

TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

CHAPTE! XV A man bound securely and hidden in that unknown cavern, be-yond reach of the sun beyond the ound of human voices might taste on: And, if he st yed there long er ough, he would-dic. It was a scheme so simple and so hideous that it appealed at once to his fer ocious passion for revenge. It would be easy too if only he could wily skill in shietding himself at the expense of others, all his bravado, Stenhart was, at heart a

cabin with the rope in his hand, he would not leave it there for chance to rob him of it, he would hide it ready to his hand, for he was sure that Stenhar and he would come,

at last, act to face
He stood in the full glory of the morning. The fa off heights were shorn of their shadow; and melted like peaks of gold into the golden sky. By contratthe near r hills were darkly wooded, glancing with lights and shadows, and far up an eagle soared. Something new and mighty swept into his soul; he seemed to hear the voices of the wilderness crying to him: "Vengeance is Mine!" For a single instant is very soul was shaken, then he turned and walked to the far edge of the little clearing. foliage, he glimpsed the lower road, running like a white ribbon far beyond the ravine. As he glanced down at it he saw a man riding slowly across his vista and he gasped for breath. The uplifted moment plunged deep down into the chasm of his hate-it was Sten-

came thus. Instinctively he knew that the man was on an errand of fiercely; he had seen him first, he was alone. Holding the rope upon his arm, he felt for the pistol in loaded and ready. With a kind of savage joy he turned and began to lescend the dangerous path on the ledge of the ravine, and its very

He did not walk fast, he took time to orde, his thoughts; the man should have his chance, a chance he had never given him, to fight for his life. Sherwin scorned stab in the dark as the other did, to kill with lies! Imprisonment for life-and he was so young then! He thought of the cavern, its gloom, its drippir; walls, and he laid a caressing hand on the with the evil forces of his passions, sure that revenge was near, he turned the corner of the ledge and saw a figure coming toward him.

Not Stenhart so soon! No, a face, clear eyes-Jane!

They stood looking at each other. The silence seemed interminable. Through the man's mind flashed the conviction that she had come with Stenhart, that she must be in league with him! To think her trea 'terous was as bitter as death. He flung down the coil of rope and stood waiting, with folded arms. It was certain that he could not kill Stenhart before her, but his purpos was unshaken, he would do hat when the oppor-

tunity came.

Jane, looking at his hardened face, his grim lips, wavered. Her courage - which had been high went down in sheer terror of him; he hated her—suddenly she felt it. Then, having come so far, she would not be utterly dismayed. She came on weakly, catching at the trailing limbs of nearby trees. "I guessed where Mac had taken you. I've come to—ask you one question, 'she falte ed, "I—" She could not go on and he would not help her. He stood there looking at her and she saw she could not endure them; she lifted her haking hands and hid her face.

voice broke and then rose almost "To what purpose?" he asked hoarsely. "You don't believe me. Ask Stenhart; I know, you see, that he's with you!" "With me?" She lifted her flushed face and looked at him,

amazed. "What can you mean?

Sherwin could not doubt her honesty; she did not know that she was followed. "He's behind you" he said

gravely; "he dismor She gasped, casting a frightened thought he could ride so far. He'll

t wouldn't be new; he began that long ago-with a lie!"

She caught at that, trembling. "It was a lie? Please tell me tha tell me the truth-I want to be-lieve it!"

"So you can convince him! Sherwin mocked her. "He isn't here, I tell you; I came alone!" the girl cried excitedly. "You came alone. Then come here and I'll show you the horse he rode." Sherwin turned as he spoke, walking back toward that vista through the trees.

The girl, half dazed by his manner, unbelieving that it could be true that Ste hart we with her, followed him. They turned the shoulder of the cliff and saw the one clear vista of the lower road, seer over the cedar that thrust it-self out b low them. "There's the horse," said Sher-

win, "and here he is! You see? He followed you, he's roing back now -he knows where I am."
"Oh!" Jane gave a little cr of horror. 'He - oh, can't think he'll tell the sheriff!"

"Can't you?" Sherwin's tone was bitter. "You led him here." The girl recoiled at that, not with the horror she had recoiled before, but with a flush of pride.
"I did not lead him here," she said coldly, and turned away. She was in a tumult, how dared he accuse her of treachery' She started rapidly, retracing her steps. Once she almost slipped on the narrow ledge, but she did not look back though she heard his steps behind her now.

stumbled on. But he evertook her.
"Speak ome," he said brokenly.
"Forgive me—I thought I was e laid a caressing hand on the strong, but I'm weak; I'm a begil of rope upon his arm. Torn gar for a word of kindness. You came here — tell mc, Jane, you knew it wasn' true of me?" She stood still, looking down, pale and shaken. "You wouldn': a swer me. Tell me that you're innocent-" she lifted her eyes to

you!"

He looked at her strangely, he was still iron in his will to kill the

She leaned back against the cliff behind her, panting, her face flushed and her lips trembled. "Do you believe me, Jane?" he asked hoarsely. "Had I been guilty of that—I would never have told you that I loved you." you that I loved you. She looked up and their eves held each other.

"I believe you, John," she said looked at each other thus and a strange change swept over the man. He felt it without knowing it, without recognizing this hidden thing that took possession of him; but suddenly the world seemed flooded with light d in it he saw only the face of the girl. Gently, almost reverently, he took her

(To be continued)

You'll enjoy our Orange Pekoe Blend 'WOW! TAKE 'EM AWAY!'



Eight-month-old Diane Witt doesn't seem to appreciate the five baby skunks which her mother, Mrs. George Witt, found under the porch of their Chicago home.

Gwendoline P. Clarke

he bought this morning. We have

last of the horses with which we

inally reached the stage when the

started farming in Ontario has

Poor old Perch, : faithful old

horse if ever there was one, has

would be a sin to work him. So

now, as Partner drives around the

Queen; the new six-year-old mare.

and whinnies plaintively, I watche

quivering, and just about as thin as

a rail. I went to pet him but he

long the fence, tossing his head

proudly and whinnying as before.

Perch is over thirty years old and

still has plenty of spirit. All win-

ter long Partner babied him along

grinding his hay for him because

nuch for roughage. Carrying

water for him when the days were

ough and stormy. Grooming him

m, giving him all the comfort h

could for all the years of faithful

ervice he na given us.

efused my sympathy and ran a-

Perch stands in the fence corner

leveloped "heaves" so badly it

driving, not six horses, but two, and one of them is a new one that

College at Guelph, during its anhave always wanted to make just never seemed to be time. Now we have the time our feet and legs are not equal to the amount of walking vantage of what there is to see. But we had a good time anyway, and a nice drive, and we visited friends on the way home. yard with Johnny, hitched up with

It was noon when we reached the College and there was a line-up outside one of the buildings. Sud denly we realized it was for lunch, sc, more out of curiosity than necessity, we lined up toc. The line moved slowly but steadily forward, until finally we found ourselves inside the building. Here each one was handed a paper bag in which were sandwiches. A little further along we were given a small carton of ice-cream and a dough-nut. Just outside the building there was a stall where coffee, piping hot, was being served. It was sweetened but one did not inquire with what! Also one was allowed to come back for a refill—and that, believe me, was welcome news Partner and I found a secluded corner-not too far away from the coffee table-and atc our lunch. The sandwiches were fresh and appetising-three meat, one cheese and one egg.

and efficiency with which the lunch had been ranger and served.
There were 8000 visitors at the of knowing, but judging by the line-up I am sure the number would run into thousands. There was only one thin, wrong with and that was, too nuch food was being wasted. Unwanted sand-wiches and half-e ten doughnuts were thrown anywhere and every-where. On would hink that famheard of. Or perhaps it just is that there are some people whe their hearts. Unless our hearts listen too, our ears might just as well be deaf. Certainly it was not the caterers at the College who were responsible for the waste of food, but the people themselves.

In the buildings we found some very interesting exhibits—model farms saywing what could be done with electricity, water systems and home freezers. There was also a live took peers! livestock parade and a demonstrat ion on warble fly control. What a well trained dog can do with a flock of sheep was also cleverly demonstrated. But when we got home Partner looked at Tippy and said -"Yes, we saw a wonderful dog but there wasn't a thing she did that ye couldn't do, was there, old girl?"

On display there were also six On display there were also six matched horses, driven in tandeus drive, which made us think we were back in the West again. So many times P ther has hitched up horses just that way to take a grain wage, full of wheat, to the grain wago., full of wheat, to the nearest elevator, which, if I re-member rightly, was at a small

Golden Text-Go ve into all the world, and p.each the gosper to e.ery creature.—Mark 16:15. The disciples were so to preach e gospel that men would believe the Lord Iesus Christ and he

cherches. Even so there would be on that account they would be con-On the "ounds of lesus' death d resurrection, repentance and ce ission of sits should be preached in His name. The duty to wait was imperative. The disciples needed power that they did not have. That power was promised with the coming of the Holy Spirit. Then they were to tell the world what their eyes had seen, and what their ears na heard from the lips of the Son of God.

Mark 16: 15, 16, 19, 20; Luke 24: 45-49;

Acts 2: 46, 47: 5: 42.

The Disciples' Mission

About the Lord On ascension day Jesus made His last appearance to the apostles in Jerusalem and on the Mount of Olives. Three things are told us about the load: he gave His last folding His plan for the winning of the world, and promised them through the coming of the Holy pirit the requisite power for the carrying out of His commission to end of the age; then He was e eived up into He ven, rejoining be leavenly Host; and finally He sat upor His throne which He

About the Disciples There are also tiree things told

us about His disciples: they went forth from the mountaintop, castr. their gaze heavenward and preon earth; they went everywhere world's Saviour and Lord; and their ministry was authenticated and attended by works of powe and deeds . mercy. End of Our Labors

The apostles' theme and ours is semmed u in a few words "to He is to be the sum and substance of all our teaching and preaching, To lead men to put their trust in Him, to love and serve Him, to become His witnesses to win more souls, should be the grand end of

No Place Like Home For Fatal Accidents

nost hazard 3 place of human assembly. Worse than the factory, far more dangerous than the pub-lic highways, the home, with its "booby rtaps" of bath ubs, slippery staircases and rickety kitchen stools, is the scene of almost half of all types of injuries from all ources - traffic, industrial, etc. According to the National Safety ouncil of the United States there were 33,500 people kiiled by acci-



we are all ladies and

sweet Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes for everybody, and then some, in this giant economy package. And there's plenty of nourishment, too — for Grape-Nuts Flakes give you carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; and other

pairs may be embroidered two ays. Outline . Match towels, scarfs or pillow-cases with the flower motife in pairs! Pattern 807 has transfer of 6 motifs averaging 31/4 x 15 inches. Send TWENTY CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be ac cepted) for this pattern t Needlecraft Dept. Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Print plainly PATTERN NUM-BER, your NAME, AND AD

SSUE 26-1946

TABLE TALK Sunday School

Working For a Christian World



Just a Clue

For 7 large muffins, means cups Bran Flakes Muffin Mrs bowl. Add 1 well-beaten eq. greased muffin pans 3/5 full he in hot oven (425° F.) 15 min

The St. Regis Bo

HOTEL METROPOL All Beautifully Furnished With Running Water \$1.50 up

NIAGARA FALLS OPPOSITE No Brains



men. Meeting a ser-company later on, an

think it good?

e couldn't have drunk had been better we had the chance." Both

know. She wears drives this year's

had been climbing or the second time his harrassed

getting on. The trousbut no Jimmy. returned that the ally shut, was open. door and called angrily: "Are you

IST IN FUN

CROSSTOWN

"You mean t' tell me your ol' man gets sore if you have just

ONE subject you didn't get 'excellent' in? What is

he, an efficiency expert?"

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER

I'M SO GOOD I HAVE TO GIVE

MYSELF A HANDICAP.

you to tell me what orries are not your

Lovely Dream bought a ticket in a big nd insisted on having the mbered 51. It turned out winning number, and she

did you especially sevens are 51, so

> w husband came home last night. Can you tell when I got up this wards and forwards

Suspense ustered woman, drag boy, sailed through arrier and approache

talk about it. Alf." with young Bill me 'anging on and you angin

The Point of a wealthy but facturer was be an indolent mai ot like this type the affair. One the young man keep going?" can't very well."

not next door threw ough the window while I

Ought To Be inding the usual no gate ineffective in dishawkers and canvassers

"Okay! You win the pot

THE SPORTING THING

THE SPORTING THING

know he'd been in the army!





Too Busy. Perhaps The animan race is impro-exerything but the human race

body; door controlled by electric push-buttons; air-operated springs

The Good Old Days. An automobile salesman in Desold a car a day. But of course that was lack in the days when Detroit "duced a car a day. -Peterborough Examiner

Stick to Old Ways

clares that the U.S. Navy has a

secret weapon "far more deadly

ally, we're old-fashicned; the

-Edmonton Journal

atomic bomb is enough for us.

Faith Or Luck? Motorists believe in Providence. You can tell that by the way some of them drive.

—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph

Bad Either Way The Allies must pay a bitter price for keeping their defeated enemies from starvation, but they

HORIZONTAL

1,5 Pictured

12 Great Lake

14 Egyptian

16 Permit

(ab.)

19 Everything 20 Dined 21 Still

26 Night birds

29 Before

utensil 33 Coin

36 Gaseou

41 Table

46 Any 47 Also

(ab.)

POP-Double Talk

WHERE'S THE MAN

WHO DOESN'T WANT

WORK ?

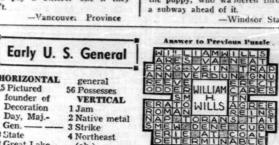
48 Dispose 50 Affirmative 51 Lieutenant

language

HEAR

43 Winglike part

Decoration Day, Maj.-



1 Jam 2 Native metal 3 Strike 6 Lyric poem 7 He urged the 22 Pedal digit 39 Soft mineral of the Republic to commemorate

24 Electrical
40 Against
engineer (ab.) 41 Puddle
42 Against
42 Against 27 Inscribe 28 Louisiana memorate Decoration 33 Too . 34 Toward 53 Negative

VOICE OF THE PRESS

Last Word-Almost. A Detroit engineer has designed the last we d in automotive engin earing. Included are: Movable re clining chairs for all but the driver a back seat that converts into a double bed; a fibre glass plastic

-Calgary Albertan

and an engine pla ed at the reas. In short, everything but an auto-matic muzzler or back-sear

Air Castle An Ohio .. an plan. to construct small home atop a 308-foot pole. Most of us have had little luck -Gue oh Mercury

> No One That Mean It sor, of restores your faith in the human race to find that no one aboard that train in Chicago com-plained ause it sk wed down for

-Windsor Star.

42 Account of

-Quebec Chronicle-Telegran

runs what is called a "whitewas of whitewash is dropped to mark

When Ae Gets Thrashed The neighbour doesn't like to degood for them, so when her mean little boy demands a thrashing she

A scientist says there's enough gold in the oceans to give each of the two billion inhabitants of the the puppy, who wa dered through For an instant there, we thought the professor had something!

Tircome People

There is nothing so tiresome a a woman who is vain of her beaut of what he is pleased to call hi -Brandon Sun

Reconversion Sign

It is a real ign of reconvermando has broken his leg by fallwife had left in the cellar entry.







MUTT AND JEFF— STATESMANLY SPEAKING N. C. STANDS FOR NO CHANCE By BUD FISHER THE LITTLE CHAP



DOUBLE-CROSSTER!



