Buy Victory Bonds
"SALADA" TEA

DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER V

Instantly, old Hughey extricated himself from the confusion of his bedding. His sunken, dead-black eyes began to gleam. He clawed at Gary's arm, jerked him inside, and slammed the door.

"Don't let none of them folks around hear you," he warned. "Set down. Yeh, I got a map. But I'm keeping it. What you want with it?"

"I'm studying the structures around here. Thought maybe you'd let me look at your map. Know this country pretty well, do you?"

"Know it?" shrilled the old man, pulling out a drawer from a lopsided chest and fumbling feverishly in it. "I know every fold and fault and sand in it. Walked every foot of it. Son, you can look at my map, but there ain't no oil under this county, not a drop."

* * *

He straightened, brought out a packet carefully wrapped in oilcloth and secured with a tightly knotted shoestring. Slowly, almost reverently, he untied a dozen knots. A roll of slippery maps slid out, uncurled themselves, grease-spotted and faded.

" Got 'em all here." Old Hughey dropped on a stool and spread the soiled sheets over his knees. "Here she is. Look a' here." He traced with a long and filthy fingernail. "There she lays . . .there's the Sabine uplift—where they found the big pool—and over here there ain't nothing. Lime and salt water, I tell you."

With, swift, trained vision Gary studied the map. It was an old print, he noted twenty years old. There was an uplift—but to the north of it a fault—and on the edge of that—his breath began to quicken a little.

"Thanks, Mr. Fothergill." He handed the map back. "Here—buy yourself some tobacco. You're quite sure there's no oil under these structures?"

"Shake yourself well," advised Adelaide as he went back to the car. "I got the cold shivers when he grabbed you. I was sitting here wondering if I ought to go yell for the police."

* * *

"He's got the map—but its an old edition. I'll have to write for a new one, I guess."

"But that will take days—let's telegraph, can't we?"

"If I sent a wire somebody would start talking," he said. "You can't hide oil—or even a suspicion that there might be oil."

"Gary Tallman—you did see something on that map! You're trying to be mysterious and obscure, but I can see right through you. You've got red spots in both cheeks."

"Fever," he said. "I've been with you for hours. How do you expect me to keep my temperature down?"

"We're going straight home to tell Dad."

"I wouldn't want to raise any false hopes."

"Dad could hire a geologist."

"A survey costs money, too. The big oil companies keep their own crews, but an independent owner would have to take his own risks."

"Oliver works for a big oil company."

"He sells leases. He doesn't know anything about production. If there were any indications that there's oil under your place, Kimball would want your father to sell out to somebody."

"And he'd want all the credit, and grab it, too. And probably half the money. I wouldn't trust Oliver an inch. Don't say a word, Gary, when Oliver is around."

* * *

Gary agreed promptly because he did not like Oliver, either.

"I hope nobody comes in tonight—then we can tell Dad and Mother," Adelaide ran on excitedly. "And you can advise Dad what to do. Oh, Gary—suppose we did get millions of dollars—" she was breathless and her eyes were like two hot, burning stars.

"Now don't say a word," he warned, as they whirled through the gate and around the drive, missing the windmill by the thickness of a coat of paint. "Gary, could you draw a sketch of that map? You could, couldn't you?"

"I guess I could. I could get it down in a rough way."

"You go up and do that right away, before dinner. And I'll fix up some way to introduce the subject."

Later, when she had time to think about it, Mona Lee remembered the look on Harvey's face when Adelaide said abrubtly, "Now, Gary—now let's tell them!"

* * *

For a minute Harvey's face darkened. Gary was a nice boy, but they had had fine plans for Adelaide which did not include a marriage to any young oil man out of a job. That was in Harvey's face at first. And then, when Gary spread out the sheet of paper with the rough sketch he had drawn on the table, Harvey's face changed again.

"What's all this?" he asked gruffly.

Adelaide drew a deep breath and was tense and her eyes snapped sparks. "Oil—on our land! Gary thinks maybe he's found oil!"

It was then that Harvey became a stranger to Mona Lee.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 45—1945

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We have just come back from the County Ploughing match. We were all there — Partner, the two boys and myself. It was a glorious day, fine and warm, the first day in years that it hasn't rained, or been cold and rough for this big county event. It was also the first time I had ever gone to a ploughing match and I found it well worth the trip.

The boys went early in the forenoon, Partner and I followed soon after dinner — just in time to see the big bull-dozer at work. And how it worked! What was a bull-dozer doing at a ploughing match, did you ask? Well, you see this affair was more than a ploughing match — thanks to enterprising men within the county. It was also a demonstration and exhibition of labour saving machinery, and, while a bull-dozer can hardly be classed as a necessary piece of equipment on a hundred acres, yet there are many such farms where a bull-dozer could be put to good use — thus the demonstration, the idea being that a group of farmers might find enough work between them to bring a bull-dozer in to work for them.

* * *

On this particular farm where the match was held the machinery was lined up in a pasture field. In the field there was a huge stump from which an elm tree had recently been felled. It isn't necessary for me to tell you the work involved in prying a green stump from its moorings. No doubt you have seen the men on your farm working with picks, shovels, axes and even dynamite for days at a time. But on this stump the bull-dozer went to work. It gouged out the dirt from around the stump; it cut through its confining roots; it groaned and whined against the resisting fibres, while a ring of men, women and boys looked on in breathless expectancy. "By Jiminy, that there stump will take some moving," one fellow said. "Just watch — it'll do it," said another. Fascinated I formed my way to the front of the ring and from this vantage point I noticed that at first the stump was as solid and defiant as a rock. And then, slowly but surely it started giving a little. Came the time when it shuddered from the impact of the huge steel monster and then gradually gave way before its repeated onslaughts. Finally the crowd could see the battle of mechanism against nature was just about won. Two or three more gigantic shoves and the great root was pushed over and driven unresisting away from the soil which had held it for so many years.

Bob was particularly interested in this demonstration because he had seen bull-dozers at work so often in British Columbia and used to write and tell us about them. Also he had wished several times this fall that he had had one around here for an hour or two. He has been ploughing partly cleared virgin land up in our bush and has been having one sweet time, what with stumps, trees and boulders. He would come in at noon sometimes and say, "What I couldn't do with a bull-dozer up in that field!"

* * *

There was also a demonstration on ditching today with the bull-dozer pulling a huge grader. That was interesting too. Then there was a power chain saw in operation which we couldn't see at all for the crowd. If only some of the officials had been there forcing the crowd to form a larger ring then everyone would have had a chance to see what was going on. Another thing that claimed our attention was a tractor pulling about every implement used on a farm at one time.

* * *

And the ploughing? Oh yes, there was ploughing — lots of it —and it all looked grand to me. In fact I don't know how the judges could come to a decision when there seemed so little to choose between all those ridges of well-turned sods, gleaming moistly in the warm autumn sun. I heard Partner and another farmer arguing about the respective merits of team and tractor ploughing with Partner all in favour of the latter. No doubt tractor ploughing is more practical in this day and age but I had a sneaking preference for those team ploughed ridges with crowns so even they might have been measured with a foot-rule.

* * *

So that was our County Ploughing match. And, ladies, when the next one rolls along, just forget there's washing to do and climb in the old jalopy along with the rest of the family and have a day out with the men. It's a wise woman who interests herself in what interests her men and you will find a ploughing match, be it county or provincial, quite worthy of your consideration.

NAVY SUIT

Believe it or not, Joy Hardy wears a reconverted WREN's uniform. All that happened to the uniform was an addition of fancy, dark blue braid and the removal of the three additional buttons which gave it double-breasted style. The original fine tailoring of the uniform is retained.

"Methodist" Preferred

A flight officer wanted to buy some war bonds at the war finance office in Lawrenceville, Ill., and was asked in what denomination he'd like to have them. "Methodist," he replied.

Helps Check Colds Quickly

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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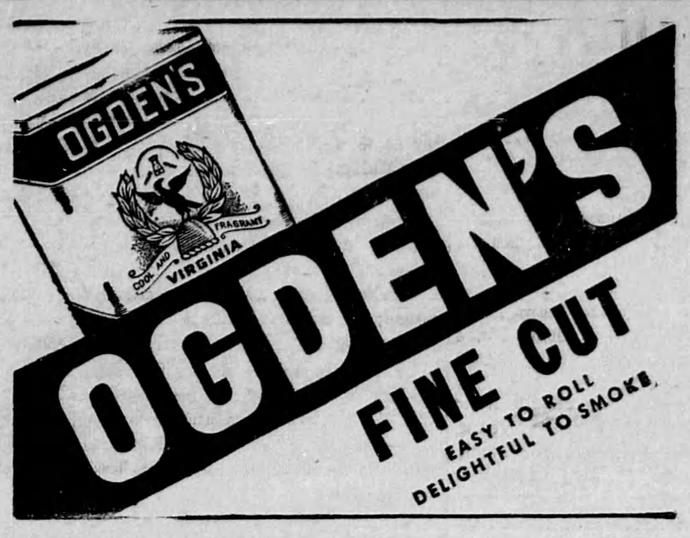

Daily Air Service London to Vienna

R.A.F. Mosquitoes are now making daily runs between London and Vienna in just over two and one half hours reports the B BC correspondent in Vienna. He adds that London morning newspapers are now arriving in the Austrian capital by 11 a.m. This service is being operated by British Transport Command. The makers of the Mosquito are now working on a peace time version which is stated to be specially suitable for world-wide operation and moderate size airports. It will carry eight to eleven passengers and have a cruising speed of 160 miles per hour.

Ex-Servicewomen Want Own Homes

The girls in khaki and blue have their hearts set on a home of their own rather than a career, it would seem.

The re-establishment credit of 85% of the girls discharged from the services up to the end of August, a sum totalling $79,670 has been used to buy furniture and household equipment. None of the girls has yet used her credit to purchase a business.

'Let Us Bind Up The Nation's Wounds'

The principal purpose of the Ninth Loan is to pay for bringing our fighting men home and putting them on their feet in civilian life, says the Peterborough Examiner. Particularly appropriate to this loan are these words of Abraham Lincoln:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Let us undertake the Loan in this spirit and make it at least as much a success as those which have gone before it.

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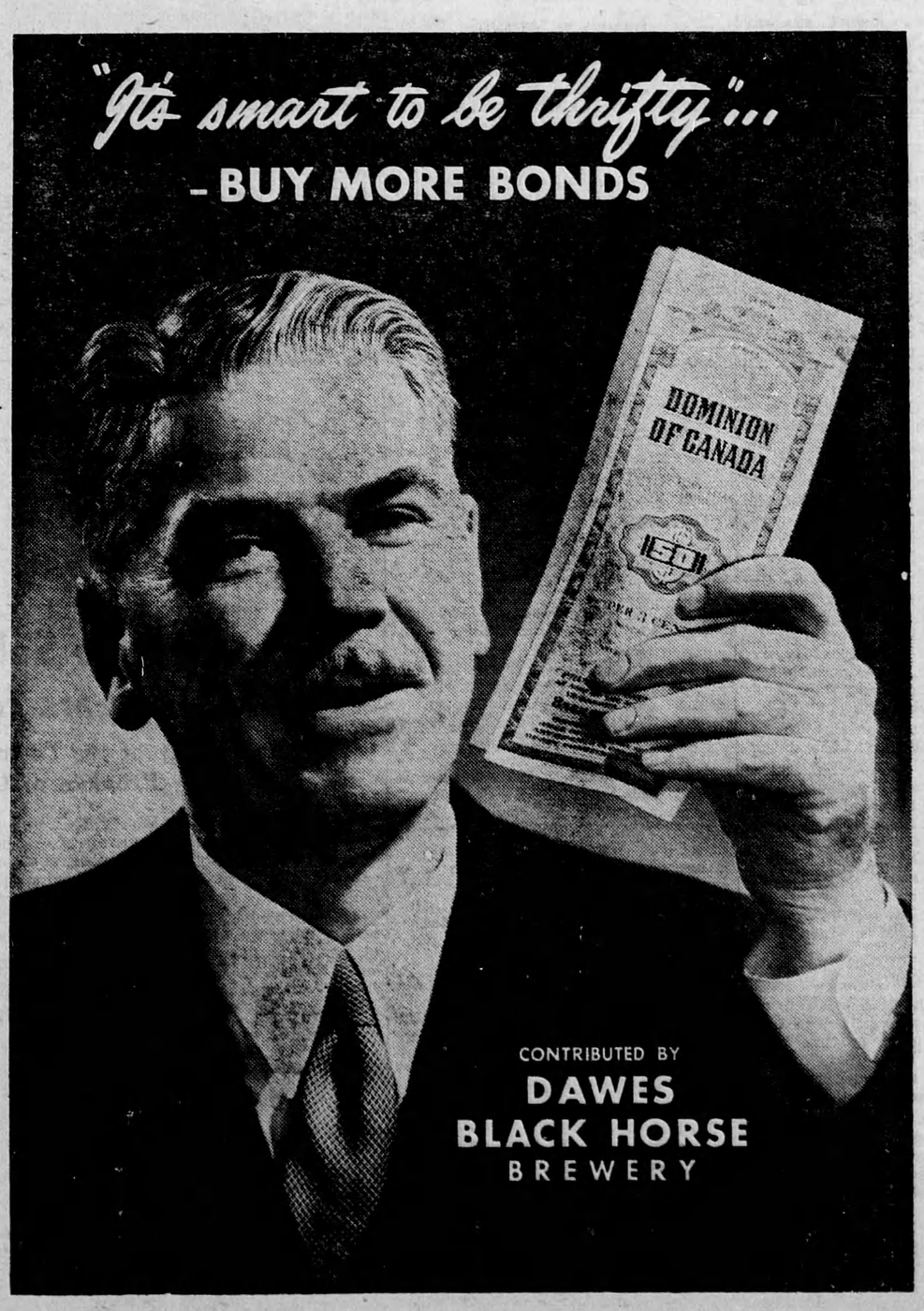
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