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

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER XVII

"He wanted me—he wouldn't take me because of this. Uncle Herbert, I love him. Oh, please, please help me clear him!" She crumpled down again on her knees beside his chair, clinging to his hand sobbing. "I'm wretched!" she wept. "I wanted to go with him and he wouldn't take me!"

"Good heavens!" the old man murmured to himself. He felt no impulse of rage now, only the weakness that follows it. How extraordinary these new girls were! Then he added, aloud: "That's decent of him. I begin to like him, Pam."

"Oh, you'd like him. He's splendid; he's big—he's generous, and he's suffered! It isn't right, Uncle Herbert, where's your old suspect? Fat and sleek somewhere, getting older and older—no use presently—and all Mark's splendid youth gone like this."

"He'll live it down. He's young," Burleson argued hoarsely. "Besides, who knows? There are often deathbed confessions, one may clear him presently."

She scorned that. "Do you think a man who'd done that—and let youth suffer for it—would confess?" she demanded furiously.

* * *

He nodded, moving his long fingers restlessly on the arms of his chair. "He might, Pam."

"He wouldn't, Uncle Herbert, you'll clear him for me, won't you?"

"Do you care so much, child?"

She lifted that flowerlike face of hers. "It's killing me—he's so brave, I can't bear it, that he should be called—that!"

"Suppose I'd done it, Pam? Would you want me—at my time of life—to go out and confess it? When the boy's taken his punishment and he's only to start fresh?"

He leaned back in his chair, studying her. "I tell you what I can do, Pam," he said finally. "I've offered to do it already—told Fosdick I can help him to a new chance."

She scorned that. "You mean money? That's nothing! He can work—I know he'd rather."

"I didn't mean just money—I've got a little pull on the railways. I could help him to a good berth. I'm like you, in a way, I think he should have a new chance."

* * *

"I don't think anything matters half so much as his good name, Uncle Herbert." She was still on her knees beside him; she twined her arms about his arm and held him. "Who was the man you suspected?"

"That was only a suppositious case, Pam," he said hoarsely. "I suspect no one at all."

She gazed at him wide-eyed. "You're not telling me the truth, Uncle Herbert!"

"I'm not—what"? he asked fiercely, frowning.

"You're treating me like a baby. I'm not—I'm a woman and I love a man you helped send to prison. Yes, you did! You testified against him."

Burleson seized her young wrists and raised her to her feet; he had to rise to do it.

"Now, you listen! You go and sit down and listen! I'm going to put it up to you."

* * *

"Suppose I did help send this boy to prison," he said bitingly. "Suppose I testified against him—what then? It was mere routine. I knew his uncle well—I knew him—a little; he was a boy, tall, lanky, hot tempered, something of a daredevil and the uncle was hard and close as nails. He had a way of saying taunting things; he could be insulting—politely. Suppose then, someone killed him, struck him down, found that it fitted on to the nephew like a glove—he'd been there, and all that. Suppose he let it go at that, and the boy took the punishment, got through with it and had his chance to make his life over. D'you suppose the other man—secure and comfortable and rich—would step down to prison to clear him—after fifteen years?"

* * *

"No," she replied clearly, "I don't think he would unless you made him. He's too bad a man. A man who lets another suffer for him is wicked!"

"You're right. No one would. That's why it wouldn't do me any good to shout out suspicions at this day. The issue's dead. I couldn't induce any man to step down from his place and disgrace himself for a—nobody!"

"Wouldn't he?" She leaned back in her chair, her eyes brave. "I don't see why. He's got nothing to lose."

"Nothing to lose?" he repeated, astonished.

"No, nothing! He lost everything years ago when he let a young man suffer for him. He's worse than a murdered. He's a coward."

"You think you love this fellow?" he asked her dryly; "this convist?" he barked the word at her.

* * *

She tried to answer quietly, but her courage failed her, she broke down. "It's killing me to think of him—facing all this—and he wouldn't take me with him! It's terrible to face it—and to be alone, too!" she sobbed, and suddenly she stretched her arms out on the table and laid her head down on them, weeping violently.

Then she broke out again. "Someone did it—and I don't see how he can think of it, think of leaving Mark to face his sins, and sleep at night."

Burleson gave her a long look—a look she did not see.

"Maybe he doesn't, Pam," he said dryly. "Come to think of it, I don't believe he does!"

"He ought to die!" she cried fiercely. "He ought to have died long ago!"

"Good God!" said Burleson below his breath, and turned away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Are You Overtired

Whether you overwork, worry or expend your energies in the social whirl, the result is the same — chronic fatigue or nervous exhaustion.

Your nerves and bodily organs are also tired so that digestion fails and you lie awake at nights unable to sleep.

Perhaps there is nothing that can so definitely help you as Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD. Many people find this to be the case. Why not benefit by their experience.

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SITTER FOR SETTER

Mother instinct proved too strong in this red hen, owned by Mrs. Minnie Horton of Columbus, Ga. When her eggs failed to hatch she took over from the mother of these young pups, and now the dog is having a hard time getting back to her family . . . that is, until dinner time.

How Can I ? ?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent cloudy-looking mirrors?

A. Do not place mirrors where the sun shines directly on them. It will make the surface cloudy and spot it.

Q. How can I prevent sagging shoulders in sweaters?

A. The shoulders will not sag if a piece of ribbon, the length of the shoulder of the person from neck to armhole, is attached at each end of the ribbon to the sweater.

Q. How can I avoid a disagreeable odor of the oil stove?

A. When the oil stove gives off that disagreeable odor of oil, try dropping a small piece of gum camphor into the tank.

Q. How can I renovate a sealskin coat?

A. One can make last year's sealskin coat look like new by rubbing with hot salt. It will absorb the dirt.

Q. How can I prevent rusting of irons?

A. They will not rust when they are packed away for any length of time if they are rubbed with a little fat that contains no salt, such as muttonfat. Then wrap them in brown paper.

by Laura Wheeler

Why not have brand new slipcovers all ready to whisk over your chairs and sofas soon as Spring cleaning's finished? Start them now!

Any amateur can make slipcovers using Instructions 661 which tell you, step-by-step, how to cut, fit and finish slipcovers.

Send TWENTY CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

TABLE TALKS

Tea Biscuits . . . Tender and Fluffy

The home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, give some reasons for biscuit failures, and explicit ways of avoiding them.

Too much fat makes crumbly compact biscuits; however with too little fat they will not be tender, and the crust may be hard and pale in colour.

The amount of liquid determines the softness. Too much liquid may result in a hard crust and the biscuits will not hold their shape. Too little liquid results in a hard biscuit with a taste of uncooked flour.

The fat and flour must be blended lightly until the mixture resembles coarse meal. This can be done deftly with the fingers or with a special wire blender.

The shape and texture also depends largely on the way in which the dough is handled. A little kneading is necessary but only for about half a minute — to produce light fluffy, well shaped biscuits. If the dough is not kneaded the biscuits are apt to be crusty and flat but light, — but with too much handling they may be tough flat, and close grained.

Tea Biscuits

2 cups all-purpose flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons fat
⅔ cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in the shortening, using finger tips or a pastry blender, until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add milk slowly and mix to a soft dough. Roll to ½ inch thickness on a floured board. Cut, place in a baking sheet and bake in a very hot oven, 425°F, for 12 to 15 minutes.

Cheese Pinwheels

Roll biscuits dough into a rectangle ½ inch thick. Sprinkle with ½ cup grated cheese. Roll up like a jelly roll, cut into inch-thick slices and bake, cut side down.

Butterscotch Rolls

1 recipe tea biscuits
⅓ cup mild-flavoured fat, partly butter
⅓ cup firmly packed brown sugar

Prepare biscuit dough and roll into oblong piece, ¼ inch thick; spread with creamed mixture of fat and brown sugar. Roll as for jelly roll and cut in 1-inch slices; place slices in greased pan or muffin pans and bake it hot oven, 400°F, for 20 minutes.

Scorch Remover

The simplest solution for scorched clothes may be chilly, but it is effective. From your refrigerator get a piece of ice large enough to cover the scorched spot. Rub the ice back and forth over the discoloration until it has entirely gone. When all trace of the scorch has disappeared, press your article again, but this time be sure the iron is temperate. Ice will do the work!

Nazi Oil Supply Cut

German gasoline production has been reduced by R.A.F., R.C.A.F., and U.S.A.A.F. and the Russian advance to less than 20% of the rate at which it was running before the air offensive against oil began last April.

Quality Guaranteed
"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * * *

Now it can be told! Now we can say we what we have been hoping and longing to say for years and years.

We are having the house wired! Yes, actually—the hydro is on its way. We don't know even yet how many weeks—or months—it will be before the line is built, but we do know it is coming because we were told by Hydro Commission to go ahead and get our wiring done, and the Commission doesn't give that advice until it is sure the line is going through. So we are going ahead all right. But the job won't be done over-night as the electricians are working only on a part-time basis.

So far they have been the better part of three days. Three joyous days—that is for us—I don't know about the electricians. Never in all the time we have been farming has anything us quite such a thrill as this.

* * *

Does the job make extra work? Why sure—but what matter? Boards have to be ripped up here and there, a hole cut through one ceiling to the attic; holes cut through walls and ceilings for lights and switches; plaster dust spreads itself right through the house; and of course there are extra meals to get and plenty of questions to answer. And in the middle of all this Daughter and friend arrived for a long week-end.

Oh, sweet confusion—it never worried me less!

It was really rather funny. Saturday we were not expecting the men to be here at all. But it rained, so one of them came after all. And he came when our visitors were still blissfully sleeping—and in the rooms where he wanted to work. Well, it didn't take me long to have those same rooms evacuated, I can assure you.

We thought getting on the land was going to complicate our work still further but than goodness, it rained. That has given us a breathing spell. But it may not be for long—the whole countryside has every appearance of early spring. This afternoon we were out for a little drive and it was in evidence everywhere. Once Daughter cried out gleefully—"Oh, Mum — do look, there's a bluebird!" But unfortunately I missed it. However, presently it was my turn to exclaim—"Look, along that fence . . . see them . . . a couple of Redstarts?" And of course we saw plenty of little lambs and other positive signs of spring.

* * *

However on most of the farms we passed work in the fields had not yet begun, in others the odd field had been worked up. But oh dear, there was one farm we passed, where a field alongside the road was partly sown—and the drill and four bags of grain had been left sitting in the field. Probably the farmer took a chance with the idea of saving time. I wonder how he felt the next morning when he heard the rain pelting down.

* * *

Well, the hour is late, "it's time to sleep, perchance to dream"—and it may be that when I get to bed I shall dream of a house where rooms are filled with light, where there are no lamps to smoke, no lamp chimneys to clean, or bowls to be re-fueled, and where one can walk with equal safety from attic to cellar, and where a plug in the wall provides one with the means of using all kinds of modern conveniences—if, and when, they can be procured!

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