

By the Author of "Well of Gold," "Christabel," Etc.

A HOME ON THE RANGE

by BENTLEY RIDGE

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CAPTAIN DAINTRY: An Englishman, forced by business difficulties to emigrate with his family to New Zealand.
MYRLE DAINTRY: His daughter, a modern young girl, who discovers a new way of living—and loving—in the wilds of the new country.
REX WILDE: A gay, wealthy, irresponsible young man, whom Myrle promises to marry.
GEORGE TELLFORTH: A young but sullen and secretive widower, who loves Myrle but who is already engaged to be married.

CHAPTER I INTO THE UNKNOWN

"Hello! What's this?" Captain Daintry brought his car to a squealing standstill. His daughter Myrle lowered the window and leaned out. Rain from the New Zealand sky fell devastatingly on a hat bought two months previously in Hanover Square—Myrle drew her head in again quickly. "Just a river across the road," she announced.

Mr. Daintry, in her nest of rugs and cushions in the back seat, burst out plaintively: "It must be the wrong road. It can't just end in a river."
"They said it was the road to—ah—Petersdown," protested Captain Daintry, unhappily. "I—ah—goes on the other side of the river."

New discontent with the land her parents had chosen as their future home burned in Myrle's eye as she unrolled the road map of the province of Canterbury. She traced the windings of the road from the last outpost of civilization they had passed, a little tin townlet of road workers' huts ten miles back. "Here we are," Kohwai River. It says "Ford."

"Ford?" said Mrs. Daintry, feebly. "For cattle?"
"And for cars, of course," said Myrle. "You don't know this country yet, my dear mother!"
Captain Daintry put the car into low gear.

"It's perfectly—ah—perfectly all right," he assured his wife and daughter. "The water will be well below the level of the engine. It's just an English fancy, you know, that a car has to run everywhere on the road. When I was out here thirty years ago we used to run the car over the—ah—fields—paddock as they call them—"

The car jolted down the shingle bank into the muddy swirl of water. Grimly clutching the wheel, Captain Daintry gazed tensely ahead.
"Three yards to go. He opened his mouth to say, "We're through!" when the car spluttered.

It died, and the car stopped, its primrose elegance, built for the smooth highways between Knightsbridge and Piccadilly, hub-deep in the yellow tide.
Captain Daintry pressed the starter. Nothing happened.
"Now what are we to do?" wailed Mrs. Daintry.

Rain pattered on the hood and the untoward gurgle of the river under the floor boards had a threatening sound. You could fancy it rising rapidly round the car.
"I should think we had better start wading ashore," said Myrle, bitterly. "What a country!"

Head down to the rain Myrle walked back along the road—it was hardly more than a track—towards the last sign of human life they had seen. Only a single homestead, at least four miles away and even then perhaps they would have no means of towing the car out of the stream. She had left her father and mother sheltered under a willow, her mother refused to allow her father to go to find help. Myrle had settled it by walking off herself.

The rain rapidly completed the ruin of her expensive hat. She turned the heel of her shoe in a rut in the road, and wrenched her ankle.
To have travelled twelve thousand miles to get to such a place!
"What madness!" thought Myrle. They were on their way to a sheep farm her father had bought in the back country. Poverty, not inclination, had driven them to give up all they cared about in England. Her father had spent two years as a "cader" on a New Zealand sheep station in his youth, and pretended that he was longing to get back to the open spaces. But the truth was that when her father's money was lost in a company fraud they could none of them face the prospect of genteel poverty in London. Even Myrle had encouraged her father to sink the last of his capital in this overseas venture.

Now she looked dubiously round the towering heights of the chaotic hills, half hidden behind shifting veils of rain. The town of Christchurch, through which they had driven on their way from the boat, promised little in the way of distraction, even if one could get to it over these frightful roads.

"It's going to be ghastly," said Myrle aloud, to the towering quiet of the landscape. "We shall be bored to extinction."
She had walked fully another mile when she met a truck. She had the presence of mind to wave to it as it dashed past her, spattering her with mud. It stopped, and she walked back to it—an up-to-date American affair with a coupe front.

"Hello! Something wrong?"
The driver leaned across to look out as Myrle came up.
He saw a sight quite unexpected in that lonely countryside. An imperiously lovely face, a pair of proud grey eyes gazing at him with ineffable boredom upon an expensive, but stylish hat—an expensive suit, a lily hand with ruby nails, holding the collar of the coat together. Her voice seemed to drop from some remote height of superiority: "Our car has broken down in the river. Can you tell me where to go for assistance?"

Why did his face wear that amused expression as he looked her up and down? Myrle's attention was arrested. It was a handsome face with it's clean tan, it's rather stern jaw, and its arrogant, red-brown eyes. Annoying eyes. "River?" he repeated. "Oh, you mean the creek further up. Stuck in it, are you? It must be in flood."
"I imagine so."
"What kind of a car is it?"
"An English light car," said Myrle patiently.

"Maybe I can tow you out. I've got a rope in the back. Hop in!" He threw open the door for her.
A HANDSOME STRANGER
Myrle concealed a tendency to hesitate, and with a distant "Thank you" got in beside him. He leaned a muscular brown arm across her to shut the door. His negligent khaki shirt, and slacks seemed to proclaim him a member of what Myrle would have called "the working classes." The truck shot forward.

"These English cars are not much use on Colonial roads," he stated, negotiating a hairpin bend with skilled assurance. "They haven't enough chassis clearance for work in rough country."
Myrle made no reply, and felt him glance at her curiously. They had roared through a cutting, sped down a gully and up the other side, before she heard him say:
"As a matter of fact, it's the same out here with cars from Home as it is with women from Home."
Myrle was surprised enough to look at him inquiringly. He kept his gaze on the road ahead, but his lip twitched at the corner as he lowered it.
"The cars are built too low, and the women are too high hat!"
Completely taken aback, Myrle turned pink. Did he guess she was from "Home," as he called it? Evidently. A less calculated impertinence would not have annoyed her. But that was too much! Horrible man! Frozen-faced, she gazed out of the window. To her relief he said nothing more until they came to the creek.

He drove the truck gently across the river bed, amid spurting water, passed the stranded car, and parked on the road on the other side. He got out and explained his intentions to Captain Daintry.
"Very good of you, I'm sure," said Captain Daintry. "I thought I could do it, you know. I thought—ah—the water would not be so deep. Is it in flood, do you think?"
"There's only an inch or so of water usually. We'll get her out, though."
Myrle was forced to admit that he was remarkably efficient.
He waded ruthlessly into the stream, shoes, slacks and all, and tied the tow rope to the car's axle.
He went back to the truck, attached the rope to it and started the engine.
Three minutes later the car stood dripping on the road.
Myrle prepared to open the bonnet. "Let me," said the truck-owner.
"Thank you, but I can—"
"No, you can't!"
Myrle stood aside with knitted brows and heightened colour.
"Where are you bound for?" their assistant asked with easy curiosity, as he looked under the bonnet.
"A place called Petersdown," said Captain Daintry. "They tell me—ah—'cha' it's on this road."
"Oh!" the other straightened up in surprise. "Are you Captain Daintry?"
"I am—ah? You know Petersdown?"
"I own the run next to it. My name is Tellforth. See something of you in the future. I hope. You're going up to Petersdown now—to stay?"
He looked from Daintry to the two rain-soaked women, with an expression of quizzical doubt.
"As soon as we can get this stupid car to go?" Mrs. Daintry assured him freely.
"Do you think you'll be comfortable? The hotel's in a bit of a mess up there." Tellforth said.
"Captain Daintry looked uneasy.
"I haven't seen it yet myself, but a friend of mine, Mr. Callan, of Wellington, acted as my agent in buying the place. I understand from him that it's—ah—quite simple, but comfortable enough. Spoke to the manager, Mills, on the phone this morning, and he's—ah—expecting us."
He didn't want to admit that it had been a matter of necessity to go straight up to the place; it would have been awkward to have to raise the cash to keep his wife and daughter in an hotel in Christchurch.

"Yes, but it's more than five months since Callan was here," said Tellforth. "No one has lived in the hotel for six months, and there aren't any women up there. I don't know how you people will get on."
Something in the way in which he said "you people"—his glance strayed to the knife-edge crease down Captain Daintry's trousers—made Myrle say coldly:
"I'm perfectly certain that we shall manage quite well!"
TROUBLE INCREASE
Tellforth, remembering what the communitative Callan had told him about the Daintrys' financial condition, guessed the probable truth of the matter. He checked his objections and said cheerfully:
"Well, Callan has got you some first-class land up there. And you have a good shepherd in Joe Mills, even if he hasn't much idea of the comforts ladies require."
He shot a faintly ironical glance at Myrle, who ignored it.
Tellforth, worked rapidly, and five minutes later he had the car ready for the road. They started off ahead of him, but he overtook them after they had gone half-a-mile. He stopped the truck and leaned out:
"We're on the same party line 'phone. If you want any help ring me up—two long rings and a short one. If Mrs. Daintry wants anything, Mrs. Kane, at 'Greystoke', will do all she can. I'll lock in on you to-morrow."
He waved and drove on.
"Help!" Evidently a friendly neighbourhood. But he had definitely disturbed them. Was it going to be even rougher and more uncomfortable than they had feared?
Chilled and weary, they drove on into exile, into fading daylight, further into the rain-swept hills.
Some seven miles on they came into 'he open. Before them lay a vast river valley, a grey bed of shingle, walled by broom-covered cliffs. Beyond it the hills rose tier on tier to the ramparts of five thousand foot mountains, with heads fantastically veiled in rain.
"It's all so appallingly large!" Myrle commented.
The road wound on along the nearer slopes. A mile or two along the valley they came to a gate inscribed with the one word—"Petersdown."

Nervously, Daintry wondered unhappily whether he had done the right thing in bringing his wife and Myrle on this venture, after all. He got out to open the gate. He drove through, and mindful of stock, got out and closed it again.
They drove for a quarter of a mile along a grass track between paddocks

into a fold in the hills.
"It looks distinctly disused," said Myrle.
"It can't be," her father objected. "There's a truck up here that the manager fellow uses."
The light was growing dim when they drove through a pine plantation and came to the house. Even in the twilight its want of paint was obvious. It had two gables and a verandah all round. There were curtains—lace curtains, Myrle noted with a shudder—in the four lightless front windows. Built of wood, it had a flimsy shed-like appearance to their English eyes.
The garden was overgrown. A well-sized flock of sheep ran away across it.
"Heaven help us!" thought Myrle, as the car pulled up by the gate.
The rain had stopped, and the twilight was filled with the distant sound of barking dogs.

Mrs. Daintry burst out pettishly: "It looks simply frightful!"
"Nonsense, nonsense," said Captain Daintry feebly.
They got out of the car, to see a man hurrying towards them from the direction of other sheds and outhouses visible through the pines.
"How do? My name's Joe Mills." A stocky and unshaven person, he pushed his hand out promptly, and Captain Daintry shook it.
"Brought your family up too, did you?"
The man shook hands heartily with Mrs. Daintry and Myrle, who submitted in surprise.
"Everything's fine up here," he said, leading them through the front gate, which leaned on its hinge as he stood it back. "I been docking though, I have not had time to do much to the house. Did you bring any stores? No? We got plenty over at the whare if you want them. Bill Wilson over at Kane's place told me to-night Mrs. Kane said this afternoon she'd have sent a girl over to clean up for you if she'd known you were coming up right away."
They stepped on to the creaking verandah, and Joe pushed open a door into the darkness between the two blank windows. It grated on the floor inside.
"I got a candle here," he said, and they waited while he looked for it in his pocket.

"I was going to get round with a broom, Les and I got the grass seed out of the kitchen for you this morning."
"Grass seed!" echoed Mrs. Daintry, feebly.
"Yeh. We had some stored in the kitchen." He lighted the candle, shadowed it from the wind in the doorway.
"Isn't there any electric lights?" said Mrs. Daintry, suddenly stung by the meaning of the candle.
Joe smiled in astonishment.
"Why, no! Nearest power is twenty miles away over at Waipi. Except George Tellforth—he's got his own plant and makes his own light—you got to use lamps here."

He lifted the candle, so that the light shot across the short hallway and up a flight of unlighted stairs. They were thick with dust, and littered with some lightish powder.
"Fraid there's a bit of sulphur lying about on the floors," said Joe.
"Sulphur!" exclaimed Myrle.
"Yeh, we put it down for the rats." He stepped inside, adding conversationally: "There's a swarm of bees in the upstairs room, they got in through the window. But just you keep away from them for to-night, and we'll get them out for you in the morning."
Myrle followed him in with a look of incredulous curiosity. But Mrs. Daintry, who had once thought Kensington too suburban to live in, lung back and clutched her husband's arm, stifling what was almost a burst of tears:
"It's impossible."
"Now, now my dear," said Daintry, uneasily.
"But we can't stay here!"
"It's—ah—going to be difficult to stay anywhere else, you know."
He coaxed her over the step into the muddy gloom. They had to go forward because he knew that they could not go back.

(To be Continued)
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At the regular meeting of the Timmings town council ten years ago, Mayor Geo. S. Drew, president and Councillors R. Richardson, Dr. S. L. Honey, Geo. W. Parson, J. K. Massie, J. Morrison and Moise Maltais were present. The Haily-cure sanitarium wrote regarding the case of a resident from Timmings who needed hospital treatment at Toronto. The Union Coal Co. wrote asking if some protection could not be given them in regard to the sale of ice from another dealer not paying the amount of taxes that the Union Coal Co. did. Mayor Drew said that if the other dealer were a taxpayer and handled ice in sanitary way he did not see any reason for the town to interfere in such a case. There was a letter read from the usual group calling themselves the unemployed. The requests this time included the idea of single men and transients being given at least three days' work per week at fair pay and failing that they should be supplied with two meals per day in any restaurant they wished; also that they should be given decent sleeping quarters, and supplied with clothing. After a lengthy discussion, Mayor Drew said that in fairness to the taxpayers the town could do no more than it had been doing. He did not see any justification for any change in the plan of handling relief to transients. Their own towns should look after them, just as Timmings and all the other municipalities he knew were trying to give relief to bona-fide citizens.

Recognizing that by co-operation, by exchanging ideas, by working together for the common benefit, the milk producers of the district would help themselves and the general public, there was a plan under way ten years ago to organize a milk producers' organization for the district. This was done at a meeting in the L.O.O.F. hall, Timmings, Tuesday, Feb. 22nd, 1933. It said: "Already there are twenty-seven of the milk producers of the district in the new organization and it is hoped in a short time to enroll all the others in the area. There are ten or twelve more already signifying their intention to join up, so present indications are that the organization will be both successful and helpful. While one purpose of the organization is to guard the interests of the milk producers of the district, it is also intended to seek plans for the co-operative buying and co-operation in other ways to assist the milk producers."

The third annual Purim Ball, under the auspices of the Hebrew Congregation B'Nai Israel, of Timmings, "to perpetuate the memory of her Exalted Majesty, Queen Esther," as the invitations phrased it, was held in the McIntyre Recreation hall, Schumacher, ten years ago, and attracted a record crowd. It has been necessary on account of the sad aeroplane accident on Feb. 19th, 1933, to postpone the Purim ball from Wednesday, Feb. 22nd, to Monday Feb. 27th, 1933. Usually postponed events are liable to loss in attendance, but this was certainly not the case in the Purim Ball. There was over 400 present for the event. Usually with so large a crowd the general enjoyment is not so great as with a less crowded attendance but again the Purim Ball broke into original lines for despite the crowded hall everybody had a specially happy time. So much was this the case that practically none left until three o'clock when the orchestra was ready to call it a day. The choice of "Queen Esther" was the big special feature of the annual Purim Ball, and after a great deal of debating, the judges awarded the honour to Mrs. Arnold Burrows, and amid the applause of the big crowd, Mrs. Burrows was duly crowned "Queen Esther" for the year.

An unusually interesting inter-club Kiwanis Club meeting was held at the Empire hotel ten years ago when six representatives of the Noranda Kiwanis joined the local club at the weekly luncheon, the party coming here from Noranda by aeroplane, the trip being made in one hour and fifteen minutes. The Noranda visitors: fifteen met and welcomed by Timmings Club members who motored them here for the luncheon. After the meeting the party was again motored to South Porcupine where they took off to return by the air route to Noranda.

At Division Court, Tuesday, Feb. 28th 1933, Judge Caron announced his decision in the case of J. P. Bartleman against the town of Timmings for the return of money paid by Mr. Bartleman for taxes on land which Mr. Bartleman claimed he did not own and for which he had not received the assessment notice. The town claimed that notice of assessment has been duly delivered to the office of Mr. Bartleman and that he had been the owner of the lot at the time of assessment according to the return made to the town by the Crown Timber Agent. The cases was heard by Judge Caron, who reserved decision until that Tuesday, there being many technical points to be considered. Tuesday, Feb. 28th, 1933, the judgment was announced in favour of Mr. Bartleman and the town was required to refund the amount on the particular lot referred to, a matter of some twenty-six dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Nap Caron entertained at bridge on Feb. 26th, 1933. Among the guests present were:—Mr. and Mrs. A. Caron, Mr. and Mrs. U. Guillemette, Mrs. A. Dorschner, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lortie, Mr. and Mrs. L. Riopelle, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Belanger. Prizes were

ported by 75 per cent. of the employees, but inasmuch as the request for such a change came from their elected committee and that the committee is recommending its adoption it seems probable that it will be approved."

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

given by the host and hostess and Mrs. M. Lortie; second, Mrs. A. Dorschner; gentlemen's first, A. Caron; second, L. Riopelle.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance ten years ago were the following:— "Mrs. Lloyd Brewer and youngest left on Friday last for Fort Francis to spend some time at her home there." "Her many friends will be pleased to know that Mrs. W. Stanley is making excellent progress to recovery after her recent operation at St. Mary's hospital for appendicitis. Mrs. Stanley was able to return to her home last week and is convalescing satisfactorily." "Mrs. MacBurns, of Latchford, spent the past two weeks in Timmings, owing to the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. E. S. Campbell, who underwent an operation in St. Mary's Hospital and who is recovering nicely. Her son, Dan, who also underwent an operation in St. Mary's hospital, is able to be up and around again." "Born — in Timmings, Ont., on Sunday, Feb. 19th 1933 to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Feldman, 16 Maple street, south. — a son."

Several fine readings were given by Mr. Lainsbury—"The Man from Eldorado," being work of outstanding ability. "Dangerous Dan McGraw" was another of Robert Service's works listened to most attentively and loudly applauded. Mr. Lainsbury also sang an old English comic song "Then He Put It Back." This was one of the evening's highlights.

"Branch 88 is Alive, Alive O" words by Poet Bob Whiteman, a parody on an old Irish melody. This boosted the work being accomplished by the local branch of the Legion. Bob then read another poem, special for the occasion in which all the workers and officers of the branch received some encouraging remarks.

The committee served a very appetizing supper of sausage and mashed potatoes this being another of the specials for Legion smoker events.
Mention of those who contributed to the success of the evening included:— Les. Nicholson and Bert Kettle, cooks; T. Hedican and J. G. Harris, ticket salesmen; James Cowan and John Shaw, waiters; W. A. Devine and Geo. Hale, pianists; Jack Farrow and Jack Potts, assistants at serving supper.
All in all it was a very enjoyable evening and came to a close with all singing the National Anthem.

Delightful Evening at Legion Smoker

Programme on Saturday Night Had Many Highlights.

There was a good attendance at the Smoker on Saturday evening in the Legion hall, despite the counter attraction of the hockey game. The programme was another very excellent one, featuring good music, good singing, good elocution and a good supper, with a very good deed thrown in for extra measure. The latter was given by Ted Jones, who was the winner of the Red Cross nurse. This was a very tempting prize underneath the costume. Ted sang a song for his gift and then re-affirmed the prize for the community fund, six dollars being donated for this purpose. Mr. Jardine was the second winner.

Fred Curtis, 1st vice-president was the chairman and for the major part of the evening had Councillor Wilf Spooner as his guest. Later Mayor E. Brunette, Councillors Fay and Gladstone and Ed. Copps came in to pay a visit to the Legion members. The chairman gave a brief speech of introduction to the guests of the evening.

The McIntyre orchestra rendered some very fine selections during the evening, "Campus Capers" and "Chu Chin Chow" being highlights of their programme. This musical group will always be welcomed artists at the Legion. Another outstanding musical treat

was the superb performance of Mr. O. E. Walli violinist and Mr. Wallace Young, pianist. They played two beautiful selections—the first "Madrigal," a very lilting melody and beautifully played. The second selection was a Russian air which displayed the skill and talent of both artists. The audience could have listened to more but time and length of programme did not allow this. It is very gratifying to the Legion members that Mr. Walli and Mr. Young so generously assist in making these evenings such an enjoyable feature.

Vocal solos were favoured by Ron Jones, another popular favourite, who sang "Mother Machree" and "I Love a Lassie." Ron was in fine form and received the plaudits of the gathering.

Pte. Jack McMullen, V.G. of C. came up from Monteth camp to appear on the programme. His comic songs pleased all and at times his voice was drowned by the laughter caused by the words. Jack has a pleasing style and is a first-rate comedian.

Singing by a group of men of St. Mary's, was another enjoyable item. "Let's start a Legion male chorus," one of the audience suggested.

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