

CHAPFER XII: Mac takes Sherwin to an old cabin on the crest of a wooded hill near Las Palomas where Mac hopes he will hide until it is safe to make his escape from

CHAPTER XIII There was small likelihood of ordan following so far, and Sherwin turned back to the mountain

Mac, at least, was safe. It was half an hour later when he found himself near the cabin again. He had approached from the ledge and stood in the shadow of a live oak, listening intently. Person-ally, he had no thought that Jordan would return here, for Jordan did not really know how many had been in the attacking party, and he must know that the sheriff was after him with a posse. Sherwin reasoned that he would scarcely ven-ture back that night and, on the other hand, Mac thought that he, Sherwin, meant to leave at daybreak. He smiled grimly, he wantwhile, he hid his food pack and his blanket; he should not starve while he waited. And he intended to wait face to face. He advanced cautiously, made sure that the cabin was empty, and, determined to take no risks, found a spot in the reda scene as bright as day with moonhimself unseen; and unrolling his blanket, he lay down there the chances were against that, although he believed himself to be utterly alone. He clasped his hands under his head and lay there thinking steadily, not only of his purpose, but of the past. He recalled his uncle's violent end. The old man had made a will in Stenhart's favor, having quarreled with Sher win's father, then, when his father him, liked him, and spoke of altering his will and dividing the property between his two nephews. No one knew of this. He had spoken only to Sherwin, and when he was found dead, Max Stenhart accused the cousin who was, he said, cut off and disinherited because of a quarrel. He had come upon Sherwin just after the latter discovered the dead man, and he swore the knife was in his cousin's hand. helpless man to prison for life Man? A mere boy, it was eight years ago. He had had eight bitter years behind stone walls; there was no death penalty in the state. Perhaps, if there had been, Stenhart might have hesitated. But would

Sherwin could have believed that to make sure of his inheritance be ore the will was changed, but Max had proved his alibi. There was no the nephew who was little known

Sherwin had escaped from jail by a mere accident. Two other convicts had tunneled a way out, and it the last moment they invited im to join them. The thought of liberty had set him wild; he had taken their chances, jumped into he river with them, got ashore in the dark and, with their help. changed into another suit of clothes. He had one faithful friend who had taken care of the little money he had of his own. He had got that secretly and, against the west - after Stenhart! In all these bitter years of imprisonment he had nursed his hatred of Stenhart the perjurer. He knew that Stenhart came into the possession of his uncle's large estate and went west. Never once had he really lost track of him. His hatred was an obsession, it knew no mercy; his one thought had been to kill him. He had bought a pistol and spent days in practice, and he was a crack shot now. He had resumed his horseback riding; coming west

By Mary Imlay Taylor Search for him had been so fa fruitless; he had been advertised, tracked — all in vain. The fates were with him; he would not be taken until he had reckoned with his enemy ,the man who had sworn away his liberty. He had found him! Found him making love to a girl who could not know how vile

he was, the liar! And that girl-? Sherwin rose and began to walk to and fro: he had forgotten the outlaws, what were they to him? He was himself an outlaw! Jane had recoiled as if he were in ver-deed the criminal Stenhart's black lie had made of him. Love is so close to hafe that he almost hated Jane in the passion of his shame that she had scorned him for Stenhart's sake. More than once, when stern purpose to kill the man had wavered. She had roused the best that was in him, but now her shudder of horror at the crime had turned him into a human tiger. He wanted blood - nothing else but Stenhart's blood would satisfy his fury. He would kill him, Alone in the night, Sherwin planned it; a surely as the sun rose and the day dawned he would kill him. It mattered not if the girl meant to mar

remaining the second of the se

by his hand. Jane had passed a sleepless night new experience for her cheerful youth, and she rose early, dressed in her riding-suit and slipped out time. She was going out and she did not want questions asked. She had 'phoned to the stables to have Tex saddled and waiting.

The wide old hall was flooded with morning light and, almost unconsciously, her eyes turned to-ward Jim's desk. She seemed to see Sherwin standing there as on that first night. She stopped a mo-ment and stood looking at it, remembering every word that he had She was still there, motionless,

when she heard a step behind her. She looked up, startled, and saw Stenhart. "I didn't know you got about so

early," she exclaimed. "How much better you are!"

He took no notice of her little halfhearted attempt at lightness. He came close, looking down at

her with his stormy eyes.
"Where are you going, Jane?" he demanded gravely.

She flushed hotly. "Out for a canter before breakfast," she answered shortly.

He did not believe it, she saw that in his eyes, and her flush deepened. He leaned his hand on the desk beside hers. She could feel the emotion that shook him and she dreaded it. She tried to escape. "I must be going-" she began

She raised her eyes reluctantly to his. "You're not fully yourself yet, Max, you look pale — sit down here, let me call Fanny-' He laughed bitterly. "You can't evade me. Jane. I'm here for my answer. Will you marry me now at once?"

asked you to give me time!" she parried.
"I've given you time! I'm hu man, Jane, I can't endure this any more. Will you marry me now?" He had laid his hand over hers on top of the old desk. She felt it trembling as she drew hers sharp-

"Are you quite generous?

ly away. "I'm sorry," she said in a low voice, "but I can't!"
"Do you mean not now? Or never?" he was breathing hard.

Jane felt a sudden fear of him, a fear she had never felt of Sher-win, though Sherwi was a convicted murderer! She tried to give him a friendly smile, but her lips

"I mean never, Max." (To be Continued)

NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION Send what you can to your local collection centre



FIGHTING DISEASE IN SINGAPORE



Britain has had a hard task in restoring the standard of nealth Britain has had a hard task in restoring the standard of health conditions among the civilians population in Singapore after years of Jap occupation. A rapid improvisation of hospital services and an anti-malarial campaign received first priority. The problem of malnutrition was next in importance. Hospital diets were stepped up and general clinics were opened throughout urban and rural districts of Singapore. A feeding scheme was planned for children, and a campaign for vaccination and anti-enteric inocculation, initiated. The keynote of all these schemes is service without distinction of race or colour. Picture shows a British Red Cross and St. John's Nursing Sister, serving a Chinese woman with a bottle of milk for the infant carried on her back.

Gwendoline P. Clarke

worry about with every kind of

known to explode; coal stoves have

know now what they can do. By

the way here is an idea that may

power brooder you will know they

are rather awkward things to work

around when cleaning the pen. To

mine up with pulleys wired to the

op of the pen. All I have to do is

pull the rope either side and up she

To get back to the chickens:

their experience. It was only their

frazzled-to say nothing of a pie

that I forget to take out of the ov-

en, which I nanaged to persuade

must be wasted these days. But it

did put me back with my Saturday

work, some of which had to be

gin to look as if there were plenty

* * *

you about the robins that nested

our front garden? Well

and Poppa Robin were in an aw

ful dither. I looke for the reason and soon found it. One little rob

in was perched on the edge of the nest while the other was on the

branch of a nearby tree. It was evidently their first attempt at try-

ng their wings. Just then Mitchie-

at hove in sight, and, if robins

were subject to f.ts I am sure this

mother robin would have had one

Of course I took pity on her and

shut Mitchie up is the house. That

went on for about two days. Now

the frantic chirping has ceased so I

suppose the little ones are now

capable of looking after them

elves. I don't knew why I took

so much trouble to protect them-

is will be around to steal the fruit

rom our cherry trees.

only means that two more rob

of work ahead for the mower.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

It looks as if our summer run of risitors has begun. Last Wednes-lay my sister and nephew arrived just for the day. Saturday neice y came for the week-end-and will be here every week-end until September, Sunday Daughter blew with a car-load of friends, and when school closes another neice hopes to spend a good part of her holidays here. And so it goes Last Friday we also received

206 other little visitors. They were quite small and clad only in fluft. I call them "visitors" because their stay will be only for a short while Just as soon as each one is big enough to fill a frying pan they will be sold. I hate to think of the fate in store for them when I look at them now, but possibly by the rime they go they will have become enough of a nuisance for me to be glad to be rid of them. The early chicks have almost reached that stage. The new chicks have already given me one big headache. But no that is wrong. It wasn't the chicks it was the brooder-the electric brooder. At 9.a.m, the

chicks and brooder were fine. At 11 a.m. the chicks were not so hapand gone out again. And today-well, after having "helpful" visitors around it generw and the brooder was cold. tried to turn on more heat, thinkally takes me most of the following forenoon to find out where ing the thermostat probably wasn't working right. But it didn't make things have been put! There were any difference. Then I knew something was radically wrong. dishes were washed while I was called an S O S to Partner, but he out feeding the chickens. Some didn't know what to do any more times chickens make a pretty good than I did, except to call an elecwaited we gathered up our 206 We had another grand rain and to the house. But believe me, it with a foot rule it would have been took longer to catch them than i possible to see and measure the does to tell it. It was 2.30 before rowth. The wheat is coming into our trouble-man arrived but in half an hour the repair was made head already and the hayfields be-

Garden Notes By GORDON L. SMITH

and the chicks back in the broode

house. It was a wire that to

burned right through. Another time we may be able to locate the

trouble and fix it ourselves.

Hot Weather Planting Cucumbers, melons and squas can be grown along the ros. of corn or at the edge of the garden, where space is limited, where they will trail over the fence, path or perhaps the plot of the next door neighbour. For best results, however, cucumbers, squash and me ons should be planted in specially prepared hills. These plants, like ot weather, are very much afraid of frost and cold, wet feet. They hould not be planted until the soil

is really warm. up in mounds 2 or 3 feet acros and about 6 inches high. Into these should be worked some well This keeps the soil open so that the soft, fibrous .oots can pene-trate easily and the darkish color of the muck or well-rotted manure absorbs the heat of the sun which these plants love.

Experts advise planting about five seeds in holes about an inch deep, and 6 to 10 inches apart on the little mounds mentioned. Later when plants develop, in about two weeks time actually, thin to about three plan's to each group. Keep veeds cleared away, watch out for bugs and to encourage early fruiting nip off end of vines when half a dozen melons or a dozen or so squash or cucumbers are on the Sunday School

Luke 9: 23. 24 46-48, 57-62;

11: 1-4; 17: 20, 21. Golde Text.-Thy Kingdom me. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. - Matthew 6-10.

Order in Christ's Kingdom

Any who follow Christ must be repared to live life of self-denial. they are seeking earthly gain hey will not find it following Him. He who saves his life for worldly or selfish reasons will lose it in all higher relation to immortality The disciples had the false idea calness consisted in having high rank and being served by others But the order in Christ's kingdom is reversed-The greatest is the lowliest who is ready to serve the

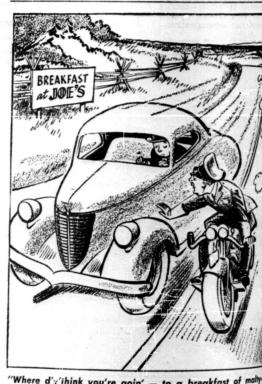
smallest child. We must leave work which another can do when our Lord appoints us to do some special service. That service will suffer no delay. Christ must come first, al-The Lord's Prayer

the prayer which Christ aches the disciples, at their re The first concerns our physical subsistence: "Give us day by day our daily bread." The second conerns our spiritual cleansing: "For ive us our sins, for we also for give everyone that is indebted to " The third concerns our victory over the trials and temptations of life; "Lead us not into temptation". Would not the answer of these prayers nable us to live a full and efficient spiritual life? He who prays them from the heart will be happy and useful in the

Christ Answers The Pharisees ion Christ said His Kingdom the skies for something spectacular. It came by slow spiritual processes which were at work before their very eyes, but they were too spiritually blind to perceive While there is a Kingdom of God which in God's good time will

be consummated, yet it is also true that the Kingdom of God is here of those who do God's will.

ISSUE NO. 27



"Where d'y'think you're goin' - to a breakfast of m

"Where d'y'ihink you're goin'— to a breakfast of mallyan golden-brown Grape-Nuts Flakes?"

"So help me, I am, officer! And every time I think of that elegant, nut-like taste of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes are god in the accelerator!"

"Well keep goin' then, brother! And I'll tag along for a bowlful myseif. On this job I need those carbohydrates for energy; proteins for musele; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for



JOST IN FUN

me afore I got over

Because

Oslo girl sitting in the lounge

ned and spoke in rather

"not at all. It is merely

"When we were first married

thought you were an angel."
"Yes," retorted his wife. "I sup-

se that's why you never bought

ense I am a Norwegian."

an hotel was approached by a

Post-War Servi Evil One man ught a boy in his garaliag apples, an handed m to the police. As it was the boy's first offence half years was a agistrate let him off, but told ever to yield to such temp-

During the past y almost \$13,000 m in the previous year be well maintaine vice work has now become war service work and as so

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5,365,440.00

Has Now Become

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The St. Regis Botel STUFF AND THINGS Shower and Telephone Single, \$2.50 up — Double, \$3.50 up. Good Food. Dining and Dus Ing Nightly. Sherbourne at Caritos Tel. RA. 4135

USING YOUR EYES TOO MUCH? LET MURINE

makes big de-mands upon the eyes: but two drops of Murine m hope you enjoyed your game he major," said the hostess one of her guests. "He's very ver at cards, isn't he?" certainly is," replied the "He started by telling my

> The hired girl had been sen water but stood gazing at the ught. "What's she waiting for?" asked mistress, who was watching. Dunno," wearily replied her "Perhaps she hasn't seen

she likes yet." Some Reward Due This gift is too expensive, you'l to take it back," said the hing of the sort," insisted young man. "Why I've been n credit all over town since our ent has been announced."

can't understand how you mage to keep so calm, whatever

In Pieces ited vocalist was in ecording the accident "We are happy to state as able to appear the folevening in three pieces."

Voice from Nowhere s, sir," answered the soldier. the voices come from?" he to tell who is speaking or And when does this occur?" answer the telephone."

Upright id-fashioned farmer was convince. "No," declared have no such contraption ouse. Pianners are bad this is an upright piano."

Could Wai' ashire solvier and his lass spent the day together, and on return the girl's mother asked enjoyed herself b, said Jane, "but I a bit mean. He nobbut ace on me all day."

I were thee I'd tek his back and mek him as am-

said. "Tek thi six-doubt if the can af-

ght, Jane knocked on

SIDE GLANCES



"Since they bought those Venetian blinds next door I can't tell whether they've got the radio or loud or they're having another quarrel!"



GOPE, 1944 BY MEA BERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. GOP.

"Here's a hand lotion that's not only good for dishpan hands, but it's also very popular with arc-welders."

STUFF AND THINGS

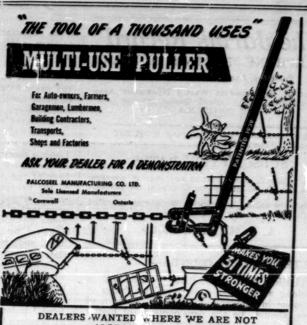
= 13.5 Hayland 2 "Did I ever show ya my collection of counte.feit coins?"











ALREADY REPRESENTED

VOICE OF THE

Chasing Kitten's Tail

Raising wages, raising prices

cover, raising wages again becaus prices have been raised, and so on

amounts to the same thing as a kitten chasing its tail — and the

Hadn't Thought Of That

not have had a chance of indeper

dence under Churchill. Did it ever

Preventing Best

Inhaling a rich mixture of oxygen is hailed by science as the latest

and best cure for a hangover. We

-Windsor Star.

still think, however, the best one is a brisk walk—home to bed after

They're Good Sports

The Slow (?) British

Air Hub

It's An Idea

Peace Sign

-Woodstock Sentinel-Review

Transparently!

within a few years will be made of glass, and then you won't mind

-Windsor Star

somebody gives you a pane.

Saving Plan

British pubs close one day a week

to reduce consumption, save bar-

HOW CAN YOU SAY

THAT-

ey and conserve wild oats.

-Hamilton Spectator.

he second drink.

world at that time.

occur to him that but for Churchill India might today be a slave state

of Japan?
—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Gandhi's son ys India would

-Kitchener Record.

PRESS

kitten has more fun.



-Stratford Beacon-Herald. By J. MILLAR WATT -I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU

MUTT AND JEFF - And of Course N. C. Could Also Stand for Non-Committal By Bud Fisher

> By GENE BYRNES OFF TH' FENCE



REG'LAR FELLERS-Wealth, On Paper



POP—It All Depends

YOU'VE GOT YOUR SADDLE

MUTT, CAN

YOUR BLACK

