

Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALAM" TEA



TREASURE OF THE SEA

By George E. Walsh

CHAPTER XVII
 CHAPTER XVII DICK, OUT ACCORDING to the log, discovered the lugger in the Caribbean Sea. With a group of white men, Dick recognized Hen Pettigrew and others who were passengers on the steamer.

CHAPTER XVIII
 The island was long and narrow, with the opposite side disappearing in the sea gradually, a fine sandy beach fringing half of it in the shape of a crescent horseshoe. The descent from the rocks to the beach was sharp and abrupt. One could make it in a brisk run or walk.

Dick took this all in swiftly like the flash of a cinematograph. Then his eyes came to a sharp halt on an object in the cove formed by the beach and the rocks. With a quick intake of the breath, he exclaimed: "The lugger! Tucu's crew's on the island!"

The lugger was anchored near the beach where she had probably ridden out the storm in perfect safety. Tucu had known of the island and its protecting cove. The sails were flapping idly in the breeze, stretched for drying in the warm sun. The deck was deserted. There was no sign of any one aboard.

But this was easily accounted for by the presence of two boats drawn up on the sands. The crew was all ashore. Dick could see them in scattered groups. A sudden fear that they had discovered the lugger on the opposite side of the island, and were preparing to attack her from the land side, made him wary and watchful.

Then his eyes took in other features of the beach. Some distance back from the water where the rocks broke through the sand, another group of seamen were huddled together. They were standing in an attitude of watchfulness and waiting. One of their number was advancing to confer with the Caribs.

Dick gazed in puzzled surprise and stupefied amazement. These others were white men—seamen, shipwrecked!

There were seven in all, counting their leader who was parleying with the Caribs. Dick frowned for no other reason than that something in their appearance, or in their leader's attitude, reminded him of the past and for a long time he was silent and thoughtful, striving to recall a fleeting memory that disturbed him.

"Hen Pettigrew" his lips murmured finally. The explanation of the group of white men on the beach was all comprehensible. One of the boats of the City of Bahia had landed on the island or been wrecked there, the survivors having fought their way through the surf to the beach. And the boat was the one in which Hen Pettigrew had left.

The discovery was not pleasant to Dick. His recognition of the man who had pursued him half around a continent, shadowing him as persistently as a bulldog, and finally capturing him in a small, out of the way corner of the earth, gave him a distinct shock. With a quiver, he recalled Hen's parting words:

"If we meet again on shore—I'll pinch you. It's my duty."

He glanced back of him. The schooner was resting quietly in its protecting cove, rising and falling gently. On the deck, Captain Bedford was busy making repairs to the sails and rigging, preparing for escape before another storm came. Rose stood alone at the bow, and as Dick looked—she waved to him.

He frowned and waved back to her. Then violent words sprang to his lips. "Damn Hen! He shan't take me! I'll kill him first! It isn't fair! I've paid—paid enough for another's crime! I'll die for freedom! Damn it, I'll jump into the sea first!"

Rose was still waving to him, cupping her hands occasionally as if shouting words of encouragement. He hated, but the distance was too far to catch her voice. Suddenly the fit of angry passion deserted him, leaving him limp and weak. He groaned aloud: "She will know! Hen will tell her! I can't escape it!"

Her name sprang to his lips, and with a cry of anguish he dropped his head on the hard rocks. The inevitable fate that had pursued him was closing about him, and he was glad now that he hadn't spoken to her. He shivered at the thought. At least he had saved her from humiliation.

When he glanced up again his mind was calmer and his white face, drawn and strained, had less of the rebellious lines in it. The men on the beach were still parleying. Dick wondered what sort of bargain they could make with Tucu. The old pirate would demand all he could get and take it. Tucu was like Hen—inexorable and greedy.

While he looked the parley suddenly terminated, and Captain Tucu, who had been conversing with Hen, turned on his heels to walk back to his waiting Caribs; but half way there he wheeled so swiftly that Hen was taken off his guard. There was a puff of smoke, and a sharp report. Hen Pettigrew staggered back and nearly fell, reeling as if suddenly bereft of all powers of locomotion.

At the same instant a group of Caribs, led by Black Berley, started forward on the run, firing as they came. Dick saw Pettigrew reel again, and this time pitch head first into the sand. The Caribs rushed past him, filling the air with their shouts.

Dick waited to hear the returning volley from the white seamen, as the Caribs advanced, dodging from side to side, but no response came from them. Tucu had armed every one of his crew but they were poor shots.

"They're waiting until the Caribs are nearer," Dick mused joyfully. "I wish—a little regretfully—'Hen was there. Hen's a dead shot!"

Nearer and nearer came the Caribs to the entrenched fortress of the seamen. Dick noticed for the first time they were protected by a rampart of rocks they had gathered for a breastwork.

"Hen's work," he chuckled. "Hen's shrewd in a fight. Didn't trust old Tucu."

The attacking party was within a stone's throw of the breastwork, and still the white men held their fire. Ten feet nearer, and the sailors rose as one man. Dick held his breath, expecting a withering volley from them! But instead a shower of rocks and stones filled the air.

Two of the Caribs went down, and a third stumbled and halted. The others dropped to the beach to escape the flying missiles, and the attack was temporarily checked.

"Why don't they shoot now?" growled Dick. "They could get them!"

He stopped and drew a deep breath as the unpleasant explanation forced itself sharply upon his mind. The seamen from the wrecked steamer carried no firearms. They had taken them away with them, as Hen must have taken his, the salt water had rendered them useless. They were unarmed, except for the stones, while the Caribs were plentifully supplied with guns.

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BABY CHRISTENED IN SHIP'S BELL



Twenty-five days old Penelope Jane Chance, daughter of Lt. Peter Chance, R.C.N., was christened by Rev. Northcote Burke at His Majesty's Canadian Ship, Carleton at Ottawa. The bell belonged to S.M.C.S. Canada in the year 1904. The ceremony, attended by high naval officials, was performed by the Anglican minister of St. Johns at Ottawa, who is also the padre of the ship. The bell becomes the property of the baby and it will be hers for the asking.

Candy Decorations For Christmas Tree

Cereal candy balls made from oven-popped rice and a molasses syrup make delightful Christmas tree decorations when wrapped in gay-colored Christmas paper, and are good to eat too. Here's the way you make them:

Cereal Balls
 3/4 cup molasses
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 package (8 1/2 oz.) oven-popped rice
 Heat molasses and sugar together over direct heat to temperature of 250 deg. F. (soft ball in cold water). Put cereal in buttered bowl; pour in syrup, stirring slowly. While hot, form into balls. When cool, wrap in squares of Christmas paper.

Future Foretold By Drowsy Hens

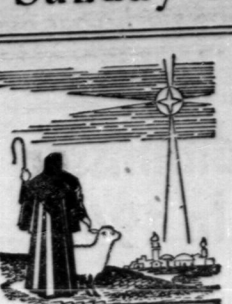
Divinations were an important part of the Christmas festivities in Christ Russia.

After a special family Christmas dinner, the girls of the household placed five piles of grain upon the kitchen floor; each pile was given a name, such as Hope, King, Money, Thread and Charcoal. A drowsy hen was fetched from the henhouse and allowed to walk around the kitchen floor and choose a pile of grain.

Obviously the hen's choice of Money meant wealth; Ring, foretold a wedding within a year; and Hope, promised the fulfillment of a wish or a long journey. If the sleepy chicken chose the grain designated as Thread, a life of toil was predicted for the marriageable maiden of the household; and Charcoal was considered an omen of death in the family.

Attention Young People!
 Starting First Issue in January
 EXCLUSIVE WEEKLY FEATURE
TEEN-TOWN TOPICS
 A column for Teen-Agers, written especially for Young People, with newsy chatter about things of interest
 BY BARRY MURKAR
WATCH FOR IT

Sunday School Lesson



A Message of Love

John 3: 16; Ephesians 3: 14-21.
 Golden Text.—Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.—2 Corinthians 9: 15.

The Gospel Defined

The first verse of this lesson has probably been used to the salvation of more persons than any other verse in the Bible. Briefly it contains the whole gospel: (1) The need of salvation, "should not perish"; (2) The origin of salvation, God's love; (3) The ground of salvation, the death of Christ; (4) The condition of salvation, "be- lieve on Him"; (5) The recipients of salvation, "whosoever"; (6) The results of salvation, "should not perish" and "should have eternal life."

One Family

Paul pictures himself in the attitude of prayer with knees bowed unto the Father. Paul here represents all who belong to one great family having its source in God, named from His and strengthened with power.

Hitler's Blocks Sold

Granite blocks here for Hitler's planned victory monument were put on auction recently by the Refugee Capital Bureau. Germany had paid almost \$2,000,000 for the granite. Profits of the auction will be regarded as German assets in Sweden.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Happy Christmas Everybody! Did I hear you say—"And a happy Christmas to all at Ginger Farm?" Perhaps you didn't—perhaps it was just my fancy—but I like to think you did. It is a fancy I like to indulge because Christmas, to me, is not just a day, but a way of thinking, as with so many other good things, only brings happiness if it is shared.

Most of us go our busy way, working, shopping, preparing in general for the Yuletide season, yet always taking time as we go, to greet our friends, acquaintances and neighbors. "Happy Christmas," we say, and because we mean it, we cannot, because it just isn't time after time without sharing in that happiness that we wish for other people.

If we feel glum and dour—well, either we don't bother to pass the compliments of the season at all, or we do it merely as a courtesy, because of the repetition of our Christmas greeting, will gradually after all there is no real reason why we shouldn't have a happy Christmas. No matter what our troubles, our hardships and our heart-aches, Christmas is still what we want. It is a sense of contentment this bewildering post-war world, the Christmas season, symbolic of the Birth of Christ, has endured, and will continue to endure, the end of time.

I heard this question raised the other day—"Do you like Christmas—and if so, why do you like it?"

It reminded me of a little girl, very quiet, thoughtful little girl, who was also asked on one occasion if she liked Christmas. Of course there were any number of reasons that she gave but what was even more interesting was the fact that she in turn began making inquiries:

For a few days everyone she met was asked the same question—"Why do you like Christmas?"

Grandpa was taken unawares—"Why do I like Christmas? Why hardly know. I guess it must be because that is when Santa Claus comes. Yes, that's why I like it." "But Grandpa, Santa Claus doesn't bring you things. It's just us you get them from."

"Eh, what's that, what's that? Oh sure, that's right. Well now, I know why it is—because every- body is happy and when everyone else is happy your old grandpa is happy too."

The mailman said he liked Christmas because it meant there would be fewer letters and parcels for him to carry around after wards.

The storekeeper said Christmas was okay with him because it was one day he didn't have to keep saying, until he was sick of it, "Happy Christmas!"

Modern Etiquette
 By Roberta Lee

1. In what color and where should monograms be engraved on letter paper?
 2. Is it considered proper to wear a handkerchief as a means of greeting an acquaintance or attracting attention?
 3. What is the usual limit for a table before the meal is served?
 4. What is the best way for a hostess to send to her guests when she is ready to leave the dinner table?
ANSWERS
 1. They may be engraved in gold, silver, plain white or in colors at the top of the paper, the size and shape of the paper determining the correct position. 2. No. This is not only a breach of etiquette, but it is forbidden by health authorities as a germ carrier. 3. Three pieces of flat silver at each side of the plate is the usual limit. Any additional silver is usually brought in with its own cover. 5. By catching the eye of her most important guest, and then pushing her chair

U. S. Ambassador
 HORIZONTAL
 1 Pictured U. S. diplomat, Stanley K.
 2 Notary public (ab.)
 3 Trustworthy
 4 Indian army (ab.)
 5 Organ of hearing
 6 Inspires reverence
 7 Admiral (ab.)
 8 River
 9 Altire
 10 Reproach
 11 Lovers
 12 Set anew
 13 Canina
 14 Symbol for erbium
 15 Sarcine (ab.)
 16 Singing voice
 17 Bringle eagle
 18 Markets
 19 Slide over
 20 Molasses
 21 Hunter
 22 Roman god of war
 23 Under
 24 Ocean movement
 25 Weight of India
 26 Symbol for tin
 27 Color
 28 Steamship (ab.)
 29

Vertical
 1 Grove
 2 Compass point
 3 Honey maker
 4 Existence
 5 Court (ab.)
 6 Indian army (ab.)
 7 S. ambassador
 8 Eagle (comb. form)
 9 French capital
 10 False gods
 11 He is one of 29
 12 He is one of 29
 13 U. S. cars
 14 Foreign 20
 15 Man's name
 16 Portuguese countries
 17 Interpret
 18 Shade trees
 19 32
 20 Near (ab.)
 21 Strained
 22 Bird's home
 23 Anger
 24 Noise
 25 Symbol for cerium
 26 47
 27 Early English (ab.)
 28 33
 29 33
 30 Plant part
 31 Bird's home
 32 Anger
 33 Noise
 34 Symbol for cerium
 35 47
 36 Early English (ab.)
 37 33
 38 33

"We were rushing to the grocer's before closing time . . . Imagine a week-end without delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes!"
 "I can imagine it better! Buy on it and I'll provide a police escort down to the store so you'll be sure of getting your malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"
 "OK—here we go! Bring on that Grape-Nuts Flakes' good nourishment: carbohydrates for energy, proteins for muscle, phosphorus for teeth and bones, iron for the blood, and other food essentials."
 "They're good all right! That's because they're made of two grains: wheat and malted barley. And specially blended, baked and toasted for easy digestion."
 "I think I'll get a couple of those giant economy packages!"

How To Make Poinsettia Bloom Again Next Year

By Anne Ashby

How many of us have tried and failed to keep the Christmas poinsettia in good condition? While it is not an easy condition to be sure, it by no means an impossibility if given proper attention, writes M. E. Moriarty in The Western Producer.

Many of us receive the poinsettia as a gift from our friends around Christmas time. When the lovely plant arrives from the florist place it in a warm, sunny window, where the temperature ranges from sixty to seventy degrees. When the surface of the soil becomes dry, do not leave water standing in the saucer. Guard against drafts and the chill winds from the street. As the leaves start to turn a yellowish green, give water only at room temperature, once a week will probably be enough.

About the end of May prune the plant to within three or four inches of the soil surface, report and sink it in a sunny bed in the garden. New growth will develop during the summer months. Late August is about the best time to transfer the poinsettia from the garden to a sunny window. It will need plant food and regular watering but not too much of the latter, and a temperature of around seventy degrees.

Given such treatment the poinsettia should bloom again for Christmas.

SCOOPED-OUT WAIST
 The fashion trend this year will emphasize shoulders and hips, minimize the waistline, as shown in this smart suit worn by George Clifford, one of Britain's famous models now visiting in Canada. A "muscle" is her sheer, full-fashioned nylon stockings, with delicate back- seam and fashioning marks to emphasize leg-limbering.

D'J'EVER?
 (AM GETTING ALONG SWELL, DAD? LISTEN TO THIS)
 D'J'EVER MUMBLE TO YOURSELF WHEN THE SON BEGINS HIS PIANO PRACTICE—JUST AS YOU START TO READ YOUR NEWSPAPER

GREAT KIDS, EH DEAR?
 I'VE ALWAYS SAID THAT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A MUSICAL EDUCATION FOR KIDS
 YES DEAR
 D'J'EVER REALIZE THAT TAKING AN INTEREST IN YOUR YOUNGSTERS' STUDIES IS A BIG ENCOURAGEMENT TO THEM?

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

MUTT AND JEFF—JEFF WRUNG IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY INTO THE SUBJECT
 BY BUD FISHER
 JEFF: WHY DID YOU HIT THIS MAN?
 MUTT: WELL, JUDGE HE ALWAYS CALLS ME A LITTLE IRISH BOB SO I THOUGHT I'D HIT HIM 'TIL HE'D STOP.
 JEFF: WELL, THAT'S NO WAY—TO HIT A MAN.
 MUTT: WELL, JUDGE HE CALLED YOU A LITTLE IRISH BOB! WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
 JEFF: I'M NOT IRISH!
 MUTT: WELL, SUPPOSE HE CALLED YOU A LITTLE GERMAN BOB?
 JEFF: I'M NOT GERMAN!
 MUTT: WELL, SUPPOSE HE CALLED YOU A LITTLE ITALIAN BOB? WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
 JEFF: I'M NOT ITALIAN!
 MUTT: WELL, SUPPOSE HE CALLED YOU A LITTLE CHINESE BOB? WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

HOW CAN I???

By Anne Ashby

Q. How can I prevent the tarnishing of fat silver?
 A. By keeping a piece of gum camphor in the drawer.
 Q. How can I remove candle wax from clothing?
 A. By placing the spot over a Turkish towel, then placing a clean blotter over it and pressing the wax out, repeat the treatment.
 Q. How can I avoid watery custard?
 A. Watery custard results from too hot an oven. When baking custard, set the dishes in hot water and be sure that the oven is a slow one.
 Q. What is a good remedy for an inflamed nose?
 A. An excellent remedy is to apply equal parts of witch hazel and pure alcohol.

Rug Anchor
 For people who don't care for skidding around the house on slippery throw rugs, here's an item back on the market after a war-time holiday. It's called a "rug anchor" and is nothing more than a thin layer of synthetic sponge rubber that lies unobtrusively between your shiny waxed floors and your small rugs. It may be cut to fit any size rug and is guaranteed to give your step a non-skid self-confidence.

Scrap of Soap
 One way to use those precious pieces of soap that accumulate is to make a jelly from them that can be used in place of hand-to-hand flakes. To one-third cup of soap remnants, add one quart of hot water; allow to cool and set aside to jell.

CHOICE IS YOURS!
 Maxwell House gives you the same marvelous coffee blend, whether in Super-Vacuum Tin (Drip or Regular Grind) or Glassine-Lined Bag (All Purpose Grind).

MUSCULAR PAIN?
 Instantine brings FAST RELIEF!
 12 TABLETS 25¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

MACDONALD'S Fine Cut
 Makes a better cigarette

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