Discover How Good Iced Tea Can Be!

Make tea double strength and while still hot pour into glasses filled with cracked ice . . . Add sugar and lemon to taste.

"SALADA" ICED TEA

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER SIX
(Continued from last week)

Now the Hoot-Owl Pool men came with a rush, quitting their running horses. Hank Roberts slammed the door shut and stood with his back against it, his gun in his hand. His deep, unhurried voice halted the men.

"Easy, boys, I'm Sherifff Hank Roberts. There's a hell of a fight goin' on inside, but there ain't a chance for any man here to help. I'm deputizin' every man of you, regardless. Round up them Triangle snakes and hold 'em in the bunkhouse. Webb and Tex Jones is inside attendin' to a little personal matter. I'm holdin' this door, and one of you men guard the back door. Watch the windows. I got warrants for the arrest of Ab Abbot and Joe Blake and for every Triangle cowboy. Help me serve 'em legal and proper. Git at it, cowboys."

From out there in the darkness a voice spoke in a soft Texas drawl.

"And now I'm a deputy! I'll be damned. Sheriff, the drinks is on me. Let's go, you Hoot-Owl deputies!"

Perhaps that was a chuckle that escaped from the sheriff's bandaged lips. The man who had spoken was giving quick, efficient orders.

"Take to 'em cowboys. Round up them Triangle things and corral 'em. We're a-workin' for the law and workin' hard!"

From inside the house Hank Roberts could hear Webb Winter's voice.

"All right, Tex? Are yuh all right?"

"All . . . all right, pardner. I done—paid off Ed's debt. How you fixed?"

"Got the big hunk of meat hog-tied and I'm settin' on his belly. Hurt any?"

But Tex's voice did not answer. Sheriff Hank Roberts shoved open the door.

"Find Mae, Hank. Find her!"

"Mae's safe, son."

"It's Hank, Webb. I'm strikin' a light."

Then the match in the sheriff's hand flared. Its flame lighted a spare lamp and there, in the yellow light Sheriff Hank Roberts looked at the wrecked room and the men who had wrecked it.

Joe Blake lay sprawled on his face, dead. Beside him lay the lanky Texan, a gun in his hand. He was breathing heavily and blood oozed from a bullet hole in his side.

On the floor lay Ab Abbot, senseless, an ugly welt over one eye. Webb Winters, blood-smeared, sat on the heavy paunch of the unconscious cattleman.

"He's yourn, Hank," said Webb.

Then handcuffs snapped on Abbot's thick wrists. Webb was bending over Tex. The Texan's eyes opened. A slow grin spread across his scarred face.

"I'm all right, pardner. Hell, this ain't nothin'! Just a scratch. I paid Ed Young's debt. When the work is done this fall I'll be lightin' out for Texas where Ed's sister is waitin' for me. Can you loan me the use of the makin's?"

Judge Anders was wearing a new black broadcloth suit. He sat there in his chair, grave, white-haired, sober. He was once more a judge.

Yesterday he had sentenced Ab Abbot and Chino to prison for life. But today he was serving in a different capacity.

The courtroom was packed with men, women, children. There were ranchers and their wives, ranchers who represented the Scissor-Bill Pool. At the rear of the courtroom were cowboys who had ridden with the Hoot-Owl Pool. Tex Jones looked uneasy as he stood there, next to Webb Winters. Webb, holding the hand of Kathleen Mavourneen Murphy. Sheriff Hank Roberts stood beside her, his leathery face wrinkled with a faint grin.

"And so," finished Judge Anders, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Gravely his eyes bright with unshed tears, Judge Anders kissed the bride. Then he gripped the hand of the new owner of the Triangle. Sheriff Hank Roberts was next to kiss the bride.

"And now," he said, "we'll head for the schoolhouse. And if them fiddlers don't play till sun-up tomorrow, we'll hang 'em. And you Hoot-Owl Pool men, listen. The town is yourn. Take care of it. Judge, lead the way!"

THE END

4912 SIZES 12—20 30—42

Anne Adams

So smart! So versatile! The collar is removable, the reverse may be worn in high or deep-V. So much you can do with this casual beauty, and it sews so easily!

Pattern 4912 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36 38, 40, 42. Size 16 takes 4 yards 39-inch.

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 to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, [illegible] plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Her System

A salesman was trying to sell the young wife an egg timer.

"Your husband's eggs will be just right if you use this," he assured her.

"But I don't need it," she answered, brightly. "Jack likes his eggs the way I do them. I just look through the window at the traffic lights and give them three reds and two greens."

Flower Girl—Shirley May France, the 17-year-old schoolgirl who will soon make her second attempt to swim the English Channel, finds herself right at home among the lovely flowers that bloom on the chalk cliffs of Dover, England. Shirley May is training there, determined to become the youngest person ever to swim the dangerous stretch.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

by Gwendoline D Clarke

Sane thinking is just about impossible this week end — or even thinking! You see we are suffering from an influx of the younger generation—and when six young people get together in one house there is never a dull moment, especially when two of them are newly engaged and become the target of all the ribbing the other four can think up. Added to that another of the party is celebrating a birthday so there had to be a "suitable" present "appropriately" wrapped. So there you have it, friends, and if anything I say appears to be without rhyme or reason you will know who is responsible. Right at this moment there is a lull in activities around the house as the young folk have, I believe, departed in quest of a swim. Partner is having his forty winks so it seemed like a good time to at least get this column started.

This is one of the few nice weekends we have had this summer—neither too hot nor too cool, and a nice breeze blowing. May it so continue for there is work aplenty that will be helped or hindered according to the whim of the weather. The wheat is ripening fast and will possibly be ready to cut sometime this week. So we are back again to that perennial worry . . . fear that hail, wind or heavy rain will knock it flat before the binder gets into it. Last Thursday, for instance, in some districts there was a short, sharp storm and wheat was flattened here and there. No extensive damage but enough black sky to create that same fear as we watched the black ominous clouds roll up . . . and then came that spirit of thankfulness after the storm when we found the wheat had not been harmed and the spring crop still bobbed and billowed in airy waves with the decreasing winds.

It was well the storm did die down because I had arranged to meet my sister-in-law at Bronte as she wanted me to go with her to hunt up an artist in that district who specializes in textile printing.

It was fine when I left home but as I waited for the bus another storm blew up—the sky got darker every minute. Finally down came the rain. All I could do was sit in the car hoping the wind would not get strong enough to carry us both away. It was an awful storm—hail, rain, thunder and lightning. Probably I have seen worse storms but never have I been out in one quite so bad. Eventually it blew over and my sister-in-law and I set out to find Mrs. Elizabeth Hoey. And what an interesting visit that was! Mrs. Hoey specializes in hand-blocked drapes, which she designs, dyes and prints herself. Her work is exquisite in both colour and design. There was a very good write-up in the Family Herald last spring featuring her work—no doubt many of you read it. But reading about it is one thing and seeing is another. Mrs. Hoey is very young to have accomplished so much in such a short time—and always there are new designs in the making. Some mothers find it hard with youngsters around to keep up with even ordinary work — but Mrs. Hoey does all this and her art work too. She has two lively, adorable little girls, two and four years old—just another work of art you might say—although I imagine her husband contributed his share just as he also helps his wife with her block printing during the weekends.

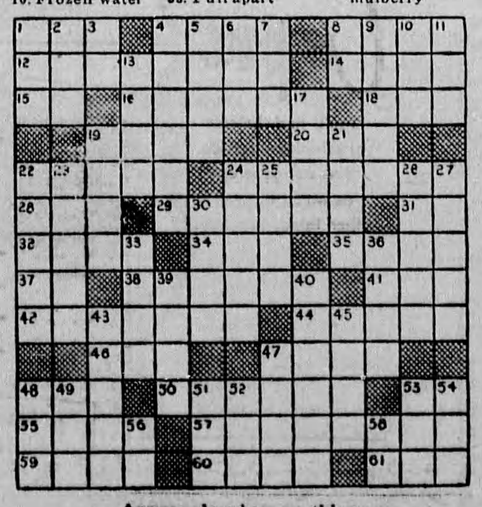
Maybe not many of us could afford drapes such as Mrs. Hoey makes—even though her charge is actually very reasonable. However, if you really want something original and have difficulty in finding drapes that are just right for your living room Mrs. Hoey has the answer. Yes, I mean that, because you just choose any design she has on hand and she will make it up in any colour scheme you desire. Or for an additional charge she will even make you an exclusive design featuring anything you have in mind. If you are musically inclined then Mrs. Hoey could design your drapes with fiddles and bows, music scores or 'cellos. She might even throw in a few grand pianos for good measure and the effect would still be artistic. Or you may be fond of poetry and would like The Song My Paddle Sings interpreted in your drapes and slip-covers. Then Elizabeth Hoey would be the girl to do it . . . and that theme would please her because she likes to specialize in art designs that are exclusively Canadian. And for wedding presents that are different Mrs. Hoey has place mats in sets of four, or two, with table napkins to match. They wouldn't do for me because I would be inclined to shove my plate to one side rather than have the place mat hidden from view.

This, of course, isn't meant to be "sales talk." I just wanted to bring to your attention one more Canadian of whom we may well be proud.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Constellation
4. Pedestal part
8. Death notice
12. Auditor
14. Agreeable
15. Exist
16. Vehicle equalizer
18. Turn right
19. Run
20. Self
22. Lift up
24. Hardy
28. Spread
29. Get away
31. Not any
32. Encourage
34. Make leather
35. Particle
37. Hebrew letter
38. Card game
41. Beverage
42. Filled cakes
44. Talks enthusiastically
46. Skill
47. Rescue
48. Exactly suitable
50. Pass
53. Aloft
55. Across
57. Unrelated
59. Brazil state
60. Tortoise
61. Rent

DOWN
1. Wing
2. Spectacle support
3. Like
4. Apply
5. Afresh
6. Lair
7. Potential metal
8. About
9. Intolerant person
10. Frozen water
11. Golf gadget
13. Relate
17. Harvest
19. Grow dim
21. Raised in a garden
22. Public storehouse
23. Sailing vessel
24. Marks of injuries
25. Breathe rapidly
26. Imbecile
27. Memoranda
30. Play the lead
33. Pull apart
36. Possess
39. Quote
40. Obliterated
43. Afterward
45. Beard of grain
47. Active
48. Small explosion
49. Hummingbird
51. Recline
52. Limb
53. Indian
54. Caress
56. Sun god
58. Indian mulberry



Answer elsewhere on this page.

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ARE WE CANADIANS THE WORLD'S WORST CAR-DRIVERS?

Canada is in the middle of the grimmest chapter in the 1950 edition of "Highway Homicide."

It began July 1 with the holiday weekend and goes through until Labor Day. This is the period when our highways are crowded and death and injury ride with the careless, thoughtless, discourteous, the stupid and those who are just unlucky—and all their unfortunate victims.

What will the pages of this grisly chapter tell? Will it be as shocking as last year:

—An estimated 2,200 killed (1,584 in 1939).
—50,000 injured and maimed (25,104 in 1939).
—$50 millions in property damage.
—28 accidents per 1,000 cars (16.2 in 1939).
—Slightly more than 10 persons killed for every million miles travelled.

This last item is the real shocker. It makes Canadians the world's most dangerous drivers, not the Americans, as most people believe. Their ratio of deaths was 7.7 in 1948.

This years grim statistics are now in the making: in the screech of skid'ding tires; the crunch of tons of flying metal and glass coming together; the long pitiful parade to the hospital operating room.

Chances are the 1950 toll will be even greater than 1949. The record so far seems to indicate this. Accidents in Ontario, for example, are up 34 per cent over 1949 up to the end of March. Fatalities were lower in the first quarter but were up substantially in May.

If these deathly statistics are too impersonal to register, maybe you can be impressed through your pocketbook.

In these days of sudden highway death, the wise motorist has adequate insurance. And insurance rates go hand-in-hand with the frequency and seriousness of accidents.

Just a quick look shows what's happened.

If you have a popular make car and use it for pleasure, your bill for basic insurance this year will read something like this:

$31.64 for public liability ($25,000-$50,000 and property damage $2,000)
$39 for collision ($50 deductible)
$7 for fire and theft.
$1.11 for passenger hazard (in case a passenger in your car is hurt)

The total: $88.85.

Ten years ago, relatively the same protection cost $48.90..

Here's a comparison showing the increase percentagewise in each category. Note the big advance in collision rates.

	1939	1950	Increase
P.L. & P.D. (standard cover)	$27.70	$28.00	1.08%
Collision full	87.00	103.00	18.39%
Collision $25 ded.	31.60	44.00	39.24%
Collision $50 ded.	18.70	39.00	108.55%
Collision $100 ded.	8.80	23.00	161.36%
Fire and Theft	4.55	7.00	53.84%
Total	100%	125.4%	25.4%

This increased cost reflects two factors: more accidents and costlier ones. Everything connected with automobiles is higher, original price, repairs, taking a dent out of a crumpled fender; claims for personal injury.

Take some basic costs:

	1939	1949
Chev. Stylemaster (Toronto)	$1,100	$2,100
Replace new front fender	27.39	46.95
Replace new radiator grill	17.79	50.41

Where it really hurts is comparing these costs with 1939.

In that $50.41 to replace a bashed in grill is $41.20 for the new part. The rest is for four hours labor. The 1939 cost of $17.79 for the same job included $13.70 for the new grill and $4.09 for 1.9 hours labor.

Besides paying higher labor costs, it's taking longer to get work done. This is indicated by the increase in time to replace the grill and also a fender; from 3.6 hours in 1939 to 4.3 hours last year.

Overall, car repair costs are 65 per cent higher than they were in 1939.

But repair bills are not the only item that make accidents more costly.

The average claim for personal injury ((and property damage) is 48 per cent higher. This means higher doctor's fees, hospital costs, the amount of pay lost by an auto victim. All have risen through the years.

Then, too, the number of claims have jumped tremendously: around 350 per cent over 1939 against an increase of 200 per cent in the volume of insurance business.

And unless Canadian motorists themselves do something about their driving habits, most of these figures will keep rising.

—From The Financial Post.

I didn't accuse anyone of cheating: I just said I hoped they would play the hands I had dealt them.

And the RELIEF IS LASTING

For fast, prolonged relief from headache get INSTANTINE. This prescription-like tablet contains not just one, but three proven medical ingredients that ease the pain fast. And the relief is, in most cases, lasting.

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And try INSTANTINE for other aches, too . . . for neuritic or neuralgic pain . . . or for the pains and aches that accompany a cold. A single tablet usually brings prompt relief.

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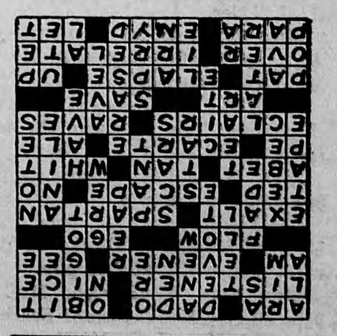

ISSUE 31 — 1950

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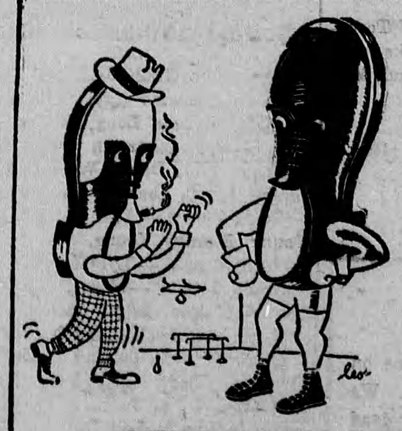
In just one minute an application of Emerald Oil you'll get the surprise of your life. Your tired, tender, smarting, burning feet will literally jump for joy.

No fuss, no trouble; you just apply a few drops of the oil over the surface of the foot night and morning, or when occasion requires. Just a little and rub it in. It's simply wonderful the way it acts on all foot misery, while for feet that sweat with an offensive odor, there's nothing better in the world.

It's a splendid formula—this combination of essential oil and camphor and other antiseptics so good that thousands of bottles are sold annually to help soften up corns and callouses.



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DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?