Finest Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis

The Story Thus Far: Honey Monroe takes the Sylvester Diamond from a woman's handbag in a Los Angeles department store and that evening confesses the theft to Dan Brewster, state's attorney, with whom she is in love. She hasn't time to explain why she took the stone before Joe Danburne, professional thief whom she has known several months, comes to Dan's apartment and she is forced to escape. The plane she takes to San Francisco crashes en route and she is rescued by Art Carey, who lives with his mother near the scene. Her presence there is discovered by Danburne and she persuades Art to drive her back to Los Angeles. They are followed by Danburne and when he tries to stop them their cars collide and Honey is knocked unconscious.

CHAPTER XI

(Continued from last week)

"Out of circulation," she answered truthfully, and was glad she did not have to tell a lie to a man who was about to die. "It will never tempt anyone else again."

"In the ocean?" His voice was an angry croak and Honey realized that, had he been able to reach her, he probably would have choked the life from her body. Even knowing that he could not move to harm her, she still had a wild desire to push back from him.

"That's as good an answer as any," she told him.

He gave a rasping laugh that was ugly to hear and she covered her ears for a second to hsut it out. Then he spoke again.

"Too bad your friend Brewster couldn't know that you stole the stone from Mrs. Sylvester. I am sorry now I didn't tell him that night before I hit him over the head."

* * *

"Oh!" Honey sucked in her breath painfully as she understood what had happened to Dan in the apartment. Then she said: "He knows. I told him. I went there to give him the diamond." There was pleasure in being able to admit that knowledge to Joe even in his critical condition.

There was a gasp from him, both of surprise and pain. He waited to draw a deep breath and she heard him struggle hard to get it. She closed her eyes as bitter tears spilled over her lashes. Joe had a few good points that she remembered now as she sat there watching him—sending her beautiful flowers, spending his money freely, taking her to all the nice places of entertainment. And with pangs of remorse, she recalled that she had given him nothing in return, except a few smiles, her company, and being engaged to him after a fashion.

She started to touch him, to add comfort to his last minutes if she could; then she jerked her hand back quickly, remembering that Joe was a dangerous man.

* * *

"Are you in great pain, Joe?" she asked gently. "I am sorry, you know." And she was.

"Pain, h——!' he hissed from between closed teeth, gritting back the agony from within. Honey recoiled as if he had struck her, so filled with hatred were the words. "I'm done for and you know it. But you're a fool if you think you can get away with double-crossing Joe Danburne."

"How did you find out I took the diamond, Joe?"

"By the only clue the police had."

"What was it?" Her heart stood still with fright. If Joe had guessed, the law might do the same thing.

For a long time he did not say anything and Honey was beginning to wonder if he were dead, when he spoke again with new strength in his voice.

* * *

"A black button with a chip out of its side. I told you the last time you wore that black suit to luncheon that one of the buttons had a piece out of it. And you laughed because I noticed such a small detail. You lost that button when you stole the purse from Mrs. Sylvester, Honey. It pays to remember small things when you are dealing in jewels. And all the time I thought you were on the level."

"You won't understand, Joe, but there is a big difference in my reason for taking the diamond and yours," she said simply. "I'm not a thief and never have been." She steeled herself to go on. "I never loved you. I had a purpose in mind when I became engaged to you—I wanted to get that diamond, and through you the path was opened. And so I strung along." She lowered her voice to impart the other bit of news she wanted to tell him. "You see, Joe, I love Dan Brewster, and I have for a long time, but he didn't know it."

"It doesn't matter now who you love." He spoke just above a whisper and Honey had to lean forward to catch his words. "You won't live to marry anyone." His words sounded final, as though he knew it for certain.

* * *

Honey was out of his line of focus, but she shook her head in denial, not realizing that he could not see her.

"No, I'm not going to die, Joe. I'm not even hurt. The crash shook me up a bit and knocked me out for a few minutes. But I am all right now."

She could see Art's tall figure pacing to and fro on the highway, impatiently waiting for a motorist to come to their aid.

Joe took up his end of the conversation as if he had not heard her word of denial about her death.

"There were two things in the world I wanted above all else because I love beauty. The Sylvester diamond and you. I can't have the diamond now. You saw to that. But I can take you with me." A gurgling sound escaped his throat. It sounded like he was choking. Tears came faster to Honey's eyes and she wrung her hands helplessly as she sat near him, watching.

He struggled hard for a breath and got it. Then with great effort, he moved his body slightly. His head turned to face her and she was glad of the darkness that hid what might lie in his eyes at the moment.

* * *

As they faced each other there in the darkness, a silence seemed to settle over the earth and not a sound came through the night. It was so still that Honey could hear her own heart thumping. When she thought she could stand the quiet no longer, Joe spoke.

"You are very beautiful, Honey. But you are going to die," he said and there was conviction in his tone.

"No, Joe. I'm all right," insisted Honey.

"You're going to die," he repeated and his voice was stronger now. And then suddenly he lifted an arm and a gun swayed toward her at close range. She tried to move, but too late. There was an explosion and a spurt of fire as Joe pulled the trigged.

Honey slumped over in a heap on the ground as Art came running up.

(Continued next week)

No Hustle And Bustle Of Politics Here.—It's the Storytime Hour, and just like thousands of other youngsters in all parts of Canada do, Sandra and Edward Drew—children of George Drew M.P., national leader of the Progressive Conservative Party—listen intently as their mother tell them a pre-bedtime tale.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

The Standards Of The Kingdom
Matt. 5:1-12! 7:24-27.

Golden Text: Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6:33.

Most people will agree that no three successive chapters in all the Bible are as significant and important as Matthew 5-7. Here is the manifesto of the King. He said, "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it." He did not come to fulfill the law as it had been misinterpreted and applied by the Pharisees. They had sought to keep the letter of the law and still violate its true meaning. Here Jesus restores the law to its proper meaning and gives examples to illustrate what He means. Love is the perfect fulfillment of the perfect law.

The beatitudes with which the manifesto opens affirm that those who follow God's plan are happy. The Greek word translated "blessed" is in some versions translated "happy." From the time an individual begins to turn away from sin to God, he receives a measure of happiness. This happiness increases and is characteristic of the Christian's life, sustaining him even when reviled and falsely accused.

The sermon closes with a parable. The person who hears and does the sayings of Jesus is compared to a man who built his house upon a rock. The house withstands the storm. But the one who hears and fails to do the sayings of Jesus is like the man who built on sand. The house collapses in the storm. Knowing the teaching of Jesus is not sufficient. We must obey.

He who takes the way of the Kingdom is freed from worry. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." "These things" are those of which you have need. Among the other precious gems of truth in this sermon on the mount is the golden rule, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

WILLIE WEATHER Says:

WARMER

I'm quite concerned about my son these days. He's a very good boy all spring, summer and fall, but as soon as winter comes, he starts to bite people.

I guess that's because there's a pip in the heir.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: My daughter, 23, is separated from her husband, and is living with me. She has a sweet little girl of four. I don't know how much longer I can stand her conduct!

"She has never had the responsibility of taking care of her child. All she cares about is having fun. She drinks, and stays out till three or four in the morning, sometimes does not come home at all. She has even taken the baby with her!

"Her husband knows nothing of this. He wants to go back with her, but she won't consider it. She wants to run around with other men.

"I've been a good mother, tried to make it as easy as possible for her. She works during the day, and I keep the child, do her laundry, and accept very little money for everything.

"I've talked to her many times, told her how wrong she is, in a nice way. I've even tried to force her to behave, but to no avail. My husband (her stepfather) doesn't approve, and there's a constant quarrel at our house all the time. Between the two they are killing me by degrees. I cannot sleep until she gets home, and I cannot take it much longer.

"Shall I tell her husband? He is one of the finest men I ever knew. I don't want to hurt my daughter, for in spite of everything, I still love her with all my heart. All I want is for her to live a good life and be a good mother.

A WORRIED MOTHER"

Yours is a harsh decision to make, and I sympathize with you deeply.

To tell your daughter that she can no longer live with you unless she behaves herself, and that if she doesn't intend to she must take her child and live elsewhere, sounds the epitome of cruelty. Yet it may come to that. So long as she knows her child is cared for, she feels free to live her own life. Living alone with the baby may awaken her to her responsibilities, and force her to become a stable and dependable mother. No one can know until she tries it.

If you think her husband, through his knowledge of her as his wife, can help you with any suggestions, you might talk things over with him. For him to approach her, however, in her present mood, would only alienate her further.

You cannot continue living like this. You are not so young any more that you can stand all this anxiety with impunity. The constant turmoil in your home takes its toll—and what would happen to you all if you break down?

I think you should tell her, firmly, that you will have to make a change unless she calms down. It will be hard to do, but it may be the best thing for her in the long run.

* * *

Sometimes a loving mother can make things too easy for her children. For their own sakes, they need to hold up their end and perform the duties which life has laid upon them. If you need courage in dealing with them, write to Anne Hirst, at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

TEST YOUR I. Q.

WHO WAS ANN?

The name Ann, or one of its many variations, provides a common bond for all these famous women. Try and identify them from the descriptions given, then check your results with the answers, printed upside down, underneath.

1. Abraham Lincoln's childhood sweetheart.
2. A movie for which advertisements proclaimed "Garbo Talks."
3. "She's my Annie, I'm her Joe."
4. Henry VIII's second wife, beheaded for infidelity.
5. The aristocratic heroine of a novel by Count Tolstoy.
6. A star in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.
7. Fatima constantly asked her, "Do you see anyone coming?"
8. An orphan adopted by Oliver Warbucks.
9. "In a white petticoat and a red nose; the longer she stands, the shorter she grows."
10. An Englishwoman for whom a style of furniture is named.
11. "For bonnie —— —— I'd lay me doon and dee."
12. The ship, in W. S. Gilbert's yarn, which had a single and cannibalistic survivor.
13. An actress supposed to have bathed daily in milk.
14. The wife of the Bard of Avon.
15. The greatest ballet dancer of modern times.

The Answers

1. Ann Rutledge; 2. Anna Christie; 3. Annie Rooney; 4. Anne Boleyn; 5. Anna Karenina; 6. Annie Oakley; 7. Sister Anne; 8. Little Orphan Annie; 9. Little Nancy Elliccott; 10. Queen Anne; 11. Annie Laurie; 12. (The Yarn of the) Nancy Bell; 13. Anna Held; 14. Ann Hathaway; 15. Anna Pavlova.

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Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

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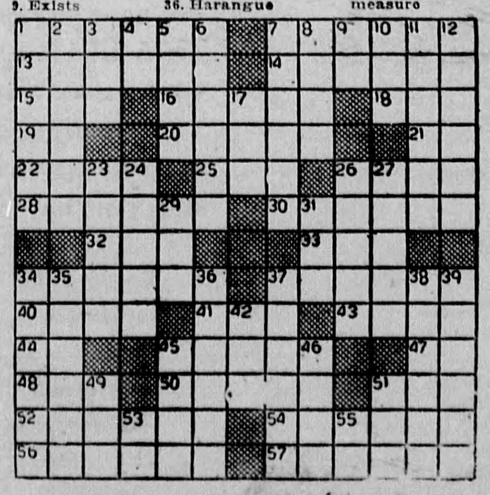
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Eloquent speaker
7. French statesman
13. Courteous
14. Church festival
15. Greek letter
16. Open
18. Land measure
19. Sodium (symb.)
20. Factions
21. Electrical unit
22. English school
26. Rent
26. Pronoun
28. Dethrone
30. Firm
32. First woman
33. West Saxon king (var.)
34. Straight
37. Situated at the back
40. Spoken
41. Frozen water
43. Since (Scot.)
44. Not any
45. Wild goose
48. Keel-billed cuckoo
50. Diner
51. Bustle
52. Colored slightly
54. Sea
56. Card game
57. Pressure

DOWN

1. Began
2. Revolve
3. Southern State (ab.)
4. Palm lily
5. Indians
6. Rail at
7. Flat caps
8. Rodents
9. Exists
10. Luzon tribesman
11. Sea nymph
12. Stylish
17. Dutch commune
23. Musical drama
24. Book of fiction
26. Encamps
27. Hirsute
29. Dry
31. Neckpiece
34. Give
36. Satiric
36. Harangue
37. Reactions
38. Positive electric poles
39. Fruit trees
42. Feline
45. Vegetable
46. Waste allowance
49. Girl's name
51. New Zealand tree
53. Small weight (ab).
55. Metric land measure



Answer elsewhere in this issue

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The Coliseum, Toronto, Canada.

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