# TURNING POINT

## By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER XXI:** Before he died, Stenhart revealed that he, not Sherwin, had killed his uncle, because the uncle was going to change a will leaving money to Sherwin. The sheriff took the handcuffs off Sherwin and Jane lifted her head-

### CHAPTER XXII

He raised his head and their eyes met. For an instant he seemed dazed, then he rose to his feet.

"You've come to me—a prisoner?"

"I saw you," she said; "I'm so proud of you!"

He drew a long breath. "Jane, you did it! I'd vowed to kill him—I'd tracked him like a murderer—I had nothing in my heart but hate. I was waiting to kill him when you came up there, but when I found you cared, your touch drove out the poison—I couldn't do it!"

She looked up proudly. "You didn't know yourself, John, even I didn't know you, for when I saw you there, waiting for him, I thought you'd kill him. But it was never really in your heart, John Sherwin, for you're a brave man—no brave man is a murderer! You've—made good."

He smiled bitterly. "You forget what—I am!"

always!"

Emotion choked him, then, in a broken voice: "It means only misery for you to care; I'm as good as a dead man. Forget me, Jane, be happy!"

"Never," she answered softly. "Always I'll remember—until we meet again!"

* * *

He held her hands in a grip that almost hurt them, looking down into her brave eyes.

"You gave up your chance for him—and he's dying, John. Jordan's shot will kill him."

Sherwin was dumb, his head bowed in utter despair.

"Oh, if I could only get you out!" she murmured brokenly, then with sudden hope. I've thought of a way—there used to be a shuttered window back here—" she ran to the wall, feeling it—"it's here—you're strong—come!" she whispered.

His heart leaped. Liberty! It would not give her to him, but free, he might carve out a destiny, retrieve something yet. His hands actually shook as he followed her guidance. In the darkening room he could just see the fastenings, old and covered with dust, half papered over. It resisted and he drew his table fork—they had not allowed him a knife — along the crevices. At last he released the shutter, turned it softly and looked out. He faced an open slope and the light from another window streamed across it. Sherwin drew back with a grim smile.

"They've beaten us, Jane!"

* * *

A man was sitting there, with his rifle across his knees. The sheriff, having caught a jail-breaker, was taking no chances.

Jane was crying bitterly now, but Sherwin tried to comfort her.

"At best, I'd have been only a hunted fugitive, dear girl! we must part—" He could not go on. Her sobs shook him with an even deeper emotion.

There came a soft knock at the door and old Mac's voice, a bit husky. "Time's up, Jane, an' the doc's here; he says Stenhart's dyin'—they want you!"

"God keep you!" Sherwin said hoarsely; all other words failed.

The girl, blind with tears, stumbled out, old Mac holding her up.

"No, I remember! Some day it will come right; the truth can't be always hidden. I'll believe in you

"They're callin' for you, Jane," the old man explained. "I had to come all fired quick. Jim's got th' sheriff an' two others, two that come with th' posse. Teresa's sayin' prayers with two candles in th' kitchen an' Ah Ling's outside, chatterin' something awful in Chinee."

As he spoke he guided the faltering girl on to the verandah and opened the door. A flood of light streamed out. Jim was sitting supinely at his desk, sagged in his chair. Beside him towered the big sheriff, and a deputy was writing something on a paper at the table. Jane, coming in, half dazzled and blind with weeping, felt Fanny's arms go around her.

"He's dead, Jane; it's over—Jim, tell her!"

Jim, speechless, made a sign to Cutler. "You do it!"

But the big sheriff had lost his nerve! he only made motions with his lips like chewing. It w: Fanny who drew Jane down beside her on a bench by the door.

"He told us before he died, Jane," she said, "and the deposition was taken—he confessed to the murder of his uncle. It was done in the garden; the man who swore that Max was with him at the time was a perjurer, paid by Max. His they quarreled violently, and the old man struck him with his cane, as he would a little boy. Infuriated, Max snatched the pruning-knife and struck back without thinking. He killed him! He ran out and hid, saw Sherwin come, and the scheme to save himself and get the money leaped into his crazed brain. He terly innocent!"

* * *

For a moment Jane neither moved nor spoke. She hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Fanny, think of all those years!" she gasped at last.

Fanny nodded. "I know! Max used to tell us in his delirium; Teresa heard it, too. I thought it uncle quarreled with him and told him that he was going to change his will and leave every cent he had to Sherwin. Max broke out, was the worry of the trial—delirium, fever dreams—but old Teresa always believed it!"

Jim, who had not spoken at all, rose suddenly and went out. With him went the sheriff and his two deputies. The two girls were alone. Fanny, trying to still Jane's broken sobs, put her arms about her again.

"He's suffered so much!" Jane said, "and he gave up his chance to escape today to save Max! Think of it, to save the man who had swore to a lie to save himself; he framed it all up—Sherwin was utruined him!"

Fanny touched her softly on the shoulder. "Look up, Jane!"

The girl lifted her head. The door stood open and on the threshold, erect and radiant, stood Sherwin.

(THE END)

### BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

## TREASURE OF THE SEA

By GEORGE E. WALSH

**It was man to man for captive and captor when a shipwreck at sea forced Dick Jordan, a fugitive from justice, and his captor, Hen Pettigrew, to fight for their lives. How Jordan saved his own life by casting his lot with pirates and later saved Pettigrew's life from those same pirates makes very interesting reading.**

**There's a thread of romance in this story, too. Be sure to read "Treasure of the Sea," running serially in this paper.**


"SALADA"
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### 'FLYING HERD' ON WYOMING'S PLAINS

**Some cowboys are high-ridin' hombres these days, having taken to using planes for round-up operations. In photo above is seen shadow of plane which is herding a pack of antelope toward a corral near Gillette, Wyo. Antelopes become too numerous in certain sections and are periodically rounded up and shipped to less congested areas.**

## CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

The binder is back in the driving shed; the wheat is in the barn: the spring grain is cut and stooked and the putt-putt of threshing machines is heard once again in the land.

Incidentally it is the first week in August. By the end of the month—D. V. and weather permitting—harvest will be a thing of the past. And that fact is worthy of note because harvest seems to come earlier with each succeeding year Twelve or fifteeen years ago farmes were quite satisfied even if harvest ran well into September Now they feel something is wrong unless the work is all done in a couple of weeks. On many farmers including our own tractors are used to draw the binder. Horses are hitched only for cutting the first two rounds in each field. Then they are turned out to graze again. So far we haven't heard the horses voice any complaint about it.

How glad I shall be to see the last load of grain in the barn—glad because of Partner. He will work hard as long as there is work to do even though we beg him not to. Not that I try to persuade him to sit down and do nothing. But there is a difference in working and stopping when you feel like it and working against time on a job that you know must be done. It takes a stubborn Englishman to work the way Partner is working right now. And speaking of Englishmen. . . Bob was driving a certain gentleman to Malton to catch a T.T.C. plane. The plane left at nine o'clock but Mr. Blank wished to be at the airport by seven at the latest. Bob said to me—"Is Mr. Blank an Englishman?"

"I believe so," I answered.

"I thought so,' was Bob's cryptic remark, "no one but an Englishman would want to get there two hours ahead of time!"

* * *

Bob. I might add, has a great respect and admiration for the English people as a whole yet at the same time some of their traditions and characteristics frankly "get his goat". Naturally we have a good many friendly family arguments as a result which generally wind up with each of us sitcking to our own original opinions.

When Daughter comes along we have more arguments—but generally on the labour situation. I have never heard her say that she is definitely in favour of strike action but she does contend that labour doesn't get a square deal—and of course she has many specific cases to prove her point.

Now we have neices Joy and Betty staying with us and from them we get interesting information rather than arguments. Joy is doing Field work with the Victorian Order of Nurses in Hamilton and through her we are getting much better acquainted with the splendid work for which that organization is responsible.

* * *

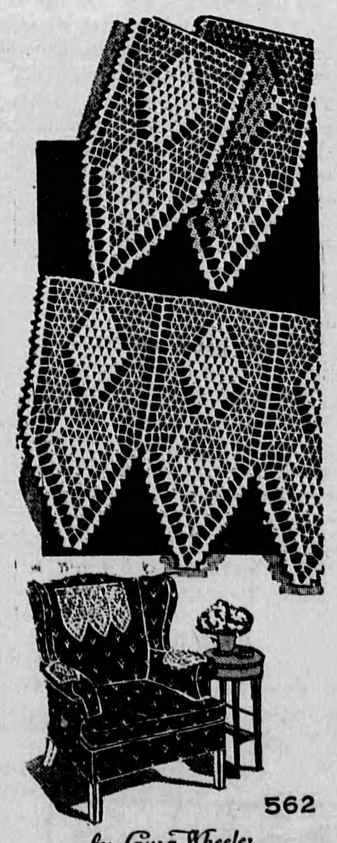
Betty has come here straight from a four weeks' visit to a mining camp near Val DO'r in Quebec, of which her dad has charge From her we hear plenty of lively stories about canoe trips; trouble in gettng camp cooks; dfficulties of conversing with miner's families who speak no English; the fun of sleeping in a sleeping bag; and the lack of the most ordinary comforts and conveniences. Apparently the only telephone in the district was in her Dad's office—and it didn't work! As for hydro—well, that was something that the folk up there didn't even think about. When the time came for her to pay us a visit it was evidently quite a problem to arrange the journey back to civilization. There was first a truck ride to Val Do'r; then an automobile ride to Kirklad Lake; a bus ride to Swastika and finally a train trip from Swastika to Toronto. Daughter met her in Toronto and phoned me that Betty would be coming by bus. But the bus tickets were all sold out so Betty finally arrived by train — a much travelled young lady indeed—and not yet sixteen.

* * *

Well. it's time I did a little travelling too—but alas, only around the chicken pens. I think I shall have to find myself a magic carpet so that I may go places and see things — and be back in time to feed chickens and get supper for two hungry men.

### Death To Spies

The U.S. House tentatively voted to provide the death penalty for any person transmitting secret atomic information to a foreign nation.

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## Sunday School Lesson

### The Sacredness of Human Life

**Exodus 20:13; Matthew 5:21-24; 29-31; 18: 10-14**

Golden Text—But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment. — Matthew 5:22.

**The Sixth Commandment**

In the Sixth Commandment lies the principle of the sacredness of human life and every man's right to live until he forfeits tnat right. According to Christ's interpretation of this commandment whoever has hate in his heart has the root of murder in him.

The one who wishes another dead is essentially the same as the one who puts his wish into action and kills him.

**Human Life Sacred**

By the old law murder was forbidden; by the higher law of the kingdom anger is forbidden. Terms of contempt whereby a brother's feelings are injured and his reputation endangered are forbidden. Nothing more clearly reveals the heart, whether it is full of love or full of selfishness, envy and hate, than the way in which we speak about others and to others.

If we have wronged another in the smallest matter so that "he hath ought against us," we should first be reconciled to him before we seek to bring an offering to God.

**Fear Not**

One of the most frequently occurring messages in the Bible is "Fear Not". Our Lord wishes His disciples to be without fear. Our enemies may be very strong and very unscrupulous but we need never fear them; God is on our side. God's care extends to the minutest things, even to "the sparrow," and to the minutest things about ourselves.

**The Duty of Love**

The duty of love was enjoined by Jesus in His remarks on the child and the kingdom. For the little ones in the kingdom we must do more than simply see that they are not abused. We must cherish and help them. Does not a good shepherd leave his ninety-nine sheep in safety and search the mountain wilds for the one that is lost? And when success ends the search, the shepherd's joy is greater over the one found than over the many not lost.

Little ones are very near to God. It is against the Father's will that a single child should go astray.

It is the Father's will that all should be saved; that young and old should all turn unto Him and live. If any perish it will be because of their refusal to repent.

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## How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I keep house plants watered while away from home for several days?

A. Place as many bricks as there are plants in a zinc tub. Put enough water into the tub to cover the bricks; then stand a pot on each brick. The plants will absorb the water through the bricks.

Q. How can I relieve the irritation caused by insects?

A. The application of lemon juice is often effective.

Q. How can I soften shoes that are stiff after a rainy day?

A. By washing them with warm water, then rubbing castor oil or glycerine well into the leather.

Q. How can I improve the flavor of tea?

A. Add a small piece of dried orange peel, that is kept in a glass jar, to the teapot before pouring in the boiling water.

Q. How can I get rid of mice?

A. Lumps of camphor placed about the haunts of mice is an effective method of keeping them away.

## Hitler's Silken Flag Exhibited in London

Hitler's personal standard, the silken, black swastika surrounded by golder eagles, which the Fuehrer boasted would one day fly over Buckingham Palace, is now in London. It adorns a wall at the "Germany Under Control" Exhibition in Oxford street


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