Year in year out quality has always been and will always be the first consideration with

"SALADA" TEA

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER FOUR

(Continued from last week)

Sheriff Hank Roberts left the saloon with the doctor. The old peace officer walked with a steady gait. Above the bandages, his face was gray and drawn with pain, but his puckered eyes were narrowed, hard. He refused the doctor's arm.

There was the bloodstained pool table and the water in the basin that had become pinkish from blood. Tex and the Hoot-Owl Pool cowboys lined up at the bar. Webb stood there, alone, save for old Judge Anders in his rusty black suit and threadbare white shirt and string tie.

"Come, Webb," said Judge Anders and, taking the cowboy's arm, he led him down the street to his cabin.

* * *

Judge Anders found a sealed bottle and a corkscrew. He made Webb take a stiff drink. Then he shoved him into the bathroom and laid out a razor and shaving mug. He turned on the hot water.

"I'll send a kid to the hotel for your clothes, Webb. You'll feel better after a bath and shave." He closed the bathroom door.

Back in the front room of his cabin, Judge Anders stood looking at the uncorked bottle. Everything in his body cried for that whisky. His hands were unsteady as he corked the bottle and put it back in the cupboard. His lips twitched nervously and his gait was slow, faltering, as he moved away from the closed cupboard that held the untouched bottle.

He went on up the street. He was steady enough now as he walked into Mae's restaurant. His smile faded when the cook told him that Mae was not there. She had gone to the town dance.

"Alone?"

"Not exactly, Judge," said the cook, an old roundup cook. "She went with Ab Abbot."

Old Judge Anders carried Webb's telescope valise from the hotel. It was a little too heavy for him and he had to keep changing hands. It kept hitting the sides of his legs, almost upsetting him. But he did not seem to notice. He staggered on doggedly until he got to his cabin.

Webb had bathed and shaved. He had a bath towel wrapped around his middle when he opened the door. Judge Anders came in, a forced smile on his face.

"Thought I'd bring it myself, Webb. Need the exercise."

Webb looked at the old attorney. Then he held out his hand. When he spoke, his voice was none too steady.

"I don't know what I ever did, Judge, to earn the sort of friendship you've showed me."

"Drink, Webb?"

"I reckon not. Unless you need one."

"I haven't touched it since the night after your trial. There's a case of it in the clothes closet. It hasn't been touched until tonight when I opened that bottle."

Webb dressed and they sat there in the front room, talking. Or, rather, Judge Anders talked and Webb was forced to listen. Webb wanted to go up town. He wanted to see Mae, talk to her for a little while. Just for a few minutes. Because, save for Judge Anders, he was absolutely friendless.

He couldn't leave the old man now. It wouldn't be the square thing to do. And Judge Anders sat there smoking, talking on and on about his yesterdays. Webb shifted uneasily in his chair and tried to pretend to listen.

It was nearly midnight before Webb could get away. The old attorney was asleep in his big arm chair, his pipe in his hand. He looked gray from fatigue and he stirred restlessly in his sleep. Exhaustion had blanketed the old man with slumber. Webb left him there in his big, old chair.

He went up the street, spurs jingling. Mae's restaurant was closed. He found his way through the pines to her cabin, but the cabin door was padlocked.

He reckoned she was at Hank Robert's place. He knew that he wouldn't be welcome at Hank's.

A familiar figure lurched from the lighted doorway of a saloon. A short, heavy-shouldered, bowlegged man with a shapeless hat pulled slantways across his eyes. His widespread gait was unsteady. His spur rowels dragged on the wide plank sidewalk. He had a bottle of whisky in one hand, a six-shooter in the other.

* * *

Somewhere a piano was pounding out a ragtime piece. Some drunken cowboy was trying to sing. There was the laughter of dancehall girls and the voices of men in some sort of an argument. Yellow, blurred light shone from saloon windows.

"Damned if it ain't Webb Winters," leered the man with the gun and the bottle.

"It's me, Joe Blake."

"What you huntin'? Trouble?"

"Hell, no, Webb. I'm just in town, that's all. A man's got to kinda celebrate now and then, ain't he?"

"Better put up that gun, Blake, or else use it."

"Meanin' what, neighbor?"

"Meanin', mister, that it makes me kind of touchy when a man has a gun n his hand. I got one in mine, now."

Webb's right hand held a gun. The gun covered the boss of the Scissor-Bill Pool.

"Put 'er away," said Webb, "or else use it."

Slowly, with a fumbling movement, Joe Blake put away his gun. He grinned drunkenly and held out his bottle to Webb.

"Drink, neighbor?"

"No!" Webb's voice was taut.

"Too damn proud, mebby?"

"I reckon that's about it, Blake. When I drink, it's with friends, savvy?"

"I savvy." Joe Blake seemed to sober suddenly. His voice lost its blurred thickness and there in the uncertain light, his eyes were two red slits.

"Keep on rememberin', Blake."

"I ain't the forgettin' kind, Winters."

"So I figgered."

The two men stood there in the shadowed yellow light thrown on the plank walk by a saloon window. Webb slowly put his six-shooter back in the waistband of his trousers.

"Want it, Blake?" he said quietly. "Want that slug in your belly?"

"What you dirvin' at?" growled Joe Blake.

Webb grinned a little. "The leaves has been rustlin' a little, mister. Just a little. Just enough to give me the kind of news that I wanted. Blake, I'm not goin' to kill you here and now, because you're drunk. Go sober up, then get ready because I'm comin' after you and Ab Abbot. Tell that to Abbot when you find him."

"What's the idea of talkin' thataway, Winters?"

"Just a notion. Take the news to Ab Abbot that I'm killin' him on sight. The same goes for you. I got a notion who killed Ed Young and Bob Anderson. Do you understand what I mean, you murderin' skunk? Savvy, you low-down, double-crossin' snake? Am I makin' myself plain, you yellow-bellied, bushwhackin' coward?"

Joe Blake stood there, his face twisted with hate, yet he made no move for his gun.

"You're sayin' words that no man kin take, Winters." Joe Blake's voice was choked with anger. "I'm killin' you for what you said."

"Fill your hand, then."

(Continued next week)

Upside down to prevent peeking.

ISSUE 26 — 1950

4652
SIZES
11–17

Anne Adams

Coolest! Smartest! This convertible ensemble with its snug-belted top, its stunning sundress is a sophisticated date-timer, Jr. Miss. Really a honey—especially in a new border fabric!

Pattern 4652 Jr. Miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13, 3⅞ yds. 35-in.

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to Box 1, 123, Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Two In The Bush's—Mrs. R. M. Bush gingerly removes the mail from her sidewalk mailbox, careful not to disturb Momma Bluebird, who is housekeeping inside. The Bluebirds are the fourth couple to move in and raise a family in the same location. It's okay with the Bushes as long as Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird leave their mail alone.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have had to leave my husband and come home with my baby. He did not support us.

"Since we married three years ago, he has had at least 18 jobs. Finally my stepfather signed a note so we could buy our home, and he even got my husband work. Result, my stepfather did the work and my husband drew the pay!

"He does not seem to care anything for me nor the children. I had to send my two-year-old girl to my grandmother—and I miss her so much! Now, away from him, at least I know my baby is taken care of, and I need not worry myself sick.

"Since I left, he does not want to work, nor even support the baby.

"So I intend to take it to the Children's Court and let them settle it for me. Am I right or wrong?

MRS. B.B."

* A husband who refuses to support his family must be made to. I do not see what other course you could take. It is a pity you did not resort to it long ago.

* A man who brings children into the world is legally responsible for them. If he will not support them through love for them, he must be forced to by law. That is what our laws are for.

* Your husband seems to be congenitally opposed to any kind of work. It may be that, fresh from service, he found readjustment to civil life a difficult problem. But he should not have married without realizing the responsibilities which marriage involves. These, he has evaded, in spite of all the encouragement you gave him and the help he accepted from others.

* I hope the future will prove brighter for you, and that soon a way will be found for you to have both children with you. Once free of anxiety, you will find yourself a job, and help make this come true.

* * *

A man who will not support his family must be made to. When his wife cannot move him, the law will try. Anne Hirst is here to help you through any trouble. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Jacob, A Man of Striking Contrasts
Gen. 35:1-7, 9-12

Golden Text:—Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—Gen. 28:15a.

The word "Jacob" means "heel-grasper." It was applied to the subject of this lesson because of an incident at birth. It was a very apt choice, for the name signified his character. Once and again he plotted to supplant his twin brother. He bought the birthright for a mess of pottage when Esau came in from the hunt, ravenously hungry. Then, aided by his mother, he deceived his aged father and secured the patriarchal blessing. Jacob was a supplanter.

There are two high points in Jacob's spiritual development. These were at Bethel and Peniel. He was at Bethel fleeing from home because his enraged brother planned to slay him. Years later at Peniel, he met with God before facing this brother at the head of four hundred armed men. Bethel means "house of God". When he awakened after his dream of the ladder to heaven with the angels ascending and descending on it and heard a message from the Lord who stood above it, he exclaimed, "——Surely this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

At Peniel, Jacob, having sent his possessions and his family across the brook, wrestled alone with God. His thigh was put out of joint. Then he confessed his nature. He received a new name and a new nature. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel (Prince of God), for as a prince thou hast power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. He called the name of the place, Peniel (face of God); for, said he, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." As Jacob deceived his father, covering his arms and chest with kidskin, so years later he was deceived by his sons. They killed a kid, too. In its blood they dipped Joseph's beautiful coat and proceeded to deceive their father. Jacob's spirit struck a new low when, years later, he lamented, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." But the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Soon he would see Joseph and he and his family would be bountifully cared for during the famine. Jacob is an intriguing character.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Summer came to Ontario last week . . . and it stayed for nearly four whole days. So what? Well, we took off the storm windows and I spent one whole precious day painting screens and getting them on. We drew down blinds against the sun; we opened windows to windward and we brought the electric fan out of hiding. Then as we were expecting three of our folks home for the weekend I went shopping with hot weather menus in mind—fruits, jellies, and drinks, and the makings for various salads.

Then with the capriciousness for which our Canadian climate must surely be getting famous the weather changed again. We needed soups more than salads; hot drinks rather than the iced variety. We shut up the doors and some of the windows and in the evening we had a fire in the kitchen and a bit in the furnace too.

However, maybe the cooler weather was responsible for my having a job done for me which perhaps wouldn't even have been started had the weather remained hot. Anyway, four energetic young people got busy with pails and rags, and washed all the muresco off the ceiling of the room that is next in line for being attacked with roller and water-paint. So now, to my way of thinking, the worst part of the job is done.

* * *

Sunday afternoon we had a very interesting and enjoyable experience. We had heard that up country, not so very many miles from here, there were beavers at work and we thought a real beaver dam might be worth investigating—the Exhibition variety being the only ones most of us had seen.

We drove along a very narrow country road—so narrow that two cars could pass only by having their two off-side wheels off the road—and was I glad it was Bob who was driving! To get to the dam we had to walk about half a mile through the bush until we came to the stream. In one place we didn't need anyone to tell us beavers had been at work. Several tall silver birch, about 6 inches in diameter, lay across the stream, and had been cut down by these marvellous little animals. Quite evidently a new dam was in the making. Knowing there was more than that to see we continued on our way, pushing through underbrush, stumbling over the rocks and stones, and trying to evade the marshy bogholes that were everywhere. Then in a bit of a clearing there was the dam! We had heard it was about fifty or sixty feet wide but it looked to us to be nearer a hundred and it was holding back a tremendous amount of water. In fact, although we had not seen it, others whom we met told us that quite a stretch of road, further up the line, was flooded on account of the water the dam was holding back.

I suppose, like other folk, I had heard of beaver dams and knew pretty well what to expect but actually seeing it is something else again. As far as we could figure it out each dam is started by the beavers felling trees in such a way that they fall horizontally across the creek or stream a few feet apart. Then they build their dam by filling in between the trees with brush, small trees, stones, grasses and weeds, bound together with mud. Naturally as the body of water increases they build higher and higher. The mud, so I am told, is put on with their feet and smoothed down with the tail, which closely resembles a trowel! The beavers live on roots, bark and water plants and they always congregate in families. Their work is done at night—which accounts for the fact that we did not see any beavers, although with this remarkable evidence confronting us we certainly had little doubt of their existence. When we were finally ready to leave the dam we found ourselves face to face with several head of young cattle coming down for a drink, so we decided to follow the cowpath as a way out of the bush—and it was a far quicker and easier way to travel than the way we had chosen to come in. Back in the car we thought we would go on up the road if it wasn't too badly flooded. We watched other cars come through without any mishap so Bob figured the June Bug could take it too. And she did—with the water up to her axles.

Well, having seen the dam, I, for one, wanted more particulars, so this morning I began making inquiries. I learned that in August, 1949, the local Sportsman's Club managed to procure two beavers, one of each sex, which they placed in the bush. The Department of Lands and Forests also contributed two and the four beavers were then left to their own devices. Since they propagate fairly rapidly, and always live in families, it is surely safe to assume that their number has doubled.

With soil and water conservation such a vital problem it would seem that the industrious beaver could be used more often than it is. Perhaps this project could be duplicated in other counties.

Our feet are a precious gift — 52 bones, 214 ligaments—more complicated, more delicate than machinery. With a little care, our feet will give perfect, painless service. Without care, they'll lead to loss of time and earning power. When your feet give trouble, don't shrug it off.

887

Laura Wheeler

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Variety and beauty! Pattern 887; transfer; one motif 6x21, two 6x14 inch; crochet directions.

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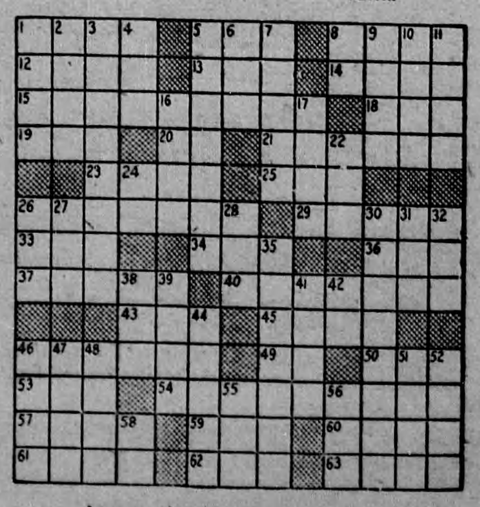
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Nimbus
5. Cut short
8. Girdle
12. Ages
13. Greek E
14. The olives
15. Progenitors
18. Length measure
19. Fish eggs
20. Sloth
21. Pronoun
23. Crawling animal
25. Mountain pass
26. Pangs
29. Funeral piles
33. Knight's title
34. Distress call
36. "Little——"
37. Body joint
40. Played unfairly
43. Type measures
45. Therefore
46. Inspiring awe
49. Like
50. Greek letter
53. Eyes (Scot.)
54. Refreshed
57. So. African language
59. Born
60. Simple
61. Catch sight of
62. Thrice (prefix)
63. Fruit drinks

DOWN
1. Perceive by ear
2. Italian river
3. Open fabric
4. Simple sui
5. Early
6. Indian
7. Relating to atmospheric pressure
8. Hence
9. Opposite of aweather
10. Trade for money
11. One of two equal parts
16. Eastern garment
17. Desist
22. Crafty
24. Forward
26. A king of Judah
27. Alcoholic liquor
28. Jurisdiction (law)
30. Answered sharply
31. Preceding night
32. Unhappy
35. Clipper
38. Permit
39. Eastern potentate
41. Scotch-Irish
42. Silver (sym.)
44. Odor
46. Measure
47. Affirmative votes
48. Crackle
51. In this place
52. Poems
55. English letter
56. Ancient chalice
58. Adverbial suffix



Answer elsewhere on this page