



# TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

**CHAPTER XI**

Sherwin rose and began to walk about the room. "I came out here to find him. He wasn't in his usual haunts in the city—so they told me and I'd tracked him patiently, tracked him to Keller's ranch, when I stumbled into your accident and motorized you here. I was pure luck. I thought, to get here so easily—without credentials, too!"

MacDowell nodded. "He's getting well an' he's sure to hang around Jane."

Sherwin said nothing, but his hands clenched until the nails bit into the palms. In the silence the little room seemed full of Jane's presence. Again he saw her eyes change, saw her recoil! A shudder ran through him, fury leaped up in him, he remembered Stenhart's white face, his cowardly cry: "Don't let him kill me!" Again he paced up and down. No words would come. In half an hour the moon would rise; now it was pitch dark outside.

Old MacDowell rose slowly, stretching his unimpaired arm.

"The sheriff'll be around here for a spell, maybe thirty-six hours, but I am sure you have—we all surprise ourselves over in a while."

Well, I was on what I thought would be an unpleasant job but I soon found myself getting quite a kick out of it. It took me into houses where I had never been; brought me into contact with people I had never met and showed me a phase of life which I had almost forgotten. Incidentally, I walked into one house where there were measles—one adult recovering, one child still in bed, and a baby at the nursing stage. Since it was my privilege to see these things, I had a few years ago I traded on the assumption that I was therefore immunized.

The places that I visited were farm homes and three of them were occupied by young couples, with a family of three little tots, all under school age. Some how it gave me quite a thrill. Here were husky young fellows with I believe—enthusiastic and optimistic young wives who were not the hard hat staid-looking job of being a farmer's wife, nor to tackle a man's work, and obviously well cared for. One little two-year-old, w—, his father said, nearly always "made strange", came toddling over to me almost as soon as I sat down and held up his wee arms to be picked up. It occurred to me there was great hope for the future of rural Canada—social unrest notwithstanding—while there were farm families around like those I saw that day.

In contrast, also came across some very lonely folk. There was one poor old fellow, living alone, his barn burnt to the ground, his son in hospital, no one around but he and the dog working amid the charred and blackened rubble of what once had been a splendid barn, and which, at the time of the fire, had housed the season's crop and some sheep, all of which had been lost. I stood looking at the tragic remains of a life-time work as the old man told me his story.

The next call was a lot more cheerful. Here was an oldish couple, happy in each other's company as the sands of life run slowly out. I imagine that was now all they wanted—all that of aged couples want—to live out their lives together.

Then I came to a farm woman living alone—except for hired help. She seemed perfectly content except for her worries in getting car-penters, paperhangers and extra farm help.

"But yet," I remarked, "in spite of all these difficulties you persist in carrying on?"

"My goodness, yes. What would I do away from the farm? Imagine me in a little two-by-four in town!"

I could see her point all right because, even as we went around to visit her chickens, two little pet ducks gambled along behind us, occasionally bleating plaintively because they knew it was nearly bottle time.

Living on a farm undoubtedly gets to be a habit. Or shall we say the roots one puts down are like up roots. If any attempt be made to dig up the main root there is still lots of life in the runners. Many farm folk are past doing any real work incidental to farming, but yet there are still so many

Mac was silent for a while, then he grunted. "Did you tell Jim about it?"

Sherwin laughed bitterly. "He wouldn't believe me if I did! The jury didn't. I've served eight years. I was twenty-two when I was sentenced. Ever been in jail?" he asked ironically.

"Come mighty near it once, son. Punchin' a rogue's head got me arrested, but somehow the judge kinder agreed with me that it needed punchin'."

"It's like being in hell—to shut a healthy man up behind stone walls for life," Sherwin said bitterly. "I won't be taken if I can help it. I'd rather die—only I've got something to do first."

The old man looked across under the lamplight again; something in the white face opposite moved him deeply. Sherwin was a stranger, he was an escaped convict, yet—

"Don't do it, son," old Mac said gently.

Sherwin, startled, raised his bloodshot eyes to his. "You know?"

"I reckon . . . do!"

**Outstandingly Good**

**"SILVER TEA"**

## QUEBEC VISIT



His excellency, Viscount Alexander, Governor-General and Lady Alexander, pictured as they arrived in Quebec City on their first official tour. Following a three-day visit to the Quebec capital they returned to Montreal.

## CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Have you ever tackled a job with forethought and dislike and finished up by really enjoying the work? I am sure you have—we all surprise ourselves over in a while.

Well, I was on what I thought would be an unpleasant job but I soon found myself getting quite a kick out of it. It took me into houses where I had never been; brought me into contact with people I had never met and showed me a phase of life which I had almost forgotten. Incidentally, I walked into one house where there were measles—one adult recovering, one child still in bed, and a baby at the nursing stage. Since it was my privilege to see these things, I had a few years ago I traded on the assumption that I was therefore immunized.

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**Remained Aloof**

A shell buried eight soldiers alive in a dugout: two were English, two Scottish, two Welsh and two Irish.

When the rescue party finally excavated them, the Scots were praying together, the Welsh were singing; the Irish fighting, and the two Englishmen hadn't been introduced.

## Sunday School Lesson

Expressing Our Friendship for Christ  
Mark 14:3-9; Luke 10:38-42;  
John 11:1-3.

Golden Text—Beloved let us love one another for love is of God.—John 4:7.

Mary's Act of Devotion

Mary poured over the head of the Lord the most precious thing she possessed, spikenard. This was a pure liquid ointment, the costliest anointing oil used for the anointing of kings. To the materialistic minds of the disciples this act of Mary's was a sheer waste of money. They were blind to the riches value of devotion, to the emblems of her act, to the joy, to the beauty of her act, to the joy, to the beauty of her act, to the joy, to the beauty of her act.

**Christ Among Friends**

Our Lord is upon His great journey which is to end at Calvary, and here we see Him entering the village of Bethany where lived His friends Lazarus, Martha and Mary. The fact that Martha and Mary were in their house implies she was the elder sister. While Martha is busy with the care of the household, Mary, "at Jesus' feet," anxious to learn some fresh lesson from His lips.

Martha rebuked Lazarus for her active service, but for being so indifferent to her cares. By teaching Mary, Martha felt she was encouraging Mary to neglect the household duties. Jesus rebuked Martha not for her active service, but for being so indifferent to her cares. By teaching Mary, Martha felt she was encouraging Mary to neglect the household duties.

**Princess Wears Mother's Clothes**

London's first race meeting since 1940 brought the sunniest Easter of the century. So there were record crowds at Hurd Park race course.

The King and Princess Elizabeth were there. They moved among the crowds around the paddock with as much unconcern as any of the holiday-makers. No ostentatious bodyguard, no uniformed police.

**Smart Girls Always Carry Paradol in their Handbags**

They know that Paradol is 100 times more effective than any other analgesic.

Other girls write: "I had a headache every month I suffered a most unbearable pain. It is the most quickly effective relief I have ever used and there is no discomfort after use."

Dr. Chase's Paradol For Quick Relief of Pain

**Fire? Goodness, no! Since I've been serving Grape-Nuts Flakes for breakfast, my husband decided the stairs were too slippery for him. He found Grape-Nuts Flakes so good that he decided to eat them for breakfast. He found Grape-Nuts Flakes so good that he decided to eat them for breakfast.**

## JUST IN FUN

**Nowhere**

First Irishman: "Which would you rather be in, Pat—an explosion or a collision?"

Second Irishman: "In a collision, because in an explosion there are yet."

**Not His Coat**

"He laughed Bingham. 'I sat on it' said Bingham yesterday sewing a button on your coat."

"You're a fiber," snapped Hen-poked.

"I tell you I did," said Bingham. "I saw you with my own eyes. Hen-poked gave a superior smile. 'You didn't,' he replied. 'It was my wife's coat.'"

**STUFF AND THINGS**

**MORNING BLUES** are banished when breakfast includes Maxwell House. This gloriously rich blend of extra-fine coffees is "Radiant-Roasted" to develop the full goodness of every coffee bean.

**THE SPORTING THING** BY LANG ARMSTRONG

As the master of the house smiled his pipe the old gardener held Mary "at Jesus' feet," anxious to learn some fresh lesson from His lips.

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**Partly Understood**

A young wife, wishing to announce the birth of her first child to a friend in a distant city, telegraphed:

"Isiah 9: 6: 'Which passage bears, into as a son is given.'"

Her friend, unfamiliar with the Scriptures, said to her husband: "Margaret evidently has a boy who weighs nine pounds and six ounces, but why on earth did they name him Isiah?"

**No Chances**

A newspaper reporter was invited to take his first airplane trip with a stunt flyer for the films. He was filled with "dismal" forebodings, which increased when a parachute was strapped on to him and he was given careful instructions regarding its use. The stunt man also wore a parachute, and when he put a heavy leather coat on over it the reporter asked, nervously: "How can you use the parachute with that coat on?"

"Oh," replied the pilot, nonchalantly, "I'd have plenty of time to take the coat off when we fall."

They went up and flew for several minutes, until, feeling warm, the stunt man began to remove his coat.

"Hot, isn't it?" he said, genially, but there was no reply. The reporter had jumped overboard.

**REGULAR FELLERS—Standing Order**

WHAT'S YOUR BROTHER DOIN' BUMP?

WELL, YOU KNOW HE'S TAKIN' A COURSE FROM A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

WELL—LAST WEEK HE FAILED IN ALL HIS LESSONS.

TODAY TH' MAILMAN MADE HIM STAND ON THE CORNER!

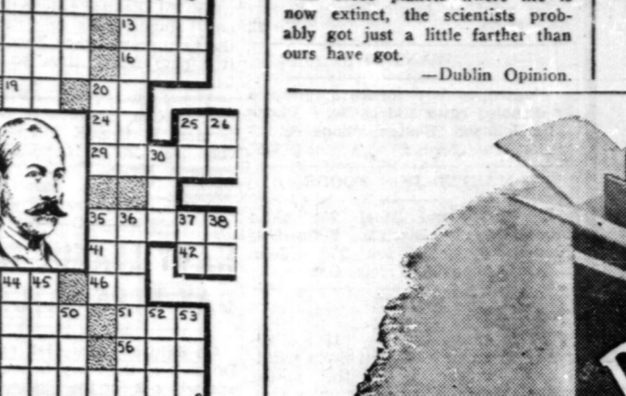
## Publisher

**HORIZONTAL**

1. Jelly  
2. Spangle  
3. Female deer  
4. Tangle  
5. Howl  
6. Tavern  
7. Ebb  
8. Doctor of  
9. Niece  
10. Therefore  
11. Egyptian sun god  
12. Accomplish  
13. Print measure  
14. Give credit  
15. Make speech  
16. Killen's call  
17. Guide  
18. Behold!  
19. Noly public  
20. Seal  
21. Pair (ab.)  
22. Doctor (ab.)  
23. Steel  
24. Fuel  
25. Down  
26. Upward  
27. Nevada city  
28. His journal

**VERTICAL**

1. Jelly  
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4. Tangle  
5. Howl  
6. Tavern  
7. Ebb  
8. Doctor of  
9. Niece  
10. Therefore  
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## VOICE OF THE PRESS

**Getting Better**

Calgary Herald thinks that by the time the government returns our compulsory savings, one third of the recipients will be dead, one third in jail, and the rest will have spent all their savings. That's a letter than the last estimate we saw, which had 'em all dead.

—Ottawa Citizen.

**"Striking" Fact**

It is a "striking" fact that the standard wage of John L. Lewis's soft coal miner is \$63.40 per week.

—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

**Sombre Thought**

In those planets where life is now extinct, the scientists probably got just a little farther than ours have got.

—Dublin Opinion.

**Waste of Flour**

Because restaurants—and many housewives as well—think that the only way in which to make a palatable sandwich is to cut off all the crust, vast quantities of bread are being wasted every day throughout the length and breadth of this country.

—Brookville Recorder and Times.

**THEY'LL ALL HURRY HOME** if you serve Maxwell House. This extra-delicious coffee is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world.

**ROYAL FAST RISING DRY YEAST**

IT CERTAINLY TAKES THE WORK AND WORRY OUT OF BREAD BAKING!

NEW Faster Acting ROYAL Ends Overnight Bother—Risk!

NEW Fast Rising Royal is here! The modern baking discovery that lets you do all your baking in a few hours—by daylight! No "setting bread" the night before—no baking disappointments because dough spoiled during the night when the kitchen temperature changed. New Fast Rising Royal is ready for action in 10 minutes after it's dissolved in water!

And the rich, home-baked flavor of bread baked with New Fast Rising Royal will make your family brag about your baking more than ever. You get 4 packets in each carton of New Fast Rising Royal—4 large loaves to a packet. Stays full-strength, ready for immediate use, for weeks on your pantry shelf. At your grocer's—now!

**POP—Forced Labor** By J. MILLAR WATT

**MUTT AND JEFF—It's Either An Early Summer or a Late Spring** By BUD FISHER

**REGULAR FELLERS—Standing Order** By GENE BYRNES