THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis

Honey Monroe, pretty young redhead, succeeds in taking the Sylvester Diamond from a woman in a Los Angeles department store and concealing it in her apartment. But Joe Dunburne, professional thief whom she has known several months, becomes suspicious and, in fear of her life, also takes the stone with her to the apartment of Dan Brewster, district attorney, with whom she is in love. Before she has time to explain to Dan why she took the stone, there is a knock at the door. Dan pushes her into the bedroom and then goes to see who is there.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from last week)

She punched the light switch and flooded the living room. There was naked evidence that Joe had been in the place. Using a skeleton key was a snap for him, she knew.

The empty suede bag lay discarded on the divan, its contents scattered over the room, thrown by irate hands. Dresser drawers had been pulled out and the closet was empty — all her lovely clothes dumped on the floor in a heap; hats and shoes were everywhere. There was nothing in the bedroom left untouched. Even the mattress lay on the floor.

Honey didn't wait to pick up any of the things, however. She hardly gave them a thought after the first glance. She dressed hurriedly and packed a suitcase and left. She ran down the steps to the second floor and paused to listen, and hearing no footsteps, she continued her flight. Outside ir the chilly night air that swept in from the Pacific, she made her way quickly along the sidewalk, staying close to the buildings and watching carefully all cars that drew near. Joe might be in any one of them. Finally, seeing that one was an empty cab, she hailed the driver as he was about to pass her. He backed up and she got in.

At the railway station he let her out and she went in to buy a ticket for San Francisco. But before the man could get it for her, she changed her mind and ducked out of the depot and had another cab take her to the airport. It had only taken a second as she stood before the ticket window to realize that Joe would go by air and be waiting for her when she arrived in San Francisco, and that was the very last thing she wanted to happen.

* * *

She was just in time to buy the remaining vacancy and catch the northbound plane. She had never been in the air before but such a minor detail did not bother her now. She was willing and glad to fly at the moment. Not until the twin motors roared and the ship moved swiftly from the ground, did she relax and take a good breath.

Honey smiled at her fellow passengers before settling herself comfortably to do a bit of thinking. She leaned back and closed her lids over tired and sleepy eyes.

"Honey Monroe," she told herself with firm conviction, "you almost grabbed off too much when you took over the Sylvester diamond. After all, life is worth more than any jewel in the world—even that one. But a promise is a promise," she argued with herself and sighed wearily. "I wonder what happened in Dan's apartment? If Joe gets arrested, I will be safe—I hope I will be safe," she altered, remembering that Dan had said something about arresting her for stealing the diamond.

* * *

"But if Joe gets away," she thought, and her heart froze at the possibility, "my life won't be worth 2 cents. He will hunt me down. Nothing will stop him until he finds me. But if I make San Francisco in safety, he won't get the diamond —ever."

However, destiny ruled that Honey should not arrive at her port of haven so soon—so easily. The air liner started bucking strong head winds soon after taking off and the fog was unusually heavy along the coast. It was a fight every mile of the way for the pilots, and then they lost the radio beam they were traveling on. As if that were not enough trouble in itself, something went wrong with the motors, making a forced landing imperative.

"Buckle your safety belts," instructed the pretty hostess on the ship, hurrying from one passenger to the next and waiting to make sure that the order was carried out. "Emergency landing."

Seconds ticked by while the passengers looked at each other, trying to smile, yet with fear lurking in their eyes.

* * *

Then the lights went out and some one screamed.

Suddenly, Honey's heart stood still as a thought shot through her mind. The diamond. She had forgotten it in the excitement of fastening her safety belt. Quickly she grabbed the small parcel from her purse and dropped the precious box into her coat pocket.

"Perhaps I should have faced Joe," she thought grimly as a new fear of disaster enveloped her. "If the ship cracks up, I will die anyway." She shuddered at her thoughts.

At that moment there was a terrific splash of water as the big liner struck the ocean instead of land. Honey fell forward, hitting her head on the seat in front of her.

(Continued next week.)

4826
SIZES
34—48

An oh-so simple must for your casual wardrobe! Clever cut and buttoning make this dress ever so slenderizing, and the neat cuffs add a crisp finish!

This pattern, easy to use, simple so sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Pattern 4826 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 39-inch.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c.) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send your order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

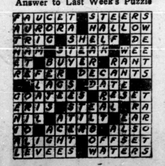
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Mary's pet
5. Cultivates
9. Fish eggs
12. Crooked (dial.)
13. Fairy tale monster
14. Printers' measures
15. Ancient Teuton
16. Variety of raspberry
18. French cleric
20. Uncanny
21. Logger's implement
24. Plains
25. Change
27. Fire basket
29. Kindled
31. Accumulate
32. Cadmus' daughter
34. Of marriage
36. Keen away from
37. Disc disk
39. Mixtures
40. Fine fabric
42. Ventilated
44. Unsmart
46. Asiatic country
48. Cravat
51. Fish
52. Vegetable
53. Old times
54. Formal
56. Not paying
DOWN
1. Loiter
2. Encounter
3. Persian poet
4. Act
5. Avocation
6. Make eyes
7. Rubbers
8. Dry
9. Business slump
11. Catch sight of
17. Knows (archaic)
19. Chide
21. Tropical tree
22. Lamb's pen name
23. Drawn
25. Subsequent selling
27. Wolframite
28. Tennysonian character
29. Hushes
32. Office superintendent
35. Virginia willow
37. Hindu altar
39. French seaport
40. Jar ring
41. Indigo source
43. Misfortune
45. By birth
47. Untrained
48. Wine.
49. Pitch

Answer to This Puzzle Will Appear Next Week

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



Three Pairs Make A Good Handful—In a little over eight hours no less than three sets of twins were born at a Rochester hospital—five girls and one boy. Seen from left to right in the nurses' arms are Donna and Dianne, Linda and Kathleen, Diane and Louis.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

A prince is born! That was the news flashed over the air-waves just as I sat down to write—and I must confess it has put everything else out of my head. What rejoicing there will be throughout the Empire. Princess Elizabeth has such a very warm place in our hearts. And she seems closer to us now because, in common with all mothers, she has experienced the pain and joy of childbirth. We know very well she would be spared any unnecessary suffering but the very nature of her ordeal precludes the possibility of it being entirely without pain. And so we are all glad the little prince is born and hope that the baby and his Royal parents will spend many happy years together.

Actually my first thought this morning was of the Princess. I was watching the dawn and wondered if it came as a good omen because I can't remember having seen a lovelier sunrise. Not that there was a lot of colour, as a matter of fact, there was very little, but above the sun's first rays the sky was such a wonderful blue, interspersed with billowy white clouds, faintly tinted at their lower edge with shades of rosy pink. And yet, in such a little while, the first glory of the dawn had faded. The blue was less vivid, the fleecy clouds quite ordinary, and the sun just about as usual. By the time I fed the chickens there was nothing overhead to attract attention. But there was underfoot. It was actually slippery. There had been enough frost after the rain to make the ground slightly icy here and there. It seemed so strange. Such a little while ago we were complaining about the heat!

* * *

But so it is — and last Tuesday saw the end of our season's work when the last of our grain was threshed. And believe me, we are very thankful for our good harvest.

One of our neighbours offered to help me with my threshing meal, and while I appreciated the offer, I told her I was sure I could manage. And I did — but the credit is not to me but to the conveniences I have around me compared with the little I had to work with some years ago. These conveniences take all the worry and a lot of the work away from getting threshing meals. And they are no more than every farmer's wife should have. Not all at once perhaps, but it should be the aim of every farmer to give his wife the tools to lighten her job. He might, in the end, save on doctor and hospital bills. Unfortunately, as we know only too well, this is not always possible during a depression.

* * *

Even hydro cuts did not bother me last Tuesday because I baked pies and roasted a joint the night before. It meant working until midnight but that was better than worrying about power cut-offs next morning while we were threshing. power cuts add zest to housekeeping!

To tell you the truth I think these [illegible] It is fun trying to arrange one's work to suit the hydro hours. And so often we get fooled! Doing the weekly wash with one eye on the clock is quite an adventure. Shall we, or shall we not get through! A few more heavy pieces to go through the wringer and then . . . siz-z-z . . . the machine stops dead. Just as that happened last week Partner walked into the kitchen. "Well," I said, "do you see how dependent we are? Look at that washing machine — it is no more use right now than an ordinary tub. And the vacuum cleaner — it is even less use than a broom!"

Country power cuts come at a different time from those in town—but I suppose even country districts are not all the same. Ours are from 10 to 11 a.m. and from 1.45 to 2.45 p.m. so that we really suffer little inconvenience. Tonight, however, was a different matter. We had an unscheduled black-out just as Partner was going to the barn. It was funny to see him start out with a lanterns. And the kitchen—faintly lit by the dim glow of a coal-oil lamp! I wondered how we lived that way for so long. But we did, and I haven't a doubt we could do it again should the necessity arise. Yes, I think we could stand any inconvenience except being cold. And that would be a hardship, not an inconvenience. How sad it is, this growing old!

★

City Life

When Uncle Zeke got back to Tarleton Junction he swore he was through with New York for life. "I'm crossin' the street and mindin' my own business," he told his cronies round the old cracker barrel, "when a varmint comes lickety split around the corner on two wheels and knocks me down. Do ye think he apologized? No siree! He leans out and hollers, 'Hey, Pop, as long as ye're down there, how about checkin' my oil?'"

★

A Lot of Dishes

The average bride may not know it, but when she says "I do," 340 tons of dirty dishes are staring her in the face. She doesn't have to do them all at once, of course. But in her years of housekeeping she will wash them all eventually.

Two and a half million dishes are about what the average homemaker can count on washing — a good figure for her husband to remember when he envies his wife's easy job.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

History in the New Testament
Acts 1:8; 4:1-4; 13:2-3; 16:9-10; 28:6, 30-31.

Golden Text: Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.—Matt. 28:19.

The disciples had forsaken Him and fled. Peter denied Him with curses. Jesus was condemned and crucified. Before sunset his lifeless body was removed from the cross and laid in a cave. Surely His was a lost cause and He would soon be forgotten.

But no; something happened. On the third day He arose from the dead, nevermore to die. He comforted His weak disciples. Before His ascension into heaven. He gave specific instructions. In Jerusalem they tarried and prayed. On the feast day of Pentecost the third Person of the triune God, the Holy Spirit, came in His abiding fulness into their hearts. Jesus had withdrawn His physical presence but the Holy Spirit had come to them individually. With pure hearts and holy zeal they went forth to preach salvation from sin by repentance and faith in the risen Christ. Many in Jerusalem believed. They joined the others in telling the Good News. The message was taken to the Samaritans, Ethiopians, Greeks and Romans. The Book of Acts records the thrilling story. There were severe struggles. Many died a martyr's death. But the Church prayed and believed and triumphed.

The art of giving ceramic tile a lustre finish was a jealously guarded secret in ancient Mesopotamia.

Just Dolly and Me—Off for a stroll along Brighton Beach, England we see 2 year old Carol Francis and Susie. Susie is a doll, lifesize, and not only can walk but also move her h and arms in a very realistic manner.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counsellor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I [illegible] don't know where to turn, so [illegible] ing your advice. I've been [illegible] ried two years, and I've never [illegible] so happy [illegible] my life! I [illegible] my husband [illegible] loves me, [illegible] proves it. [illegible] love him [illegible] But his mother [illegible] seems trying [illegible] make trou[illegible] Every time [illegible] visit here [illegible] makes up all sorts of stories [illegible] aren't true.

"I thought the world of my mother-in-laws—went to see them often, [illegible] tried to be helpful when I could. [illegible] don't know what I've done to be treated this way! (Maybe it's because she sees her son so happy and she gets so mad.)

"One night I could take no more and walked out of her house. My husband followed me. I want to stay away from there forever. Do you think my husband should continue to go? I'm so afraid she will stir up so much trouble that he will draw him away from me and my baby?

"Every job he got after the war she claimed was too hard for him. I'ut he thought of our future, never listened to her. Now I'm afraid he may get disgusted, and there will be trouble.

"When a mother makes trouble instead of peace, I think it is best to stay away from her.

WORRIED

Mother and Son

* JUST the other day I printed a letter from a man whose wife [illegible] divorced him because of his mother's interference. Too late was his eyes opened to the sort of woman his mother really was, and he was honest enough to admit it.

* Let us hope your husband will wake up too.

* No one can blame you for not wanting to visit your mother-in-law, to encounter further remarks. Whether your husband continues to go, is for him to say. He probably will be better able to make his own decisions if you suggest you let him alone, and see what happens. He did not listen to her advice as to his job, you know.

* Of course it is always possible that a daughter-in-law, not by such a tendency in her husband's mother, may become overly sensitive and read innuendoes into remarks that are innocently meant. Also after have gone to see her less frequently, you and she alone may feel less antagonistic and the amicable truce may be arranged. It has happened.

It is sad when a mother is deliberately (or tactlessly) criticizes her son's wife. If he is loyal to his wife, she will lose her son. In your case, she will lose her son's child too. How shortsighted, how wicked, can such a woman be!

* Hold on to your faith in your husband's sense of fairness. I believe you will not be disappointed.

* * *

A mother can help make her son's marriage beautiful, or she can wreck it. If you find yourself inclined to interfere, write Anne Hirst guide you to a wise course. Just write her at 245 Eighteenth Street, New York 11, Ont.

Dressing The Hou[illegible]

One interesting stratagem by the Communists, was [illegible] in Rome recently when a cr[illegible] 30,000 gathered to hear [illegible] Togliatti, Red leader, in [illegible] speech since he was shot [illegible] The Communists distributed [illegible] ands of pairs of glasses to [illegible] the crowd a more [illegible] appearance!

PIMPLES A[illegible]
BLACKHEA[illegible]
Quickly helps to clear up these bl[illegible] leaving skin soft and smooth. Prom[illegible] 30 years.
Dr. Chase's Ointm[illegible]

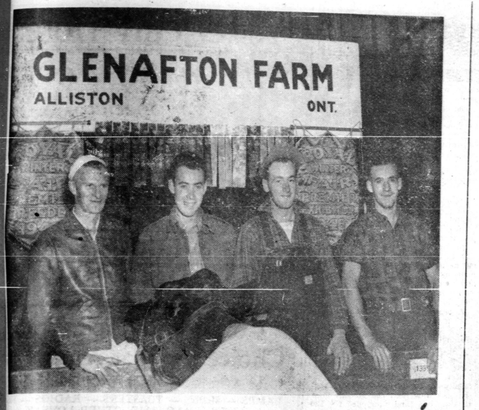
EASE common or ordinary that SORE THROAT RUB IT WI[illegible]
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT
Just heat and rub in MINARD'S, and note the quick relief you get. Greaseless, fast-drying, no strong or unpleasant odor. Get a bottle today; keep it handy.
15-46

GREATEST OF ALL THE FALL FAIRS

A Tense Moment at the Royal Winter Fair—The judge has just made his decision regarding the Grand Championship Steer [illegible] Lloyd Mack, of Rockwood, seems hardly to have realized as yet, that he has won.

Sweepstake Winners at Royal Winter Fair—Earl Hislop (left) and W. L. Hamilton shake hands as they congratulate one another on winning Sweepstake on Northern Spy Apple box. Who wouldn't be happy with such fine-looking fruit in prospect?

Runners-Up Congratulate a Winner—Disappointed, no doubt, but still able to look happy, the two runners-up in the beef cattle class shake hands with the winner, seen in the center of the picture taken at the Royal Winter Fair.



Championship Ribbons in Background, Smiles in Front—Winning prizes and championships is a novelty to the noted Glenafton Farm in Alliston, Ont., as is evidenced by the display of ribbons, also the Premier Breeder and Premier Exhibitor shields seen in the picture. Some of the [illegible] responsible seen broadly smiling over their remarkable success. Ful-O-Pep feeds also share in the credit.

First-Prize Winners, All of Them—The Rabbits, We Mean—Seen in the above picture are two Checkered Giants exhibited by Mr. Price of Montreal, and two New Zealand Whites owned by Gaston Baril of St. Cap de la Madelaine, Quebec. All four won high honors at the Royal Winter Fair.

Taking Up a Coming Champion—Harold Ready, of Desford, Ontario, is seen putting the finishing touches on his fine shorthorn steer just before it won the title in its class. Quaker Ful-O-Pep fitting helped produce that fine condition.

Champion Trophy—In this picture, "Reward" Wheat brings exhibitor a real Reward. Snapped at the Royal Winter Fair we see [illegible] Dingle of the Canadian National Railways presenting the Canadian Wheat Trophy to Sidney John Alsop, of Red Deer, Alberta.

Fair Time Highlights

By the Ful-O-Pep Reporter

Your Ful-O-Pep Reporter "Signs Off" For The 1948 Fall Fair Season

For the past two months or more your Ful-O-Pep Reporter has been travelling the highways and byways of the Province of Ontario covering Fall Fairs large and small and trying to make pictures which we thought would be of interest both to those who attended and also to those who could not be there personally.

Some of those Fairs ran into unfavorable weather, which naturally cut down attendances somewhat. But, on the whole, we think we are safe in saying that this was one of the most successful seasons ever known. Seldom if ever before has the interest shown been as intense, and never has the general quality of the stock and products shown been so high. Ontario can be honestly proud of its Fall Fairs and the part they play in raising our Agricultural Standards.

Now with the climaxing event of the season—the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto—passed into history, on behalf of the sponsors of these pages, QUAKER FUL-O-PEP Stock and Poultry Feeds, your Ful-O-Pep Reporter "signs off" for the season and wishes to young and old, to city "slickers" and rural folks alike

"Chairing" the Owner of a Grand Champion—Lloyd Mack, of Rockwood, Ontario, is seen being chaired out of the judging ring at the Royal Winter Fair after exhibiting his Grand Championship Aberdeen-Angus steer—Ful-O-Pep fed, of course.