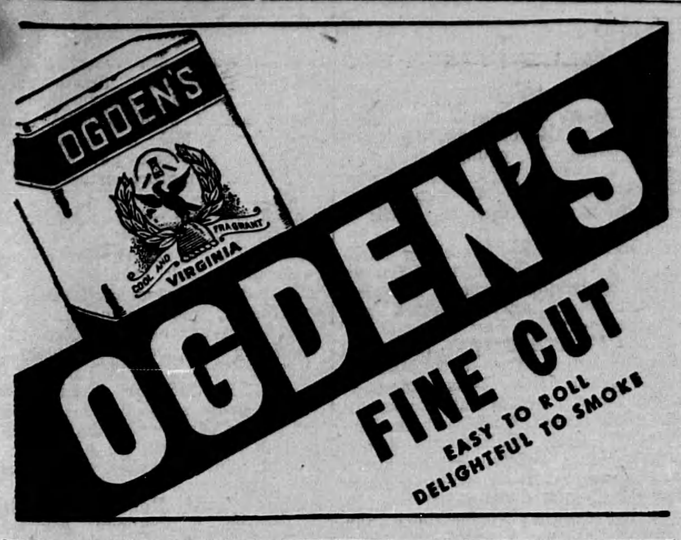

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIV

For the last twenty minutes, while the jade god was meeting its fate, Landon's taxi had been speeding uptown. Landon himself was no longer impatient; he was glad of this chance to order his thoughts. It seemed certain that the bird had flown. In that case, was there any harm done? If Pam liked him she would have to forget him. It was plain to Landon that Mark's courage had failed.

"He didn't want to face the unmasking," he thought shrewdly; "he knew I'd have to do it."

Yet he was uneasy; so uneasy that he had made up his mind to see Mrs. Lynn and feel his way, find out if she knew anything, and if Mark Grant had been there again. If he suspected any effort to hold on to his acquaintance, he would denounce the convict rather than risk his making love to Pam Rodney. The thought made Landon furious; he was still stinging from the tone of her refusal and was ripe for mischief when the taxi drew up at the house.

* * *

At the door he got his first shock; Mrs. Lynn was at home but she was not alone; they had company—"a gentleman." Landon found out who it was without difficulty, and his blood boiled. He had intended to wait in the reception room, but, as he entered it, he heard the crash of the jade god in the library and a startled cry from Pam. Landon cast prudence to the winds; he passed the servant who was going to announce him, lifted the portiere and apppeared in the library. No one noticed him. Burleson had tottered as the jade god fell, his gray face was distorted with the red streak, his eyes flamed. He put out a long hand, a hand that used to be powerful, grasped the back of a chair and leaned on it. He was breathing audibly.

"You're ill!" cried Mrs. Lynn; "Pam, telephone for the doctor—your uncle's ill!"

"I'm not ill," Burleson said thickly, but his hands went to his throat, he sank heavily into his chair, his eyes fastened on Mark. "You — go away!" he exclaimed furiously.

Palm ran to him. "Uncle, what is it? Tell us!" she pleaded.

Mark had not moved. His eyes were fastened on the shattered green bits on the floor and there was something akin to anguish in his face, Burleson would never speak!

Mrs. Lynn, still in a panic, fled to the telephone. "We must have a doctor for you, Herbert," she cried, and came face to face with Landon.

The young man was standing at the threshold, one hand still on the portiere, his face livid. He did not understand the scene, but he believed that Mark had come there to carry off Pam, that he was defying Burleson, and the girl loved him! It was the wildest fancy, but it kindled the spark.

"Why, Archie!" Mrs Lynn's startled exclamation broke the spell; she stopped with her hand on the telephone receiver and gazed at the young man in open amazement. All her rules were being broken. When had he come? Why had no one announced him?

* * *

Landon did not notice her expression. He had made up his mind to burn his bridges. He walked into the room and stood in front of Mark.

"You've no right to stay in this house," he said in a choked voice; "the sooner you go the better—unless you want me to tell them the truth about you."

Mark looked at him and through him. "My business here isn't with you, but with Mr. Burleson," he answered crisply; "after that—perhaps!"

"Your business is with me," Landon panted, "for I brought you here. I—" he swung around, facing Mrs. Lynn's frozen look, Burleson's streaked face and Pam's indignant eyes. "I owe you all an apology! I brought this fellow here by mistake; I didn't know the truth. He's an ex-convict"

* * *

Mrs. Lynn hung up the receiver hastily and stood quite still. No one else moved; the color deepened in Pam's face but her hand still rested on Burleson's shoulder.

"I've already told Miss Rodney that," said Mark, coolly; "you're a trifle late, Landon!"

"No, I'm not!" Landon retorted with a sudden wicked intuition; "you didn't tell the truth. Mr. Burleson, this man murdered his uncle for his money. Ask Fosdick—he knows."

A strange little sound like a moan came from the young girl; she crumpled to her knees beside her guardian's chair. Mark, disregarding them all, looked only at her. She had hidden her face in her hands and his heart turned cold; he had been right in his fears; she would not stand for this final awful charge; what woman would?

* * *

It seemed to freeze his emotions, even his anger, his contempt for Landon, grew cold. He put up his hand with a futile gesture, brushing back the hair on his forehead. He felt himself suddenly a convict, he might have been marching with his mates to the jail; the rest of it was a dream. Then he heard Landon's voice, shrill and womanish in its denunciation, and he longed to seize him—this puny product of society—and fling him out. He turned and looked at him with the contempt he felt, he was so big himself, he was so much of a pagan, as far as the world went, that it would have been nothing to pick the fellow up like a puppy by the neck. His hands clenched at his sides, his breast heaved; he had taken a step forward when Burleson's voice arrested him.

"You'd better go," the millionaire said slowly, "There's nothing to say—here!"

* * *

Mark met his eyes; he hated the man for his injustice. He knew that Burleson could have helped him. He remembered his testimony against him, and he had the jade god all the time! No one had thought of that.

Landon, shaken by what he saw in Mrs. Lynn's stiffening face, in Pam's bowed head, pursued his point.

"He was up for murder—fifteen years," he said, "he's just out."

Mark turned on him then, and something in his look made the other man give way. Unconsciously Landon stepped back and Mark passed him, taking his stand near the door before he turned to face them.

"He's told the truth; I'm an ex-convict and I was accused of killing my uncle," he said in a hard voice, "and this gentleman"—he indicated Landon scornfully—"introduced me here on a wager. That's all—quite all!" He stopped an instant, his eyes sought Pam and caught the lovely arch of her prone head beside her uncle's chair. She did not look up and a dull despair seized him. Not even she would believe in him!

"It's true," he said again in his hard voice, and his eyes flamed upon Landon, the wager-maker, the coward! "The convict bids you all good-bye."

Again he looked at the girl, but she had not moved. He caught the frozen horror in Mrs. Lynn's face, Burleson's grayness, Landon's anger and malice.

(To Be Continued)

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All neck and knees is this newborn giraffe as his mother, with loving care, nuzzles him. His arrival was a big event in the Washington, D. C., Zoo because he was first giraffe ever born there.

Things We Fight For

The Canadian Red Cross epitomizes the things we are, above all, fighting for: human survival, freedom of individual choice, mercy and beneficence.

No one is forced to participate in or contribute to the present Red Cross drive for $10 millions. Voluntarily helping support and ease the lives of others is one of man's most precious privileges; the finest flowering of our civilization.

The wartime services of the Canadian Red Cross in carrying out the finest ideals and noblest sentiments of the Canadian people have been great. Because of its work, many young Canadians now live; will, with peace, return to take their places in the task of unfolding this country's destiny.

But beyond Victory lies an enormous task for the Red Cross, responsibilities probably greater than ever: helping maintain Canadian prisoners of war during repatriation; assisting in European relief. The Blood Serum Service has saved thousands of soldier lives in war. The Red Cross hopes to continue this work in peace to save thousands of civilian lives.

Success of Red Cross work—hence success in collecting adequate funds from the public — is a matter in which every Canadian has a personal concern because none would contemplate the fund not succeeding. But its success requires the active, positive co-operation of all those who do not want it to fail; who do not want this work of mercy and of liberty to be halted.

— The Financial Post.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a lotion to use after a bath?

A. After bathing use the following lotion: 2 tablespoons of oatmeal in 2 quarts of water, boiled for 3 hours, then strained and cooled. Add juice of 1 lemon and 1 tablespoon of alcohol. The oatmeal softens the skin lemon juice whitens it, and alcohol removes that greasy appearance.

Q. How can I make flower pots waterproof?

A. By dipping the bottoms in melted paraffin. This closes the pores and prevents moisture from staining the surface of the table or other furniture.

Q. How can I test the purity of air in a room?

A By pouring some lime water into a glass. If a thin, white scum forms on top, there is an excess of carbonic acid in the air and a need of more ventilation.

Q How can I make a novelty salad?

A. Use a thick slice of pineapple for the base of the candlestick. Place half a banana upright for the candle, and top it with a marachino cherry. Place a life-saver mint in the pineapple as the handle. Serve with French dressing.

Q. How can I clean tinware?.

A. Make a paste of powdered whiting and ammonia, olive oil, or sweet oil. Dip a rag into this solution and rub the tin thoroughly. When dry, polish with a soft cloth.

'Rule of Thumb'

It comes from the brewers who, in the old days, and even now for all I know, sometimes used to test the temperature of the brew by dipping the thumb into the vat.

British Agriculture

British agriculture is at present the most highly mechanized in the world. The tractors in use have increased from 55,000 to 1939 to 70,000 in 1941, 165,000 in 1943 and over 200,000 to date.

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ISSUE 12—1945

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"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * * *

At long last we heard from our son. It was nearly five weeks. Time was measured not as from daylight to dark but from one mail time to another. When the long looked for letter finally arrived it was from Belgium and its said — "Don't worry about me — I am well and happy." Yes, we are quite sure our son is happy because he has attained his objective — that of driving a high powered lorry in a theatre of action. Bob had the choice of staying in England as a corporal or going to Belgium as a private. It just doesn't make sense. One would think it should be the other way around if men are to be encouraged to volunteer for active duty. Instead of that they are penalized.—or so it seems to us, but of course we may be wrong.

* * *

Another high-light of the week —the lane is open! For the first time in almost three months. Opening it looked like an impossible task but after nearly three days work the job was done. First they went up and down the lane with the discs to cut and loosen the snow preliminary to digging and shovelling Then Partner opened up ditches here and there while young John travelled the lane again with some contraption attached to the sleigh that scooped the snow to either side of the lane I never saw so much snow in our lane before. Now a lot of time is saved every morning since it is no longer necessary to hitch the team to take the milk to the road. The truck is driven in and the milk picked up at the gate.

* * *

And yet I still haven't driven to town. Really, I was afraid I might lose my way! However, I took our Lizzie to the nearest gas station for air — and to make sure I hadn't forgotten how to drive. So we are getting out by easy stages. Incidentally, Partner was used up for the rest of the week. After all we were warned that persons past fifty were not supposed to shovel snow. Apropos of that: we have a friend, a little over seventy, who keeps her sidewalk as clean as a whistle. One morning when she was thus actively engaged a neighbour came along and exclaimed — "Don't you know a person past fifty shouldn't shovel snow?"

"Yes, but I am only forty-eight!" retorted our friend. Well, maybe she was right. It is possible for a person young in years to be prematurely old and for one past the natural span to be young in spirit. As to that, a neighbour friend and I must be almost infantile! Just recently, we walked all the way to town and all the way back for the sole purpose of seeing a show. It was "Dragon Seed" — and after seeing on the screen something of the marvellous heroism and fortitude of the Chinese people our little walk didn't seem so much of a feat after all.

970

by Laura Wheeler

Yes, leather's scarce. So crochet your own bags in cordé! Onen is of two-inch medallions; the other (shell stitch) in three pieces.

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