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TEA

Sapphires and Diamonds

by
DOROTHY TROWBRIDGE

CHAPTER II

Peggy nodded. "I'm perfectly serious. You see, my sister Maxine and I were left orphans when we were quite small, and my grandmother Horton has raised us both. Maxine is the elder, and when she was graduated from a school in Virginia, some friends wanted her to travel with them that summer. Gran knew the family well and let her go. While she was in California she had an offer to go into pictures, which she accepted. That was four years ago. She hasn't been home since. Of course, my grandmother all but died. But Maxine stayed and made good. She changed her name. Maybe you've heard of her, Maxine Trueheart."

"Maxine Trueheart! She's your sister? I think she's a honey, don't you?"

"I've only seen her on the screen a few times. Gran won't let me go to movies." Harry's mouth and eyes opened wide in astonishment. "There was no quarrel about it, only Gran is even more particular about me, you see."

"What I don't see is how with all this chaperonage, you've had much opportunity to know any man well enough to get so wrought up about him. Was it someone you met while you were at school?"

Peggy's face became scarlet and Harry stared in amazement. A girl of his own generation was blushing!

"It isn't any real man," she murmured. "Oh, I might as well tell you," she added impatiently.

"I was graduated in June, and when I came home I kept getting letters from the girls I had known at school telling about their good times, and of course I had nothing to write about. Then I began to write them about the parties that were written up in the little paper here.

"According to my letters I went to all of them; boys were thrown in by the dozen. Two of the girls wrote me recently that they were engaged. One of them was my roommate and we had planned to do everything together. Double wedding and all that. Well, like a nut, I wrote back that no one knew about it, but that I was engaged too. She hadn't mentioned the name of the man she was going to marry. Only called him by his nickname. Needless to say I did the same. I said how sweet he was, and what a heavenly ring I had, and a lot of such bunk. Now laugh and tell me you never heard of anything so silly."

"I don't see anything about that to get so het up about." Harry replied.

"Well, that's not the worst. This morning I had a telegram from my roommate saying she was coming to visit me for a week, arriving this afternoon; and I can't produce a man, or a ring, or anything!"

"That is bad," Harry agreed. "I wish I hadn't signed up for that golf tournament, I'd stick around for a week—engaged to you. I'm pretty good in that line."

Peggy laughed. "That wouldn't help. Gran wouldn't let you in the front door. I couldn't leave even a pretended husband-to-be parked here on the road for a week. There's nothing to it. I'll either have to confess the whole thing, or say I've broken off the engagement, and listen to her rave about her fiance."

"Isn't there something we can do?" Harry queried, thrusting his hands into his pockts and stretching out his long legs in preparation for thought. "I've got it!" he exclaimed jumping up suddenly. "Look!" bringing his hands from his pockets he held one of them out to her. There was a small jeweler's box in the palm. He opened the box and Peggy was staring at a beautiful ring with a star design of sapphires set in platinum on each side of a large square cut diamond.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is pretty, isn't it? I had it made in New York. But it's no good to me now. At least it won't be until I get home. Then I may try to patch things up. But you can have it for a week. I'm going to be in Lockton that long."

"Oh, I couldn't," Peggy cried. "Thanks a lot for offering, but I couldn't use some other girl's ring."

"Why not? She'll never know it. I know you'll be careful with it. You've got to take it. I won't have you embarrassed like that just over a ring when I have one right here that isn't being used anyway. Try it on and see if it fits."

Hesitatingly, Peggy reached for the ring and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand.

"See, it's perfect," Harry cried with delight, "Go on now, show that to your ex-roommate and let her laugh it off. I've got to go on to make Lockton in time to play this afternon. I'll be back here at noon a week from today. I'll meet you here and you can give it back to me then."

"But—why—I musn't take your ring this way. I might lose it, or some one might steal it."

"You aren't going to think all that when you get your own engagement ring, are you? Well, why should anything be more likely to happen to this one than if it were your own? Don't be silly. But don't forget to meet me here next Wednesday, or I'll come charging up to the door and 'emand my property from your grandmother. Have a grand time this week and tel me all about it Wednesday."

Peggy was standing now, staring at the ring. "I can't begin to thank you. You're just a peach to do this for me, and I'll be here with the ring when you come back. Good luck at the golf, and I hope your real girl will be as thrilled to have this back as I am to have it now. It's the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

Harry jumped into the roadster with its scarred windshield, which they had both forgotten, and drove away with a last wave at the girl who stood watching him disappear around a curve of the road.

Reluctantly Peggy drew the ring from her finger. She must not let her grandmother see it. She would put it on on the way to the station and explain to Nancy that Mrs. Horton knew nothing of her granddaughter's engagement. Nancy would like that. She loved things to be mysterious, Peggy remembered. Harry had thoughtlessly kept the box, so she was obliged to tie the ring in the corner of her handkerchief, and stuff it into the pocket of her torn sweater.

(Continued Next Week)

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

September 17.
THE KINGDOM STRONGLY ESTABLISHED
2 Samuel I—5.

PRINTED TEXT. 2 Samuel 2: 4-7; 5: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT. — They that trust in Jehovah are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever. Psalm 125:1.

Memory Verse: Oh give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good. Psalm 136:1.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

Time. — David began to reign over Judah about 1000 B. C., and over the twelve tribes about 993 B. C.

Place. — Jerusalem is situated in the inheritance of Judah, midway between the northern end of the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean.

David's Second Anointing

"And the men of Judah came, and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah. And they told David, saying, the men of Jabesh-gilead were they that buried Saul." This is David's second anointing, the first having been the secret one at the hands of Samuel.

"And David sent messengers unto the men of Jabesh-gilead.. for Saul your lord is dead, and also the house of Judah have anointed me king over them." It is to the honor of David, that he retained, amidst these new and perilous conditions, his old tenderness of feeling and noble generosity. He thought lovingly of his once relentless but buried foe, and had respect for the men who had striven to pay honor to the dishonored body of Saul.

People Unite Under David

"Then came all the tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron, and spake, saying, Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh." All opposition had ceased, the rivals of David were dead, and now the leaders and people saw it was to their advantage to unite as one man under so valiant a leader as David.

David's Third Anointing

"In times past, when Saul was king over us, it was than that leddest out and broughtest in Israel . . . and in Jerusalem he reigned thirty and three years over all Israel and Judah."

David the shepherd-king who had so faithfully led, fed and defended his father's sheep on the hills of Bethlehem became an equally faithful shepherd of God's people Israel.

In behalf of the people in God's presence, a mutual agreement or covenant was made between them and David to be true and loyal to each other David is now anointed for the third time.

The City of David

"And the king and his men went to Jerusalem against the Jebusites .... The same is the city of David." The Jebusites felt so secure within their citadel that they boasted a garrison of the blind and lame could hold it. Nevertheless, the city was taken, and from that time on is often called in the Scriptures the city of David.

The Stronghold Is Taken

"And David said on that day, whosoever smiteth The Jebusites, let him get up to the watercourse, and smite the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul. Wherefore they say, there are the blind and the lame; he cannot come into the house." David bids the men show no mercy to the scoffing Jebusites. The reference to the word "gutter" possibly means the way the citadel was to be scaled. The besiegers were to enter by either by some water-worn gully in the rock or through a subterranean channel which had been constructed to supply the fortress with water.

David Grew Greater

"And David dwelt in the stronghold, and called it the city of David. And David built round about from Millo and inward. And David axed greater and greater; for Jehovah, the od of hosts was with him." So 'David waxed greater and greater'. How could it be otherwise since the 'Lord God of Hosts was with him'? To have the Lord with us is to be sure of growth, progress and victory.

During August Most Birds Take Holiday

This is vacation time for most birds according to ornithologists of the Royal Ontario Museum. Their family responsibilities are over for the yeaer and the hard work of food-hunting is made easy by the annual peak of the crop of insects, seeds and berries. Even the business of singing is largely suspended. Although most birds are obliged to grow a new suit of feathers in August, this can be accomplished while loafing. By autumn they will be dressed in fresh new attire and fortified for the long trek southward by a reserve layer of fat beneath the skin.

Pears In Canning Schedule

Pears made into jam or honey have long been favorites and these are recipes I know you'll like. Commercial pectin assures you of success in making the thick, jellied consistency, and miraculously gives you more jam than you dreamed possible out of a small batch of fruit.

Pear Butter.

Wash, pare and core ripe pears. Add just enough water to prevent sticking. Cook until soft, then press through a sieve. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 cup sugar to each quart of pulp. Boil rapidly until thick. Process 10 minutes in a hot water bath.

Pear Honey

Pare, core, chop and measure hard-ripe pears. Add a little water if necessary to start cooking. Boil 10 minutes. To each quart of chopped pears, add 3 cups sugar, juice of 1 lemon, grated rind of ½ lemon and ½ teaspoon ground ginger. Boil until thick. Pour into hot, sterile jars; seal at once. Orange and nutmeg may be used instead of lemon and ginger.

Quinces and apples are a good combination in this marmalade.

Quince-Apple Marmalade

Pare, core and chop 6 quinces and 3 tart apples. Cover quince with water and cook until tender. Add apple and cook 10 minutes. Measure. Add ¾ cup sugar for each cup of fruit and juice. Boil to jellying point. Pour into hot jars and seal at once.

Spiced Crabapples

8 pounds crabapples
8 pounds sugar
3 cups vinegar
Stick of cinnamon
Cloves

Take blossoms off the crabapples, but leave stems on them. Steam apples until tender, not soft. Boil vinegar, sugar and spices for 15 minutes. Skim and put in fruit. Boil apples about 5 minutes, not allowing skins to break. Seal in hot, clean, sterilized jars.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

This is a farmer's holiday. By that I mean it is raining — but I Don't mean we are taking the day off and going places, although it is on just such a day as this that farmers sometimes take their families to the city for a long delayed shopping tour. Or, if there were an Exhibition to go to — and gas to go with — this is the sort of day that would find hundreds of farm people Toronto-bound; trailing children around from place to place in the rain. Or, as I heard one woman say who refused an invitation to go to the city with her farmer-nephew — "I didn't go because the only time he ever goes anywhere is when it is too wet to get around in comfort". I am afraid that is all too true. But listen, ladies, there is a remedy you know. Let me whisper in your ear... learn to drive the family car yourself then, if you can arrange to spare the time, you don't have to wait for a wet day to go places.

* * *

However, for those who stay at home, rainy weather has its advantages. It gives one a chance to catch up with the odd jobs — jobs that have been left "until the crop is in."

This last week we have been drawing in, and, with "Commando" help, we got a lot of work done. Two more days and all our crop would have been safely under cover. But now... well, when we finish harvest depends on the weatherman.

* * *

I like "Farm Commando" help. I like them, not only for the work they do but because they are interesting. I like to hear them talk.. to learn something of their way of life... to hear their opinions... and I find there is always something we can learn from every one of them.

Yes, I like strangers. We had a young fellow here the other day — a visitor, not a "Commando" and I happened to notice he had a good size tattoo on one arm. I don't like tattoo marks but I have always been curious about them — how they were done and WHY anyone should want to be decorated so grotesquely. Walter was quite ready to tell me all I wanted to know. He and three of his chums, when they were around eighteen, thought it would be fun to be tattoed. They found it wasn't much fun getting it done. The tattoo artist first drew a design on the skin. This he followed with an electric needle, dipped in ink made for that purpose. The needle popped up and down like that of a sewing machine — pricking all the time. The whirr of the needle, the sight of dye and blood together was hard on the stomach. Two boys were sick, a third fainted, the fourth stuck it out. But the job was finally finished. Arms were stiff and swollen for a week. Then the scab dropped off and each boy had an arm to show for the rest of his life with the imprint of an indelible design — weird but undoubtedly clever.

East Side, West Side? Where Is Luftwaffe?

BBC broadcasts to Europe recently included a story of a German officer who surrendered only two days after he had arrived in Normandy from the Eastern Front.

Asked why he had been so willing to give himself up, he said: "In Russia we were told that the Luftwaffe was in the West.

"In Normandy we are told that the Luftwaffe is in the East. I can't stand that sort of trickery."

"Threw away my harsh laxatives"
"Out they went, all harsh embarrassing purgatives. For *my* constipation turned out to be due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. So gentle ALL-BRAN proved the answer for me."

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Instead of worrying about keeping future farm and other prices jacked up to some artificial level, it would be far better if we concentrated on keeping costs down so that in natural lines of production Canadian goods can meet world competition.

—Financial Post.

—o—

AND HOW!

A solemn editorial writer explains that "Unconditional Surrender" translated into German means something else which the Nazis cannot understand. Don't worry! They will.

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

—o—

BIGGER AND PLAINER

"I'll be swivelnecked!" groaned Hitler, as he glared at the new fourth wall, with the handwriting plainer than ever, in box-car letters.

—Ottawa Citizen.

—o—

THREE KINDS

There are three kinds of people—those who make good, those who make trouble and those who make excuses.

—Galt Reporter.

—o—

PROBLEM SOLVED

It's not the heat, it's the stupidity of men who wear the clothes they do. —London Free Press.

Fuel Tablets

A new fuel tablet for soldiers to heat their food is a synthetic compound known as trioxane, with a binder to hold it in solid form; one flat one-ounce tablet will heat a meal in about seven minutes.

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