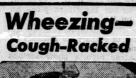
The Quality Tea

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

heard a motorcar coming down the street I would run to see it go by. I do the same thing now because cars on our snow-banked roads are as great a novelty as they were in ose early days. In the morning I watch to see if the cars are getting through—we know then whether it will be possible for our milk to be collected. We live on a provincial highway and every effort is made to keep it open but there is still only a narrow cut just wide enough for a car or truck to get through, as the snowploughs have not yet had a chance to use a wing, so quickly does the snow fill in each day. Our own car hasn't been out since Christmas Eve but Partner has made several trips with the sleighs and John has walked to town two or three times. But I-well, I'm a fair-weather traveller-I haven't left

the house this year. . . . There are plenty of stories as a result of the storm-starting as it did on New Year's day. Many people were caught going to, or from, family "get-togethers" and had to stay wherever the car de-cided to stop. Many farm homes had unexpected guests overnight, or for two or three days, depending on where the farms were situited, as the ploughs were only able to open the main roads. Some of the back concessions are still im-passable even for teams. Milk shipwent. pers had their own troubles—farmers having to take their milk to the nearest trucking centre, driving anywhere from one to five miles in open sleighs and often in a blinding storm. (City folk, please note! The milk doesn't arrive on your doorstep without some effort on the part of the farmers.) Doc-



tors, too have been hard-hit, hav-

ing sometimes to make trips by

train to outlying districts. In other cases neighbours have spent many

weary hours, digging and shovel-ling, so that the doctor might make



and GROWN-UPS, TOO



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EVER SEE A BLACK MARKET?



Photo above shows a crowd of eager shoppers crowding the "main aisle" in one of Rome's liveliest black markets. The mart, dealing chiefly in food, operates openly in broad daylight in the via Tor di Nona. Business took a setback recently when several black market pastry shops were looted, but in a couple of days the crowd was back in full force.

The Jade God By .MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER V

I did not know that prison had made Mark lifted his head. "No, I wasn't there by any chance. I don't know her, Mrs. Lynn."

His hostess looked perplexed. "But she should be your cousin; there are so few Byrams. You must come in on the Tom Byram

did not know that prison had made a pagan of him, like a pagan he was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstayed the other guests. There was music and a little dancing again.

Burleson took off a few to the control of the control of the was wooing her, and he knew he was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstand her was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstand her was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstand her was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstand her was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstand her was wooing her, and he was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstand her was wooing her, and he was wooin

any side. You're mistaken, Mrs. Lynn. I'm not related to the Utica Byrams."

She was a little taken aback. But a woman of the world passes such things over lightly; she turned the conversation swiftly, though her eyes flashed one keen question at Landon. He reddened and moved uneasily in his chair. It was Pam who snoke softly to Mark.

who spoke softly to Mark.

"I'm so glad! Those Utica Byrams are so stodgy. I didn't see
how you could belong!"

"I might be a hop out of kin, you
know," he answered quickly, and
then, in an undertone: "Suppose
I'm not a Byram at all; what
then?"

sent him away, still graciously. If
he was not a Utica Byram he was woman enough under her worldliness
to be a little thrilled by that. Before she knew what she was doing
she had told him her days at home.

"But, of course, Archie will bring
you," she ended, suddenly cooling.

laughed, as if at a huge joke.
"But if it wasn't my name?"
She lifted hre shining eyes, mischief in them. "What was it Juliet said? 'A rose by any other name?"
"Do you papershe about 1997." "Do you remember about that?"

he asked her daringly. "The play?" she laughed out-right; "of course I do!" "With Romeo it was love at first sight," said Mark.

Again the flame that played in his eyes held hers. She drew a

ones with problems—our feathered friends have them too. One day I friends have them too. One day I saw something flutter to the ground from the big poplar tree, just as a leaf might fall. Presently it moved and I saw it was an owl—a screech owl. It appeared to be stunned but after awhile it found itself a sheltered nook where a piece of bark had fallen away. At dinner time it was still there so

dinner time it was still there so John went out, caught it, and took it over to the driving shed where it could shelter from the storm. John said it was stiff with cold. Another time I heard such a com-motion in the back porch. It proved to be a little nuthatch come in for cover I suppose, and then not at all happy when it found itself in close quarters. This little grey bird is sometimes called the "up-sidedown" bird, as well it might. I watched its antics for awhile and saw that it could hang by its feet from the ceiling just as easily as it could perch right side up from a level shelf, But I couldn't see the little thing unhappy for too long so I opened the door and away it

nis way were nis services were urgently needed.

During the height of the storm, when there wasn't a road open anywhere around here, we heard a plane overhead. Obviously travelling by air has its advantages.

But we mortals are not the only

Yesterday afternoon there was a sudden lull in the wind. The sun came out and it was a nice winter's day for about an hour. And in that time birds came to the field fence from every direction — hopping, flying and running — wherever weeds could be seen above the weeds could be seen above the weeds. "No," he replied flatly, "not on the work of the weeks."

when we will be to be a smooth of the second of the birds in wintertime but I hardly think that is necessary on farms because none of the farm buildings is so tight but what little birds can find a way in and can feed on chaff or even n, and can feed on chaff or ever grain. But no doubt they are like humans—they enjoy a change of diet-and when they can get out-then out they come, to feed on the

most delectable weeds they can

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quick breath, smiling, clinging desperately to the conventions. She thing worse than mere expulsion.

"A man does mad things when

he's in love!" he thought.

But it troubled him. He tramped the streets, thinking of it, wretched at heart. It was past midnight when he went in search of Teddy Banks. He wanted his own clothes. Besides, it was part of the bargain transport to the young scapegrace. to report to the young scapegrace. He found Banks alone and sulky-his rooms, a bachelor's suite, thick

with cigarette smoke.
"I won," said Mark, beginning to take off his coat.

Banks stared at him, biting his

cigarette.
"I know! Archie's been here, ripping mad. What the deuce did you do there, anyway?"
"Got asked to dinner. Did he pay his wager?" Teddy nodded. "He did, and Reddy nodded. He day mel swore he'd like to murder mel Come, what happened? Tell mel"
"Nothing happened. I was well

received and asked to dinner."

"By the great lady herself? Teddy slapped his knee, laughing uproariously. "What did I say? Any fellow with a clean shirt! I got my money out of Archie."
"Archie says you threw back five
hundred dollars. Why?"
"You'd better ask me why I took

it in the first place," Mark retort-ed bitterly. "I think I was mad." Some remnant of conscience stirred in young Banks. "It was only for tonight!" he called after him thickly. "Only for called after him thickly. Only it tonight; that's flat, remember—you can't go back there, you know!"

Mark thought the boy had been drinking again. He did not answer.

He shut the door on him and went out to walk the streets all night. There was even an exhilarating

freedom in doing it.

It was nine o'clock when Mark Grant, sleepless and breakfastless, went back to Fosdick's office. Today he would receive his aunt's legacy. It would give him the means to go away. He remembered his relief at that thought yesterday; today it means exile! * * *

Fosdick, coming in to find hir there, waiting, was no more co dial than on the previous day. But he took the matter up; it was ap-parent that his idea was to get done with it and with Mark. "You'll have some papers to sign,' he said bluntly. "Come over to the courthouse, there are form-alities." Fosdick showed scant courtesy.

but the money was intact—thanks to the little lawyer's scrupulous "I wouldn't have let her leave i to you if I'd had my way," he said bluntly, as they closed the business Burleson took off a few to the opera. Pam taught Mark some dancing steps in the deserted ball-room. Landon had been carried off against his will, by Burleson. Mrs. Lynn was in the drawing room.

"I can't see where you could have been!" Pam laughed. "Why, you know stee. I ware head of

Mark reddened in spite of himself. "Mr. Fosdick, do you remem-ber Herbert Burleson?"

The lawyer shot another look at him. "Sure, I do! He's the great Burleson, now. Why d'you ask?" "I saw him yesterday." Fosdick started, and then he have been!" Pam laughed. "Why, you know steps I never heard of—and not one I know!"
"Nomansland has only one—the lockstep"—Mark replied recklessly. He might have stayed too late but for Mrs. Lynn's engrance. She sent him away, still graciously. If

remembered that it might have been the merest chance. He nod-ded. "Very likely. He's got a kind of palace here."

Mark, folding some papers in his

pocket, assented thoughtfully. "He was with my uncle that last day; he knew there was no quarrel be-tween us. He could have testified Fosdick drummed on his desk.

"It's late to think of that," he said Pam said nothing. She had told "I tried to bring it out; no one believed me."

Fosdick shrugged. "Are you trying to imagine Burleson will clear Mark rose. He had money in his

pocket; he looked grimly down at the sneeding little man. Mark had his bad quarter of an huor. He had gone there as an im-"A man has a right to fight for his life, Mr. Fosdick. I'm young postor, on the wager of two worth-less boys, under an assumed name. It would be black enough for a still. I've got red blood in me I'm going to fight for my life." Fosdick looked him over thought-fully. For the first time he seemed to realize the man who had come back. There was power in the figure and the face; Mark stood up right, unashamed. In spite of him self the little lawyer was impress ed. But he singered the papers on his desk impatiently; he was no one to admit he had been touched

by anything. down," he advised dryly; "no easy thing to dig up evidence after fifteen years. It would take your twenty thousand all right. I suppose — when you find the evidence—" he grinned—"you'll set up your claim to the Barton fortune."



"Yes," said Mark slowly—"then I might—but not until then. Good-day, Mr. Fosdick." (To Be Continued)

Dr. Chase's

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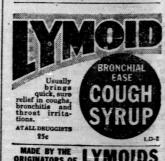
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IN GREAT BRITAIN—PLEASURE DRIVING ENDED LONG AGO



British racing fans can enjoy their favorite sport only if they're willing to walk or pedal their way to the track. Here bicycles are parked outside during the Newmarket races.

Britain's answer to gasoline and tire shortages has been to attack the problem at the herrt. Pleasure driving has been eliminated entirely since June 1942. Such driv-relates luxuries as horse racing have been so drastically curtailed as to be non-existent for all practical purposes.

Today there is no basic gasoline ration in Britain. As a result, there are an estimated 253,000 civilian private cars now on the road, as opposed to two million in 1939.

Gasoline is available to four main classes of users: business essential to the life of the community (doctors, etc.); farmers; domeratic situations where, because of lack of other means of transporation complete curtailment of gasoline would cause real hardship. In some rural districts, for example, gas is available for diving to and from the station or for a couple of weekly shopping trips if no public transportation; is available.

USED AMERICAN SYSTEM

The early history of Britain's rationing system reads much like our own. Within three weeks of the war's start the English introduced a scheme including both basic and supplemental gas coupons. The basic ration was figured to give an average of 180 miles monthly. Unlike our basic ration was scaled to the horsepower of the war's start the English introduced a scheme including both basic and supplemental gas coupons. The basic ration was sigured to give an average of 180 miles monthly. Unlike our basic ration was scaled to the horsepower of the war's start the English introduced a scheme including both basic and supplemental gas coupons. The basic ration was figured to give an average of 180 miles on the number of miles driven on the entire United Kings and the propersion of the surface of the war's start the English introduced a scheme including both basic and supplemental gas coupons. The basic ration was figured to give an average of 180 miles monthly. Unlike our basic ration was scaled to the horsepower of the war's start the English introduced a scheme including both basic and supplemental gas coupons. The bas

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This remarkable picture of the AVRE assault tank was taken as it sped into battle on the Western Front amidst other armour. The AVRE (also known as a PETARD) is the main equipment of the Assault Royal Engineers, and is designed to accommodate a crew **NEW COMMANDER**

Lieut.-General Sir Richard McCreary, KCB, DSO, MBE, recently appointed to command the British Eighth Army in Italy.

Allies battling the German break-through in Belgium are battling a type of Nazi fighter far more rug-ged than the members of the "People's Army" who formerly faced them. If German caption on photo above made from captured enemy film, is true, the soldier is one of those who participated in Gen. von Rundstedt's break-through.

hunting party were putting away their guns at Cuna Mesa Gun Club, near San Diego, Calif., one of the guns went off and severely woun-ded screen actress Susan Peters.

COLD ENOUGH FOR YOU?



THERE'S STILL A WAR ON BURMA'S 'FORGOTTEN FRONT'







FILM STAR SHOT



to unload the first sack of flour into a truck while Lieut. Ger Scobie, G.O.C., Greece, looks on.

\$50 REWARD

has an article on up-to-date inventions."

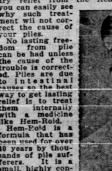
Most likely, date is March 20th, 1916, although dates range between September, 1915, and April, 1916. This is a case where justice is at stake, and the copy is needed to carry it out. If you have the copy write to advertiser or call and get the cash. Will purchase one copy only.

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"IT'S FUN TO MAKE A HAT"

SMITHERS & BONELLIE—TORONTO 1

One Gesture — Two Desserts!

If you're at a loss for time, try out this quick-method system for preparing desserts for two meals with little more effort than it takes a spicy Pumpkin Chiffon filling. Mold the other half of the pastry into tart shells, and fill with Lemon Chiffon. It's as simple as 1-2-3, and you're all set with a pie for dinner one day, and tempting tarts for the

next day! Pumpkin Chiffon Pie 1 envelope plain unflavored

1/4 cup cold water 3 egg yolks 1/2 cup sugar 11/4 cup pumpkin (canned fresh)

% cup milk ½ teaspoon ginger teaspon cinnamon 1/2 teaspon nutmeg 1/2 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup sugar 2 egg whites Beat egg yolks, add one-half cup sugar, pumpkin, milk, spices, and salt. Cook in double boiler until

thickened, stirring constantly. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot custard. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken to make one dessert. Make a dou-ble batch of pastry. Line pastry tin with half the dough and fill it with with half the dough and fill it with or crumb crust and chill. Garnish with whipped cream if desired, just

him all these things already, and another—she was in the habit of

riding her pet horse in the park, mornings. This was something Ar-chie Landon did not know; she did

not want Landon and Banks there! It was after he left the house that

mere joke, but he was an ex-con-

vict. Given that, and they found him out, he would deserve some-

before serving.
Lemon Chiffon Tarts 1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine

1/4 cup cold water 3 eggs 1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup honey 1/2 cup lemon juice 1/2 teaspoon salt

I teaspoon grated lemon rind Add honey, lemon juice and salt to beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot custard mixture. Add grated lemon rind. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which sugar has been added. Fill baked tart shells and chill. Just before servin; spread a thin layer of whoped cream over