It does taste good in a pipe
Picobac
The Pick of Tobacco

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER VII

Mark, standing, with his hand on the back of his chair, wanted to strike him for it. He knew that he had never before in his life been nearer murder than at that moment! Something hardened in him; he had been on the point of confession, of making a clean breast of it to Pam, but Fosdick was like a challenge. He stared back at him with fury in his look. There was a breathless kind of silence and Fosdick's slow contemptuous smile, hard as a blow. The young man's breath came, suddenly choking, his hands clenched at his sides, he was hardly aware of the girl, nor that Pam's eyes turned questioningly from one to the other.

"I'm an old friend of Horace Byram of Utica," Mr. Fosdick's dry voice had a hint of mockery in it. "I don't seem to remember you, sir, as — a Byram!"

Mark's white face defied him. "You know I'm not a Byram, Mr. Fosdick," he said in a low voice, hardly controlled; it shook a little with the passion that was choking him.

* * *

Old Fosdick cackled; the sound was as unmirthful as the startled screech of a frightened hen. But he adventured no farther; he saw the look in Mark's eyes; he turned his thin old shoulders toward him and smiled crinkingly at Pam.

"How's your aunt, my dear?" he asked dryly, suggestively, his attitude — excluding Mark from the conversation — seemed to say: "you're in bad company, my child; go home!"

Pam was flushed; her lip trembled a little but she forced a smile. "I'm going to meet her now — I was on my way when—" she did not speak the name, "Byram," again, it seemed unlucky — "I've got to go now!" She turned to Mark. "Couldn't someone call me a taxi?" she asked hurriedly; "I'm conscience-stricken when I think of Aunt Lynn waiting!"

"I'll get a taxi for you myself," Mark said promptly; he was minded to leave her alone with his enemy; let Fosdick do his worst!

* * *

He left them standing by the table, the girl trying to make talk, plainly agitated; the old man's thin, black-clad back still squarely on the retreating offender.

"Hang him!" Mark thought violently; "it's like giving up — but he can have his chance. She's got to know; I've been a sneak!" His sheer rage at Fosdick did not blind him to own iniquity.

Traffic was congested outside, and the doorman took quite a while to summon a taxi. It seemed interminable to Mark, wondering how bad Fosdick was making it.

"If I'd told myself!" he fumed. "Well, I deserve it — it was a black thing to do!"

"Here it is, sir, one of the new rate ones, too!"

* * *

Mark swung through the revolving doors of the vestibule and made his way toward the alcove. Fosdick's back was still there, turned his way, and Pam was opposite, a little flushed, a little ill at ease, he could see that. He felt a sickening dread of the enlightened look she might give him, but, as he came up, she smiled, relief in her eyes.

"The taxi?" she asked quickly.

"It's waiting for you." Mark wanted to tap Fosdick on the shoulder and force him to turn, but the old lawyer managed, cleverly, to shake hands with Pam without apparently seeing him at all. He was treating the young man like an offensive cockroach, to be ignored when it could not be conveniently crushed.

The red was staining Mark's cheek as he walked down the room with Pam. They did not speak, tables were filled up, and, once or twice they had to pass single file between them, but he thought she knew; he could feel a change in her. Outside the door he stopped her. The street was crowded but they were alone together for all that.

"I've got something to say to you," he said hoarsely; "I suppose you know it?"

She looked up at that, her eyes gravely perplexed. She shook her head.

"Didn't Fosdick tell you?"

"No!"

They looked at each other. Bitterness and shame and blind rage at the old lawyer seemed suddenly swept clean away; Mark only knew that he loved Pam!

"Of course you saw that something was—wrong?"

She gave hm a sweet, frank look, putting out her hand. "I thought he was—horrid!" she cried warmly.

He held her hand close a moment and kept it to help her into the taxi. He could not tell her there—in the street!

She smiled at him from the cavernous depths of the checkered black and yellow monster. "You're coming to see me? Let me see—I'm home tomorrow afternoon, five o'clock."

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How Can I?

By ANNE ASHLEY

Q. How can I soften hard water?

A. Hard water can be softened with washing soda. Borax is also good.

Q. How can I loosen stubborn windows?

A. When the weather stripping causes a window to stick, making it difficult to open or close, dip a cloth in hot parafin and rub it along the stripping. It works like magic.

Q. How can I make a remedy for sore throat?

A. Gargle with a warm solution of salt water. Or dissolve one teaspoonsful flour of sulphur in hot milk and sip slowly.

Q. How can I clean tinware?

A. Kerosene is an excellent cleaner for tinware. It leaves a brilliant polish.

Q. How can I remove scorched spots from clothing?

A. Onion juice will often remove scorched spots from garments, if applied immediately.

Q. How can I get chickens, or other fowl, perfectly clean when dressing them?

A. Rub them thoroughly with baking soda and then wash off with lukewarm water.

The Hawaiian Islands were built up by volcanic action from a point about 16,000 feet below the level of the sea.

THE BRIDE WORE COTTON

Here comes the bride — dressed in eyelet-embroidered cotton with organdy sleeves which proves once again that cotton isn't used solely for frocks and aprons to wear about the house. Alfandri of Montreal designed this number.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

JESUS' CONCERN FOR ALL

February 4
Matthew 9:1, 9-13, 18-26

Golden Text. — Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this in the law and the prophets.—Matthew 7:12

The most concise account of our Lord's life consists of one sentence only; "He went about doing good and healing". Previous to our lesson we find the people prayed that Jesus would depart out of their midst. Jesus does not remain where he is not wanted, and he entered into a ship and came to his own city.

Jesus passed Matthew, who was busy in the employ of the Roman government collecting taxes. Only two words were spoken "Follow me" and without hesitation Matthew left all to follow Jesus. Let us not be too busy with earthly pursuits to hear the call "Take up thy cross and follow me". Luke tells us Matthew "made him a great feast in his house". Matthew celebrated this memorable occasion by inviting all his friends to come and get acquainted with the Lord Jesus. Is it not a challenge to us to tell friends of the Saviour?

* * *

The Pharisees who were constantly watching Jesus asked his disciples why their Master should eat with sinners. For anyone to talk or sit with sinners who practiced the laws of purification, was an act of defilement. Jesus put them to silence with the words "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick". But there are many who consider themselves whole as the pharisees did, and know not that they are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked".

"Go ye and learn" was a rebuke to those who prided themselves in their education and knowledge of the scriptures. Jesus refers them to Hos. 6:6, where the prophet taught that God loved mercy more than sacrifice. Jesus goes on to state his purpose "Not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance". Of course this included all, as "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

* * *

The Pharisees had come to criticize, but this ruler came for help and to worship Jesus. He recognized the fact that even though the child might be dead, a touch of the Master's hand was sufficient to restore her. On His way to where the child lay a woman of similar faith who had been suffering for many years touched the hem of his garment and was instantly healed.

Arriving at the home of the ruler, they found that the girl had been pronounced dead, and many friends had gathered. When Jesus mentioned that she only sleepeth, they ridiculed him. God cannot work in an atmosphere of scorn, and not until they were put out did Jesus restore the child to life.

Needless to say the news of this wonderful miracle spread throughout the land.

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ISSUE 5—1945

Outstandingly Good
"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Last Saturday was such a lovely day—a day that was good to be out in—so I announced my intention of walking to town. Partner laughed "You won't walk very far," he said. "Why not?" I inquired.

"Well, have you forgotten there's a political convention in town today? There will be cars by the dozen on the road!"

Sure enough I had hardly left our own gate when I was offered a ride. And I don't mind telling you I was glad to accept it because I was carrying five dozen eggs and already they were much heavier than when I left home. I didn't know my Samaritan driver at all — and I didn't inquire whether he was Liberal or Tory — it was enough for me that he was a gentleman and with a young boy along to satisfy the proprieties.

* * *

We got to town, and my goodness, you wouldn't think there were any bad roads in the country, that is, judging by the number of cars on the street. They were parked from one end of town to the other. But I had little time to waste so I hurrieid along, did my shopping, had a cup of tea with a friend and was then ready for home.

Just as I got back to Main Street, party satellites were coming away from the Town Hall. I went into one of the stores to pick up a few parcels and what a kick I got out of watching the passers-by from my hide-out!

* * *

Now I wouldn't go so far as to say I could tell which of the people I saw were Conservatives, Liberals, or C.C.F.'s. But I can assure you it was very obvious which were Conservatives and which were not. It was downright comical. Any other Saturday you would see farmers in groups talking as freely and easily as you please. But not this Saturday. There were groups of men talking —yes—but they were all in their "good' clothes and looking very pleased with themselves, and obviously all of one party. Presently a man in overalls would come along, give the group he was passing a furtive glance, accompanied by an almost imperceptible nod. His nod would be returned by one equally perfunctory accompanied by a glance at once self-conscious and condescending. It was as good as a play to watch — and the players so unconscious of it all

* * *

Then began the trek out of town —but I noticed it was only the men in overalls who appeared to be in any hurry. The men who were "dressed" were apparently loath to leave their buddies.

The real climax of this little story will come on Monday night when another party convention is being held — and I haven't a doubt the furtive glances and the condescension will then be in reverse.

Of course it wasn't long before I had to think about getting a ride home. But with whom? I really wasn't particular. Far be it from me to criticise or dislike any person on account of his party or creed. I think there is enough room in the world for all of us. However just as I was considering taking my chance on the open road, I saw a well-known team coming along, box sleigh attached. It was our neighbour and a ride home in the open air suited me just fine.

Cheese was made in some form or other before the Christian era by Jews, Greeks and Romans.

The Bookshelf...

The Master Of The Mill

Frederick Philip Grove

The brilliant Canadian author of Our Daily Bread has built an extremely skilful novel around the widely differing careers and characters of three generations of mill-owners whose fortunes grew swiftly with the growth of Canada.

There is the mean and ruthless founder of the mill around whose grain elevators the town becomes a teeming city; his son who becomes a senator and whose engineering genius the old man uses without a nod of thanks; and his grandson, Sir Edmund, third master of the mill, reared in luxury, who wields the immense power of the mill with his grandfather's realistic unscrupulousness. Mr. Grove uses with telling ease the recollections of the aging senator, of Sir Edmund's wife, and of an outsider to give a full, rounded picture built up in much the same way as is a story that one hears by word of mouth about an intriguing situation, many sided, which the people who lived or watched it never tire of discussing.

The Master of the Mill . . . By Frederick Philip Grove . . . The Macmillan Company of Canada . . . Price $3.25.

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