*Salada Tea Bags are handy for afternoon tea*

**"SALADA" TEA BAGS**

## *Riders* for the *Hoot-Owl Pool*

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER TWO

**Marked for Murder**

There was a tense, uneasy silence in the ranch house. Men looked at one another askance. More than one pair of eyes was watching Webb Winters.

"You and Bob rode home together, Webb," said Joe Blake, "as far as the forks of the trail. You was the last man to see Bob Anderson alive. If I was you, I'd keep that information away from the sheriff. It might sound different to the law than it does to us that knows you and Bob was good friends. A jury, now, might think somethin' different. If I was you, I'd forget I rode along that trail with a man who was found murdered."

Webb's jaw muscles tightened. His lips were tight, white. His narrowed eyes looked at Joe Blake, at Tex, at the others. He saw suspicion written on the faces of more than one of these men. Three thousand dollars was a lot of money to them. Those papers, delivered to Ab Abbott, would bring a good price. And Webb Winters had been the man who had ridden a lonely trail with Bob Anderson.

"If any man here thinks I killed Bob Anderson," said Webb Winters, "let him come out and say so."

None of them had seen the door open. None of them, in that tense moment, noticed the man standing in the doorway. All of them stared guiltily as Sheriff Hank Roberts spoke:

"Didn't know you had company, Webb."

Webb's tongue wet his dry lips. He forced a lame sort of grin.

"Howdy, Hank. Joe and Tex and some of the boys dropped around to see about givin' Bob a proper plantin'. Glad you come over. Put up your horse."

"I will, Webb, much obliged. It got kinda gloomy over at Bob's. Two of Blake's cowboys is over there settin' up with the corpse. There was a few things I wanted to ask you about, so I rode over."

Sheriff Hank Roberts left the cabin as quietly as he had come. The members of the Scissor-Bill Pool looked uneasily at one another. Then Joe Blake spoke:

"We better be driftin' along. So-long, Webb. And hell, nobody here is accusin' you of anything. See you at the funeral tomorrow."

They left Webb there in his cabin. None of them had any desire to stay and talk to the keen-eyed old sheriff from Rimrock who had walked in on them so quietly.

Webb Winters knew that old Hank Roberts had heard him when he had hurled his challenge at the others. He poured himself a cup of coffee and stood there in the lighted doorway as the others rode away into the night. The sky was filled with broken clouds through which a pale moon rode.

Then Sheriff Hank Roberts came back from the barn. Webb put more wood in the stove. The old peace officer sat down in the chair that Joe Blake had been using. Webb handed him a cup of coffee and put tobacco within the sheriff's reach.

"I reckon," said Webb abruptly, "that you heard what I was tellin' 'em, Sheriff."

"Set down, son. Take the weight off your feet. Me and you are goin' to have a pow-wow. A little medicine talk. Light your tobacco."

Webb took the other chair and rolled a cigarette. The sheriff sipped his black coffee. They smoked a while without saying a word. Webb was still white hot inside because of the veiled accusation of Joe Blake and the others.

"Who organized the Scissor-Bill Pool, Webb?" the sheriff asked abruptly.

"I reckon you can lay it onto me and Bob. We had to gather our cattle in the fall and brand our calves in the spring. None of us had many cattle and the only way to work the range was to make up a pool round-up, which we did."

"Likewise, it protected you against the Triangle outfit."

"That's right."

"And the Scissor-Bill Pool aims to start a war on account of Bob Anderson's murder?"

"Not knowin', I couldn't say, Sheriff."

"You'd better get this straight, son. There's goin' to be no range war if I kin help it. Even if I have to put the men of the Pool and every Triangle man under a peace bond. You fellers seem to forget that there's a law in this country."

"Then why didn't that law ketch the man that shot Ed Young in the back a few months ago? Why don't your law lay a hand on the men that murdered Bob Anderson?" Webb's tone was bitter.

"I'm doin' the best I know how, son. Takes time. Accusin' a man of murder is an almighty serious charge. Got to go careful. Webb, which trail did you use comin' home?"

"You mean when I come tonight?"

"Yes."

"I cut across the lower end of Bob's horse pasture, takin' a short-cut Bob and I used a lot. It cuts off about three miles."

"Mind lettin' me have a look at your gun?"

There was a puzzled expression in the cowboy's eyes as he took his six-shooter from the waistband of his overalls and handed it, butt foremost, to the law officer.

The sheriff examined it carefully, then looked at Webb.

"This gun has been fired lately."

"This afternoon. I emptied it at a coyote. If you're hintin' that I killed Bob Anderson . . ."

"Keep your shirt on, son. I ain't accusin' you of anything. But I took that same short-cut, comin' here tonight. There's a dead man alongside the trail. A Triangle cowboy. The same cowboy you had a fight with in town about two weeks ago. I recognized him, right off. I remember the fight you'd had with him because he was usin' tough language in Mae's restaurant. You run him out of town and told him he'd git worse than just a beatin' up if he ever showed up again in the restaurant."

"Well, what about it?"

"So far as the sign shows, Webb, you're the only man that took the short-cut tonight. Your gun barrel is powder-marked."

"Therefore, I killed the gent?"

"No jury would convict a man on such slim evidence." He handed Webb back the gun and picked up his coffee cup.

"That man was killed by Bob Anderson, Webb. Keep your gun."

They were burying Bob Anderson at the little Rimrock graveyard. All the members of the Scissor-Bill Pool were there. Webb was there with Mae. It was drizzling rain and everybody had on slickers. A dismal, dreary day. Saddled horses stood, bridle reins dropped. Buggy teams were tied to the fence. Nearly all the women stayed in their buggies.

(Continued Next Week)

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**No Trouble At All**—Mrs. Joyce Chapman, 18, of Oroville, smiles at her infant son which she bore while listening to her radio at home. She said that after the birth, which was completely painless, she wrapped the infant in a mackinaw and walked a mile to the mine where her husband works. He took the mother and child to the hospital, where both are doing fine.

## CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

There were no Easter bunnies around here last week but there were lenty of calves. The first one, a heifer, arrived uneventfully during the middle of the night but the mother was one of these unnatural females who refuses to recognize her off-spring. In cow language that means the mother would not lick her calf after it was born—a usual procedure—and unless you are used to cattle you have no idea what a difference that makes to the appearance of a calf. The caressing touch of the mother's tongue is as beneficial to the calf as beauty parlour treatment to a glamorous blonde.

Two days later while milking was in progress Partner looked at Spotty and figured "her time had come"—or at least it was not far distant. So Spotty was put into a stall by herself and left alone. Later that night Bob went down to the barn and when he came back Partner inquired—"Is the cow all right?"

"Yes," answered Bob, "Spotty's all right, except that she has twin calves!"

And was Spotty ever proud of her babies! Nothing wrong with the mother-instinct there. Spotty's only trouble was how to divide her attention between the two calves—that is, if she could tell one from another. They are almost identical—and both as spotted as a leopard—being of the Ayrshire variety.

Now of course the arrival of twin calves is nothing very wonderful—triplets are a bit more unusual, but we'll settle for twins around here. What made this occasion particularly interesting lay in the fact that the mother of our new calves was herself a twin; and the grandmother had twins twice. Moreover, in each case the twins were heifers—and thereby hangs a tale. It is the tale—or family history—that makes my story. The first time calves arraived at Ginger Farm an old-timer advised Partner to veal them. "Don't ever keep twin heifer calves," he said, "you'll never get any calves from them, no matter how long you keep them. It just won't happen, that's all."

Well, on that first occasion Mr. Old-Timer was right, because one calf was undersized and not worth keeping; the other was extra big and although we kept her until she was over three years old she never did have a calf. So eventually she went to the stockyards and I haven't a doubt in the world she made excellent beef.

Then the same cow had twins again—a nice, average-size pair of heifer calves—and we kept them. Mr. Old-Timer shook his head again—"You'll rue the day" he mourned. But one of those twins is the mother of our newest arrivals, so you see our twin calves are proof positive of the falsity of that old-fashioned superstition—that a heifer that is born a twin will never produce a calf.

Well, the weather is still front page news. Frost, cold winds, snow in many places . . and Easter! We had everything but the snow. Daughter was home for the long week-end, and as she left Toronto while it was still quite mild she brought only a light weight top coat with her. I wonder how many other week-enders were caught the same way. Now we are back to normal again—no more homecomers in the house, so there is no temptation to sit up talking to the small hours; and no more hockey broadcasts to keep one keyed up to fever pitch. Now the Maple Leafs are out of the running we can retire to our beds at a respectable hour and build up a little reserve energy against the spring rush . . . if that time ever comes! But, oh dear! soon there will be daylight saving time to contend with—and that will upset our schedule again. However, with no hydro shortage to worry about, DST shouldn't be quite such a farce as it was last year. That was a time to remember. As if we could forget ! !

Spring is also the time for new styles in toggery—and how I wish some one would get the idea that COLOURED shirts are the only smart thing for men to wear. White shirts . . . how I hate them! Not the look of them, of course, just the washing and ironing. Wash them by themselves; hang them by themselves; iron them so carefully—and yet every time I find a smudge somewhere; or a scorch mark, or a wrinkle in the collar. Men's while shirts are enough to blight a woman's life . . . there should be a law against them.

Well, that's all for this time, friends. I must go now and iron a shirt . . . a white shirt . . . and for the second time!

## HOW CAN I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I test the purity of butter?

**A. Place a small amount of butter in a teaspoon and hold it over a flame If butter is pure, it will foam quietly and boil. If impure, it will crackle and sputter as it becomes heated.**

Q. How can I stop a small leak in a pan, bucket or tub?

**A. Turn the receptacle upside down, cover the leak with a little powdered sulphur, heat an old knife blade until it is very hot, and spread the sulphur around the leak.**

Q. How can I help sick gold fish?

**A. If the gold fish are ill, the chances are that they are overfed, or their bowl has not been kept clean. Overfeeding or lack of fresh water will soon kill them.**

Q. How can I overcome the unpleasantness of taking medicine?

**When medicine is unpleasant to take, try placing a bit of alum in the mouth for a moment before taking the medicine. It will usually overcome any unpleasantness.**

## ANNE HIRST
### *Your Family Counselor*

"I've been married 11 years to a man I used to love. But lately he is so hard to get along with that I'm about ready to pack up and go.

"Nothing I do is ever quite right. He complains about my housekeeping, though I'm much better than I used to be—and instead of helping, he keeps me picking up after him all the time.

"He criticizes the way I talk, and look, and act. Yet if I get a new dress, he just grumbles and asks what it cost. My education is better than his, and I'm just as pleasant as he will let me be. I have loads of friends, though he has few.

"He won't go to church with me. He never takes me out unless I nag him—and when we do go, he is such a show-off that he embarrasses me.

"He pays the bills, and is generous. He doesn't drink or gamble.

"If I had only a little appreciation, I'd be so happy! (Sometimes I think he'd be better off with just a housekeeper) . . . I don't want to leave, but how can I make our marriage like it used to be

"ON THE VERGE."

**RENEW YOUR CHARMS**

* When you married your husband, you say, he was devoted and appreciative, flattering and helpful. (I wish I could print all your letter). You were good companions, had fun together.

What has happened?

A man who develops the annoying habit of criticizing everything his wife does, often feels at fault himself. So he protects that feeling by trying to be superior. This accounts for your husband "picking on" you.

When he shows off before other people, it is because he craves flattery and doesn't get it at home.

Your husband would enjoy taking you out if he felt at home with you, confident that you are proud of him, as he used to be proud of you.

I think you are expecting too much of him. He has his points, you know. He is honest and good. He has no vices. He is a helpful citizen in the community. He provides well for you.

Why don't you concentrate on his good qualities, and let him know how you appreciate them?

Flatter him a bit, tactfully. Make him feel he's really Somebody. Praise him for his virtues, and see how he expands. Your compliments will build up his prestige (which is what he needs) and will soften his attitude toward you, too. He will begin to see you as he did in the early years of your marriage, when you exercised all your charms to please him, and convinced him that he was the ONE MAN in the world for you.

Stop trying to make him over. Show him you like him as he is, —and tell him why.

You two can recapture that companionship you used to have, if you will take the trouble to do your part. Compare him with other husbands you know, and those unfortunate ones you read about in this column. I think you will realize how lucky you are.

* * *

**Concentrate on the good qualities your husband has, and ignore the others. You can't change him, you know—but you can change your opinion of him. Anne Hirst will help, if you write her at Box 1,. 123. Eighteenth. Street,. New Toronto, Ontario.**

SALLY'S SALLIES

**"He must think this ceremony is being televised."**

**TIT FOR TAT**

**A woman who was living in a hotel at San Francisco employed a Chinese bay. She said, "What's your name?"**

**"Fu Yu Tsin Mei," he replied.**

**"Your name is too long; I'll call you John."**

**The Chinese boy looked surprised.**

**"What's your name?" he asked.**

**"Mrs. Elmer Edward MacDonald."**

**"Your name is too long; I call you Charlie."**

**The boss suffers from inflation—an inflated sense of his own importance.**

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