



TURNING POINT

By Mary Inlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS
CHAPTER XXI Jordan's bullet found its mark and Stenhart was dying when he was brought back to the ranch. Old Tomlin revealed that Stenhart had nightmares during his illness, talking wildly of killing.

CHAPTER XXI
Stenhart and dismayed, Jim hustled his sister into the old hall. Unconsciously he dropped into the chair at his desk. "I wish to heaven the doctor would get here!" he exclaimed roughly.

"He started at once—as soon as I phoned," Jane replied absently, touching the old desk affectionately; she remembered Sherwin there.

Jim, huddled in the chair, ruminated, "Jordan must have got so confused in the storm—he was a crack shot. Poor Max—it was for me and he got it!"

Jane said nothing; her hands were clasped on the desk. The wind swept the door open and drove the rain across the hall. Her brother rose and forced it shut, bolting it. Then he turned on her, at the limit of his patience.

"Good Lord, Jane, haven't you a heart? Max is dying—he loves you, Jim! You're—you're a perfect stick, standing there and staring in front of you!"

She looked up and her white face twitched with pain. "I'm sorry for Max, but I'm thinking of the man he sent to— a living death!"

Jim hit his lip. "Look here, Jane, he's a brave man, I acknowledge it, but he's convicted of a cruel crime; you've got to let him drop!"

"Jim, he's not guilty," she said firmly. "I'll never believe him guilty. No guilty man would have done this splendid thing—he saved his accuser!"

"Fine, I grant it. Nevertheless, he goes back to jail for life—you understand that, Jane? For life!"

"Not if there's any way on earth that I can save him!" she cried passionately.

"You!" Jim spoke with brotherly scorn.

"You can help too, Jim," she went on, not heeding his derision. "Delay them, keep him here—and give him a chance to escape!"

"To what purpose?" Jim asked her dryly. "To be a fugitive all-ways, to hide away somewhere, in South America, perhaps, under a false name, hunted, advertised for never to know a moment's peace—a condemned murderer! Bah, I'd rather go to jail! There's no capital punishment in his state."

"You've never been in jail!" Jane retorted. "And you—you phoned for Cutler, you know you did!"

"Stenhart—" Jim began, and stopped.

"Oh, I know!" Jane's gesture was eloquent.

Jim, remembering the man suspended between the ledge and eternity, to save his enemy, began to walk up and down the hall. Jane dropped into his vacant chair and laid her head on the desk. She could hear the fury of the wind outside. It grew dusky, too, in the old hall, for the day was passing swiftly, tomorrow—

"I'm sorry, but I can't do a thing!" said Jim hoarsely.

She made no reply. A shiver ran through her; tomorrow he would be on his way east! There is so little in a day—and so much. Then, suddenly, she heard Fanny's voice calling to Jim. Her brother answered hurriedly, went into the sickroom and the door closed behind him.

For the first time Jane was alone. She straightened herself in the old worn chair and looked about her. In the daygloom of the old hall she saw only shadows here and there. A clock ticked, loudly over the desk, and it seemed to remind her of the brevity of the span of life. The rain no longer beat with such fury on the window-panes, but the wind shrieked and howled in the distant canyons. Sherwin was in the other building still. The men were there; she could see Jose and Pete Rooney rubbing down their horses in the open door of the stables. She rose cautiously and fled softly down

BABY MAKES HER BOW



Making her debut before the camera is Jessica Louise Jackson, good-looking six-month-old. You may not know Jessica, but you know her mother—screen star Deanna Durbin, with whom she's pictured in their Hollywood home.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

A small announcement appeared in a weekly newspaper just recently which said—"Chas. E. Cutts has decided to spend his vacation on his farm this summer. He will continue the eight-hour shifts—eight before dinner and eight hours after."

I thought that was pretty good—and not so exaggerated as some folk imagine. After all what else can a farmer do other than work long hours when there is wheat to draw, mixed grain, cut and oats to stock, all ready to be done at once, all equally important, and very little help to do with. Last week after the milking and other chores were finished and we were supposedly through for the day—it was about eight o'clock—Partner just couldn't sleep. He wasn't satisfied until he was back in the field again stooking wheat. And there he stayed until nearly one o'clock. Tonight it is Bob who is out. He found a man who was willing to come in after supper and now the two of them are out cutting oats—Bob on the tractor, the man operating the binder. I suppose they will be out as long as they can see. And there can't be any grumbling at the long hours either, probably because farmers, as a class, take a national personal interest in their work. If a job is there to do, well they want to get it done—the sooner the better. A day, or even a few hours, can mean losing, or saving, a field of grain, or hay.

No, long hours during the harvest and haying don't worry the average farmer very much — although one can hardly say as much for hired help. What really gets him down is the hire and cry all around him for more pay and shorter hours. That, and the things the farmer cannot get that are absolutely necessary.

Yes, farming is a great life when you can't get extra help when you need it. When you can't get the pairs, or lumber, or roofing, or shingles, or even nails.

Yet in spite of all these handicaps farm people still carry on as well as they can—and of course our city cousins think we are making money hand over fist. Last week for instance, a young couple visiting here wanted to take eggs back to the city with them. The eggs came to just over seven dollars. My young friend said as she gave me the money, every penny in it every word she spoke, "Gosh—and you make seven dollars just as easy as that!"

"Wait a minute—I'll show you something."

I handed her over a bill, it was for \$62. "That, my dear," I explained, "is our account for just one month's chicken feed. You will agree it will take a lot of eggs to pay that \$62."

But as every farm woman knows, paying the bill isn't all. There is a tremendous lot of work involved in raising chickens and looking after laying hens. And in this connection there are many women who work far too hard. I want to tell you right here and now, that if you farm women make me right down mad, there are women all over the country carrying water and heavy loads of feed who have no business to be doing it—or the men to let them, no matter how busy they are. One of our neighbors who does practically all the work in connection with the poultry—

Sunday School Lesson

Making Our Homes Christian
Exodus 20: 12; Mark 7: 9-13; Luke 2: 51, 52; Ephes. 6: 1-4.

Golden Text—Honor thy father and thy mother: that days shall be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exodus 20: 12.

The Fifth Commandment
The principle of the Fifth Commandment is due regard for those to whom, under God, we owe our very being. This commandment is put first of those teaching duties to man because our first obligation after our obligation to God, is our obligation to our parents.

Four things are included in full obedience to this commandment: (1) Respect for our parents; (2) listening to them; (3) obedience to them; (4) support of them.

There is nothing surer than that we will overtake any son or daughter who breaks this commandment. The child must honor his parents regardless of what their personal character may be. It is not a child's business to sit in judgment upon the character of his parents. But the parents owe it to their children to so live and act toward their children as to make obedience to this commandment.

Christian Standards
The Lord Jesus was perfect Man as well as perfect God. He submitted to the laws and conditions of our nature which He had taken upon Himself. As Jesus' body grew in stature, so His mind increased in wisdom. The divine nature of our Lord revealed itself with the growth of His human nature. We are not to think that Jesus gradually grew in the favor of God, as though there was a time when He received more evidence of God's favor and of man's good will.

Parents and Children
From the example of our Lord we now turn to the injunction of His servant Paul. As Jesus was subject to His parents during the long years in Nazareth, so every child should follow His example and render obedience to his parents. This is not always easy, particularly in the case of Christian children to honour their parents because of their dissolute and selfish mode of living. But the fact that they are our parents, that they brought us into the world, should make us respectful to them.

This commandment carries with it a promise; in fact it is the only one in the Decalogue which has a definite promise. Does not this show how important the fifth commandment is in God's sight?

Be Courteous: Dip Headlights

In the United States, automobile clubs have been engaged in a most praiseworthy campaign to improve the value of their roads by dipping their headlights, says the Gulf Mercury. Here is a letter that is a courtesy that is seldom tendered. This is not required by law, but is believed that if it is properly presented to the dipper, it will not require that they would be contributing to their own safety and pleasure in making the practice a general one. There should be a general one, curing the co-operation of the dipping public in bringing about its reform.

By Installments
Although he had his good points, Tommy was no scholar. When the school exams came along, his father said: "If you score fifty marks out of one hundred, my boy, I'll buy you a bicycle."

Then, one day, Tommy brought home the results and handed them over in silence. Father ran his eye down the list. Then he asked softly: "Tommy, what will you have—two spokes or a brake dip?"

Two In One
The weary father was marching up and down at 1 a.m. with a walking stick in his arms, when there came a knock at the door. It was the tenant from below, carrying a pair of new shoes.

"I beg, old man," he said, "while you're about it, you might break these in for me."

Keep Cool
The sergeant turned left when he should have turned right and vice versa. Private Higgins was the greater offender, and the sergeant, going up to him, bawled in his ear: "Haven't you ever drilled before in your life?"

"Yes, sergeant," replied Higgins. "I've drilled for three years."

"Oh, indeed—... and where?" snapped the sergeant.

"In a quarry," grinned Higgins.

It Would Too
A dear old lady had been promised by a young relative to attend his school sports. She was much interested in the tug-of-war and after a long tussle between two teams she turned to her escort and said: "But wouldn't it save a lot of trouble, dear, if they were to set the rope in the middle?"

Fifty-Fifty
Young Phil: Look at your old worn boots and your father a sleeker. You ought to be ashamed of them.

Young Phil: That's nothing. Four baby brothers got only one each and your father's a dentist.

Not On Water
Proprietor: "You come into my restaurant, you order a glass of beer, you drink it, and you calmly walk out!"

Guest: "What were you expecting me to do, my Stagger out?"

Too Bad
Three men arrived at the railway station with the intention of catching the last train. As they reached the platform the train began to move out. The men ran for the guard and a porter but two of them into the guard's arms. By this time the train was going too fast for the third man to catch it, and he stood disconsolately on the platform watching it disappear.

"Hard luck, sir," said the porter.

"I'm sorry you were unable to get on," replied the man. "My wife will be off to bed. They are only seeing me off."

An Insult
Mrs. Dismore: "I wonder why Mr. Scodd got so angry when I said I never would let my husband write to me?"

Mr. Scoddwick: "She took it for personal allusion. She used to be Mr. Scodd's typist."

And They Did
Hoping to inspire his workers with promptness and energy, a business man hung a number of signs reading "DO IT NOW!"

When he was asked some weeks later how his staff had reacted, he said: "The cashier skipped \$100.00; the head bookkeeper had the best secretary I ever had; the three typists asked for an increase; the factory hands decided to go on strike, and the office cleaned the Navy."

The Answer Is Yes
Two men who had been bachelor for the first time in ten years met.

"Tell me, Tom," said one, "did you marry that girl, or do you still wear your own socks and do your own cooking?"

"Yes," was Tom's laconic reply.

JUST IN FUN

Easy One
He was engaging on the dangers of modern foods and with a dramatic gesture he pointed an emphysemic finger at a rather harassed-looking and indolent listener and demanded: "What is it? We all eat it sometime or other, yet it's the worst thing in the world for us. What is it? Is it? Do you know?"

It appeared that the little man did know, for he replied in a husky whisper: "Wedding cake."

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OUT OUR WAY



Orchestra Leader
HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured orchestra leader
2 Metal (ab.)
3 Hypothetical unit
4 Street (ab.)
5 Metal
6 Metal
7 Tellurian (symbol)
8 Lieutenant
9 Alaskan city (ab.)
10 12 months
11 14th Street
12 New Mexico (ab.)
13 19th Street
14 Italian river
15 23rd Street
16 27th Street
17 30th Street
18 Measure of area
19 On account (ab.)
20 Not fast
21 First man
22 Not fast (symbol)
23 49th Street
24 49th Street (symbol)
25 Electrified particle
26 Dined
27 54th Street
28 For
29 His orchestra
30 Made up of

VERTICAL
1 Bucket
2 Suggestion

Answer to Previous Puzzle
1 Knight
2 Arrive (ab.)
3 Also
4 Cured hog
5 Provide with weapons
6 23rd Street
7 27th Street
8 30th Street
9 33rd Street
10 34th Street
11 35th Street
12 36th Street
13 37th Street
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75 99th Street
76 100th Street

VOICE OF THE PRESS

Saluting
Saluting of officers will be continued in Canada's army. It is a part of the discipline which is a means of efficiency. That its abolition should have been suggested is carrying democracy a little bit beyond the limit.

—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

High Cost of Destruction
It's a queer old world, with strange modern ideas. A world in which millions and millions of dollars are being spent in learning whether atomic bombs have reached the point where they can destroy the world.

—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

In Fact, Strainer
A native of India has a 64-inch moustache. It is the quite a strain especially during the quic course.

—Kitchener Record.

They Dig It Up
A lot of folk who say they have buried the hatchet always remember where they put it.

—London Free Press.

Canadian Litteracy
You cannot call Canada a literate nation when her motorists cannot read "No Parking" or "School-Go Slow" signs.

—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

Hot and Cold Furs
It is said that, as the result of thefts, there are a large number of hot furs. They can't be the ones women wear during the heat waves. Those must be cold furs.

—Toronto Star.

Most Often Wrong
A dictionary is a book to which you refer after an argument over how to spell a word—only to find out you were wrong.

—Guelph Mercury.

Likely Well-Founded
Then there are girls who suspect father must have kissed mother a day or two before they were married.

—Brandon Sun.

Hurtful Extremism
Extremism injures rather than helps even the best of causes. Jewish Zionists in a New York parade walked behind a Union Jack, besmirched by a super-imposed Nazi Swastika.

—St. Catharines Standard.

Latest Models
And in the back of the drum house, it seems, is a mirage where the veteran can keep his car.

—Winnipeg Tribune.



"DAYLITE" DUST

A specially developed and highly effective fungicide for spraying on potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers and squash. Does not require dew or metallic copper, contains no toxic ingredients.

Trade-mark Reg. "GREEN CROSS" FIELD LEADER PRODUCT

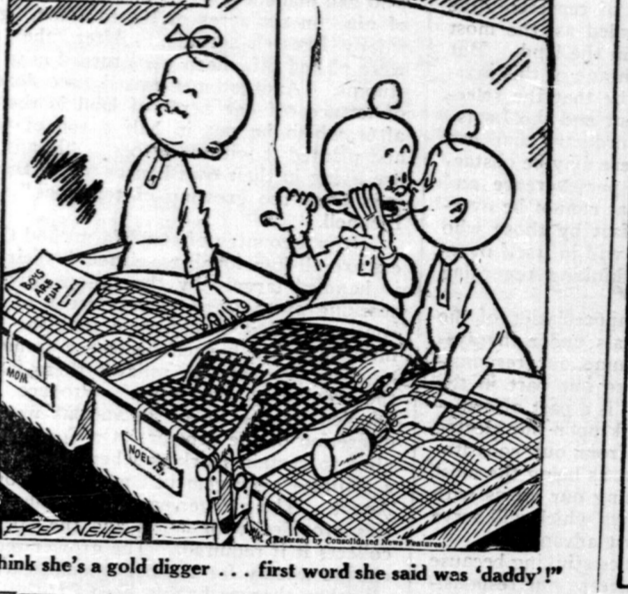


Sweet and cool in any Pipe

BRIER

CANADA'S STANDARD PIPE TOBACCO

LIFE'S LIKE THAT



"I think she's a gold digger... first word she said was 'daddy'!"

THE SPORTING THING



"I told you not to walk thru that fence!"

MUTT AND JEFF—JUST ANOTHER MATTER OF "LEND LEASE"



JEFF WHERE DID YOU GET THAT UMBRELLA?

POP—A Vacancy



HAS YOUR HOME TOWN STILL GOT A VILLAGE IDIOT?

I DON'T KNOW I LEFT YEARS AGO



I DON'T KNOW I LEFT YEARS AGO

REG'LAR FELLERS—Doubly Protected



HELP ME TAKE THESE PRETENSIVE PANTS TO THE TAILORS AN' ILL SPLIT THIS DIME WITH YOU

BEAT IT FELLERS THE STREET IS HAUNTED



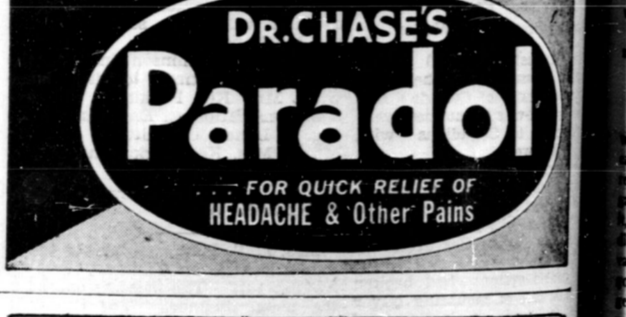
BEAT IT FELLERS THE STREET IS HAUNTED

SHUT UP AN' KEEP YER HEAD DOWN!



SHUT UP AN' KEEP YER HEAD DOWN!

Smart Girls always carry PARADO.



FOR QUICK RELIEF OF HEADACHE & Other Pains



Have a care Jack Dalton! Unhand that package of crisp, crunchy, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes!

"Have a care Jack Dalton! Unhand that package of crisp, crunchy, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"Crisp! Flaked again! Every time I try to make one of those malty, rich, money-golden Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes I'm stopped by this guy Curly Crisp!"

"And why not? That's a neat package you've got there. Those Grape-Nuts Flakes supply carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; other food essentials."

4631
SIZES
\$2.50

Yes, it's pretty... it's slimming... it's easy. That's the Pattern 4631 with just four main pattern pieces, straight seams, no darts to set and no waist seams to sew.

Pattern 4631 comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, AD. DR. in STYLE NUMBER.

ISSUE 32-1946

The Quality Tea "SHALAH" TEA

The yak, best of burden in Tibet, gets down icy mountain slopes by drawing its hoofs together and sliding, always landing right side up.

For the first time Jane was alone. She straightened herself in the old worn chair and looked about her. In the daygloom of the old hall she saw only shadows here and there. A clock ticked, loudly over the desk, and it seemed to remind her of the brevity of the span of life. The rain no longer beat with such fury on the window-panes, but the wind shrieked and howled in the distant canyons. Sherwin was in the other building still. The men were there; she could see Jose and Pete Rooney rubbing down their horses in the open door of the stables. She rose cautiously and fled softly down