TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER II: Jim's friend, Max Stenhart, lies ill with pneumonia in the ranch's sickroom. Old Teresa, the Mexican woman, thinks Stenhart has "got a devil" in him. The newcomer goes close to the sick man's window, waits until the nurse is out of the room, then speaks one word slowly, distinctly: "Sherwin." The sick man is startled, fearful.

CHAPTER III

Her blue eyes widened. Another question was on her lips, but a door opened suddenly and the trained nurse came down the long corridor toward them.

Jane turned quickly. "Anything wrong, Fanny?"

The nurse shook her head. "He's gaining all the time."

"Fine!" Jane turned in an explanatory way to the stranger: "A friend of my brother's, Mr. Stenhart, was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia here; we couldn't let him be moved and he's been having a hard time. Miss Sewell, this is the friend in need who helped old Mac. Mr.—?" she looked around. "Actually, I don't know your name!"

'John—" he began, and stopped, momentarily confused.

"But there's more to it than that!" she laughed.

His face burned; he was trying to remember what name he had given old MacDowell; unaccountably it seemed to evade him, and again he hated to lie to this girl.

"Hazlet," he said at last.

* * *

Her eyes met his for an instant and he thought there was a questioning look in them, but she wrote his name down mechanically on a slip of paper on the desk.

"John Hazlet."

It had a bizarre effect; he knew that it would be hard to get used to it. He stared at it oddly himself, then suddenly aware that his look might be a self-betrayal, he averted his eyes, conscious that he had lost the thread of the talk between Jane Keller and the nurse; but Jane was sorting the mail for her.

Here are yours, Fanny, and some for Max." She held them out, and the nurse, gathering them all up, departed hastily toward the sickroom.

The man's eyes followed her intently, not with any observation of the woman herself, but as if the door, that she presently opened and closed behind her, had a fascination for him. For a moment he forgot where he was, scarcely sensed the unfamiliar outlines of the old ranch-house hall, and was only conscious of Stenhart—not a hundred feet away! But the girl beside him leaned forward and, taking a pencil from the desk, drew a line under the two words that she had previously written on the slip of paper.

" 'John Hazlett'," she repeated quietly; then lifting her honest eyes to his, she added: "that's not your name."

* * *

Her look threw him a challenge even more forceful than her words. Again he felt the hot blood rush to his face, but he straightened himself. Her eyes seemed to reach to something deep down in his consciousness. A strange confusion swept him; his mouth went dry. He could not meet her with another falsehood; there was something about her that seemed to drag the truth out of him.

"You're right," he admitted harshly, "it's not my name."

She stood a moment silent, the wind from the open window beside them stirring her dark soft hair, then she bent down and lit a small lamp on the desk.

"Isn't that an unusual thing for a stranger to admit so easily?" she asked. "I scarcely know what I ought to do about it — but," she hesitated, "I don't believe you've come here with any thought of harming us, and—well, it's this way, Jim and I have often talked it over, so many men come west to get a new start, to retrieve mistakes—if they can! We've felt they ought to have a fair chance, that a man must have a chance to come back! I—" she gave him a frank smile—"you won't fail me, will you, if I ask no questions but give you fairly your chance here—to make good?"

* * *

She saw his gray eyes darken and there were hard lines about his lips; he seemed suddenly older than she had thought him. Then he pulled himself together and met her look squarely.

"You may trust me so far—I came here with no thought of harm to you or your brother, I can affirm that on my soul!" he declared hoarsely.

She nodded. "I'm sure of it, and, because I'm sure of it, I'm going to give you your fair chance. I'm not even asking your true name, but—" she smiled again and held out her hand—"I ask you to make good"

He had a confused consciousness of the touch of her soft, cool fingers and an overwhelming impulse to speak out, to tell her all, swept him. He paled under his tan and their eyes held each other. It seemed as if he must speak, then there was a flash in the night outside the window, a sharp report and something ripped through his sleeve and spat on the wall behind them.

* * *

Jane gave a statrled cry, but before she could move, almost before she could think, the man beside her had put out the lights; he seemed to do it with one sweep of his arm. Then she felt herself lifted and put back beyond the window.

His voice was in her ear. She had felt his strong arms as he swept her out of danger, and she made out his figure as he leaped through the window.

There was another sharp report and then the sound of a struggle outside. The girl fled lightly to the kitchen to give the alarm; she must rouse the men, who she knew were at supper. It must be Jordan, and Jordan was a hard man to handle. Suddenly she felt a thrill of fear for the man who had leaped out in the dark; he mustn't be hurt, he mustn't! It did not seem to her at the moment that he was a stranger. He was a brave man; she had seen his face when he swept out the lights. She ran, panting, to get help for him.

"Keep still—I'll get him!"

* * *

At the moment he needed it. He had leaped out on a crouching figure, there had been a struggle for the pistol, and then the two rolled over on the turf, fighting silently, desperately, each man trying to get the other's throat. In the dark, Jordan had the advantage; he knew the ground, knew where the slope would set his adversary rolling down over a ledge of rock. Struggling and cursing, he dragged that way. He had long arms and an iron grip, but he had met his match; this man whom he had never seen before had been trained in a hard school. He rolled Jordan over and got his hand almost on his throat, then suddenly they both went over the ledge. Below it, Jane had planted poppies. The two men fell together, struck and unclenched. Jordan leaped up and ran. His antagonist had struck his head on a stone, and there was an instant in which he saw stars and heard the shouts from the house; Jane had roused the vacqueros!

He rose dizzily to his feet, brushed his hand across his eyes, and tried to discern the fleeing figure. The moon was just rising behind the mountains; the sky was silver with it, but the earth was dark, like the botom of a cup. He ran forward, stumbling now and then on strange ground, but, as the sky brightened, he made out the dark figure ahead of him, still running. He did not know where they were going. Behind them was a confusion of sounds, in front he began to hear the cattle in the corrals, but he kept on.

(To Be Continued)

YOUR GUESS

A New Orleans doctor says nurses should frequently hold the patient's hand. But if the patient's wife walks in on them, Doc, will she hold her tongue?

— Ottawa Citizen.

Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

ROUND HOUSE

R. Buckminster Fuller, Wichita, Kans., designed this hemispherical house "from the inside out." Based on aircraft principles, the house weighs only 8000 pounds, packs into cylinder 16 x 4½ feet. A Wichita aircraft plant plans to begin mass production of 50,000 such houses soon after January, 1947.

It's air-conditioned, too, and if the owner gets restless at any time, he can pack up—house and everything—in two days and be on his way.

If it is just the arrangement of rooms that bores him, the Fuller house offers a solution to that, also. He can just push the walls around and divide the house up almost any way he wishes.

What it may lack in conventional appearance from the outside, it makes up in intriguing "ovolving shelves" in the partitions, closets that include plexi-glass-enclosed hat racks and have revolving doors, and the curved balcony around the living room.

The house carries with it a unique service guarantee. If it gets out of order, the drain gets stopped up, or a rivet comes loose, just call on the Fuller service man.

Fuller houses are built to stand, and to resist everything from termites to a 180-mile hurricane.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Permanent waves and trouble with the bull don't make a good combination—at least that is the way I feel about it. It also makes one ask the question—"Why go farming?"—but unfortunately it doesn't supply the answer.

* * *

It was this way: I had an appointment to get a permanent at 9 o'clock Monday morning. It was a job that had long been delayed and which I would gladly have postponed still further only self-respect plus the hounding of a husband drove me to it. So there it was — 9 o'clock Monday morning. At the time I made the appointment I knew of no reason, other than disinclination, why I shouldn't keep it, even though it did come at an inconvenient hour. Came Monday morning . . . son Bob went out to the barn. Partner followed a little later. In a short while Partner was back, very white, and looking for a bull ring that we always keep in reserve. Ten minutes later Bob re-appeared, looking even worse than his Dad, and favouring one arm. He told me to phone for the "vet" to help put a new ring in the bull's nose.

* * *

I don't know even yet all that really happened, or who did what, except that Bob got penned up in the bull-pen, nearly got his arm broken, and jumped over the side of the pen to escape. Then Partner was trying to do something, slipped or else the bull pushed him, and he fell with his feet and legs under the bull. Somehow he managed to get away. After waiting as long as I could at the house I sneaked down to the barn and found that while they were waiting for the "vet", my men had managed between the two of them, to get the new ring into the animal's nose. Naturally they were taking a chance—but it was also a risk to have a full grown bull tied in a stall without a ring in his nose. Fortunately he was not cross but he was very nervous and excited and, when Bob jumped over the side of the pen, he was just about as scared as Bob.

* * *

Well, I need hardly tell you I wasn't worrying much about keeping an appointment with a hairdresser at that time. However, half an hour later I went out again—just to reassure myself—and found all was juiet on the barnyard front, with Partner insisting that I get away after my hair-do.

* * *

So I went, and when I got back at noon there was dinner to get, and after dinner all my morning chores to do and this story to write. To tell you the truth the spirit was not very willing and the flesh even less so, and I succumbed to temptation, turned on the radio to listen to Douglas Abbott addressing the Canadian Club, and settle myself comfortably on the couch "for just a few minutes." But alas what Mr. Abbott said I'll never know. The only thing I heard was the telephone ringing. It brought me to my feet in a daze and I am still wondering what kind of answers I gave to the person who was calling. I hope they were sensible because it was all in connection with dishes and things I was to take in preparation for a catering this week, and of which catering this wek, and of which you will probably hear more in our next.

Sunday School Lesson

Jesus and His Friends

John 15: 12-21.

Golden Text.— Ye are my friends if ye do the things which I command you. John 15:14.

True Discipleship

Jesus loved little children and welcomed them to Him at all times. When the disciples rebuked the fathers and mothers Jesus was indignant and declared childlikeness was the trait of all true discipleship. To be like the Lord, one must be like the child in its docility, humility and simplicity.

Jesus Selects Apostles

Jesus had spent all night on the mountain in prayer. In the morning He selected from His disciples twelve men whom He entrusted with power to heal the sick and cast out evil spirits. He ordained them to their apostleship.

Jesus second great preaching tour lay through the leading cities and villages of southern Galilee. Everywhere He preached the good tidings of the kingdom. He was accompanied and aided by the twelve and also by a group of godly women.

Jesus' Search for Sinners

On His last journey to Jerusalem Jesus' teachings were attracting atention far and wide. His miracles amazed the multitude. Jesus moved freely among the lowest as well as the highest in His search for sinners, thus coming in contact with those who needed Him. He made Himself at home alike at the feast of the orthodox Pharisee and at the feast of the despised publican.

God's Purpose Toward Sinners

The leading religionists of the time bitterly criticized Jesus because He was accessible to those who disregarded their ceremonial law. It was a powerful thrust which they aimed at Him when they declared: "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them. Their idea of goodness was that which manifested itself in withdrawing from the bad Christ's idea of goodness was that which manidrawing from the bad. Christ's idea to that end He moved among them. God's purpose towards sinners is love.

Fame of Jesus Spreads

The first public appearance of Jesus in Jerusalem must have made a profound impression for it reached through the masses to the Sanhedrin. The inquirer was Nicodemus, the earliest and most remarkable of the Sanhedrists to accept Jesus. He was a member of the highest religious court of the Jews and a man of great wealth.

One of the best home ways to help

BUILD UP RED BLOOD

if your blood lacks iron!

You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out" —this may be due to lack of iron in blood. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS with added iron—one of the best home ways to help build up red blood—in such cases. Pinkham's Tablets are one of the most effective iron tonics you can buy!

TABLE TALKS - - - Desserts - -

Always remember the dessert course should go hand-in-glove with the main course — the one complements the other. If the main course has been heavy, then serve a dessert which is light in texture, with a fresh, tart flavor. On the other hand, if the main course has been light, it gives the homemaker ample scope to use her rich steam puddings, or heavy sweet desserts.

The home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, suggest that you serve some hot and some cold as an antidote to monotony.

Steamed Whole Wheat Pudding

¼ cup shortening
¼ cup granulated sugar
1 egg
¼ cup light molasses
½ cup milk
1½ cups whole wheat flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ sup seedless raisins

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, then the well beaten egg. Combine molasses and milk. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly and dredge raisins with a small portion of this mixture. Add dry ingredients to the first mixture alternately with the liquid. Lastly add the raisins. Steam in individual greased moulds for 45 minutes or in a large greased mould for 1½ hours. Serve with Lemon or Brown Sugar Sauce. Cover moulds with waxed paper or cheesecloth while steaming, to prevent the pudding from becoming soggy. Six to eight servings.

Coffee Spanish Cream

1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold coffee
2 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup hot coffee
1 cup hot milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar

Soak gelatin in the cold coffee. Beat egg yolks and salt. Add hot coffee and milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thickened enough to coat a spoon. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat, add vanilla and cool. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in meringue made by adding the sugar to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a lightly greased mould or individual sherbert glasses. Chill thoroughly. Six servings.

Garden Notes

By GORDON L. SMITH

Try Something New

Most of us are too conservative about vegetable and flower varieties. There are many new offerings in today's seed catalogues. vegetables and flowers developed or vastly improved during the war.

For years we have been content to grow a very limited variety—beans, carrots, peas, lettuce and potatoes and corn covering the complete range in too many gardens.

This is a great mistake as scores of vegetables can be grown to perfection anywhere in Canada and, in addition, there are usually several different varieties of each. In recent decades here has been some improvement but the average garden is still limited.

Improved Varieties

In addition to the standard kinds noted above, three are many others that should be included such as spinach, swiss chard, peppers, turnips, parsnips, onions, broad beans, kohl rabi, red cabbage, musk and water melons, broccoli, endive, cress, parsley, head lettuce, brussels sprouts, celery, chinese cabbage, some of the white sweet corns, as well as the bantam, soy beans, etc.

Another point too often overlooked is the introduction of improved varieties. Some of the old standbys of ten years ago are completely overshadowed by earlier, smoother or harder sorts. By choosing carefully one can create a vegetable garden that will not only have much more variety than was possible a generation ago but one that will yield higher quality and over a much longer period.

Princess Is 20 On Easter Sunday

Princess Elizabeth will be 20 on Easter Sunday, April 21, when a family party at Windsor Castle will assemble for the event. The court will go into residence at Windsor a few days before Easter.

The King and Queen used the private apartments of the castle throughout the war, but the state rooms were closed. These now have been reopened.

You Will Enjoy Staying At

The St. Regis Hotel

TORONTO

- Every Room with Bath, Shower and Telephone.
- Single, $2.50 up — Double, $3.50 up.
- Good Food. Dining and Dancing Nightly.

Sherbourne at Carlton
Tel. RA. 4135

"I Know Just How You Feel"

"I know because I have been that way myself. I have been so chronically tired that I thought I would never feel well again. However, I found that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food soon gave me new pep and energy and put me on my feet."

Tired feelings, indigestion and loss of sleep are quickly relieved by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Ask for the new economy size bottle of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

60 pills—60cts.
180 pills—$1.50

EASE PAIN OF COLDS, SORE THROATS FAST!

Take ASPIRIN

It's ready to go to work in 2 seconds

See for yourself how quickly Aspirin acts! Drop one in a glass of water and "clock" it. Within two seconds, it will start to disintegrate. It does the same when you take it. As a result, it provides relief with remarkable speed. Get Aspirin today. The "Bayer" cross on each tablet is your guarantee that it's Aspirin.

ASPIRIN

NOW—New Low Prices!

Pocket box of 12s . . . . only 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . only 29c
Family size of 100 . . . only 79c

ISSUE 14—1946

YOURS FOR WARDROBE BEAUTY!

ADD GLAMOROUS COLOUR IN FASHION'S LATEST SHADES. TINT LINGERIE, BLOUSES AND NIGHTGOWNS TO NEW COLOUR-FRESHNESS

GUARANTEED All-fabric Tintex