

# The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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## CHAPTER XXXV.—(Cont'd.)

Davey led his horse into the paddock beside the church where the vehicles which had brought the hill folk to the township were standing. The horses out of the shafts, their heavy harness still on their backs, were feeding, tethered to the fence, or to the wheels of the carts and buggies. He stood beside the high, old-fashioned buggy that had brought Mary and Donald Cameron to Wirreeford. He rubbed his hand along Bessie's long coffin-box of a nose, and told her on a drifting stream of thought that he had decided to go home, to ask his father to forgive him, and that he meant to try to get on with him again. Her attitude of attention and affection comforted him.

The people began to come from the church. They stood in groups by the doorway talking to each other. One or two men came into the paddock to harness up for the home journey. Davey put the mare into her shafts. He was fastening the traces when Mary Cameron came round the back of the buggy. A catch of her breath told that she had seen him.

"Davey!" she cried. He saw her face, the light of her eyes.

"Mother!" he sobbed. His arms went round her, and his face with the rough beard—such a man's face it had become since it last brushed hers—was crushed against her cheek.

"I'm coming home," he said, his voice breaking. "Not now, not to-night, but in a little while. I'll ask the old man to forgive me, and see if we can't get along better."

"Davey! Davey!" she cried softly, looking into his face, a new joy in her own. "Oh, but they are sad days, these. Have you heard what they are saying of your father? They tell me that you have been over the ranges."

"Yes," Davey said. She scarcely recognized his voice. "It's because of father—because of what they're saying—I'm coming home. I won't have them say it... after all he's done... do you think I'm going to let him lose it, if I can help it?"

There was a passionate vibration in his voice.

"How did it happen? I saw you on Friday and followed you home."

"Oh, my boy!" Her hand trembled on his shoulders. "It was you then? What's come to your father I don't know at all. He's not the same man he used to be. It's that man at the Black Bull. He's got hold of him—I don't know how... but he's been drinking there often now, and he never used to be a drinking man—your father. I think it was his disappointment with you at first... I'm not blaming you, Davey. It wasn't to be expected you'd do anything but what you did. I'm not blaming you. But there were the long evenings by ourselves, after you'd gone. He sat eating his heart out about it before the fire, and I couldn't say a word. He was thinking of you all the time—but his pride wouldn't let him speak. He was seeing the ruin of his hopes for you. He meant you to be a great man in the district. Then McNab began talking to him. Your father thinks McNab's doing him a good turn in some way, but I feel it's nothing but evil will come to us from him. The sight of the man makes me

shiver and I wonder what harm it is he is planning for us."

Her voice went to Davey's heart.

"I know, mother," he said. "But it'll be all right soon. The old man'll pull up when I come home. I'll tell him I mean to be all he wants me to be. I was a fool before, though I don't think I could go on in the old way even now. But he'll be reasonable if I go the right way about asking him. I've got a deal more sense than I had. I've sobered down a lot... can see things straighter. I won't be having any dealings with McNab again—and I'll get father to cut him. The pair of us'll be more than equal to him. But I've got to finish my job with Conal first... it wouldn't be playing the game to leave him just now."

"Is it Conal you've been working with, Davey?" her eyes went up to his anxiously.

"Yes," he said.

"Your father's been talking a lot about this work of Conal's," she went on, a troubled line in her forehead. "He says the Schoolmaster's in it too. McNab's been talking to him about it, and they mean to interfere in some way. He's talked a good deal about it when he didn't know he was talking, driving home in the evenings. But McNab's making a fool of him for his own purposes, and to do harm to Mr. Farre, I think. It was trying to tell your father that, but he wouldn't hear me. Oh, why have you got yourself mixed up with duffing and crooked ways, Davey?"

"What did he say?" Davey asked.

"I don't remember all of it." She swept her brow with a little weary gesture. "It was all mumbling and muttering, and I couldn't hear half what he said—but it was to do with cattle. And to-day McNab came over to the yards as soon as we arrived and I heard him say: 'I've got word where there's a mob with brands won't bear lookin' into, to-night. I'll tell M'Laughlin, and he'll get a couple of men to work with him. If you'll come round to the parlor we can fix up what's to be done.'"

Davey jerked his horse's bridle, pulling him round to meet.

"I meant to take you home myself to-night, mother," he said. "But I'll have to find Conal and tell him this. There's no time to lose."

"Be all right, Davey," she said anxiously. "I'll go and wait for your father at McNab's. He's there now. And we're quite safe with Bess taking us home. She knows every inch of the way."

Davey kissed her hurriedly.

He turned out of the church paddock towards Hegarty's. There was a dance in full swing, and he thought that Conal might be there. But although a new fiddler was in his element and most of the young people in the district jigging, Conal was not. He went back along the road to McNab's.

Outside, in the buggy, Mary Cameron was sitting. She turned and smiled when he rode up to her. Her face had a shy happiness, but the patience and humility of her waiting attitude infuriated him.

He swung off his horse and opened the door of McNab's side parlor.

Cameron was sitting at the small, uneven table, a bottle of rum and glasses before him. McNab on the other side of the table, leaning across it, was talking to him, his voice running glibly. The light of an oil lamp on the table between them showed his yellow, eager eyes, the scheming intensity of the brain behind them, the lurking half-smile of triumph about his writhing, colorless lips. M'Laughlin, leaning lazily back in his chair, his long legs stretched under the table, sat watching and listening to him.

McNab sprang to his feet with an oath when he saw Davey in the doorway.

"Mother's waiting for you outside," he said, lifting Donald Cameron by the elbows and leading him to the door.

He turned on McNab with his back to it.

"I'll be looking after my father's affairs from this out," he said. "And you remember what I promised you if you interfered with me again... you'll get it sure as I live."

He slammed the door.

Donald Cameron, stupid with McNab's heavy spirits, was unprepared for this masterful young man whose rage was burning to a white heat. He went with him as quietly as a child. Davey helped him into the buggy. "Keep him away from McNab," he said to his mother. "and I'll be home as soon as I can."

She smiled, the shy, happy smile of a girl, nodded to him, and they drove off.

Davey went back into the bar of the Black Bull, with its crowd of stockmen, drovers, shop-keepers and salaried loungers.

"Where's Conal?" he asked. "Does anybody know if he's left the town yet?"

There was a roar of laughter.

"He was looking for you an hour ago, Davey," a drunken youngster yelled gaily. "Was in here, 'n McNab gave him a turn about the Schoolmaster's girl—"

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

"McNab was tellin' him you'd made up to marry her. You should have heard Conal go off," somebody shouted.

"Where is he?" There was a sharpness about Young Davey's question that nobody liked.

"Who? McNab?"

"No, Conal!"

McNab had come into the bar and was standing watching him, his face livid.

"Round somewhere lookin' for your blood," the same jovial youngster, who had first spoken, cried.

"Seen him go up towards the store a while ago, Davey," Salt Watson said slowly.

No one smelt mischief brewing quicker than he. He had seen McNab's face. He knew Young Davey's temper and the sort of man he was growing. He knew Conal, too, and that no love was lost between them. It was an urgent matter would send Davey looking through the town for Conal that way, he guessed, and knowing something of the business they had in hand, as an old roadster always does, imagined the cause of the urgency.

McNab looked as if Davey's anxiety to find Conal had taught him something too.

Davey flung out of the bar. He straddled his horse again and went flying off down the road to the store.

Conal was not there. Someone said he had been, and set out for the hills an hour earlier. Davey made off down the road again, doubling on his track, past the Black Bull. He thought that he would catch up to Conal on the road, and that they would be back at Steve's before M'Laughlin and his men were out of Wirreeford.

The culvert over the creek that he had watched Bess shy at and take in her own leisurely fashion a week before, was not half a mile from the outskirts of the township. The creek banks on either side were fringed with wattles and light-woods. As the mare rattled across it there was a whistling crack in the air. Davey pitched on her neck. Terrified, she leapt forward. He clung to her, swaying for a while, yet never losing his grip.

He knew that someone had shot him from the trees by the culvert. There was a sharp pain in his breast; blood welled from his forehead.

## A Cobweb.

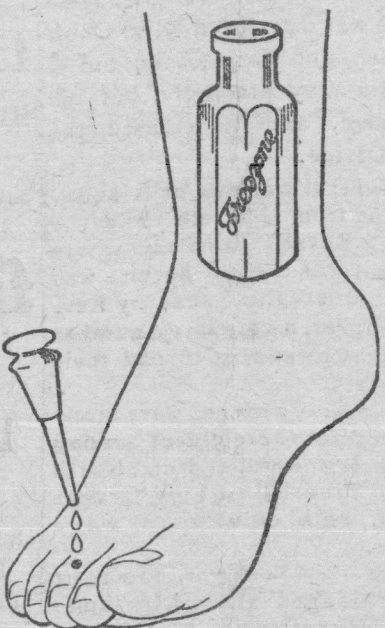
In fear I crushed a spider,  
A little harmless one,  
And all day long my conscience  
Was dark with what I'd done,  
Because I found the cobweb  
That tiny thing had spun.  
—Beth Cheney Nichols.

## A Holy Moment.

List to the wind! It grieves.  
Snow spreads a suede-soft pall.  
Pause! God holds obsequies  
To mark a sparrow's fall.  
—Father Jerome.

## CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

The sap in a vine circulates with five times the force of blood through the most important bloodvessel in a horse's leg.

Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds

## Why Do They Do It?

The man who beats his horse "to make him go" is, at the same time, doing something to himself of which he is entirely unaware. The man who so mistreats his horse has lowered himself beneath that of the animal he has misused.

The boy who kicks a dog "to hear him howl" is making a big mistake. At an early age he is allowing himself to be worse than any of the dumb, helpless creatures that he takes such pleasure in harming. This is the sort of boy—if not properly instructed in earlier years—who grows to be the man who beats his horse; aye, worse, he is the boy who grows to be the man who beats his wife and children.

"Why do they do it?" So easy to ask! Shall we not say, "How can we stop it?" There is a way, and it is not as difficult as one might think: When boys are very small the mothers and fathers should try to install in them a genuine love for animals, because no one wishes to harm a thing he really loves.

When a small boy who has not been taught—one can usually tell by his treatment of animals—is seen abusing an animal, we should tell him then, while he is hurting it, how to treat a dog, a cat, a horse; tell him, then, while he remembers his deed, that a dog will not love him if he kicks it, pulls its ears, or mistreats it in any way. Then point out someone, if possible, who loves the same dog—if it be a dog—he has just been hurting, and mark the love and devotion of that animal to its benefactor.

The average boy, deep down in his heart, likes animals. He will see the difference in treatment, and the difference in the dog's response to kindness and cruelty; if the boy has any good, common sense, he will doubtless begin to think, and the result will be a change in his treatment of animals.

Let us help every boy's natural liking of animals grow into love, and a great deal of cruelty will be killed at its birth.

Study your animals, give them your love and kindness, and you will find yourself surrounded by a host of affectionate and loyal friends.

## Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds.

Long-legged birds have short tails. A bird's tail serves as a rudder during flight. When birds are provided with long legs, these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying, and so act as a rudder.

After Every Meal  
**WRIGLEY'S**  
The Great Canadian Sweetmeat  
provides pleasant action for your teeth, also penetrating the crevices and cleansing them.  
Then, too, it aids digestion.  
Use WRIGLEY'S after every meal—see how much better you will feel.

Noah a Floater.  
Sunday School Teacher—"Can any one tell me where Noah lived?"  
Pupil—"I don't think he had a regular home. I guess he and his family belonged to the floating population."

Easy Job.  
Mike—"I've been sacked, Pat!"  
Pat—"Then what'll ye do, Mike?"  
"I'll just go back to my former job."  
"And what was that?"  
"Lookin' for work, begorra!"

## 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.



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**Made With Raisins**  
—and already baked for you

SAVE the trouble and the time of baking pies at home, yet give your men folks pies that are exactly to their taste.

Master bakers and neighborhood bake shops in your city are making luscious raisin pie fresh every day. Your grocer or these bake shops can supply them.

Taste them and you'll know why there's no longer need to bake at home.

Crust that's light and flaky—tender, thin-skinned, juicy fruit, the juice forming a delicious sauce! There's nothing left to be desired in a pie.

Made with finest seeded Sun-Maid Raisins. 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form. Rich in food-iron, also—good food for the blood.

Make cakes, puddings and other good foods with them. You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maid's, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on Sun-Maid brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

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## MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS

"California Fig Syrup" is Child's Best Laxative



Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love its "fruity" taste, and mothers can rest easy because it never fails to work all the souring food and nasty bile right out of the stomach and bowels without griping or upsetting the child.

Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.