You will be delighted with this fragrant tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER FIVE

(Continued from last week)

"Take care of her, Ma," said the sheriff, his voice coming thickly through the bandages on his face. "I'll 'tend to Abbot."

Ab Abbot and Joe Blake were pushing their horses hard. They cursed one another as they rode.

"Ain't I told you not to monkey with that girl, Abbot?" snarled Joe Blake. "You thinkin' she was stuck on you. As if any purty girl would be stuck on a big hunk of red taller like you. And you talked aplenty I bet after you got drunk. She leads you along, then busts out through the window." He chuckled.

Ab Abbot cursed him back. "She was eatin' outa my hand when you busted into the game. She set there, talkin' and flirtin' with her eyes. Chino taken care of that meddlin' Judge Anders when he tried to slip in the back way. You gummed the cards, you drunken fool. Say, who put Webb Winters on our trail, anyhow? Tell me the answer to that?"

"He's been wise for a long time. So has Hank Roberts. That's why I took that shot at Roberts tonight. Dropped him the first shot, and in a bad light, too. One sheriff less, and the Hoot-Owl Pool gits the blame. We'd be sittin' on the world if you hadn't made a fool of yourself over that girl. I bet you offered to marry her."

"Supposin' I did? She jumped at it like a trout after a fly. He was goin' to elope. She never liked Bob Anderson. She hates Webb Winters. But she shore fell like a ton of bricks for Ab Abbot and the Triangle outfit. It ain't every hash slinger that gets the chance to marry a million. Then you horn in with your scary story about Winters."

"And your lovin' gal stampedes. Busts out a window and heads for home."

"When I've got Webb Winters planted, she'll be easy to handle. I acted like a parlor gentleman to'rds her. Never made a pass at her. I savvy how to play the game. Blake, how much is it worth to you to git Webb Winters?"

"Make an offer."

"Five hundred."

"Five thousand sounds better, Ab."

"You gone loco?"

"No. I'm just beginnin' to git wise. I don't like that Hoot-Owl Pool. I'm figgerin' on quittin' the country. South America bound. Five thousand does it. And I'll sell you my outfit cheap. I'll throw in the old woman and kids. She'll make you a good cook when you fetch home your blushin' bride. Five thousand for Webb Winters' hide. Ten thousand for my outfit, lock, stock and barrel."

Ab Abbot laughed coarsely. He wanted Webb Winters killed. He wanted the Scissor-Bill Pool broken. He likewise wanted the Hoot-Owl Pool smashed.

"Put that damned Tex where he belongs and I'll call the bet, Blake. That Hoot-Owl Pool has got to go. I'll make it fifteen thousand for Winters, Tex, and your outfit. Take your squaw and your breed brats with you to hell and gone. Take that or leave it."

"If I git caught?"

"That'll be your sorrow, Blake. You and me are supposed to be enemies."

"Fifteen thousand. Cash money?"

"Cash money, Blake, but it ain't laid on the line till Webb Winters and that Texan are planted."

A bottle passed between them. They rode to the Triangle ranch together in the starlight.

The agreement had been made.

"Webb," said Tex as the two men rode through the night, "I reckon you know now that it wasn't any Hoot-Owl Pool man that shot the sheriff. Us boys ain't bushwhackers."

"Hell, yes."

"It was either Ab Abbot or Joe Blake that shot old Hank. That's a cinch."

Tex made Webb stop at a small ranch. There the lanky Texan bathed and bandaged Webb's wounds and poured the injured cowboy stiff drinks of whiskey. The delay galled Webb but he knew that he could not ride on without some sort of medical attention.

It was in the dark hour before dawn that they reached the Triangle.

There was no sign of life at the barn. They slipped inside. The interior of the big barn was pitch black. Webb risked lighting a match. By its brief light he saw two sweat-marked horses. One of the horses was Ab Abbot's top circle horse. The other horse wore Joe Blake's brand. Tex was examining the saddles that lay near the front of the barn.

(Continued next week)

ONE HOUR and it's done! We did it—so can you! Jr. Miss, it's the darling of the summer! Bra-top with flirty little eyelet ruffle, big, swingy, gay dirndl. WOW!..

Pattern 4635, Jr. Miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13 takes 3 yards 35-in.; 1⅞ yds. 3½-in. eyelet edge.

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

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A Real Summer Refresher—Iced Tea—Double strength tea can be poured directly over ice in glasses or the tea can be prepared in advance in quantity for use when needed. To make two quarts of iced tea pour a pint of boiling water over six heaping teaspoons of tea, or six tea bags. Brew for five minutes and strain into a two-quart container. Then fill the container with cold water and store in the refrigerator. To sweeten, add sugar directly to the tea concentrate while hot or serve a simple sugar syrup on the side.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P Clarke

One day last week I went to visit a friend who lives on the outskirts of a small town. She has a lovely old home with a nice garden complete with shade trees and shrubs. We wandered around admiring the flowers—it was all very beautiful. And then I happened to notice that right across from the front of her house and garden the only view was the backyard of a factory—with new construction work even then in progress. Without thinking I said—rather tactlessly I admit—"Oh what a shame you have that factory in front of you!" My friend immediately answered—"Mrs. Clarke, I never see it!" I looked at her in admiration as I admitted in reply—"No, I don't believe you do." I knew she was telling the truth—it wasn't just something to say. I was sure of it because I know her to be a woman of great courage who has had more than her share of sorrow. Yet there is not a trace of self-pity. She has not lost interest in life, in people, or in what goes on around her; much of her life is spent in doing kindly things for other folk. She loves beauty and refuses to see that which is ugly. So she works in her garden among the flowers and shrubs, loving the fragrance of the roses and peonies, and the brightness of the gaillardias, and she refuses to look beyond her garden to the ugliness of the factory buildings, an ugliness which she cannot change. Instead, by turning ever so slightly towards the west she can look over and get a grand view of "The Mountain" where sun and shadow chase each other in quick succession across the wooded heights.

Needless to say this friend of mine has a gracious and kindly disposition—I have yet to hear of her speaking ill of anyone—and she also has a wonderful capacity for bringing people together—maybe just two people formerly strangers to one another, or perhaps a group of people all having a common interest and congenial to each other. If there were more folk like this friend of mine what a wonderful world this would be. In these days of stress and uncertainty she is a person one finds it restful to meet.

* * *

Another place I went to—to pick up strawberries for canning—was a fine old farmhouse. There I saw something that I thought was really unique. The original dwelling had been demolished—all except the old brick chimney which in years gone by had served its purpose in carrying away smoke from its old-fashioned fireplace — the kind one sees in so many old farmhouses, where great pine stumps were burnt to heat the rooms—we have one right here in our dining-room, boarded up of course. On this farm I visited, the fireplace and its tall chimney looked like a cairn in the distance—quaint and arresting. At present it is more or less in a rough condition but the lady of the house told me they intend to fix it up and use it for corn roasts, picnics and weiner roasts. So there you are, friends, if you have an old house that you intend tearing down think twice before you completely demolish the chimney—especially if there are children in your family, because children and picnics belong together. Incidentally such a relic could be fixed up into a fine barbecue.

* * *

Well, I haven't a doubt a good many folk have been following the recommendations for old age pensions—without a means test—which have been presented to the Federal house. This should be particularly interesting to farm people whose income has a way of dwindling in proportion to their ability to work. Under the existing laws a farmer must be practically destitute before he is eligible for a pension—if he owns a farm he cannot get it at all. And yet if a farmer is too old or infirm to keep up a productive farm then the very property he owns becomes a millstone around his neck. But if the means test is abolished then every aging farmer can look forward to a little something to eke out his income—and with that in view he can afford to take a chance by renting his farm or turning it over to the young folk. If, on the other hand, he has managed to accumulate a little capital over the years, and still applies for the pension, no one need get the idea that he is "putting it over the government" because it would all go back in income tax. The same thing applies if those who have no need for it participate in the baby bonus. With any of these government schemes it generally works out that what you make on the roundabouts you lose on the swings.

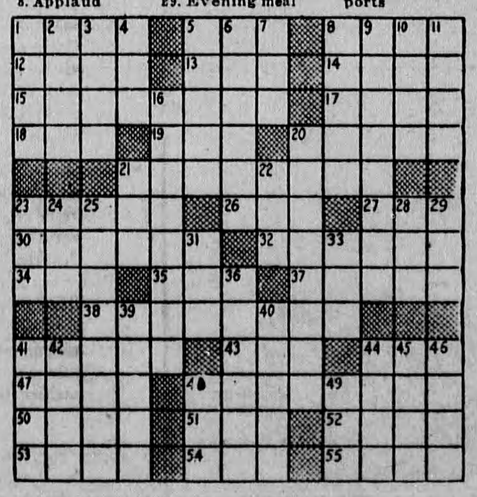
* * *

But, oh dear, what a time the women will have! I wonder how many women will refuse to apply for the pension rather than admit they are old enough to be eligible? That is, if and when, it comes into being.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Seaweed
5. Astern
8. Cliff
12. Nocturnal animal
13. Pale
14. Present
15. Negotiate
17. Redact
18. Harden
19. Three (prefix)
20. Grazes
21. Cherish
23. Sailing vessel
26. Household god
27. Small rug
30. Stamps
32. American general
34. Sweet potato
35. Policeman
37. Asiatic country
38. Befitted
41. Deck out
43. Disfigure
44. Remunerate
47. Falsehoods
48. Plot
50. Unemployed
51. Unit
52. Siberian river
53. Girl's nickname
54. Vapor
55. Belgian river

DOWN
1. Book of the Bible
2. Knowledge
3. Ruminant animal
4. Massachusetts cape
5. Cognizant
6. Beauty treatment
7. Explosive
8. Applaud
9. Ransomed
10. Dry
11. Receives
16. Elastic
20. Dealers in furs
21. Base of the decimal system
22. Droop
23. Catch sight of
24. Epoch
25. Small tambourines
28. Black cuckoo
29. Evening meal
31. Sault Ste. Marie (colloq.)
33. Terminal
36. City in California
39. Soothes
40. Weathercocks
41. Dismounted
42. Be carried
44. Crusted dishes
45. English musician
46. Time measure
48. Tooth
49. Run between ports



Answer elsewhere on this page

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Proctors

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: Right after our marriage six months ago, my husband got out of work. He decided we might do better in this city. So here we are—

"A thousand miles from home!

"I didn't want to come in the first place. I've never been this far from my mother. I'll only get to see her once or twice a year, and I'm already so homesick I don't know what to do. (I'm 19.)

"My husband told me if I didn't like it here, we would move back. But now he refuses to go home with me, and says if I go he wants a divorce.

"I love my husband, and I've tried to feel at home here. But I just don't like leaving my mother. Please tell me what to do.

"G. G. L."

WHOSE PARTNER?

When a girl marries, she becomes her husband's partner—in the greatest adventure of life. His problems are her problems. In accepting them, she must often relinquish some of her personal desires and inclinations, and adapt herself to the life which his career demands of him.

Most young wives acccept their new responsibilities not only cheerfully, but gladly, never indicating by word or act that their new life is in any way distasteful. That is one way of showing their loyalty.

The change in your husband's life has been especially hard on you. You and your mother were close, and you miss her sadly. Some days you feel you cannot bear being so far away. But you are no longer a child. You are a married woman, and must conduct yourself with dignity and intelligence. That is marriage, my friend.

Your husband was probably loath to move away from his family and his friends, as well. But his first duty is to support his wife, and he must go where that opportunity lies. The very least he can expect is that his wife will understand the necessity, and help him make a good life where he must live.

You have too much idle time on your hands. For your own sake (and his) you must change this. Stop being sorry for yourself, and make this new town your town.

If you haven't joined a church, do that immediately. Get to know the minister or priest. Make friends among the members. Be active in some of the church work. And start right now being friendly with your nearest neighbors. Invite them in for a cup of tea, and ask their advice on community affairs, best places to shop, etc. Most people are eager enough to welcome newcomers—if the newcomers show they want to be friendly. Your husband must have some social life to divert him, and that is your responsibility.

You are not co-operating with this husband of yours, who has so many problems of his own. Show him, by your sympathy and eagerness to do your part that you know what is expected of a wife—and you are going to be the most loyal, the most staunch wife in the world.

After all, you are a big girl now.

* * *

When a girl marries, she gives up childish things. She becomes a person of responsibility, taking her proper place in her new world. If these problems confuse you, write to Anne Hirst at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. She will help.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. B. Warren, B.A., B.D.

Samuel, the Upright Judge
I Samuel 7:3-6, 15-16; 12:1-5

Golden Text: And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.—I Samuel 3:19.

A period of transition is always a time of testing. Samuel, the last of the judges of Israel, saw the people change from this type of government to a monarchy. They had no fault to find with Samuel. Said they, "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us ,neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand." Unfortunately, "his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment." The people said, "Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations." God spoke to Samuel, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not rule over them."

Samuel proceeded to establish a monarchy, though warning them of the increased taxes that would ensue. When he stepped aside from the leadership, he said, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and right way." Not everyone steps down from leadership with such graciousness.

A nation is no greater than its leaders. Leaders ought to be devout men who prize God's favor above the people's applause. They ought to be examples of godliness in their private lives. In public policy they ought to act upon those principles that will tend to the moral upbuilding of the nation. God will bless the nation which has such leaders.

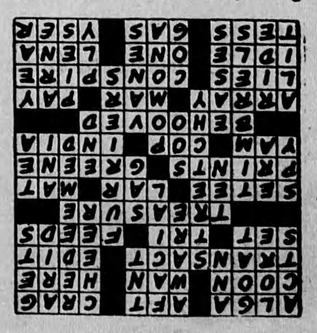
Human Targets

In a tent show called "Shuffe's Super Exhibition," which has been a feature of England's country fairs for many years, the entire performance consists of a demonstration of skill by an expert marksman. He is assisted by three young ladies who hold small objects for him to shatter with rifle fire and who stand against a board while he hurls knives into it. The girls serve in turn, each working one day at the nerve-racking job, then resting two. During the shows given in a single day, the one on duty must remain still and appear at ease as a total of 160 bullets, 120 tomahawks and 480 knives whiz past her.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 35¢ at any drugstore.

Upside down to prevent peeking.