Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

Sapphires and Diamonds

by

DOROTHY TROWBRIDGE

CHAPTER IV

As children, Peggy and Maxine had run through the garden instead of through the house, and they had played hide-and-seek behind the hedge, so tall and thick was it now. Through the lattice of the summer house the entrance of Rosewood could be seen, and Peggy had often looked up from her school books when she studied there to magine a knight on a white horse coming through the gates and up the sloping road that led to the house. That had been years ago, of course. Peggy smiled now at her youthful dreams.

She could not help loving this place that was home.

* * *

As Peggy ran up the steps she saw through the open doorway a small but very spry old lady coming towards her down the hall. Her brown eyes were keen and she wore no glasses. She said she had her second sight. The face was lined, but they were lines of laughter, of understanding, and of character that had developed in eighty years. Her skin was pale but of a delicate texture, like a lovely piece of old china. She wore, as always, a black silk dress made with a basque and a full gathered skirt. Over this she wore a dainty white embroidered apron. Her soft white hair was parted in the middle and drawn over her ears to a small knot at the back of her neck, and she wore a fragile lace cap on her head.

"Dinner is ready, Margaret," she said as Peggy entered. "What have you been doing? You are as mussed as you used to be at ten years old."

"I'm sorry, darling. I shan't be a minute. I was just working off a lot of energy."

Peggy leaned over to kiss the wrinkled cheek.

She rushed up the wide spiral stairway pulling off her sweater as she entered her own room. Clothes were never dropped on the floor nor on a handy chair or bed by any member of the Horton family. They were put in their proper places when they were taken off. It had become second nature to Peggy. Hastily she opened a lower drawer and stuffed in the discarded sweater, pushing the drawer shut with her knee while she unfastened the skirt. The drawer stuck and she gave it a vigorous push. In a few minutes she descended to the dining room in a cool, crisp frock of yellow linen, the braids, freshly plaited, once more neatly coied and in place.

The thick walls of the old house insured coolness in every room even on the hottest day, just as Aunt Jenny's delicious cooking insured a hearty appetite from everyone who ate at the old mahogany table.

"What time will you want William this afternoon, my dear?" Mrs. Horton asked.

"Oh, Gran, I don't need William. I'll take the pony cart to meet Nancy."

* * *

Mrs. Horton had never ridden in an automobile, nor would she consent to own one, although that was one of the things for which Peggy had been teasing her for several years.

"There are one or two things I want to get while I am in town," Peggy continued, "so I'll leave a little early. You had better bring the pony cart around right after dinner, William," she addressed the somewhat aged Negro who was serving them.

William had been just a little boy playing about the place when Mrs. Horton had come there as a bride. He had become a stable boy when he was a little older. That was when there had been many more servants than there were at the present time. Sihce then he had acquired other duties — houseman and coachman among them. His loyalty to his "white folks" was never questioned. To him there were no such "quality" living as the Hortons.

* * *

His one sorow was that he could not be in two places at one time — here to look after "Mis' May" — Mrs. Horton — and "Mis' Marg'ret," and at the same time be in that far away land of California to see about Miss Maxine. He frequently shook his woolly old head over the fact that the "purtiest" of the girls was alone in some, to him, foreign country.

After dinner Peggy ran up to her room for her hat and the ring that was still in the pocket of her sweater. Opening the drawer she drew the handkerchief from the pocket and with nervous fingers untied the corner in which she had hidden the ring. A gasp of dismay escaped her. The object that had stuck when she was hurrying to close the drawer had been Harry's ring, and now the fragile platinum circle was bent. Quite bent.

For a moment her knees gave way, and she sank to the floor to sit staring at the distorted emblem of love lying in her hahd. It looked just like a broken engagement, she thought.

* * *

Hearing her grandmother's footsteps in the hall, she jumped to her feet, and quickly closing the drawer, dropped the ring into her purse.

"How pale you are, child," Mrs. Horton exclaimed as she entered and caught a glimpse of Peggy's face in the mirror. "I am afraid that you overdid this morning out in that hot sun. Shall I get you a little blackberry cordial?"

Mrs. Horton could have been horrified at the thought of her grand-daughter tasting a cocktail, but a little homemade blackberry cordial or egg-nog on Christmas mornings was diferent. Peggy shook her head.

"No, thank you, darling. I am really all right. Perhaps just a little excited at the thought of seeing Nancy again." Her mind was working rapidly. "I am going to run along now. Good-by for a little while. Be good!" she admonished.

Kissing her grandmother good-by she huried down the steps and out of the house.

(To Be Cohtinued)

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CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

ISSUE 39—1944

AIR LINE'S 500,000th PASSENGER

VICE-ADMIRAL GEORGE CLARENCE JONES, Ottawa, formerly of Halifax, highest ranking Canadian Naval officer on this side of the Atlantic, is the 500,000th passenger to travel on Trans-Canada Air Lines. In the photograph he is seen chatting with O. T. Larson, vice-president of T.C.A., before his take-off from Winnipeg to Ottawa. The stewardess is Margaret McCartney and the other passenger is Lieut. F. A. Goad.

In 1937, the year of its incorporation, T.C.A. operated over a route 122 miles long. Today, its routes total 5,276 miles and its aircraft fly annually between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 miles, on regular service between St. John's, Newfoundland and Victoria, B.C., between Toronto and New York, Toronto, London and Windsor, and between Lethbridge, Calgary and Edmonton.

Trans-Canada Air Lines also operates for the Dominion Government a trans-Atlantic air mail service for the troops overseas.

In the first year of daily transcontinental operation, 1939, T.C.A. carried 21,569 passengers. The estimate for this year is 169,734.

TABLE TALKS

Grape Jelly And Grape Butter

To prepare fruit, stem about 5 pounds (a little over 4 quarts) thoroughly washed ripe blue grapes. Crush thoroughly. Add ½ cup water, cover and simmer for 5 minutes or until very soft. Separate the juice from the pulp by turning the hot fruit into a 2-quart sieve.

For Jelly: Drip or press enough of the juice through a double square of cheesecloth to give 4 cups of the strained grape juice.

For Butter: Rub the grapes from which the juice has drained, through a sieve, to obtain 4½ cups pulp. Use the excess juice or water if necessary, to fill up the last cup.

Ripe Grape Jelly

4 cups (2 pounds) juice
7½ cups (3¼ pounds) sugar
½ bottle liquid pectin

Measure juice and sugar into a large saucepan and mix well. Bring to boil over strongest possible direct heat, stirring constantly. At once stir in pectin, and bring again to a full rolling boil; then boil hard for ½ minute. Remove from heat and skim. Pour quickly into hot sterilized jars. Cover at once with a film of hot paraffin, ⅛ inch thick. When cold, cover or tie down. Makes about 11 glasses of jelly.

Ripe Grape Butter

4½ cups (2¼ pounds) prepared pulp.
7 cups (3 pounds) sugar
½ bottle liquid pectin

Measure sugar and prepared grape pulp into a large kettle. Mix well. Bring to a full rolling boil over strongest possible direct heat. Stir constantly before and during boiling. Boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in pectin. Pour quickly into hot sterilized jars. Cover at once with a film of paraffin ⅛ inch thick. When cold, cover or tie down. Recipe makes about 11 glasses of Grape Butter.

Mussels Helped Build Breakwater

Cherbourg's breakwater owed much of its strength to a peculiar natural factor.

The French ever resourceful, harnessed the mussel to help in the construction. Mussels abound on the Normandy coast, and spin what is known as byssus, or a fine silk-like strand formed by the mussel into a kind of string.

The strings of all the mussels join up into a rope and form a mussel-mass so secure that not even the strongest sea can shift it.

When the breakwater was being built the ingenious French engineers put thousands of mussels on loosely piled stones, knowing that the byssus would bind them together more strongly than any cement.

This method certainly helped to make the breakwater a worthy challenger of the sea's most violent moods.

How Far Then

As the battalion marched on, one weary soldier fell out. Sitting down by the roadside he took off his boots to rest his feet.

"How far is it to the camp?" he asked a passing farm hand.

"About four miles as the crow flies," was the reply.

"Ay," replied the soldier, "but s'pose the blinkin' crow had to carry a rifle and pack weighing 'arf a ton and with blisters on both heels, how far is it then?"

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

The war news has been good this week — very good — success all along the line — but to us the very best piece of news was that which promised "Lights Up" in the Old Country on September 17 — a prelude to Victory. "Lights of London" . . . after five years of deep, depressing gloom. You can't imagine what it means unless you have experienced it. Next time you walk at night, through a residential street in any part of Ontario, take a look around you. Don't you find there is a particularly friendly and cheerful atmosphere surrounding those brightly lighted homes — homes where there is hardly a shaded window a all. And along the street there are street lights glimmering — dimly, maybe, but still showing a little bit of light. Imagine that same street with no street lights, and with not so much as a chink of light showing from any of the house windows. Try to realise what such utter and complete darkness can mean and then you may get some conception of what "Lights Up" will mean to the people of the Old Country.

* * *

But back to the farm. We, too, have had our own personal reason for thankfulness. We have finished harve. Yes, actually — rain and storm notwithstanding. We could sing a Te Deum for a week—only there isn't time. It's off with one job and on with another. As I write I can hear the tractor warming up. That means Partner is getting ready to plough for fall wheat. As for me I still hardly know which job to be at first. This morning I was canning peaches and plums and there are still pears awaiting my attention. How I am going to make the sugar stretch out I don't know. Imagine what it will be like to buy as much sugar as we need again. Not that we have suffered but lack of sugar does mean a lot of fruit wasted.

* * *

I have just been listening to Mr. Donald Gordon's address to the Canadian Club. There seems some hope of a greater proportion of raw materials being released for the manufacture of civilian goods, although textiles are still pretty tight. I would like to ask Mr. Gordon—"Is there any chance of getting warm underwear this winter? And would it be possible to acquaint manufacturers with the fact that ALL women don't wear size 18? If only we could nibble at some sort of magic cake like "Alice in Wonderland" and reduce or expand to fit the garment we wanted ot buy. It would be so much easier than trying to make the garment fit us — and find that it won't! Truly life has its problems.

What a huge following a fortune teller would have if she could read your cup, your palm, or your bumps, and tell you, not what your future lovelife would be, but where you might find that certain type of dress you are looking for or those drapes to harmonize with the rug in your living-room.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

October 1

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Isaiah 9:2; Matthew 4:12—16 John 1:4; 8:12; 9:1—41; 12:35, 36, 46; 2 Corinthians 4:6; Ephesians 5:14; 1 John 2:8; Revelation 21:23.

PRINTED TEXT, John 9:1-7, 13, 34—41.

GOLDEN TEXT—I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life. John 8:12.

Memory Verse: I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of Jehovah. Psalm 122:1.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

Time.—Only one period of time is even to be considered in this lesson in which so many passages are brought together; namely, that of the healing of the man born blind, which occurred in our Lord's ministry, mid-October, A.D. 29.

Place.—The healing of the man born blind occurred somewhere in Jerusalem.

Man, Blind From Birth

"And as he passed by, he saw a man blind from his birth. And his disciples asked Him, saying Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind? Jesus answered, Neither did this man sin, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." It was our Lord's intention to warn the disciples against a curious and uncharitable scrutiny of any man's life to find the cause of his misfortunes.

The Light of the World

"We must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." The spectacle to Jesus was a call for help, not a call to profitless speculation, but a call to prove that the works of God were works of concern for suffering men. By the word 'day' here, Christ means the span of a man's life; and by the word 'night' He means the close of a man's life. the light of the world." This is a

"When I am in the world, I am tremendous statement that Christ makes concerning himself: He is the only true Light, and that for the whole world, and for the world forever.

The Blind Man Sees

"When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed his eyes with the clay." This clay did not add to the Lord's power, nor was it necessary for the opening of the blind man's eyes. It was Christ's will that healed, but He uses these externals to help the poor man to believe that he is going to be healed.

"And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam (which is by interpretation, Sent). He went away therefore, and washed, and came seeing." Immediately the blind man did what Jesus told him to do, and his faith was instantly rewarded by his sight being restored.

The Unbelieving Pharisees

"They bring to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. They answered, and said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out." The miracle was indisputable but there were Pharisees present at this time who refused to believe that this person Jesus had actually performed such a miracle.

The Blind Man Believes

"Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and finding him, he said, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, And who is he, Lord, that I may believe on him?" The man once blind had perhaps not before seen Jesus. He had been touched by Him; he had heard His voice; but we do not read that when he came back from the pool of beautiful spirit the man once blind shows when he tells the Lord that he would like to believe on Him if he knew who he was.

"Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and he it is that speaketh with thee. And he said, Lord I believe. And he worshipped him." The man formerly blind knew this person who stood before him was a man of great power, full of mercy and love. Now he was to know Him as the Son of God.

The Light of God
The Light of God

"And Jesus said, For judgment came I into this world . . . We see: your sin remaineth." Where Christ is not welcomed as the true and only Light of God, where need of Christ is not admitted, the penalty is that moral and spiritual vision grows dark.

It's foolish to keep on "dosing"!

Why go on dosing another day with harsh, unpleasant purgatives? Discover, as thousands have, that KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is a far better, far gentler way to help correct constipation due to lack of dietary "bulk"!

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New Gyro Gun Sight Aids Fliers

The British believe they have nearly doubled the efficiency of fighter planes as the result of a new gyroscopic gun sight which corrects for deflection and speed by the twist of a throttle handle.

The Air Ministry, announcing the new sight in London Aug. 16, said it is "almost uncanny in its accuracy."

First details made available by the British information services describes the device as having a reflector screen through which the fighter pilot observes his enemy. Reflected on the glass screen in a circle which expands and contracts as the pilot increases or decreases his range. The pilot feeds into the sight a setting for the wingspan of the enemy plane.

Fighter pilots are able to open fire at more than 400 yards range at speeds of over 400 miles an hour.

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