The Quality Tea
"SALADA" TEA

DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER VII

At least, Gary told himself in the morning, he had this day. The sun was golden; the prairie blazed with bloom. Adelaide sang softly as she drove, and scolded every vagrant dog and jalopy driver that slowed down her skimming speed.

Gary sat back and held his happiness close, keeping silence lest it burst before his eyes like the rainbow bubble that it was. No matter what came—he had this day.

They had lunch at a little roadside place before they reached the city. Gary had some money. He insisted on paying for the lunch.

"You hunt the map, Gary. I'm going to buy some hats," Adelaide announced, when they had left the car in a parking lot.

"Remember, you haven't struck oil yet," warned Gary.

"Oh, but we will." She was coolly confident. "I'll wait in the car if I finish first."

Adelaide hurried away. She felt exhilarated and made over new.

Adelaide was feeling sober when she went back to the car and found Gary sitting there, studying the map that was spread across his knees.

* * *

"Put that away," she said abruptly. "Somehow I don't enthuse about oil, this minute."

"What happened? Did you get an extortion note?"

"Gary, there will be things like that—if we strike oil, won't there?"

"One oil well won't make you rich. Are all these things yours?" he asked as a boy stumbled up with an armful of bundles.

"Have him put them in the rumble. I didn't buy so very much. Just a few things I needed—three hats and a couple of dresses.

She saw Gary's face close up in a queer, withdrawn way. Men, she thought wearily, were so touchy. Just because she had bought three hats was no reason why Gary should be remote and silent for fifty miles. She grew a little snappish about it.

"You're not terribly entertaining, are you? I could have brought a wooden Indian along—after all, it's spring and all the little flowers are blooming."

"I know it's spring," said Gary, not looking at her. "And in Mexico it's summer."

"I think," she said, grimly, "that you are being very obstinate to keep talking about Mexico, Gary Tallman. You know what a big innocent Dad is. If he sets his head about this oil business he's going to need—somebody."

* * *

"He can hire oil men. The bushes are full of them."

"Do you have to be nasty?" demanded Adelaide, red spots riding up into her cheeks. "You could have talked all day and not said a thing like that."

"I'm sorry. I'm not being nasty. I'm simply facing things—as they are, Adelaide. If I have any influence with your father at all, I'll use it to try to persuade him not to wildcat a well down, if it turns out that there is oil under his land. He can lease and keep his royalties—and let somebody else take all the grief."

* * *

"He won't do it. He'll be excited and want to go after the oil himself—and then just anything can happen. Don't you like us, Gary? Don't you want to stay?"

"Great Scott, Adelaide— don't you know I like you— too much? And do you know how much money I've got at this moment?"

"I can't see what difference that makes."

"It makes a difference to me. I have exactly forty-one dollars. If I paid even a tenth of what I owe your family now—"

"Oh, my heavens, are you still thinking about that?" Adelaide demanded.

* * *

"Certainly, I'm thinking about it. I'd be a heel if I didn't think about It. And as for thinking about-anything else—"

"What for instance?"

"A lot of things." He looked straight ahead, with his face set and a little pale. "Things I can't talk about—and can't even dream about!"

The geophysic crew arrived on Friday, and Mona Lee thought them a particularly grim and unfriendly lot. They said nothing except polite evasions; they treated Gary Tallman with condescenion and Harvey they ignored till he took to stamping around the bedroom at night and barking.

"I can't get a thing out of 'em. I don't count. They go out there and monkey around and get into their car and drive off, and never even look back. I'm just the guy who owns the land. I'm the fellow who pays their bills. I've got a notion to hire some riggers and put me a well down anyway. Those guys can't see through the ground. They've got to guess—same as I have."

(To be continued)

How hard children are on mittens! Get out left-over yarns and knit these for wintry days. Done in a jiffy on only two needles.

Knit these for favorite kiddies, using wool odds and ends. Tuck into Christmas stockings. Pattern 579 has directions in size 4, 6, 8, 10.

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.

Wartime Rations For U.K. Christmas

British troops spending Christmas overseas this year will get the same Yuletide dinner as last year, because of world food and transport shortages. The menu:

Four ounces of canned chicken, four ounces of Christmas pudding, one ounce of mincemeat, nuts and fresh fruit according to local supplies, and an extra ration of Chocolate.

Beer prospects were said to be good, however.

The most densely populated political unit in the world is the province of Kiangsu, in China, with a population of 36,469,321 in 41,818 square miles.

Watch Out for Sniffy, Sneezy Head Colds!
A Few Drops Relieve Distress
Never neglect head colds! They can cause much suffering. A little Va-tro-nol up each nostril works fast right where trouble is to relieve sneezy, stuffy distress of head colds. Soothes irritation, reduces swelling, makes breathing easier. Try it! Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Follow directions in folder.
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHINESE RARITY

Eggs, which have been scarce in most war areas, come into their own in outdoor market of Tsingtao, a port of North China. The Chinese have been without this type of food for so long, it is considered a delicacy.

Sunday School Lesson

November 25

Christians Working Together in the Community.

John 17: 20-23; Acts 15: 22-29.

Golden Text

We are laborers together with God. 1 Corinthians 3:9.

Christ's Prayer for His Own

John 17:20.—Our Saviour in His beautiful intercessory prayer, on the eve of Calvary, has made loving supplication for those who have believed His Word and received Him as the Son of God. Those who believe give the Word of God to the world, and in so doing summon the world to believe on the Father and the Son.

The Power of Love

21-22—Here, we have the Saviour's prayer and ideal for all who should believe on Him. As there is unity in the Godhead so our Lord prayed that there might be a similar unity and oneness among the body of unbelievers.

23.—It is by the indwelling of God the Father and God the Son who are one, and who dwell within the obedient heart, that believers will learn to dwell in oneness and love. When God, who is love, dwells within us we cannot but shed forth the spirit of love toward all men.

First Church Document

Acts 15: 22-29.—Here we have the first mention of writing in the history of the Church. The letter contains (1) kindly greetings to Gentile brethern; (2) a strong repudiation of the Pharisaical Jews who had gone from Jerusalem to Antioch and interfered with Gentile liberties there, and the statement that a deputation who really represent the views of the Jerusalem Church are sent; (3) a full recognition of the authority of Barnabas and Paul by the apostles of the circumcision; (4) a declaration that circumcision is not necessary to salvation; and (5) prohibitions which enjoin abstinence from certain practices in which heathens indulged. These prohibitions were concessions demanded from the Gentile Christians for the purpose of preserving peace, unity, and social intercourse between Jews and Gentiles, and also of protecting converts from the results of heathen associations and habits.

Blood was forbidden to the Jews by Levitical law, therefore in churches composed of both Jews and Gentiles social and brotherly intercourse would be impossible, unless the latter abstained from it also. "Meats offered to idols" means the flesh of animals offered in sacrifice, a portion of which was eaten in sacrificial feasts, and other parts were sometimes sold in open markets.

AIRFORCE SUIT

Bunnie Haviland sports an airforce WD uniform changed smartly into a trim little civilian number of soft gray-blue. New buttons and discarding of a WD belt makes this a civvy sports suit any girl would love to wear. The belt was cut to make a wide band from shoulder to shoulder at the back and the remaining belt pieces stitched vertically to the two breast pockets.

POULTRY WANTED
Send us your chickens, fowl, ducks, geese and turkeys. (Must be dressed.) "Highest prices paid."
QUALITY MEAT PACKERS
203 First Ave., Toronto

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove perspiration stains from garments?

A. By mixing one part of oxalic acid to twenty parts of water and applying with a small brush.

Q. How can I clean light furs?

A. Rub thoroughly into the furs a mixture of 1 pint of flour, 1 tablespoonful of fullers' earth, and 1 pint of bran. Shake well and rub again with the bran alone. Then shake and brush with a soft clean cloth.

Q. How can I prevent ices and jellies from sticking to the mold?

A. Wrap a hot cloth around the jelly mold to make the ices and jellies come out without sticking.

Q. How can I easily clean white paint?

A. Water in which onions have been boiled is said to make an excellent cleaner for white paint.

Q. How can I loosen the dirt in clothes, and also make them whiter?

A. Pour a few drops of turpentine into the wash boiler and it will help loosen the dirt. A spoonful of borax in hot water and then added to the last rinse water tends to whiten clothes. Also remember that clothes dried slowly will be whiter than those dried quickly.

Wallpapering Made Easy for Housewives

Wallpaper rolls, recently patented, with adhesive on one side and a water-resistant finish on the decorated side, can easily be applied by the housewife, Science Service reports. The pre-pasted roll is cut in proper lengths, re-rolled loosely with the decorated side out, dunked in water, and unrolled in place on the wall.

MECCA OINTMENT
For Burns, Sores, Cuts Etc

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Our immediate household has been reduced to three again. With Partner able to get around once more to help with the chores and milking it was hardly necessary to have three men at home to run a hundred acres. There is still a dearth of farm help so it was certainly no trouble for young John to get another job — and right in our own neighborhood too, which suited him fine. Son Bob has also been working — that is from nine until five each day — tractor-ploughing for one of our neighbours. And Partner and I have been right into the chicken business, killing and dressing a few each day so as not to make it too tiring for Partner. Even at that it was tiring enough. Personally, I don't mind being tired just so long as we get those noisy strutting roosters off the farm. "The female of the species" may be "more deadly than the male" but at least she is not so insufferably pretentious and vain. To hear the cocksure crowing that emanates from our rooster pen you would think the crazy things were telling the world they were our main source of income. They help, of course, but I'm telling you we earn every cent we get for our dressed chickens.

And that, by the way, is the only time I like roosters — when their feathers are off and in place of birds we have dollar bills. And I am also pleased when they tip the scales at anywhere from six to eight pounds with firm, white flesh one knows will make good eating. You know, it is possible to get a lot of satisfaction from the knowledge that one has turned out a good product.

* * *

Rather a funny thing happened on one of our chicken picking days. We had just finished weighing and pricing five birds for a private sale when in came a truck with our order of potatoes. There were five bags of the murphies and the price for the five bags was a little less than our price for our five chickens. I said to Partner — "Now, which line of produce do you suppose brings in the best returns?"

Well, sir, we thought and we talked, but we haven't got the answer yet. Partner thinks there are too many angles to consider for a definite conclusion to be possible. There are so many "ifs". If it is a poor season then potato crops are light; if disease attacks young chickens then losses are heavy. If ... if ... so many ifs!

* * *

But I do know one thing — at least potatoes can't crow, and they don't scratch in the flower beds or sneak around to roost on the front doorstep to the embarrassment of the owner.

But then potatoes have bugs — and they have to be hoed and hilled — the potatoes I mean, not the bugs. They must be "dropped" in the spring, "picked" in the fall, sprayed or dusted, sorted and bagged and looked over carefully for signs of dry rot, ring rot, wet rot and scab.

Figures can't supply the answer to my question. Figures can only go so far. You can't estimate in dollars and cents the value of carrying water to your chickens, or the difference in hoeing potatoes in wet or dry seasons. So there you are, friends, and if you would like to start an argument in your family circle, or among your neighbours, try that one. And I would just love to know the result.

* * *

"W. G." — thank you very much for your kind letter — it was just about the nicest piece of "fan mail" that has come my way. Your encouraging comments were certainly appreciated and it will give me much pleasure to answer your letter personally in the very near future. I shall also be happy to send you the information you requested.

Here is a thought that is worth considering. I was listening to an address by Mr. Walter S. Woods given to the Canadian Club, Toronto. His subject was "Rehabilitation". He spoke of the idea that seems to be pretty general these days of the need for readjustment to living by returned men. "But" he said, "it may be that readjustments are necessary on our side." There is something in that, isn't there? There is surely room for readjustment when our sons who went away as boys come back to us grown men, with a knowledge and experience of life — and death — far beyond their years and of a nature that we, in our time, will never know.

2 Liners Ordered From British Firm

Two ocean liners, each costing 2,000,000 pounds ($8,000,000) have been ordered from Vickers Armstrong, Ltd.

The 29,000-ton liners ordered by P. & O. Company and Orient Company will be the largest and fastest ships in each company's fleet, with top speeds of twenty-three knots.

Construction was estimated to employ 2,300 men for the next two years at the firms' yards at Barstow-in-Furness, Lancashire.

Adopting Germans

From Dublin comes the report that 90 men and women of that city are adopting German children to save them from death by starvation, says the Ottawa Journal. The act is tribute to their charity, but we haven't forgotten what became of the starving German children who were adopted by Norway after the last war.

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