Help The Red Cross

"SALADA" TEA

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER XII

Pam had ordered her little tea-table carried into the library. She rarely made tea there unless Burleson asked it, but today he was out and the great fireplace tempted her. It was a gray day and the leap of the fire would be like the heart of a welcome — warm and bright. It was nearly five o'clock. She had barely time to give a few more dainty touches to her tea-table. Her eye caught the glimmer of the green jade god on her uncle's library table. The sight of it recalled his face yesterday, the sudden red streak between his brows; she stood an instant looking at the curious little green image, its uncanny, elfish face, its pointed beard, green as seaweed, its perfect hands. It squatted as an Oriental god should, and the light from the fire gleamed on its bald jade head. Suddenly fancy seized her; she lifted it and put it gently down on her table beside the flowers.

"Uncle can lend it to me for an hour anyway," she thought, and glancing again at the clock, forgot it.

* * *

Mark was coming! Her heart was beating; in spite of herself she felt a tremor of uneasiness. She tried to thrust out disturbing thoughts, but old Fosdick's manner, his treatment of the man, had been so — so disconcerting; She was a little disturbed still, though her eyes were shining, when there was a stir in the hall, the lifting of a portiere, a new voice, and then the tall man with the level eyes.

She held out a frank hand. "I'm so glad you could come!" she said; "I thought it might be hard for you to find the time."

He took her hand and held it, looking down into her eyes.

"It's been a thousand times harder to stay away," he replied simply, "and I've tried — I never meant to come here again!"

She gave him a questioning look; the firelight caught her face and showed it ivory pale.

"I don't know what you mean, but you'll tell me?" she breathed softly.

"I came to tell you."

"Sit down then, let me give you a cup of tea," her voice faltered.

"No!" he said quickly.

Suddenly, impulsively, she put her hand out and touched his arm.

"It can't be as bad as that — and I'm your friend!" she assured him sweetly.

* * *

He caught her hand and kissed it passionately; then he let it drop and folded his arms.

"I'm not fit to do that," he said harshly, "I've played a part."

Then he told her the simple truth about his meeting with Landon and Banks, and the wager.

"I was nothing but a shabby imposter, even my name's false," he said bitterly. "I don't deserve to be spoken to. It burns me up with shame. I made a vow I wouldn't come back here under false pretenses. I was going away when you met me the other day. You ought to refuse to speak to me!"

She seemed to consider this, for she said nothing for a while, and her silence hurt him.

"I can't understand," she said in a low voice, "why a man like you should come here like that! To let yourself be — well, be brought here on a wager."

"To make you understand that I'd have to tell you the story of my life," he replied hoarsely, "the whole story!"

"Yes?" she said, gravely, interrogatively.

He straightened up, his haggard eyes met hers. "My God, I — I can't do that!" he cried brokenly; "I'm a coward — I can't do that!"

* * *

But she was silent, waiting. The girl's quiet attitude, the curve of her cheek turned toward him, gave no hint of the turmoil in her own mind. She recalled — too vividly — Fosdick's attitude, his lean old black-clad shoulder turned on the younger man, the biting mockery of his tone when he repeated the name, "Byram," a false name, as she knew now. She was shaken with dismay, yet his very presence there appealed to her, reassured her belief in him.

"What is your name?" she asked him, in a low voice, watching him.

He lifted his head. Would this end it? Would she know at once?

"Mark Grant," he replied slowly, letting the two words drop into the silence. Then he turned and looked at her. She did not know! How could she? It was fifteen years ago! The relief of her ignorance made his heart leap; she did not recoil, she did not look abhorrance at him, the name meant nothing to her. She was still concerned with the wager.

"I can't see how you came to do it," she repeated. "Teddy Banks—" her gesture was disdainful — "and Landon, I know them! But you—"

* * *

"If it will help you to understand, I'll tell you that I had eighty cents in my pocket that night; my aunt had left me a legacy but I couldn't get it at once. I was a bit of driftwood, alone in the city, ripe for mischief, it seems. There's no excuse. I make none, but this—" he lifted his head — "I never thought of meeting you!"

Their eyes met and held each other ;she could see the flicker of the flame in his.

"You're not telling me all!" she cried impulsively, and then, remembering herself, "don't! I don't ask it; I—" she held out her hand — "I'm still your friend."

"You forgive me for — coming here like that?" he exclaimed.

She nodded; she could not speak, for he had her hand in both his; she could feel the emotion that shook him. But still he did not speak.

"I think you must have had some reason for it," she said simply; "I can't believe ill — of you."

"Don't look at me like that!" he exclaimed; "turn your eyes away! For I've no right to speak to you until I tell you — I've been in prison."

In the silence a log fell from the andirons and a mass of sparks flew up the black throat of the chimney. He did not look at her — he waited. Then he heard her voice, and it was astonishingly clear and cheerful.

(To Be Continued)

NEW BEAUTY FOR OLD CURTAINS WITH ALL-FABRIC Tintex CURTAIN ECRU
ESPECIALLY MADE FOR CURTAINS – WORKS LIKE MAGIC
45-3
THE PERFECT CURTAIN DYES

Headache
Nothing is more depressing than headaches... Why suffer?... Lambly's will give instant relief. Lambly's is good for earache, toothache, pains in back, stomach, bowels.
Oh, my Head!
LAMBLY'S HEADACHE POWDERS 10

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.

No lasting freedom from pile can be had unless the cause of the trouble is corrected. Piles are due to intestinal causes so the best way to get lasting relief is to treat them internally with a medicine like Hem-Roid.

Hem-Roid is a formula that has been used for over 40 years by thousands of pile sufferers It is a small, highly concentrated tablet, easy and pleasant to use. This cleverly compounded tablet formula directs its medical action to relief of the congestion that is the real cause of your piles. Hem-Roid promotes free, easy and comfortable bowel movements, quickly relieves itching irritation and soreness and stimulates better blood circulation in the lower bowel. With good blood circulation in the lower bowel, the painful pile tumors soon heal over leaving the sensitive rectal membranes clean and healthy.

We invite you to try Hem-Roid and let it prove itself. You can make your test, in the privacy of your own home. NO COST if you are not convinced that this is an amazingly easy and surprisingly effective method of treating your sore, painful piles.

Posed by a Professional Model

Get a package of Hem-Roid today from any drug store and use it as directed for JUST FIVE DAYS. At the end of that time if you are not absolutely sure Hem-Roid is the nicest, cleanest and most effective pile treatment you ever tried, return the unused portion of the package to your druggist and he will promptly refund your money.

NOTE: This generous offer is backed by a reliable firm doing business in Canada for a good many years. Hem-Roid must help your pile condition quickly, easily and pleasantly or this simple, easy test costs you nothing. Try it today.

MASCOT OF THE IRISH

Canadians in Italy have many types of mascots with their regiments. One of the most common to be seen in rest areas are Italian youngsters ranging in age from 6 to 12 years, decked out in real Canadian uniforms. Some have even acquired the rank of Corporal and Sergeant. They may be seen strutting through the streets with grown-up soldiers and here is little Remo, mascot of the Irish Regiment of Canada, examining the bugle of Bandsman James Bennett of Toronto.

TABLE TALKS

Use Apples When Fruit Is Scarce

When variety of fruits is at its lowest ebb apples rank high, and the number of ways in which they can be used is legion. Two of the nicest ways are suggested in these recipes fom the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

Applesauce Cake

½ cup mild-flavoured fat
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
1½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
OR 1 2/3 cups sifted pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 tablespoons cocoa
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup thick sweetened applesauce
½ cup raisins (optional)

Cream fat thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add well-beaten egg. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the applesauce to the first mixture. If raisins are used, sift a little of the dry ingredients over them before adding to cake mixture. Bake in square pan 8 in. by 8 inches in a moderate oven, 350°F, for 45-50 minutes.

Apple Sunshine

6 medium apples
¼ cup water
½ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

Peel, core and slice apples, add water and cook till tender. Add sugar, butter, salt, lemon rind and juice. Beat until smooth or rub through a sieve. Cool slightly, stir in the well-beaten egg yolks, and turn into a baking dish. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, add the 2 tablespoons sugar gradually, continuing to beat. Pile on top of first mixture and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325°F, until the top is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold. Six servings.

Tortured man gets help!

Lemon Juice Mixed at Home Relieved RHEUMATIC PAIN says Sufferer!

"I have used ALLENRU for several months. I could hardly walk on account of my knees. But now those pains are relieved. I can go like a race horse now," Mort Shepard.

Don't be a victim of the pains and aches caused by rheumatism, lumbago or neuritis without trying this simple, inexpensive recipe you can mix at home. Two tablespoons of ALLENRU, plus the juice of ½ lemon in a glass of water. Your money back if not entirely satisfied. Just 85¢ at all drug stores Buy ALLENRU today.

ISSUE 10—1945

A Simple Solution Of Ageless Problem

One Sunday afternoon, in order to have a little rest, Daddy tore a picture of the map of the world from a newspaper, cut it into a number of odd-shaped pieces, and sent Joan into the living-room to "put the world together again," writes Paul Speicher in 'The Peninsula Light.' He hoped for an hour of quiet, but in five minutes Joan was back, announcing that the map of the world was all laid out on the floor.

"How did you get the world together so quickly?" asked her father.

"That was easy," exulted Joan. "I turned the pieces over, and on the other side I saw a picture of a man. I just put the man together right, and when the man was together right, the world was right."

Carbon monoxide gas from automobile exhausts is responsible for three deaths daily in the United States.

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

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

The good brown earth is with us yet — as to that we were beginning to have some doubt — it is so long since we had seen it — but today there are patches showing up here and there; a grey-brown circle at the base of the chestnut tree; little bits of ploughed land appearing in the kitchen garden; small patches looming up darkly from the otherwise snow-covered fields that were ploughed last fall. And, while we may be overly optimistic, we think by present indications that many of our mountains of snow may get away without creating any serious flood conditions. If that be so, it will indeed be something to be thankful for.

* * *

And do you know the crows are out again? Those noisy troublesome birds that are such a pest in summer but so welcome in winter because we credit them with a foreknowledge of spring, which they probably think is somewhere just around the corner.

* * *

It will be nearly a month before our baby chickens arrive — and when they come they will be sexed pullets. Partner and I never agree when the time comes each year to order chickens. Partner always wants plenty of cockerels. I would rather be without male birds altogether and raise only pullets. However we generally compromise by ordering mixed chickens. But this year we are both having our own way. We are getting pullets in March and cockerels in May. I always say that by having both sexes together the cockerels are raised at the expense of the pullets, even when they are too young to be separated. The greedy little males always boss their poor little sisters at every turn, crowding around the feed troughs, showing by their actions it doesn't matter who gets left as long as they don't. And do they eat! Just about twice as much as the wee pullets. But still, if no one raised these bossy young cockerels, there wouldn't be any roast chickens on our tables, would there? We can always sell more dressed chickens than we raise so I feel I have to overcome my aversion and fall in line with Partner's ideas, but always with a grim satisfaction that those strutting, gluttonous birds will finally get their deserts.

* * *

Oh dear—my heart practically skipped a beat just now. Partner opened the front door suddenly and called out "Bob—where are you going?"

"Bob" I thought, "our Bob—was it possible?" I ran to the door. No, it wasn't our Bob—it was young John's brother, looking for John.

You will understand why I was startled when I tell you it is four weeks since we heard from Son Bob. We don't know where he is—only that he is probably on one of the fighting fronts. His last letter told us only that it would be some time before he could write again. And that is war for the women who wait — anxiety, uncertainty suspense.

According to receords for the last half century, Aug. 31 has been the wettest day of the year for England.

HUSBANDS ENJOY the stimulating flavor of Maxwell House Coffee. Its All Purpose Grind is suitable for any type of coffee maker. The Wartime Bag saves you money.

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$75. per month and board and comfortable private quarters. We have other help. Experience with children and references necessary. Write Mrs. G. F. Mills, 25 Bayview Wood, Toronto, Ontario.

WILLIAMS CAMPHORATED MUSTARD CREAM
gives quick relief to back pains, caused by strains or exposure to cold, preventing rheumatic or muscular lumbago complications. One application gives results.
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FOR COUGHS COLDS- YOU CAN'T BEAT BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

Get fast triple-action relief from MUSCULAR PAIN!

WHEN you suffer from aching, aggravating muscular pain, you want quick relief. An Instantine tablet taken with water, will usually bring this relief. And Instantine's help doesn't stop here, because this prescription-type medicine is specially compounded to give triple-action relief these ways:

1. Speedily eases pain.
2. Prolongs relief from pain.
3. Reduces "depressed feeling." Gives mild, stimulating "lift."

Instantine quickly relieves headache pain, too. And you can rely on it for prompt aid in fighting off the discomfort that comes with a cold. All drugstores. 12 tablets 25¢.

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