unconscious roughness.

"Go away!" he whispered.

An angry pain at his grief, at Mrs. Cameron who in some way had been the cause of it, surged through Deirdre.

Pete M'Coll rode into the yard. He threw his bridle over the hitching post.

"Any news?" Deirdre asked.

He shook his head and went into the kitchen.

Later the Schoolmaster called Steve in. She heard Steve's voice raised complainingly, her father's, with settled determination, against it. Her heart was sore. Why was he not telling her his plans as he was telling Steve?

She heard him arranging to take Pete with him to Melbourne.

"I'm going too, father," she cried, flashing into the kitchen. "What have I done that you shouldn't tell me what you are going to do. You're talking to every one else, and my heart's breaking."

The Schoolmaster drew her into his arms. "You're not coming, dear," he said. "You're best out of this. I want you to wait here with Steve till Davey comes back."

"And you too, father?"

He held her close in his arms.

"Yes, me too, of course, darling."

He crushed her face against his.

(To be continued.)

Under Egg Fire.

An amusing incident once occurred on Bird Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, while Mr. Alvin R. Cahn was taking photographs of one of the brown pelicans that are so common there.

As he tells us in Natural History, he had chosen a nest that he could easily approach. The first exposure, he says, I made at twenty feet, changed the film and then moved up. The old bird stood like a statue on the rim of her nest; the babies were lying exhausted after a big meal. At fifteen feet I stopped again, and again at twelve feet and at ten feet. Each time I moved toward I was careful to make no sudden movement that might startle the bird into flight.

But when I tried to get nearer than ten feet I had to go slow. Every time I stole a few inches forward the bird would spread her wings and crouch for a spring. I would stop, and the bird would settle back to rest. When eight feet away I took another picture. Slower and slower my progress became. Every movement of mine caused the bird to move uneasily. The noise of the shutter sounded to me like a clap of thunder. Surely, I thought, she will rise at the next exposure.

Seven feet and another portrait, just the head and neck now. Six feet! My back and arms were aching with the strain of carrying the camera for the last half hour, and the perspiration was running in little rivers down my spine. Forward again; I was within five feet of the bird!

Suddenly the air trembled with a terrible explosion! I jumped. So did the bird. Then there was a horrible odor! What on earth could have happened? I looked around, and, saw at my feet the remains of an ancient pelican egg, the tough shell of which had at last yielded to internal pressure.

Dye Dress, Skirt or Faded Curtains in Diamond Dyes

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TOO EASY

"It's altogether too easy to get a divorce."

"Well, maybe if it wasn't so easy to get something to get a divorce from it wouldn't be so easy."

Father's Praise.

Bobby's mother was anxious to know whether he had obeyed her injunction and behaved like a little gentleman at the party. He assured her that he had.

"When Mrs. Brown asked me to take another piece of cake, I said, 'No thanks.'"

"Did she ask you again?"

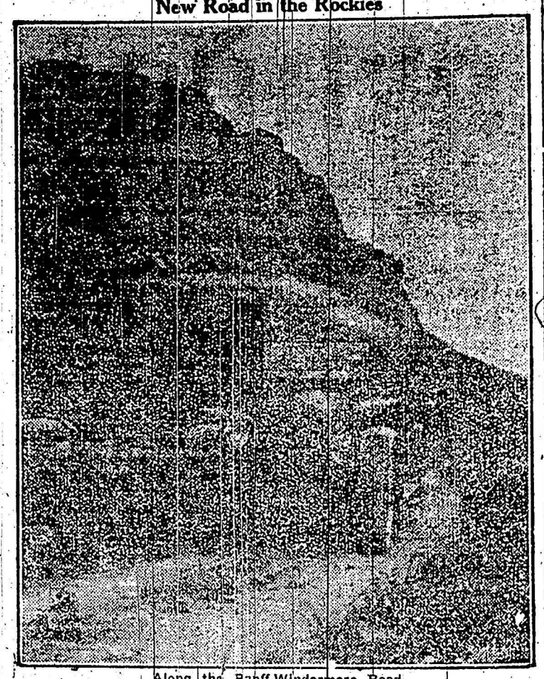
"Yes, and I told her I had had enough. But after a while she asked me once more."

"And what did you say that time?"

"I said what pa always says. I told her to take the stuff away."

Music can lull to slumber any form of disease curable by science, according to a professor at Cincinnati University.

New Road in the Rockies



Along the Banff-Windermere Road

Canada has some of the best scenery, but up to last autumn motor touring in the Canadian Rockies was handicapped by a roadless area in the heart of the mountains which stopped all traffic. The building of the Banff-Windermere highway has supplied the missing link, placed the Canadian Rockies on one of America's greatest tourist highways, and opened the way for a great and immediate increase in international motor travel.

This road affords a direct and first-class motor highway from the town of Banff in Banff National Park, Alberta, southwesterly over the continental divide to the Windermere district in the upper valley of the Columbia River.

From the latter locality there is direct access by motor roads to south-eastern British Columbia, to the national parks of the United States, and to the large tourist centres of the Pacific Coast. The rapidly increasing motor traffic to Banff and the Canadian National Parks has thus been provided with a through route, east and west, of an interprovincial character, and one that has more potentialities from a tourist traffic viewpoint than any other western road completed in recent years. The total length of the highway is ninety-three miles.

About the House

A Candlelight Party.

A charming and novel compliment to a bride is a candlelight party. The soft light of candles heightens the attractiveness of any room and for the party should be the only light except perhaps the glow from an open fire.

A race with lighted candles makes a lively beginning and will afford much fun if, after it is over, the contestants are informed that it is the one whose candle first went out that is to be the next bride, and not she whose candle kept alight longest.

When that is over the guests gather in a circle and with a lighted candle in the centre of the group, and each one in turn contributes a part of a continued story that relates to imaginary scenes and incidents in the future married life of the bride.

By the previous agreement the guests bring candles for the different rooms in the bride's new home—the more artistic and unusual they are the better,—and each set or candle should be accompanied by cards bearing original verses.

If there is a clever story-teller or a good singer among the guests, let her entertain the company with "candlelight stories" or the old songs that are forever new and that leave lasting memories in the minds of those who hear them in the light of the candles.

For refreshments serve canapé salad and salted wafers. A slice of pineapple with a ring of green pepper for a handle forms the candlestick. The candle is half a banana topped by a cherry to represent the flame of a clove for an unlighted wick. A leaf of lettuce and a spoonful of dressing complete the salad. Small cakes topped with lighted candles can be added if more substantial refreshments are desired.

Children Describe Value of Milk.

No one knows the influence to come from teaching school children the value of drinking milk. The good to be accomplished is inestimable.

Here are some testimonials written by children themselves, shewing in a variety of ways, how the dairy diet is building strong bodies and minds for our boys and girls. The reading of them will make you laugh and, possibly, cry. Robert Glen Harvey, a real school-boy, gives us this straight-from-the-shoulder message:

"When you drink milk you grow strong and fat. It is better to drink milk because it makes you strong, but when you eat candy you get a toothache. If you drink milk you will be a good boxer. So if any boy comes along and gets wise with you and puts up a fight you can give him a wallop in the nose. Then you can say to him, 'I drink milk and you didn't, so I got the best of you.'

"When you drink milk and the school nurse comes along for you to get weighed, you will be sure to weigh enough. Before milk came around to the schools the children used to grow very hungry at recess time. Before milk came the children used to sit still and look very weak. But now they make a mad rush for the milk. Milk will give you good health and strength. When you drink milk, you grow big and fat. It is not good to be a little boy because all the big boys will call you 'shrimp,' 'shaver,' and 'rat.' It is better to drink milk and get your health than not to drink milk and get your wealth, because health is better than wealth."

Other testimonials are as follows:

"When I was in the sixth grade I was not doing good work. I knew that I was going to be put back. Then I started to drink milk and it helped me out a lot. I was not kept back, so you see what the milk did."

"I feel much stronger now. I drink a quart and a pint every day."

"I drink milk now and like it. When I drank milk before it made me kind of sick. But I know a girl that did not like milk but she took it and it made her big and strong, so we started to get milk at school. I also made up my mind to take it. I have taken it quite a while now and like it very much. Milk is very good for you and people ought to drink more of it. I am sorry I did not force myself to take it long before I did."

"Before taking milk I was not very strong. When I started to drink milk I got very strong and big."

"I think milk is better than candy. I am not going to eat so much candy any more."

"My New Year's resolution this year was, 'to more candy.' I am going to spend some of my money for milk at school instead."

"Each year a doctor comes to the school and weighs us. This year I weigh 101 pounds, and only about two months before when I weighed myself I only weighed 94 pounds."

"I drink milk for breakfast, dinner and supper. It is better fun to drink it with a straw."

TOO SULTRY FOR HIM

Polar Bear: Great Scot, it's only two degrees below zero!

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Influence of Feeding on Type of Hogs.
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And would not if I dared.
It is no shining even gold
Is only dull compared.

But he must tell it—I must wait,
As modest maidens do.
My little heart will he be glad
To find I know it too?

—Helen Frazee-Bower.

Rubber in Tires.

According to an English authority, more than two-thirds of the rubber produced in the world is being manufactured into tires of various kinds.

Fresh water eels travel a distance equal to a quarter of the earth's circumference, about 6,000 miles, in their lives.

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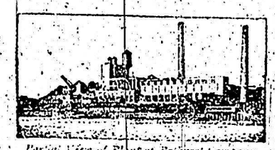

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