TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XII: Mac takes Sherwin to an old cabin on the crest of a wooded hill near Las Palomas where Mac hopes he will hide until it is safe to make his escape from the sheriff.

CHAPTER XIII

There was small likelihood of Jordan following so far, and Sherwin turned back to the mountain path at last, with a feeling that Mac, at least, was safe.

It was half an hour later when he found himself near the cabin again. He had approached from the ledge and stood in the shadow of a live oak, listening intently. Personally, he had no thought that Jordan would return here, for Jordan did not really know how many had been in the attacking party, and he must know that the sheriff was after him with a posse. Sherwin reasoned that he would scarcely venture back that night and, on the other hand, Mac thought that he, Sherwin, meant to leave at daybreak. He smiled grimly, he wanted Mac to think just that! Meanwhile, he hid his food pack and his blanket; he should not starve while he waited. And he intended to wait here until he met Stenhart again face to face. He advanced cautiously, made sure that the cabin was empty, and, determined to take no risks, found a spot in the redwoods where he could look out on a scene as bright as day with moonlight, himself unseen; and unrolling his blanket, he lay down there to rest. He wanted to smoke, but the chances were against that, although he believed himself to be utterly alone. He clasped his hands under his head and lay there thinking steadily, not only of his purpose, but of the past. He recalled his uncle's violent end. The old man had made a will in Stenhart's favor, having quarreled with Sherwin's father, then, when his father died, the eccentric old man sent for him, liked him, and spoke of altering his will and dividing the property between his two nephews. No one knew of this. He had spoken only to Sherwin, and when he was found dead, Max Stenhart accused the cousin who was, he said, cut off and disinherited because of a quarrel. He had come upon Sherwin just after the latter discovered the dead man, and he swore the knife was in his cousin's hand. Perjury? Yes! Perjury that sent a helpless man to prison for life. Man? A mere boy, it was eight years ago. He had had eight bitter years behind stone walls; there was no death penalty in the state. Perhaps, if there had been, Stenhart might have hesitated. But would he?

* * *

Sherwin could have believed that his cousin had killed the old man to make sure of his inheritance before the will was changed, but Max had proved his alibi. There was no one to testify for the newcomer, the nephew who was little known the neighborhood.

Sherwin had escaped from jail by a mere accident. Two other convicts had tunneled a way out, and at the last moment they invited him to join them. The thought of liberty had set him wild; he had taken their chances, jumped into the river with them, got ashore in the dark and, with their help, changed into another suit of clothes. He had one faithful friend who had taken care of the little money he had of his own. He had got that secretly and, against the pleadings of his friend, started west — after Stenhart! In all these bitter years of imprisonment he had nursed his hatred of Stenhart the perjurer. He knew that Stenhart came into the possession of his uncle's large estate and went west. Never once had he really lost track of him. His hatred was an obsession, it knew no mercy; his one thought had been to kill him. He had bought a pistol and spent days in practice, and he was a crack shot now. He had resumed his horseback riding; coming west he must ride!

Search for him had been so far fruitless; he had been advertised, tracked — all in vain. The fates were with him; he would not be taken until he had reckoned with his enemy ,the man who had sworn away his liberty. He had found him! Found him making love to a girl who could not know how vile he was, the liar! And that girl—?

Sherwin rose and began to walk to and fro; he had forgotten the outlaws, what were they to him? He was himself an outlaw! Jane had recoiled as if he were in very deed the criminal Stenhart's black lie had made of him. Love is so close to hate that he almost hated Jane in the passion of his shame that she had scorned him for Stenhart's sake. More than once, when he had looked into her eyes, his stern purpose to kill the man had wavered. She had roused the best that was in him, but now her shudder of horror at the crime had turned him into a human tiger. He wanted blood — nothing else but Stenhart's blood would satisfy his fury. He would kill him. Alone in the night, Sherwin planned it; as surely as the sun rose and the day dawned he would kill him. It mattered not if the girl meant to marry him, Stenhart must die, and die by his hand.

* * *

Jane had passed a sleepless night, a new experience for her cheerful youth, and she rose early, dressed in her riding-suit and slipped out into the hall long before breakfast time. She was going out and she did not want questions asked. She had 'phoned to the stables to have Tex saddled and waiting.

The wide old hall was flooded with morning light and, almost unconsciously, her eyes turned toward Jim's desk. She seemed to see Sherwin standing there as on that first night. She stopped a moment and stood looking at it, remembering every word that he had said.

She was still there, motionless, when she heard a step behind her. She looked up, startled, and saw Stenhart.

"I didn't know you got about so early," she exclaimed. "How much better you are!"

He took no notice of her little halfhearted attempt at lightness. He came close, looking down at her with his stormy eyes.

"Where are you going, Jane?" he demanded gravely.

She flushed hotly. "Out for a canter before breakfast," she answered shortly.

* * *

He did not believe it, she saw that in his eyes, and her flush deepened. He leaned his hand on the desk beside hers. She could feel the emotion that shook him and she dreaded it. She tried to escape.

"I must be going—" she began nervously.

"Jane!"

She raised her eyes reluctantly to his. "You're not fully yourself yet, Max, you look pale — sit down here, let me call Fanny—"

He laughed bitterly. "You can't evade me, Jane. I'm here for my answer. Will you marry me now — at once?"

"Are you quite generous? I asked you to give me time!" she parried.

"I've given you time! I'm human, Jane, I can't endure this any more. Will you marry me now?"

He had laid his hand over hers on top of the old desk. She felt it trembling as she drew hers sharply away.

"I'm sorry," she said in a low voice, "but I can't!"

"Do you mean not now? Or never?" he was breathing hard.

Jane felt a sudden fear of him, a fear she had never felt of Sherwin, though Sherwin was a convicted murderer! She tried to give him a friendly smile, but her lips shook.

"I mean never, Max."

(To be Continued)

NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION
Send what you can
to your local collection centre
JUNE 17 - 27

"SALADA" TEA

FIGHTING DISEASE IN SINGAPORE

Britain has had a hard task in restoring the standard of health conditions among the civilians population in Singapore after years of Jap occupation. A rapid improvisation of hospital services and an anti-malarial campaign received first priority. The problem of malnutrition was next in importance. Hospital diets were stepped up and general clinics were opened throughout urban and rural districts of Singapore. A feeding scheme was planned for children, and a campaign for vaccination and anti-enteric inocculation, initiated. The keynote of all these schemes is service without distinction of race or colour. Picture shows a British Red Cross and St. John's Nursing Sister, serving a Chinese woman with a bottle of milk for the infant carried on her back.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * *

It looks as if our summer run of visitors has begun. Last Wednesday my sister and nephew arrived —just for the day. Saturday neice Joy came for the week-end—and will be here every week-end until September, Sunday Daughter blew in with a car-load of friends, and when school closes another neice hopes to spend a good part of her holidays here. And so it goes . . .

* * *

Last Friday we also received 206 other little visitors. They were quite small and clad only in fluff. I call them "visitors" because their stay will be only for a short while. Just as soon as each one is big enough to fill a frying pan they will be sold. I hate to think of the fate in store for them when I look at them now, but possibly by the time they go they will have become enough of a nuisance for me to be glad to be rid of them. The early chicks have almost reached that stage. The new chicks have already given me one big headache. But no, that is wrong. It wasn't the chicks it was the brooder—the electric brooder. At 9.a.m. the chicks and brooder were fine. At 11 a.m. the chicks were not so happy and the brooder was cold. I tried to turn on more heat, thinking the thermostat probably wasn't working right. But it didn't make any difference. Then I knew something was radically wrong. I called an S O S to Partner, but he didn't know what to do any more than I did, except to call an electrician, which we did, and while we waited we gathered up our 206 chickens into boxes and took them to the house. But believe me, it took longer to catch them than it does to tell it. It was 2.30 before our trouble-man arrived but in half an hour the repair was made and the chicks back in the brooder house. It was a wire that had burned right through. Another time we may be able to locate the trouble and fix it ourselves.

Apparently there is something to worry about with every kind of stove. Oil burners have been known to explode; coal stoves have an uncanny knack of going out; and electric brooders—well, we know now what they can do. By the way here is an idea that may interest someone. If you have a power brooder you will know they are rather awkward things to work around when cleaning the pen. To help this situation Partner rigged mine up with pulleys wired to the top of the pen. All I have to do is pull the rope either side and up she goes. It is far more convenient.

* * *

To get back to the chickens: They were none the worse for their experience. It was only their owner who was slightly worn and frazzled—to say nothing of a pie that I forget to take out of the oven, which I managed to persuade my family to eat. since nothing must be wasted these days. But it did put me back with my Saturday work, some of which had to be done after neice Joy had arrived and gone out again.

And today—well, after having "helpful" visitors around it generally takes me most of the following forenoon to find out where things have been put! There were eleven of us for supper and the dishes were washed while I was out feeding the chickens. Sometimes chickens make a pretty good alibi.

* * *

We had another grand rain and I believe if one had stood outside with a foot-rule it would have been possible to see and measure the growth. The wheat is coming into head already and the hayfields begin to look as if there were plenty of work ahead for the mower.

* * *

Do you remember my telling you about the robins that nested in our front garden? Well, the other morning I went out and Mom and Poppa Robin were in an awful dither. I looked for the reason and soon found it. One little robin was perched on the edge of the nest while the other was on the branch of a nearby tree. It was evidently their first attempt at trying their wings. Just then Mitchie-cat hove in sight, and, if robins were subject to fits I am sure this mother robin would have had one. Of course I took pity on her and shut Mitchie up in the house. That went on for about two days. Now the frantic chirping has ceased so I suppose the little ones are now capable of looking after themselves. I don't know why I took so much trouble to protect them—it only means that two more robins will be around to steal the fruit from our cherry trees.

Garden Notes

By GORDON L. SMITH

Hot Weather Plantings

Cucumbers, melons and squash can be grown along the rows of corn or at the edge of the garden, where space is limited, where they will trail over the fence, path or perhaps the plot of the next door neighbour. For best results, however, cucumbers, squash and melons should be planted in specially prepared hills. These plants, like hot weather, are very much afraid of frost and cold, wet feet. They should not be planted until the soil is really warm.

Hills are simply loose soil built up in mounds 2 or 3 feet across and about 6 inches high. Into these should be worked some well-rotted manure or black mulch. This keeps the soil open so that the soft, fibrous roots can penetrate easily and the darkish color of the muck or well-rotted manure absorbs the heat of the sun which these plants love.

Experts advise planting about five seeds in holes about an inch deep, and 6 to 10 inches apart on the little mounds mentioned. Later when plants develop, in about two weeks time actually, thin to about three plants to each group. Keep weeds cleared away, watch out for bugs and to encourage early fruiting nip off end of vines when half a dozen melons or a dozen or so squash or cucumbers are on the way.

Sunday School Lesson

Sharing Jesus' Kingdom Purpose

Luke 9: 23. 24. 46-48, 57-62; 11: 1-4; 17: 20, 21.

Golden Text.—Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.—Matthew 6:10.

Order in Christ's Kingdom

Any who follow Christ must be prepared to live a life of self-denial. If they are seeking earthly gain they will not find it following Him. He who saves his life for worldly or selfish reasons will lose it in all its higher relation to immortality.

The disciples had the false idea greatness consisted in having high rank and being served by others. But the order in Christ's kingdom is reversed—The greatest is the lowliest who is ready to serve the smallest child.

We must leave work which another can do when our Lord appoints us to do some special service. That service will suffer no delay. Christ must come first, always.

The Lord's Prayer

In the prayer which Christ teaches the disciples, at their request, there are three petitions. The first concerns our physical subsistence: "Give us day by day our daily bread." The second concerns our spiritual cleansing: "Forgive us our sins, for we also forgive everyone that is indebted to us." The third concerns our victory over the trials and temptations of life; "Lead us not into temptation". Would not the answer of these prayers enable us to live a full and efficient spiritual life? He who prays them from the heart will be happy and useful in the Christian life.

Christ Answers The Pharisees

In reply to the Pharisees' question, Christ said His Kingdom could not be seen by looking into the skies for something spectacular. It came by slow spiritual processes which were at work before their very eyes, but they were too spiritually blind to perceive them.

While there is a Kingdom of God which in God's good time will be consummated, yet it is also true that the Kingdom of God is here already, established in the hearts of those who do God's will.

ISSUE NO. 27

I.O.D.E. War Service Has Now Become Post-War Service

The almost incredible sum of $5,365,440.00 expended by the Daughters of the Empire for War Service during the past six and a half years was announced by Mrs. H. S. Angas of Toronto, War Service convener in her chronicle of the work in her department presented at the I.O.D.E. Annual Meeting in Winnipeg.

During the past year, civilian relief shipments to the British people amounted in cost to $161,589.00—almost $13,000 more than was sent in the previous year, demonstrating that although hostilities have ceased, civilian relief continues to be well maintained. The War Service work has now become post-war service work and as such will continue to function.

EXTRA SPECIAL

4 enlarged prints for 10c—Send any 4 negatives of the same size (up to 2½ x 4¼) and we will return to you immediately 4 enlarged prints on Velox paper, negatives returned with order. Send negatives with this ad and 10c in coin today. This ad must accompany order to receive extra one premium coupon.

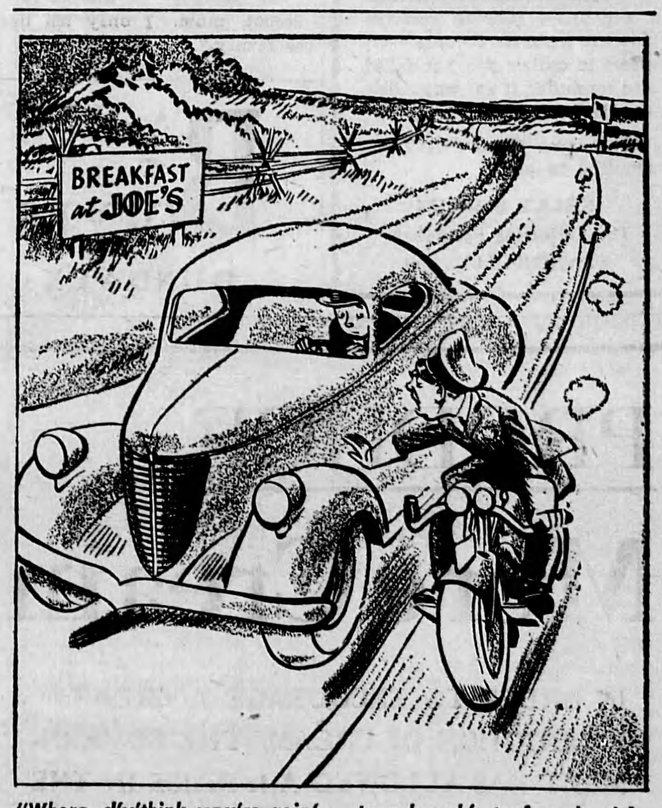
LONDON PHOTO SERVICE
Box 551, Dept. W., London, Ontario.

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

Modern life makes big demands upon the eyes: but two drops of Murine will cleanse, soothe and refresh them when they are tired or irritated. Eyes are rationed—two to a lifetime—so take good care of them. There are seven important ingredients in Murine: let this safe, dependable lotion help your hard-working eyes; use Murine every day.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



"Where d'y'think you're goin' — to a breakfast of malty-rich, golden-brown Grape-Nuts Flakes?"

"So help me, I am, officer! And every time I think of that elegant, nut-like taste of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes, my foot just stamps down on the accelerator!"

"Well keep goin' then, brother! And I'll tag along for a bowlful myself. On this job I need those carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; and other food essentials".

"Grape-Nuts Flakes are good all right! That's because they're made of two grains — wheat and malted barley. And specially blended, baked and toasted for golden-brown, delicious crispness and easy digestion."

"We'll polish off one of those giant economy packages."

MACDONALD'S
Fine Cut
Makes a better cigarette