TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER X: Stenhart volunteers Sherwin's real name, John Sherwin. "He is wanted for murdering his uncle." Stenhart declares.

CHAPTER XI

"Do you know why I'm wanted?" Sherwin asked, still standing.

The old fellow nodded. "Seen th' paper you had in your pocket, Sherwin. You'd marked the description, and it dropped t'other day an' I saw it. Th' sheriff talked some, too, when we were goin' to look for th' place where Jordan jumped the creek. I ain't askin' questions. You sit down an' eat."

Sherwin sat down. "You're a good man," he said chokingly.

"I'm old," said MacDowell quizzically. "I ain't dead set on punishing other folks."

"Except Jordan,'said Sherwin.

Mac laughed. "Well, maybee! Eat, son, you may have a long hike. Yon can't take th' trains; Cutler'll have your picture up in 'em."

Sherwin nodded, eating in silence. Half an hour ago, with Jane's eyes changing as they looked at him, food would have choked him, but he was hungry now and he ate mechanically. Old Mac, sitting down opposite, filled his pipe and lit it. Neither of them spoke for a while and the light began to fail. It was still daylight outside but the little room was in the shadow of the big ranch-house and it was so dim that Mac rose, got a lamp, lit it and set it on the table. Sherwin had fininshed his meal and he thrust his plate aside, looking across at the old man's face behind the camouflage of tobacco smoke. At last he spoke hoarsely, forcing himself to it.

* * *

"You said a while ago—when you were tending my arm—that—Miss Keller was to marry Stenhart. Is that true?"

MacDowell considered, pulling on his pipe. "I've heard Jim say so You don't like Stenhart?"

"He's my cousin,' Sherwin said in a flat emotionless voice.

The old man started and took his pipe out of his mouth. "Gosh!" he ejaculated, and stared at the young man dumbly.

"He's my cousin and his testimony sent me to jail for life," said Sherwin, and his voice shook. "He lied. He lied me out of the way for fear I'd break our uncle's will. He got everything."

"An' you're accused of killin' th' uncle because he'd cut you off, ain't that it?" Mac leaned his elbows on the table, looking across it at the shadowed face of Sherwin.

The latted nodded. "The old story," he said shortly. "Uncle was killed in the garden. He was stabbed while he slept on the old bench by the cedars. I'd just found him when Max came in the gate; he'd been up the street at the newsstand. He swore I had the knife in my hand. It was perjury but he got away with it. Uncle and I had had a difference the day before, and people knew of it. That went against me, and Max swore me into jail for life. That's all."

* * *

Mac was silent for a while, then he grunted. "Did you tell Jim about it?"

Sherwin laughed bitterly. "He wouldn't believe me if I did! The jury didn't. I've served eight years. I was twenty-two when I was sentenced. Ever been in jail?" he asked ironically.

"Come mighty near it once, son. Punchin' a rogue's head got me arrented, but somehow the judge kinder agreed with me that it needed punchin'."

"It's like being in hell—to shut a healthy man up behind stone walls for life," Sherwin said bitterly. "I won't be taken if I can help it; I'd rather die—only I've got something to do first."

The old man looked across under the lamplight again; something in the white face opposite moved him deeply. Sherwin was a stranger, he was an escaped convict, yet—

"Don't do it, son," old Mac said gently.

Shewin, startled, raised his bloodshot eyes to his. "You know?"

"I reckon . do!'

Sherwin rose and began to walk about the room. "I came out here to find him. He wasn't in his usual haunts in the city—so they told me and I'd tracked him patiently, tracked him to Keller's ranch, when I stumbled into your accident and motored you here. It was pure luck, I thought, to get here so easily—without credentials, too!"

MacDowell nodded. "He's gettin' well an' he's sure to hang around Jane."

Sherwin said nothing, but his hands clenched until the nails bit into the palms. In the silence the little room seemed full of Jane's presence. Again he saw her eyes change, saw her recoil! A shudder ran through him, fury leaped up in him, he remembered Stenhart's white face, his cowardly cry: "Don't let him kill me!" Again he paced up and down. No words were spoken. Old Mac sat thinking, his pipe in his hand. It was still; then one of the men began to sing out under the trees, a Spanish song. In half an hour the moon would rise; now it was pitch dark outside.

Old MacDowell rose slowly, stretching his uninjured arm.

"Th' sheriff'll be around here for a spell, maybe thirty-six hours. You can't hardly miss him if you try to get out now; some of 'em will meet up with you. I tell you what I'll do—you come along with me now, before moonrise, an' I'll fix you up. I've just been figurin' it out."

Sherwin stopped in his pacing and looked at him, strangely touched. "How about Keller? He wanted me to get out at once."

"You ain't goin' to stay on th' ranch; you follow me." Mac picked up the food-pack and opened the door.

A sudden gust of wind blew out the lamp. In the dark Sherwin pressed his hands over his eyes; he was trying to shut out Jane's face!

They stepped out into the night, dark before moonrise. Lights streamed from the ranch-house windows. They could hear voices over there; once some one laughed loudly. Mac touched Sherwin's hand warningly.

"We're goin' to th' stables; ain't no one there, an' we can saddle up."

"I can't take a horse from here!" Sherwin exclaimed sharply.

"Easy, son, I'll lend you mine tonight," said Mac. "I can ride one of the ranch horses; we ain't goin' so terrible far."

* * *

They went to the stables and old MacDowell brought out the horses. Sherwin hated to lay a hand on one of them but he mounted when the old man told him the roan was his own property. Silently, after that, they rode past the ranch-house and out on to the twisting mountain road. Five miles up in the redwoods they passed the limits of Las Palomas. The wind from the hills grew cold, but the sky was brightening; the highest peaks were already touched with moonlight. Sherwin turned in his saddle and looked down. Below him lay the ranch; he could just see the lights in the house, mere pin-points of brightness. Darkness, like a velvet cloak, had fallen on the valley. He drew a deep breath. Jane was there, Jane, who had repudiated him with her chill look, and Stenhart! His hands clenched. Stenhart's lie had sent him to prison, it pursued him still. Resolve was hardening in him, he could not go until he had killed him. He rode on again but, all the while, he was aware of those lights down there in the darkness. He had lived eight years in prison but he was still young. The girl's eyes, her voice, her soft hands on his wounded arm, had kindled a flame; now the flame was made fiercer, more terrible, by jealousy. Stenhart was with her!!

Then suddenly he was roused from his fierce revery. Old Mac drew rein.

"Get down," he said briefly. "We can hobble th' horses, we've got to hoof it the rest of th' way."

(To be continued)

Outstandingly Good

"SALADA" TEA

QUEBEC VISIT

His excellency, Viscount Alexander, Governor-General, and Lady Alexander, pictured as they arrixed in Quebec City on their first official tour. Following a three-day visit to the uebec capital they went to Montreal.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * *

Have you ever tackled a job with foreboding and dislike and finished up by really enjoying the work? I am sure you have—we all surprise ourselves once in a while.

Well, I was on what I thought would be an unpleasant job but I soon found myself getting quite a kick out of it. It took me into homes where I had never been; brought me into contact with people I had never met and showed me a phase of life which I had almost forgotten. Incidentally, I walked into one house where there was measles—one adult recovering, one child still in bed, and a baby at the sniffling stage. Since it was my privilege to have measles myself a few years ago I traded on the assumption that I was therfore immunized.

* * *

The places that I visited were farm homes and three of them were occupied by young couples, each with a family of three little tots, all under school age. Somehow it gave me quite a lift. Here was young Canada growing up. Here were husky young fellows with—I hope—enthusiastic and optimistic young wives who were not the hard but satisfying job of being afraid to have babies, nor to tackle a farmer's wife. And the children were such darlings, and obviously well cared for. One little two-year -old, w', his mother said, nearly always "made strange", came toddling over to me almost as soon as I sat down and held up his wee arms to be picked up. It seemed to me there was great hope for the future of rural Canada—social unrest notwithstanding—while there are farm families around like those I saw that day.

* * *

In contrast I also came across some very lonely folk. There was one poor old fellow, living alone, his barn burnt to the ground, his son in hospital, no one around but he and the dog working amid the charred and blackened rubble of what had once been a splendid barn, and which, at the tife of the fire, had housed the season's crop and some sheep, all of which had been lost. I stood looking at the tragic remains of a life time's work as the old man told me his story.

* * *

The next call was a lot more cheerful. Here was an oldish couple, happy in each other's company as the sands of life run slowly out. I imagine that was now all they wanted—all that a lot of aged couples want—to live out their lives together.

* * *

Then I came to a farm woman living alone—except for hired help. She seemed perfectly content except for her worries in getting carpenters, paperhangers and extra farm help.

"But Yet," I remarked, "in spite of all these difficulties you persist in carrying on?"

"My goodness, yes. What would I do away from the farm? Imagine me in a little two-by-four in town!"

I could see her point all right because, even as we went around to visit her chickens, two little pet lambs gambolled along behind us, occasionally bleating plaintively because they knew it was nearly bottle time.

Living on a farm undoubtedyl gets to be a habit. Or shall we say, the roots one puts down are like tap roots. If any attempt be made to dig up the main root there is still lots of life in the runners. Many farm folk are past doing the hard work incidental to farming but yet there are still so many small roots that are still active. Love of the outdoors; the satisfying sense of working with dependent living things; the perennial fascination of watching Nature at work-all tied up with, and an intimate part of our daily life. For instance, one gets far more satisfaction from watching a tree in bloom in one's own backyard than by driving through the Niagara fruit belt in blossom time. That admittedly is a feast for the eyes but in our own backyard one takes as much interest in the tree when the blossom is dying as when it is in its full glory. Watching to see if the fruit has set; guarding against tent worms; watching the small fruit grow and develope. This year—especially the apples!

TABLE TALKS..

Canned Rhubarb

The rhubarb, native of the province of Szechwan, Kansu and of Tibet, was eagerly adopted from the Chinese. It was an important feature of overland trade with Ancient Europe and in 1750, three precious parcels, containing rhubarb seeds were brought from the West by a Russian Caravan, to be sent as a gift of the Russian Government to the botanical societies of England, Scotland and Germany. Rhubarb, although it is so old and has travelled so far from its native habitat is the first fruit to appear in the Canadian gardens and brings a welcome change in the dessert pattern.

Early rhubarb, rosy and tender needs very little cooking and also little sugar, which is an advantage in these days of rationing.

If the garden contains a large patch of rhubarb, canning part of it would prove to be a boon next winter. It is wise to can rhubarb while the stalks are young and tender. Later on in the summer they are apt to become woody.

The home economists of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture recommend several methods of canning rhubarb. Here is one method that will prove a favorite when a serving of fruit is desired for lunch or supper. It is called the "dry sugar method", and is a real short-cut.

For 1 quart of canned fruit, use: 4 cups rhubarb, cut in one-inch lengths, ½ cup sugar and boiling water. Pack the quart sealer half full of cut rhubarb, add about ⅓ of the sugar. Continue to pack sealer with alternate layers of rhubarb and sugar. When full, cover with boiling water to within one quarter inch of top of sealer. Seal tightly, and tilt gently back and forth to dissolve sugar. Loosen seal slightly and process in boiling water bath, allowing fifteen minutes for pints and twenty minutes for quarts. Remove sealers from water bath, complete the seal and allow to cool in an upright position.

Remained Aloof

A shell buried eight soldiers alive in a dugout; two were English, two Scottish, two Welsh and two Irish.

When the rescue party finally extricated them, the Scots were praying together; the Welsh were singing; the Irish fighting, and the two Englishmen hadn't been introduced.

Sunday School Lesson

Expressing Our Friednship for Christ

Mark 14:3-9; Luke 10:38-42; John 11:1-3.

Golden Text,—Beloved let us love one another: for love is of God.—1 John 4:7.

Mary's Act of Devotion

Mary poured over the head of the Lord the most precious thing she possessed, spikenard. This was a pure liquid ointment, the costliest anointing oil used for the anointing of Kings. To the materialistic minds of the disciples this act of Mary's was a sheer waste of money. They were blind to the higher value of love and devotion.

Jesus highly commended Mary for her act of devotion, to the embarrassment of her critics. That which was mean in their eyes was beautiful in Christ's This woman's act had for its motive a fervant love, and that love made it a good work in God's sight. He declared the fitness of her act as foreshadowing His approaching death and burial. The account of Mary's love and gratitude has gone forth into all lands.

Christ Among Friends

Our Lord is upon His great journey which is to end at Calvary, and here we see Him entering the village of Bethany where lived His friends Lazarus, Martha and Mary.

The fact that Martha received Christ into their house implies she was the elder sister. While Martha is busy with the care of the household Mary "sat at Jesus feet", anxious to learn some fresh lesson from His lips.

Martha charged her Lord with being indifferent to her cares. By teaching Mary, Martha felt He was encouraging Mary to neglect the household duties.

Martha Is Rebuked

Jesus gently rebukes Martha not for her active service, but for being so full of care and trouble that her service for Christ instead being a pleasure had become a burden.

A grievious sickness had overtaken their brother Lazarus and Martha and Mary were sore distressed. They did not say, "Lord, come at once and heal our brother" they simply told Him the fact that he was ill To One that loved it was enough to send tidings; enough that He knew it, for He does not love and forsake.

Princess Wears Mother's Clothes

London's first race meeting since 1940 brought the sunniest Easter of the century. So there were record crowds at Hurst Park race course.

The King and Princess Elizbeth were there. They moved among the crowds around the paddock with as much unconcern as any of the holiday-makers. No ostentatious bodyguard; no uniformed police.

The Princess, now 20, wore blue serge coat, blue hat and veil. Many commented that it was hardly suitable for such a hot day.

But the Princess suffers from the lack of clothing ration coupons, as does everyone else. She posseses few clothes specially made for her. Most of her wardrobe was originally her mother's and has been altered to suit her.

ISSUE 22—1946

Length of Foot In Inches Is Size of Nylons

Here is some timely advice from the manufacturers of full-fashioned nylon hosiery to those women who have been complaining about their new nylons being small in foot-size.

Most retailers are advising women to buy a half size larger in nylons, with the result that they are not getting proper fit in nylon hose.

It is not only the length of the foot but also the heel fit which is important. If the stocking is too long, the heel splice will be pulled up too high and vice versa.

The answer to the problem lies apparently in making sure of foot sizes by measuring your own foot accurately. The length of the foot in inches should be the size of your full-fashioned nylons. If your foot is very wide, however, you may be more comfortable in a half size larger; if very narrow, possibly a half size shorter would be a better fit. But to get the correct size in your glamourous new full-fashioned nylon hose, make sure of your own foot measurement.

MORNING BLUES are banished when breakfast includes Maxwell House. This gloriously rich blend of extra-fine coffees is "Radiant-Roasted" to develop the *full* goodness of every coffee bean.

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Dr. Chase's PARADOL For Quick Relief of Pain

"Fire? Goodness, no! Since I've been serving Grape-Nuts Flakes for breakfast, my husband decided the stairs were too slow."

"Would you believe it, I've found that same thing everywhere I've called this morning — people rushing downstairs to taste that malty-rich, nut-sweet flavor of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes."

"And you should see my family tear into the day's activities on that good nourishment Grape-Nuts Flakes give them: carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; and other food essentials."

"Umm . . . may I step in for a bowlful?"

"Certainly—and I want you to try the simply grand muffins I've just finished making from one of the recipes on the Grape-Nuts Flakes package."