THE JINX WAS ROUTED

BY MYRENE M. GARRISON.

PART II.

But next day when Sally saw Abner coming in from work, long before quitting time, she had a hunch that Mr. Jinx was still on the job.

"Daisy stepped into a post-hole and broke her leg," Abner announced tragically.

Sally felt as sorry as Abner looked, but this was no time to show it. "Of course it's too bad, but, since it's happened, it's lucky she's fat enough for beef. You'd better go right after the butcher and put her out of her misery," she urged briskly.

Abner stared at her reproachfully "It's awful!" he shuddered.

"It's a blessing it wasn't the heifer," Sally persisted. "Daisy's really outlived her usefulness. Her milk isn't as rich as it was and she doesn't give as much as she should to be profitable."

When Abner turned silently away Sally's eyes filled with tears, "He thinks I'm hard-hearted, but if I'd said a word, he'd be raving wild."

The next few days Sally kept Abner busy disposing of Daisy. "Her beef and her hide'll go a long way toward paying for a young cow, and I'll make up the difference with the extra butter," she planned cheerfully. Sally really felt quite elated over her skirmish with Abner's jinx this time.

As time went on she viewed her experiment with deep satisfaction. She found less and less reason to conceal her affection and Abner thrived under its manifestation.

She kept the matter of the unhandy old house in the background. "Next spring he'll build, perhaps," she thought cheerfully. Since she had installed some of her own conveniences she got on nicely. Though she had never mentioned her objection to carrying water, Abner saw to it himself, always keeping her supplied.

One day she did voice her fear of a fire with such poor water supply. "The chimneys look dangerous to me. I wish you'd have Dolson look them over before cold weather. I'm afraid to trust a big fire up them. Those old shingles would burn like tinder." She glanced up at them anxiously.

"Those chimneys are like a singed cat, better'n they look," grinned Abner.

Sally stood at the gate until he was ready to go back to the field. For some reason she could not throw off her forebodings. When she turned to go in a long, weird screech pierced her ears. "Of course it's the wind whistling through the bricks," she muttered, her vaguely apprehensive eyes on the roof.

"It almost seems as if Abner's jinx was after me," she shrugged. "I won't give him the satisfaction of seein' me worry about anything! Abner's lived with those chimneys long enough to know them."

Some days later Sally saw Abner stamping up the back walk. She smiled indulgently at his boyish rage, ready to give his jinx a wallop.

"That drove of hogs I bought the other day is possessed!" Abner stormed.

"I've heard of such," Sally remarked demurely.

"I turned them into the bottom field to hog down the rest of the corn. What do you think they've done?"

"Couldn't guess."

"Et the geese! every tarnal one of them! I come on them in the act. It's awful!" he shuddered.

"The greedy cannibals!" cried Sally. "It's horrible; but, now they're gone, I'm free to admit I never liked geese. There used to be lots of huckleberries on that little island before the geese took to nestin' there. Maybe the bushes will sprout up again," she said hopefully.

Abner scowled. "Mother sold a lot of geese feathers, so did Mandy. They brought good money. The island isn't worth a picayune for anything else," he declared. "I'll have to get rid of these hogs, too. I couldn't abide the sight of them after this. There's always something—"

"Careful!" Sally covered his lips with one hand and smoothed his wrinkled forehead with the other.

Abner's gloom subsided. "I didn't name no names," he grinned sheepishly.

A few days later Abner came home with a piece of news that set Sally rejoicing. "Clark introduced me to a stranger who began right away, 'I read of the encounter on your place, Mr. Reedy, and noted that you own a small island, now uninhabited. I've been looking for a quiet place, where I can write undisturbed. From all accounts this suits my purpose. I'll either buy it outright or rent it as you decide.' I told him there wasn't any house on it but he said he'd put up a tent. I didn't know what to say. I took him down the creek road where he could see the island and he offered me $300 a year for it."

Sally clapped her hands. "Of course you took up with his offer?"

"No! I told him I'd talk it over with you. The island isn't worth so much. I'd be ashamed to take that for the rent of it."

"It isn't what it's worth to you. It's what it's worth to him. Rent it for a year, anyway. A writer ought to be better than a lot of gabblin' geese. I can sell him things to eat. Looks as if the hogs brought luck after all," Sally laughed.

"You turn everything into luck," Abner smiled fondly, and her heart swelled. She had vanquished the jinx at last.

One evening in late October Sally was waiting Abner's return from town. Tempting odors rose from the belated meal. Sally, in her low rocker beside the kitchen stove, mused happily of garnered stores, bursting granaries, and shelves of preserves, jams and jellies. Turkeys were fattening, chickens swarmed over the fields, next week they would butcher a young porker. "I wouldn't live anywhere else but on a farm," she whispered contentedly.

Something flickered past her window. "There's Abner now," she said, drawing the teakettle forward and placing the plates in the warming closet.

There was no sound of an approaching car. "Thought it was his light. Must have been mistaken," muttered Sally, peering through the window. "What could make those strange shadows?"

Sally opened the door. A crackling sound above her head chilled her blood. She stepped out onto the grass and in growing terror stared upward.

Crackle, snap, crackle! Tongues of flame curled along the eaves. A bolder flare leaped from the gaping chimney. A sinister force held her for a moment, then she threw up both hands in a wild gesture of defiance of the fiery serpents coiling and writhing across the blazing roof.

There was no time to give the alarm—neighbors would soon be summoned by the flames. Would Abner never come?

Breaking from the horrid spell, Sally ran inside. The water bucket was nearly empty, waiting for Abner to refill. There was no water nearer than the spring. The house was doomed. She'd save what she could of the contents. It seemed ages of pulling, dragging pushing furniture out into the orchard beyond the danger line.

Panting, strangled by smoke, Sally sobbed "Oh, Abner! Abner!" A weird, wailing, almost human cry mocked her. Wind and flame, in close embrace, danced with wild abandon.

Sally could no longer breast the acrid smoke. "The jinx'll get my jellies. I can't get to them. Mandy knew best. She placated him." Sally stumbled to the heap in the orchard just as Abner's car came roaring up the road. Other lights were now leaping toward the burning house. She closed her eyes.

"Sally!" Abner called hoarsely.

"I'm all right," Sally managed to say, and then, for the first time in her life, she fainted.

When Sally came to, she found herself in her own bed. Slowly the events of the evening marshaled themselves. Tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor Abner! He'll never get over it," she half sobbed.

A quick step, Abner's step, set her heart to pounding. "I won't give in!" whispered Sally, "I won't!" With every muscle tense she braced herself to meet Abner's dismal surrender to his old enemy.

Sally's eyes widened, her breath came fast. Abner was smiling, actually smiling! His arms shot out and held her close. "Dear Sally," he whispered.

"D-didn't the house burn up?" Sally faltered in utter bewilderment.

"To the ground, but you're all right, so I should worry! I'm fairly bustin' with pride of you, Sally. You saved everything worth saving. The boys got the rest out. They're hauling the stuff over here now."

Sally drew a long breath. She couldn't keep her eyes off Abner's radiant face.

"They're going to break ground for our new house on the knoll Monday. We'll get the foundation laid, then we'll take the winter to plan the inside. It's got to be as handy for you as we can make it, I'll tell the world!"

Sally's last anxiety vanished. The jinx was lost in the holocaust.

(The End.)

Britain Appoints Woman Broadcasting Governor.

Mrs. Ethel Snowden, wife of Philip Snowden, former Laborite Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been appointed one of the governors of the broadcasting organization which the government is taking over from the private British Broadcasting Company from January 1 for a consideration of $3,100,000. Mrs. Snowden is one of Great Britain's leading feminists. She also is an author of note and an effective public speaker.

Her new post carries a salary of $3,500 a year and among the other governors are Sir John Nairne, a director of the Bank of England, and some other prominent persons, with the Earl of Clarendon as chairman.

Minard's Liniment for chapped hands.

"Snowflurries."

Winter, that brisk dame, to-day
Came to clean our smoky town,
Dusted off the sober gray,
Swept our steps and highways down,
And bustled on her way.

With a rag of snowcloth, she
Remedied our small world here
In three blustery minutes. See
How the air is polished clear!
How our streets shine magically!

I should like to visit her
In her northern home. I'm told
The house is set in leagues of fir,
The grounds are lustrous to behold,
The sky is jeweled, and her good sir,

Old Man Winter (so they say)
Sits at the window of the north
Plucking goose-down night and day
For summer pillows. Some floats forth
Glistening or softly gray,

To clothe the hillside, ledge and lea
In sapphire light, and smooth the streams
To exquisite serenity
That whosoever looks on, dreams
Their white unworded poetry.

—Tsanito (Iroquois for Beaver).

Color on the Deck.

The sky, a pale, pale blue, seemed to have in its depths a faint rose, as if somewhere far off behind it a vivid dawn were shining. Perhaps some distant sunrise was being faintly reflected. The white posts that ranged the length of the deck rail caught the elusive tint and became some of them, almost a delicate lavender rose. Others remained pure white and as the boat rose and fell, shadows shifted over them, giving soft blurs of gray, or leaving them brilliantly white. Patches of sunlight sprinkled the floorboards turning their dullness into gold. Where the sun touched the tan and maroon base, it became a brilliant orange with a line of velvety red. The sail cloth sheathing fired by the sun turned creamy, and here and there through gaps, the indigo of the ocean showed. The glass encasing the electric light bulbs took on opalescent tones. A basket by a steamer chair showed touches of green and purple.

One by one, passengers appeared, a woman in a bright blue dress; another in a red hat and with a green book. (Had it been a green hat and a red book, might one call her literary?) A child flashed by in vivid red.

The deck was no longer somber, its hidden beauties had revealed themselves.

"Immortals" of France Ban Cemetery Eulogies.

Hereafter all good things said about French "immortals" must be uttered while they are still in mortal form and not over their graves. This mode was established by the present group of "immortals" themselves, breaking a century-old tradition of eulogies and panegyrics at the burial of distinguished men.

At a meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Literature a note was signed by the members which read: "Out of consideration for the health of my survivors, I want no speeches at my funeral."

Academy circles have long discussed the subject of speeches in damp cemeteries and their effect on the health of men of advanced age. The funerals this week of Henri Cochin and Jean Richepin in the midst of the influenza epidemic decided the Academicians to overturn a precedent to protect their own health at such rites.

Countess Locks Baby in Cage for Air and Safety

A Mayfair variation on the Creche idea has been developed by the Countess de la Warr, whose young husband is one of the few Labor representatives in the House of Lords. The countess, who lives in a small flat in the Mews in Westminster, has had constructed a galvanized iron wire cage into which a perambulator containing her baby is wheeled, and the cage is securely padlocked. "The baby can obtain plenty of fresh air without the nurse having to watch her constantly," the countess told reporters, "and I think the idea is one which working mothers might well adopt."

CANADA-CUBA TRADE PROSPECTS GOOD

DOMINION BUYS MORE THAN SHE SELLS.

Time Ripe for Canadian Business Men to Enter Wholeheartedly Into Cuban Market.

Marked evidence has been given lately of a keen desire on the part of Cuba to extend its trade with Canada. Dr. A. F. Sainz de la Pena, senior Cuban consul in Canada, has announced that Cuba will open more consular offices in the Dominion, these in all probability to be located in Winnipeg and Quebec in the near future. At the same time he is working energetically for a "Canadian Week" in Cuba, a suggestion which has elicited inquiries from all parts of the Dominion. Should this materialize men prominent in all branches of Canadian trade will be invited to accompany him to Cuba, where every opportunity will be extended them to get as close as possible in touch with conditions. They will be permitted to take along with them as many samples of Canadian products as they desire and these will be displayed to the fullest advantage.

Such evidence of an anxiety to further develop trade with the Dominion is very gratifying, and particularly so because there exists a need for a stimulation of export trade from Canada to Cuba to adjust the balance of trade. Cuba is one of the few countries from which Canada buys to a greater extent than she sells, and this has consistently been the case for some time. In the fiscal year 1924 Canada purchased from Cuba to the extent of $10,781,047, while selling to that country only to the value of $6,776,605. In 1925 the Dominion's purchases were $7,798,128 and her sales $7,142,406. In the last fiscal year Canada bought from Cuba to the value of $11,063,284 and sold to that country to the extent of $8,524,718.

Cuba An Important Customer.

It is not generally realized what an important customer of the Dominion Cuba is. Cuba purchases from Canada alone more than fifteen Latin-American countries combined or more than nineteen European countries combined, states Dr. de la Pena. Dominion exports to that country consist mainly of agricultural and vegetable products, and animals and animal products. Cuba falls but little short of the United States as the heaviest purchaser of Canadian potatoes, the Maritime Provinces' product being in great demand there. In the last fiscal year Cuba purchased 3,044,447 bushels of Canadian potatoes to a value of $3,015,513. Wheat flour was sold in the same year to the extent of 147,998 barrels worth $1,118,198. Cuba is likewise a consistent heavy purchaser of oats and other grains, canned and preserved vegetables, whiskey and other products.

Canada's imports from Cuba are listed under the agricultural and vegetable products class and the item of sugar almost accounts for the total, which has been increasing of recent years. Canada's sugar purchases from Cuba in the last three fiscal years have been respectively 170,617,055 lbs. worth $9,462,254; 173,783,614 lbs. worth $6,498,985; and 412,742,601 lbs. worth $9,966,526.

Increasing Purchase of Wheat.

A prediction of a greater importation of Canadian wheat into Cuba was recently made by J. E. Gonzales, purchasing agent for the Government of Cuba, who was recently in Montreal buying Canadian goods for his country. Canadian hard spring wheat is preferred to all other varieties in Cuba, he states, and it will be only a few years before the annual consumption of Canadian grain will assume much larger proportions. A project is on foot to erect large flour mills at Havana, and when these are finished the demand for Canadian hard wheat will be more than quadrupled. When in the Canadian metropolis Mr. Gonzales arranged for the purchase of $3,725,000 worth of potatoes for later delivery.

Cuba is anxious for more Canadian trade and there is an expressed belief that Dominion business men are not coming half-way to achieve a further mutual development. As is continually pointed out, Canada's reputation stands high in Cuba. Several of Canada's greatest banks are established there and enjoy the fullest confidence of the Government and the people. As Dr. Sainz de la Pena remarks, the time is ripe for Canadian business men to get wholeheartedly into the Cuban market. Never has there been a better feeling towards Canada than at present. There is no reason why the annual trade should not be raised from $9,000,000 to $90,000,000.

It Will Delight You
"SALADA" TEA
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
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Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

A Chinese Lady's Day.

My Dear one,

The hours of one day are as like each other as are twin blossoms from the pear-tree. There is no news to tell thee. The mornings are passed in the duties that come to all women who have the care of a household, and the afternoons I am on the terrace with thy sister.

Mah-li and I take our embroidery and sit upon the terrace, where we pass long hours watching the people in the valley below. The faint blue smoke curls from a thousand dwellings, and we try to imagine the lives of those who dwell beneath the roof-trees. We see the peasants in their rice-fields; watch them dragging the rich mud from the bottoms of the canal for fertilizing; hear the shrill whistle of the duck man as, with long bamboo, he drives the great flock of ducks homeward or sends them over the fields to search for insects. We see the wedding procession far below, and can but faintly follow the great covered chair of the bride and the train or servants carrying the possessions of the new home.

The summer wanes and the autumn is upon us with all its mists and shadows of purple and grey. The camphor trees look from the distance like great balls of fire, and the eucalyptustree, in its dress of brilliant yellow, is a gaily painted court lady.—From "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard," by Elizabeth Cooper.

Epidemic Depletes Oaks of English Countryside.

The mysterious epidemic which has attacked and is rapidly depleting the oaks for which England is famous is engaging the attention of research workers on the Forestry Commission. It is feared that in another twenty years the magnificent oaks planted in the seventeenth century will be completely wiped out, so great has been the depletion during the war and since then by epidemic. Mildew, together with the rover moth, is held responsible for the disease which has spread over the southern countries and killed some of the noblest of the British oaks. Other forces are also at work threatening the most characteristic tree of the English countryside.

Iron, stone, brick, concrete and cheaper wood have so far displaced oak as building material, and the oak tree takes so long to come to maturity that private enterprise cannot plant oaks as a commercial proposition.

The only oaks now being grown to replenish the national supply are those planted by the Forestry Commission.

The Coincidence.

"Where are you going?" a young woman asked a shipmate, the second day out.

"Across the ocean," replied the other.

"That's a coincidence! So am I."

Eskimos of the Mackenbies River District, 200 miles within the Arctic Circle. They are very generous to the Church of England in Canada. The Indians and Eskimos of the district donated $14.75 from each family to the work of the Church Missionary Society.

BRAID TRIMMING IS EFFECTIVE.

Exceedingly smart is this girlish frock suitable for many occasions. The bodice front is joined to a plaited skirt, while the back is in one piece. Braid is effectively used at the becoming round neck, on the long dart-fitted sleeves, the narrow belt, and on the bodice front to give the modish bolero effect. Buttons—so important this season—adorn the front and the sleeves. No. 1485 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3½ yards 39-inch, or 2¼ yards 54-inch material, and 3¾ yards ¾-inch trimming braid. 20 cents.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Heredity.

I'm no biologist; I can't
Explain the structure of a plant
Or talk in strange and curious terms
Of protoplasms and of germs,
But this is plain as plain can be
That boy of mine is much like me.

When on a chair he flings his hat
I'm sure no stranger taught him that.
Those dressing tactics, oh, so slow,
Which irritate his mother so,
Were not acquired; but yesterday
I used to dawdle just that way!

I see him living o'er and o'er
So much that I was scolded for,
That maddening indifference to
The little things he ought to do
Should be corrected, but I know
I did, as he does, long ago.

That love of laughter and of mirth
Came with him on his day of birth.
In many a fault and many a whim
I see myself reborn in him.
And it's unfair to scold a lad
For merely being like his dad.

—Edgar A. Guest.

In High Regions.

Great things are done when men and mountains meet;
These are not done by jostling in the street.

—William Blake.

Explained.

Farmer (using telephone)—"Send me over a bushel of oats."

Clerk—"Surely. For whom?"

"Don't try to joke with me—for my horse."

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.