MACDONALD'S
BRIER
Canada's Standard Smoke

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER VIII

Fosdick, making his way back to that hive where he had his office, growled to himself like an angry bear.

"I thought better of him than that!" he said to himself bitingly. "Assumed name—making love to a girl! Always thought him guilty, but he was a boy and the old man may have been provoking; was mighty provoking somtimes. Now he's a man—no excuse at all! I ought to tell Burleson; she's his niece."

He suddenly decided to go down to the great Trust Company building where Burleson held sway. Fosdick had been doing a little business for him and Burleson had telephoned several times for him to come over and close it up.

* * *

Burleson was affable; he wanted to see him, he said about the Grant Barton estate. Fosdick almost laughed; he had come about Mark Grant. For fifteen years the executors had held the Barton money in trust; the only heir was in jail. Burleson recalling some details about it now, looked across the table at his colleague.

"Isn't it near time for that boy to be out?" he asked suddenly.

"He's out."

Burleson was perceptibly startled. "Since when?"

"Four or five weeks I think—maybe more." Fosdick drummed on the table with his fingers; he was considering whether he would tell Burleson all about it or not. "He came here to get his aunt's money; you remember she left him about twenty thousand — more or less."

* * *

Burleson shook his head; he had shifted his chair a little and lay back in it now, thinking.

"He hasn't thought of claiming Barton's money yet, has he?"

"He says he won't until he's cleared," Fosdick's smile widened.

"Cleared?" Burleson did not smile. "The deuce! Does he expect to clear himself after fifteen years?"

"He probaby knows he can't be cleared at all," Fosdick replied affably "and he's talking bluff!"

"But he hasn't tried to get that money," Burleson persisted.

"Oh, he will!" Fosdick retorted testily; "of course he will!"

There was a long pause and then Burleson said flatly: "I think he should have it."

Fosdick looked at him thoughtfully, something like a twinkle in his eye, "I didn't know you liked him. You testified against him, Burleson."

"That's neither here nor there," said the great man bluntly; "he was seventeen, wasn't he? What's he like now?"

* * *

Fosdick considered. "He's big, good looking; got a snap to him. You wouldn't know him. I advised him to go West."

Burleson nodded. It seemed to Fosdick that he had aged lately; he was less erect, less keen.

"The West is the best place for him; he can live it down out there. Fifteen years, isn't it? By Jove!" Burleson drew a long breath, "it's a slice out of any man's life!"

Burleson swung back in his chair, staring out of the window. "Look here," he said slowly, "if he needs a little help—you understand? A fresh start. I don't want my name used, but I'll give it to him."

Fosdick stared. Then he laughed dryly. "Would you like to see him at your house?" he asked maliciously; a perverse imp had, so far, kept him silent. It was amusing to imagine the great man's surprise.

"At my house?" Burleson frowned. "No! What do you mean by that?"

"You wouldn't know him if he came, that's all," Fosdick replied coolly, "especially if he changed his name."

* * *

Burleson nodded. "Is he considering that?"

"Decidedly," Fosdick laughed; "I think he's done it already."

"Well, I don't know as I'd blame him for that either!" He glanced out of the window again absently. It was plain that his mind was preparing to exclude Fosdick. "When you get those shares come up and we'll talk it over. I may buy a few more," he said, shortly, reverting to their prevous business.

Fosdick rose; he understood his dismissal. Suddenly he made up his mind not to tell Burleson about Mark yet. But he stopped at the door to send a shaft back.

"You'll have to get someone else to help you out with Grant—if you want to start him—I've always believed him guilty, you know."

Burleson frowned slightly. "That shouldn't keep you from being fair," he said bruskly; "it was unpremeditated; he's been punished".

After Fosdick went Burleson rose from his seat and stared out of the window. It was beginning to spit snow. He summoned his secretary, gave a few sharp orders and left his office.

* * *

He began to walk steadily uptown and the dash of snow in the air invigorated him.

The crowds were thinning a little now, as he made his way uptown, but still they hemmed him in and he felt that singular loneliness which assails the wayfarer in a city throng. He was an old man. and his wife and his children were long since dead; it seemed to him, sometimes, that a singular ill luck, in that respect, had pursued him. He had lost three sons. He had no heir, he had made up his mind to leave his estate, the major part of it, to Pam. She was not a blood relation, only his wife's niece, but the girl had crept into his heart and softened it; she was the only one for whom he felt real tenderness; the only one for whom he would have made a sacrifice.

* * *

He was progressing steadily when someone brushed against him in the crowd, laughed saucily and caught his sleeve. It was Pam herself.

"I've been chasing you half a block, Uncle Herbert!" she panted.

His face softened; he was often amazed at his own weakness for this girl; he drew her hand through his arm.

"You ought to go home, miss; it's going to snow hard!" His tone to her was always kind, different; she knew it—a sour, hot tempered old man, too!

She laughed. "I love snow! I've been out with Aunt Lynn—you know what that means!"

"A socially conducted journey, eh?" he smiled grimly. "You're a little rebel, Pam."

"Uncle Herbert, I wish you'd tell Aunt Lynn that I'm old enough to go where I please and—and Archie Landon hasn't any business to dictate about my friends!"

"So Landon meddles, does he? I thought the boy had more sense."

"He hasn't any! In the first place, he brought a friend of his to the house. Then he talks to Aunt Lynn because I lunched with his guest today—if you please!"

* * *

"I see! You've been lunching out with a man and got into trouble with your aunt. That's it, isn't it?"

"I've got a right to lunch with anyone, haven't I?" Pam tossed her head, then she laughed. "You see, the trouble is I can't be sly—someone always sees me! Archie Landon saw me today; so did that hateful old Fosdick of yours!"

Burleson looked down at the charming, flushed face critically.

"Fosdick didn't talk, young lady; he's just been to my office. Old men are wiser than young ones, after all!"

"I wouldn't care a pin for Landon," said Pam hotly, "only it's mean—he brought the man himself."

(To Be Continued)

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How You Can Get Quick Relief From Sore, Painful Piles

Most people seem to think the only way to get relief from their sore, painful piles is by local treatment. Local treatment may give temporary relief from the itching but you can easily see why such treatment wil not correct the cause of your piles.

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For The Valentine Party

Apple Butter Stacks

1 recipe bran pastry
1 cup apple butter
1 4-ounce package cream cheese
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Roll bran pastry on floured board to ⅛ inch thickness. Cut with large cutter into heart-shaped pieces. Prick and bake in hot oven (50 F.) about 10 minutes or until light brown. Cool. Put hearts together with apple butter between, using a stack of three for each serving. Spread cream cheese softened with lemon juice on top of stack. Serve at once.

Bran Pastry

¼ cup bran
1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
4 tablespoons cold water, more or less

Roll bran until fine; combine with flour and salt. Cut in shortening. Add water a little at a time, until dough is moist enough to hold together.

Bran Honey Wafers

½ cup butter
½ cup brown sugar
¾ cup bran
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon all-spice

Cream shortening and sugar together for one minute; cool. Crush bran slightly. Sift flour with soda and spices and add to first mixture with the bran; mix thoroughly; chill.

Roll dough on floured board to about 1/16 inch thickness. Cut with floured cookie cutter and bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven (350 F.) about ten minutes.

Yield: 5 dozen cookies (2¼ inches in diameter.)

Note: Dough is excellent for cutting fancy shaped cookies because it holds its shape.

Powder Puffs

Old powder puffs have a new use in this day and age. Washed and dried they make handy polishers for shoes or will come in handy when cleaning up the family silver.

ISSUE 6—1945

Friday Special!
WAR STAMPS .25¢
at your GROCER'S
"SALADA"
TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Having a soldier son go overseas has its compensations — that is if you have plenty of friends and relations in the Old Country, as we have. It is nice to get first hand information of those whom we have not seen for so long — and it is nice to know that our son has somewhere to go where he is sure of a welcome. Family contacts mean a great deal to us all, especially at this time.

Bob was able to get four days leave to visit his grandmother, and other relations. Grandma is eighty-seven and Bob writes of her — "she is so old and so wise but the air-raids have shattered her nerves badly so that she is not able to speak distinctly." But still the two of them enjoyed each other's company so much — after a separation of fifteen years. Sometimes I wonder if there is a special affinity between the very old and the very young — an understanding which is not possible to those whom a lesser number of years divides.

* * *

Son Bob also visited a very great friend of mine who took him around to some of the historic places in that district — places which may be known to a few readers of this column. Christ church Catherdral was one of them, built in 1903. The beautiful stained glass windows are still there. They were lucky enough to get permission to climb to the top of the tower and into the belfry where they saw the big clock wound up by hand and were right behind it when it struck the half-hour Westminster chimes. One hundred and forty-three steps took them to the top of the one hundred and fourteen-foot tower and from it they could look all over the town and across the channel. They also went over the old Priory which Bob described as one of the most wonderful places he ever expects to see. He was thrilled with it all.

I expect you will feel as we do, that it is really marvellous so many of these fine old buildings have survived the terrific bombings to which little old England has been subjected for so long. Will our modern buildings last as long?

Following Bob's letter came one from Grandma, or rather from her daughter who lives with her, and she was so distressed because the house was very cold when Bob got there — and because the blackouts and indoor air-raid shelter have spoiled the appearance of their home. Naturally that doesn't worry us so much as hearing of the house being cold. The old lady has been staying in bed until after dinner for some time in order to conserve fuel. Knowing that, it doesn't make us feel any more comfortable when we hear over the radio that England has recently experienced one of the coldest and stormiest winters in its history. Doesn't it make one feel ashamed to grumble at the inconveniences that our Canadian winter has caused us when we have little other reason for complaint.

And yet being human, we still grumble. Last week we had two nice days — and how we enjoyed them. And now, here we are, snowed in as bad as ever.

JAP SCOURGER

Called the hardest-hitting admiral in Vice-Adml. Marc Mitscher's Third Fleet, Rear Adml. Joseph James ("Jocko") Clark, above, commands a carrier task force that has consistently blasted Iwo Jima and Chichi Jima, Jap islands north of Saipan.

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You can often check a cold quickly if you follow these instructions.

Just as soon as you feel the cold coming on and experience headache, pains in the back or limbs, soreness through the body, take a Paradol tablet, a good big drink of hot lemonade or ginger tea and go to bed.

The Paradol affords almost immediate relief from the pains and aches and helps you to get off to sleep. The dose may be repeated, if necessary, according to the directions. If there is soreness of the throat, gargle with two Paradol tablets dissolved in water. Just try Paradol the next time you have a cold and we believe that you will be well pleased. Paradol does not disappoint.

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