

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.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Myrle Daintry is a young English girl who comes to New Zealand to help her parents in a new sheep-farming enterprise. Despite difficulties, they make steady progress, and Myrle makes friends with George Tellforth, a neighbour who had formerly shown only hostility towards her. Later, she is astounded to learn that he is engaged to be married!

CHAPTER V

A LUCKY YOUNG GIRL
 "Tellforth!" said Captain Daintry yawning. "Well, he's a good chap. I fancy the girl is lucky."

Mrs. Daintry turned over the newspaper and looked at something else.

That was Myrle's natural course, too—to think of something else. Of what interest were Rosemary Kane and Tellforth to her? But a storm seemed to have broken devastatingly within her, perhaps it was the idea of other people's happiness so easily attained, it seemed—whereas she seemed born for discontent—

She had been engaged once herself, in England, but Rodney had been such a fool. Such an awful fool. She had broken it off. And there had been Giles, too, so horribly attractive; but that had been impossible. He was married. All hopeless! And now there was nothing for her but this awful little house, this deadly wilderness. No chance of anything. Where, how could she find happiness here?

She was suddenly sick at heart, desperate. She's very lovely, but she looks so disgusted with the world!" said Mrs. Kane to Mrs. Barbour, after lunch at "Black Hill" next day. Myrle was sitting in the window-seat in Tellforth's living-room, a picture of beauty and disdain.

"Do you wonder?" said Mrs. Barbour vigorously. "Shut away in some dreadful hole of homestead out here."

Mrs. Barbour was Mrs. Kane's sister. She lived in Christchurch, and had a confirmed dislike of the country. Mrs. Barbour's girls, Diane and Yvonne had been in England and toured Europe—it was Mrs. Barbour's terror that they might marry farmers—unless of course, the farmers were really wealthy. "Rosemary is perfectly happy living a country life," Mrs. Kane protested.

"So she should be now that she's got George Tellforth!" snorted Mrs. Barbour.
 Myrle heard the last words, and looked towards the two women—she was not exactly bored, even if she looked it. Her distaste for everything about her could not overcome her interest. It had been interesting to see Tellforth's house, to see Tellforth at his own table. The luncheon had turned out to be quite a

party, with all the Kanes and Rosemary's aunt and two cousins.

Tellforth had seemed just as usual; Myrle hardly deigned to notice the fact that he spoke to her a little less than he had before. There was some congratulatory talk among the party; references to the situation: "When you will be living here, Rosemary," and so on. Tellforth's manner towards his fiancée was quietly attentive. Rosemary glowed; one could see that she was happy.

The meal had been simply cooked by the housekeeper, a harassed middle-aged woman. The child Evelyn was there. Whenever Myrle looked at her, she glared.

"Thank goodness she seems to like Rosemary a little better than she likes me," said Myrle to herself.

The house was comfortable enough, with spacious rooms, sparsely furnished with the grimness of masculine taste. The windows looked across green paddocks and pine plantations to the eternal, the ever-present, the overpowering hills.

Myrle gazed at them out of the window feeling their sombreness as much as she had ever felt it in the first wet days after her arrival.

A movement beside her made her look up to find Tellforth there, offering her a cigarette.

"Thank you so much!" She took one, her nails flashing red again—she had struggled with her hands determinedly since the night before.

"What do you think of it?" He nodded towards the view from the window.

"I was thinking of what Charles Darwin said in 1826 or at some such date," Tellforth smiled inquiringly.

"What was that?"

REX'S PRESUMPTION
 Myrle drew in her cigarette before she replied:

"He said New Zealand was the most dismal and depressing country he had ever seen!"

Tellforth seemed unable to take her mockery in good part any more. His face was suddenly hard as he said:

"You must forgive us who live here for being rather attached to it!"

"Oh, I do!" the wave of her hand was deplorably graceful. "Freely! After all, why not make a virtue of necessity?"

Mrs. Barbour joined them—it was just as well, Myrle thought, because Tellforth was looking very black. It surprised her that she could anger him so easily.

Mrs. Barbour said:
 "George, someone has just arrived in a car. It looked rather like Rex Wilde. If it is, he probably won't be sober."

"Oh! Thanks! Tellforth went away to see who it was, and Mrs. Barbour sat down by Myrle.

"Rex Wilde," said Mrs. Barbour explanatorily. "A young man with a great deal of money, and nothing whatever to do. Perfectly useless! How do you like it here? You hate it, don't you?" she concluded abruptly.

"We're here for good apparently," Myrle said. "So I hope to make the best of it."

"But you hate rotting in the country. Naturally! So did I when I was your age. When you come to town you must come to see us—I've already asked your mother. Diane and Yvonne are about your age, you'd probably get on with them. Town would be a change for you. You must come and stay with us." The words poured briskly out of Mrs. Barbour's mouth, without pause for reply, and she ended by saying:

"There you are, I told you so, it's Rex Wilde. Actually sober, by the look of him!"

Myrle looked across at the young man who had come in through the door with Tellforth. He was thin and good looking, but for a weak mouth and thin, and looked like a gentleman. He was wearing a grey suit, and an exquisite shirt and tie.

He bowed to Mrs. Daintry and the Captain, and when introduced to Myrle he opened his eyes in wonder. He kept looking at her while the others engaged him in conversation, and it was no surprise to Myrle when Mrs. Barbour moved away, that he came to sit next to her.

"You're living up here, Miss Daintry?" he said, still staring.

"Yes," said Myrle. "Were at 'Petersdown'"

He said nothing for a moment or two, then announced:
 "I'm awfully sorry, my conversation is all to pieces this afternoon—I've an awful head!"

"That's hard luck," said Myrle.
 "I've an awful hangover, I mean."

Myrle detected the faint swagger behind the statement, which belied his air of humility. He went on:

"I got out of bed at eleven. I staggered up here—I didn't think for a moment there'd be anything worth coming for. When I saw you, you could have knocked me down with a feather!"

"Really?" said Myrle, laughingly.
 "Yes, you look like something worth while in life, at last!" He wiped his brow, and began to ask her about herself, where she had come from, and how she liked New Zealand; but the two Barbour girls came and interrupted almost immediately.

"Why didn't you come up in the car with us, Rex? You said you would."

"I didn't get up early enough."

Yvonne Barbour pulled up a chair and began talking about her cousin's engagement with the unflattering frankness of modern youth.

"Thank goodness Rosemary has got him at last!"

"He has got Rosemary, you mean," retorted Diane.

"They've been hanging on the brink of this for years, haven't they?" said Rex.

"George only wants a housekeeper," said Diane. "There's nothing more to it than that. Poor Rosemary!"

"Well, it's something to be a good housekeeper if it gets you the man you want," said Yvonne.

"You can't blame him for wanting a housekeeper when he's got a kid to look after," Rex said philosophically.

"But it's all so tepid!" Diane complained.

They remembered Myrle's presence, and Yvonne said:
 "We're awful! You'll have to forgive us for being such cats about the family's private affairs."

"I was talking to her until you butted in!" Rex Wilde added, aggrievedly.

"Oh, were you?"

Laughing, the two girls moved away, and left Myrle alone with Rex again, but her mind was too occupied by what the two girls had just said to allow her to give much attention to what he was saying.

So Tellforth was getting married because he wanted a housekeeper! Wasn't that just typical of the man? Such a lack of interest in anything but the most mundane things! The dullest, dreariest kind of materialism! Myrle had forebore to repress the scorn which welled up in her in order to listen to Rex Wilde, who had already said something twice without an answer.

"You blame me for not being able to live in this country for more than six months at a time?" he was demanding.

"No, I definitely don't!" said Myrle.
 "I'm off to South America next month," Rex said. "I've got a friend who has a run just outside Montevideo. I'm going over to see him, and we're going to paint Montevideo red—bright red!"

"Oh, really," said Myrle absently.
 She was thinking about Tellforth. She had not expected to despise him so much, since she had recovered from the first impression his manners had made on her. Oh, what a dull world—what a world of dull, unenterprising people!

Rex Wilde only really forced himself on her attention when she was leaving with her parents in the car. He detached himself from the others who were playing golf on Tellforth's eight-hole course in the paddock, and took Myrle aside.

"When you stay with Mrs. Barbour in Christchurch, I'm going to see you. I've arranged it with Mrs. Barbour; she's going to ring me as soon as you get there."

"But I haven't arranged to stay with Mrs. Barbour yet," said Myrle.
 His long face set obstinately.

"She's going to ask you the week after next. I've arranged it with her. Will you have lunch with me, or something!"

Myrle laughed, and saw no reason to refuse. Tellforth, who was taking leave of her parents, glanced towards Myrle and Rex curiously.

"What business is it of his of Rex talks to me?" thought Myrle.
A RECKLESS PROPOSAL
 With all absence of formality, Mrs. Barbour gave her invitation on the telephone a few days later. Would Myrle come and stay with Yvonne and Diane? A week a fortnight—the only thing was that at the beginning of November they were going to Timaru...

Myrle reduced it to a long week-end, and as Captain Daintry was going to Christchurch on the following Friday to a cattle sale, she drove down with him. The homestead had been put in reasonable running order, her father would cook his own breakfast, and Mrs. Daintry admitted with a sigh, that if she had plenty of tinned food she thought she could manage the rest.

from the willows on the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

This link with history seemed to Myrle quite unconvincing. The modernity of Christchurch, of the Barbours, was something broken off from all tradition. Nothing was more than seventy or eighty years old. The neon lights, the movies, the refrigerators, the shower baths, the plenitude of cars, the lack of class-consciousness; the manners and ideals of the inhabitants—all these were completely modern.

Yvonne and Diane had an unceasingly good time. Myrle went to picture parties, tea parties, and dance parties with them. All her lovely clothes, up to date in a hemisphere always six months behind the fashion, were brought out to advantage; the rustiness of hard work at "Petersdown" slipping away from her, and she emerged shining again in her proper sphere.

But it was too easy. They were unsophisticated young people, for all their pocket flasks and petting parties. This life would never make her happy either, Myrle realized.

She spent several week-ends with the Barbours, and true to his word, Rex Wilde attached himself to her. Everybody said he was idle and useless. And so he was. Idleness to him was not an exacting occupation, as it was among the effete in Europe.

He was silly. But there was kindness and honesty in him, Myrle felt.

"You and I are alike," he said to her. "We're both out of place here. That's why I drink too much."

"But why do you stay here?" said Myrle. "You could go away."

"So could you," said Rex. "You could come with me."

He was a little drunk at the time; it was after a dance, and they were sitting in the Barbours' drawing-room having a last drink and playing the gramophone before everyone dispersed for home.

Myrle let the remark pass as if she hadn't heard it.

But it put an idea into her head. Rex had money, twelve hundred a year; they said he would inherit fifty thousand when his father died. Rex could certainly take her away from "Petersdown."

He drank, of course. And she could never really love him. But she could help him, and he could help her.

When she went back to "Petersdown" for a week Rex rang every day to ask her when she was coming to town, and when she did go to stay with the Barbours, he drove up to fetch her. On the way down when they stopped to have lunch he tried to kiss her. For the first time Myrle allowed it.

The evening she went with the Barbours to the Race Week Ball, expecting to meet Rex. A large number of younger people had come in from the country for the races. Myrle met Rosemary Kane in the dressing-room.

"How lovely you look!" Rosemary said admiringly.

Myrle's ivory shoulders and dark head rising from the close embrace of dark red chiffon which swirled into waves about her ankles, looked like a dark carnation.

They went into the ballroom together. Tellforth was there, waiting for Rosemary.

"How do you do?" smiled Myrle.
 Tellforth's gaze followed her in the crowd as she moved away with Rex Wilde, and Rosemary, who had not the figure to look like a flower, said with a hint of sadness in her eyes:

"She's very good looking, isn't she George?"

Tellforth looked surprised at the question.

"Yes, she is!" he said. "But she needs wallowing!"

"Wallowing?" queried Rosemary, with a smile.
 "Yes, wallowing!" said Tellforth, heartily.

Rosemary laughed; but looking at his oblivious face, the shadow did not lighten in her eyes.

Rex and Myrle danced the first dance; he was sober, but was silent and seemed ill at ease. When the music stopped he drew her into an alcove to sit down.

"Look here," he said. "I want to know, I want to ask you—Will you marry me, Myrle?"

(To be Continued)

Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

In the play-offs in the mines hockey league here twenty years ago the Hollinger team, the leaders, and the Town team, the runners-up met in combat, the Hollinger winning 3 to 1 and thus securing the championship and the Dickson cup. It was a lively game of good hockey. The teams were:— Town — Hoggarth, goal; White and McCoy, defence; Garrett, Lilly and Giroux, forwards; Laflamme and Lynch, subs. Hollinger — McIntyre, goal; Jackson and St. Denis, defence; Lapierre, McDonald and Kelly, forwards; Ross, Boyd and Jacobs, subs. Referee — Jack Marshall.

The annual meeting of the Northern Ontario Football Association was held at the Dome, March 19, 1923, with only Dome and Timmins directly represented. It was decided to have a "playing committee" to deal with rough play and players ordered off the field. The president, vice-presidents and the secretary-treasurer were appointed to be the "playing committee." The officers elected for the year were:— H. J. Laidlaw, president; J. W. Faithful, Timmins, and H. Hays, Dome, vice-presidents; Harry Costain, secretary-treasurer, Dome. The decision was also made at this meeting to affiliate with the Ontario Football Association.

Twenty years ago there was a funny sort of yarn in some of the funny sort of Toronto newspapers, this story being to the effect that there was a plan under way whereby a group of British-South African mining and financial men were negotiating to purchase the Hollinger Mine. On Toronto director of the Hollinger referred to the story as "just a pack of lies." A. P. Brigham, general manager of the Hollinger chartered the yarn as nonsense. There wasn't a word of truth or foundation for the report and just why the funny city papers paid any attention to it was one of the puzzles of that day.

In honour of the victory of the Hollinger hockey team in the mines league and the winning of the Dickson Cup, the Hollinger Athletic Association at the Goidale to the winning team and to the mines league committee. W. H. Wylie capably presided for the occasion. In the unavoidable absence of Dr. Kirkup, president of the league, O. Briden, vice-president of the league, represented the cup to Jos. McGrath as representative of the Hollinger team. "The famous McGrath" said The Advance reporter at the time "made neat and eloquent reply on behalf of the Hollinger team." Interesting and pleasing dresses were also heard from several present, including C. G. Williams, president of the Hollinger Hockey Team, Jack Marshall, Alex. Gilles, of the McIntyre, "Slim" Fraser. Recitations by Gordon Ross and F. J. Wolno also were much enjoyed and appreciated. The menu did credit to the Goidale.

At police court twenty years ago over \$2,000.00 was collected in fines, two drug stores being penalized for breach of the O. T. A. while other offenders also coughed up from \$50.00 to \$2,000.00 each.

Twenty years ago The Advance gave space to references from The Broke Hustler, Iroquois Falls' own newspaper, in reference to an incident at Toronto during one of the final games there, Iroquois Falls being in the Junior finals. One player was called a foul name by a spectator and the Iroquois Falls players took a pass at that spectator. The spectator ducked and the blow hit a Toronto detective. Wasn't that awful? The lad was arrested by four uniformed policemen and four plainclothes men and carted off to jail. He came up be-

fore the magistrate, in the morning and was given a severe lecture, the magistrate asking that a bond be furnished (so The Broke Hustler said) that the lad be not met at the station at Iroquois Falls by a brass band in honour of his swatting the cop. The conclusion of the whole matter was that the police detective was not hurt but that it was all a great fuss about nothing.

Twenty years ago Cochrane board of trade was making lively protest against the judges of Temiskaming and Nipissing being allowed to handle the cases in this new judicial district. The Cochrane people felt that in justice to this district it should have a resident judge. The Advance noted twenty years ago that plans were under way at Ottawa to divide the Dominion riding of Temiskaming into two electoral districts, each of them to return a member. The 1921 census gave Temiskaming a population of 51,508 and it was felt that this warranted two members.

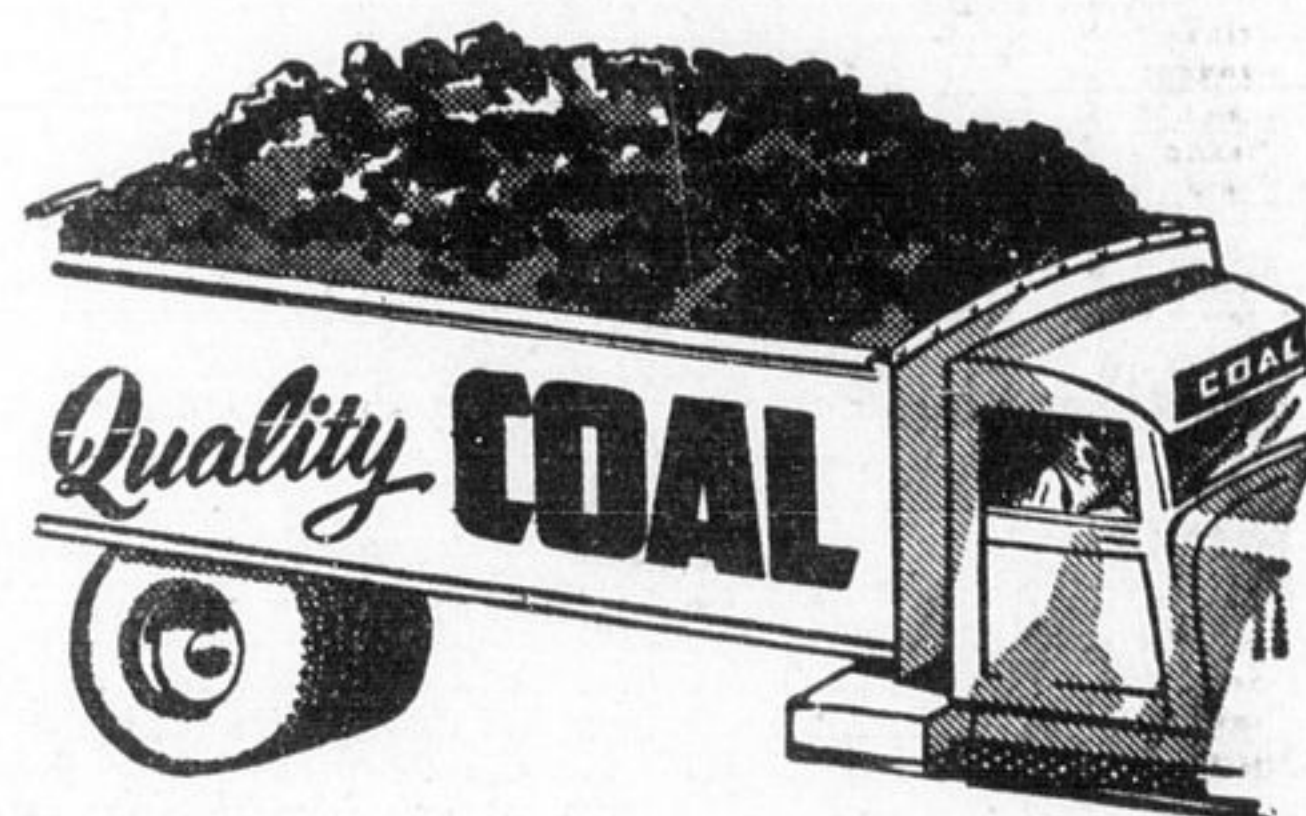
Twenty years ago The Advance begged all and sundry not to throw glass on the streets. It appeared that during the O. T. A. there were noisy fellows who got bottles of "Oh-be-joyful" and after consuming the contents would throw the bottles on the highway. This carelessness of consequences meant not only the danger of injured automobile tires and bicycle tires and the feet of horses but it also endangered the people who had to use the roads. The Advance pleaded particularly for the youngsters, several of whom had received severe cuts through light boots or by falling on the road where broken glass had been thrown. "For the love of the autos for the love of the horses, for the love of people, for the love of children, for

the love of Mike," said The Advance, "please, please, please don't scatter the menace of glass on the public streets. One little piece of glass on the streets is the famous one glass too many."

The Advance twenty years ago said:—"In the death of Sam Biron at Sault Ste. Marie recently, the North Land loses one of its oldest prospectors and one who knew the whole upper portion of this province probably better than any man now living. The late Sam Biron prospected in Michipicoten district as far back as 1868 — a quarter of a century ago — and last fall was one of the two prospectors making spectacular finds in that area. In the intervening twenty-five years he had prospected in many other sections of the North Land, being among the earliest pioneers of the Kirkland Lake area, and came near to losing his life at Swastika in the big bush fire of 1911. He was 66 years of age at the time of his death and had recently been employed as foreman at the Grace Mine in Michipicoten."

Among the local and personal items in The Advance twenty years ago were the following:—"Mrs. A. Haughland is up from Toronto, Ont., has been visiting his son, Dr. R. H. Brown." "Mrs. G. S. Carter returned last week from a visit to the South where she was called owing to the serious illness of her father." "Mr. Elie Riopelle, for thirty-two years past a resident of Cobalt, died at the home of his son there recently, at the age of 93 years." "Reports are current to the effect that there is an epidemic of typhoid fever in Cochrane and to the West there being no less than 160 cases reported from the area."

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