

DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER XVIII

"They're getting ready to case in on us, they're not. Something's busted. Think I'll critt up there. If Hickey's in trouble he may need help."

"All right, Willess. I'll go too," Bill said.

Hickey was not on the derrick floor. The driller stood morping his forehead with his sleeve. "Stuck," he said, as Gary and Bill came up. "Stuck in aubry-drite."

"Hickey's luck was too good to last," Gary said.

"Seat a man to call Hickey," the driller said. "Don't know does he want to drill past the bit, or what."

Harvey came tramping, red-faced, looked embarrassed when he saw Gary, who said quietly, "Good evening, Mr. Mason."

"Nothing good about this," grumbled Harvey. "How you going to get her loose?" he asked the driller.

"She's loose now," yelled the roughnecks.

But after length on length of rope had come up, a broken, jagged end came slobbering out of the well.

"Lost your bit," Gary said. "Now you've got a fishing job on your hands."

A truck came roaring up, and Hickey fell out of it.

"Hook up the grappler," he shouted, when he saw the broken stem. "Got to fish that bit out."

"Broke at twenty-eight, fifteen," said a roughneck. "You could maybe shoot it out—"

"Not with that shale above it," Gary reminded Hickey. "Pull your whole well in. All right, Bill, let's be shaving off. Good night — and good luck."

He walked away without looking back, though it was not easy to do. Harvey had looked worried and sick. He did not see Adelaide.

"Well, fellow, you gave 'em the back of your heels," Bill said. "But Mason was trying to make up his mind to ask you to stay."

"Which would have done him no good at all," said Gary grimly.

He hated the job on the Grice-Morgan derrick. But it meant money that would make it possible for him to leave for some far place where gray eyes and tawny hair would cease to haunt him.

At night, when Bill came to his room, he asked abruptly, "No connection between Republic and Grice-Morgan, is there, Bill?"

"Couldn't be. They're competitive developers," Bill said. "Why?"

"Because if Grice-Morgan are at the bottom of this scheme to bust Mason, it doesn't look too good for me to be working for them, Bill."

"That's tough — tough you feel that way, because they're going to put up two more derricks. Means a few more days' work for you and little Willie."

There was a knock on the door. Gary opened it and saw three people standing in the hall outside. One was a messenger. The other two were Harvey Mason and Adelaide.

"Sign here, buddy — number 10," instructed the boy.

"Oh, good evening," Gary stammered awkwardly.

"Let us in, Gary, we want to talk to you," Adelaide had her same peremptory little manner.

"Oh, of course — come in," He scribbled his name on the yellow slip but did not open the message.

Bill jumped to his feet, said apologetically, "There's only one chair, Adelaide — mind sitting on the bed, Mr. Mason?"

"Haven't got time to sit down," Harvey was brusque. "I—Gary, you'll have to come back."

"Sorry, Mr. Mason. I can't possibly come back. Not till everything is entirely cleared up."

"Gary," Adelaide was almost tearful. "Dad has to leave on the next train. It's Junior. He's in jail."

"Ran over a kid with that new car of his, up in Virginia," said Harvey. "If the kid dies, it's manslaughter, and money won't get him out," he added bitterly.

"You'll come back, Gary?" Adelaide begged. "Oh, Gary, we apologize and everything. Surely you wouldn't leave us in a terrible hole like this?"

"All right—" Gary said slowly, but a trifle loftily. "I'll come back. What do you want me to do, Mr. Mason?"

"Get the well down," ordered Harvey. "Get it down before it busts me. You come along out tonight, Gary — and when I get back—"

"Better open your telegram first, hadn't you?" reminded Bill. "It might be a job."

"Yes — excuse me," Gary slit the yellow envelope. "No it's not a job," he said. "But you may be interested in what it says, Mr. Mason."

He handed over the message. It read:

NEVER HEARD OF MASON OR HIS WILDCAT WELL. WE HAVE NO INTEREST IN SMALL DEVELOPMENT. DON'T REMEMBER YOU. WHEN DID YOU WORK FOR US? ARMSTRONG REPUBLIC OIL.

Gary laughed ruefully. "Looks as if neither of us is so important as we thought, Mr. Mason," he said.

"That's not important now — none of it," Mason said. "The chief thing is — I've got to leave — and that well has to go down."

The core drills went down next day and came up again, bringing from deep, secret places the long gray cylinders of rock and earth that logged the structure of the world's heart, so far below.

When the gray columns, the size of a child's arm, were laid out on the ground, Hickey and Gary studied them anxiously. "No showing yet," Gary said, sighing. "Nothing to do but go on down."

"Don't reckon we could have passed them sands?" Hickey debated, at lunch time. "I've got a good notion to run Schlumberger on her, anyway."

"Have to case down farther, then," Gary reminded him, "and casing costs money. So do electrical tests. I'd better talk to Mrs. Mason about it."

Mona Lee was frankly upset. "I wish Harvey hadn't gone off and left me so much responsibility. You don't really think this is wise, do you, Gary?" she went on.

"Well, I wish we could have a chance to talk to a geophysicist first. I'm satisfied that if there is oil structure out there, it lies very deep. Wells have been drilled past the oil sand, but not often. But of course if we go on drilling, and then fail — well, we'll be sure if we're in the test."

(To Be Continued)



Good Health and Lots of Pep

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have a long record of dependability as a regulator of liver and kidneys and bowels.

They quickly arouse these organs to healthy activity—sharpen the appetite and help to improve digestion.

Clean out the poisons with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and regain your pep and happiness.

35c. a box.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

BOUNCING, NOW



When Kathleen Ann Busse was born she weighed only 24 ounces and spent the first three months of her life in an incubator. The bright-eyed, alert husky above is Kathleen, pictured as she recently celebrated her first birthday in her Chicago home, weighing 16½ pounds.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Is it really necessary to repeat a person's name when being introduced?

2. What should a girl say to a young man when a dance is finished and he says "thank you"?

3. When fruits are served at dinner, what should immediately follow?

4. Is it ever permissible to leave the spoon standing in the cup?

5. What are really the requirements of a good conversationalist?

6. When the guests are leaving an afternoon affair, is it necessary for the hostess to go to the door with each departing guest?

Answers

1. It is not exactly necessary, but it is customary. It merely shows that one has heard the name correctly.

2. It is not necessary to say anything; a smile, or a friendly nod, is sufficient acknowledgment.

3. The finger bowl. 4. Never.

5. He should be attentive, spontaneous, natural, sympathetic, and possess the friendly spirit of good will.

6. No. She may receive their farewells in a group, going to the door only with the last guest to depart.



By Laura Wheeler

Simple to make, these quilted ballet slippers for bedroom or lounging. Make a pair in plain, one in print material to suit your moods.

Quilted ballet slippers are of two pieces with ribbon trim. Pattern 553 has pattern and directions from small to extra large.

Send Twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.

Print plainly pattern number, your name and address.

LIFE can Begin AFTER 40, IF..

Around 40 our energy lessens. But, experience has taught us to do our work with less effort. The years ahead should yield the greatest accomplishments, the most enjoyment and happiness. They can, too, if we avoid the kidney and bladder disorders such as Backache, Headache, Rheumatic Pains, Lassitude, Loss of Sleep and Energy which so often attack those around 40. For over half a century Dodd's Kidney Pills have been helping men and women to keep kidneys and bladder in good order. If you are nearing 40, or past it, for the sake of your health and a happier future use Dodd's Kidney Pills today! 125



SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
Pot Roast of Beef	Shepherd's Pie	Macaroni Scallop	Veal Stew	Corned Beef & Cabbage	Fish	Corned Beef Hash with Parsley Sauce
Group C	left-over	unrationed	Group C	Group C	unrationed	left-over
4 lbs. 2 coupons			1½ lbs. 6 tokens	2 lbs. 1 coupon		
2 tokens for 10 oz. sausages.						

A pot roast of beef animated with colorful vegetables will get the week off to a savory start. On Monday it can be revamped as a Shepherd's Pie. If you haven't enough left-over gravy moisten the ground meat, try a tin of tomato or vegetable soup and top the combine with fluffy mashed potatoes. Aside from these two meals, you may find that the four pound roast will leave you with some useful remnants for lunch box sandwiches. Meatless days are ideal ones on which to carry out your New Year's resolution to introduce a new dish at least once a week. For Tuesday's eating a macaroni scallop is suggested. Just alternate layers of cooked macaroni, hard cooked eggs and a well-seasoned cream sauce, top with buttered crumbs and oven heat until bubbling and browned. Along with it you might serve vegetable vitamins in salad form and wheat germ muffins hot from the oven. A fine dish to make one glad that winter is here is a good stew. Six tokens worth of veal from Group C will allow generous servings all round, and a cornmeal biscuit topping will give it both eye and taste appeal. A one coupon expenditure for corned beef should bring satisfying returns. Served hot on Thursday it teams well with jacket-boiled should be sufficient to mince and combine with mashed potatoes. Then individual cakes can be browned in a small amount of fat and served piping hot with parsley sauce. Friday is yours to make a fish selection. The two tokens remaining from the week's purchases might be devoted to 10 ounces of sausages to highlight Sunday's breakfast eggs.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

You remember I mentioned a few weeks ago that mail-time was my favourite hour of the day. I should have qualified that remark by saying—"If someone else goes after the mail." When I trail down to the road for it myself, that's something else again. I don't have to—if Bob isn't around Partner tells me to leave it until noon and he will get it. But I never make promises because if I see the mailman stop at the gate—well, I can't wait—I just have to get that mail. Maybe you wonder what all the fuss is about; why I mention any difficulty in getting it at all. Well, if you had a lane nine hundred feet long, filled with snow, and had to face a strong north-west wind at anywhere from zero to ten above, you would know what I am talking about.

Saturday, for instance, I knew there was a parcel coming by mail so rather than face the worst wind of the week I decided to take the car. Bob had been getting in and out of the lane so I thought I could too. I backed the car out, got as far as the corner of the house—car stuck, good and properly. The car would neither go backwards nor forwards. Partner was busy at the barn, and I wasn't prepared to do any shovelling, so I just left it there. I went back to the house and this time I took with me an umbrella as protection against the wind. With it I struggled down the lane, stopping once or twice to get my balance, so strong was the wind. No, I didn't let the umbrella blow inside out, if that is what you are thinking.

Returning the wind was in my back—but I still had plenty of trouble. I had a big box to carry, a shopping bag that I took to carry the mail home in, and the umbrella to manipulate. The ruts in the lane which the truck wheels had made were deep and narrow; the wind drove me along so fast that I lost my balance. Over I went on to the snowbank—parcel and all. Tippy was with me and I am sure she thought "Now this is fun," for she came bouncing along and was all over me before I knew where I was. And that didn't help. Eventually I reached the shelter of the house. So now perhaps you

will understand that while I still say mail-time is the best hour of the day—it is with reservations.

Now we have had a real taste of winter I am beginning to think the ground-hog and I have something in common. There doesn't seem such a bad idea. Come to think in common. There are times when I have been in a state of semi-hibernation—that is to say I haven't been off the farm for two weeks, but, unlike the ground-hog I haven't been sleeping my time away. No I have done a bit of writing, a bit of sewing and simply scads of mending. There were thirteen patches and two new pockets on a smock I fixed up for Partner. It still has the original buttons and button-holes. There are work pants for Bob that belong in pretty much the same category. After all, why spend money on new things that are of shoddy material and poorly made? Thank goodness, the outlook in that respect is at last becoming a little more hopeful. My authority for that statement is a U.S. publication which says that thread counts and dyes are getting better and a steady improvement in quality and quantity is expected during the summer. It also said experiments have been tried to make clothing without stitching. Some kind of resin is used so that dresses can be pressed together instead of sewn.

Sunday School Lesson

February 17

True To A Great Heritage
Deuteronomy 4:1, 32-36

Golden Text

He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered.—Psalm 111:4.

God Speaks Through Moses
Moses exhorts Israel to hearken unto the statutes — laws referring to the worship of God — and unto the judgments — laws concerning duties to one's fellow men. Both together make up the code of the whole duty of man.

Moses reminds Israel that they are a privileged people, for since the day of man's creation none has had such amazing revelations of God's power, goodness and mercy. What other people, Moses asks, ever heard the voice of God as Israel did through the lightnings that reverberated down the ravines of Sinai? Not another exodus is comparable to the Exodus of Israel from Egypt.

Saved To Serve

It was the hand of God that took Israel out of Egypt. It was done by tests and signs and wonders and great terrors, as in the ten terrible plagues; and by war and a mighty hand and outstretched arm, as at the Red Sea when the army of Pharaoh was overthrown and the power of Egypt broken.

The calling of Israel to be God's chosen people was an act of grace — Israel was saved to serve. Moses declared that it was not because of their numbers that God called them, but because he chose to love them.

Moses impressed on Israel the mighty power of the nations yet to be driven out of Canaan before they can enter upon their inheritance. But the same mighty hand which brought them out of Egypt will bring them into Canaan.

The Duty of Israel

The divine program was defined in the duty of Israel — implicit and constant obedience. The Commandment of God must be kept. Then the people would be blessed with prosperity and peace. Their posterity would enter into a goodly heritage. The country would be secure against the greed and rapacity of other nations.

Thus Jehovah gave them their land with the understanding that they should use it for His glory and return it to Him with rich fruitage in the fulness of time.

Books of Remembrance

The sixty-thousand civilians, men, women and little children, killed in the cities of Great Britain by bombs of German aircraft, now have their names commemorated in Westminster Abbey. Four "Books of Remembrance" have been placed in St. George's Chapel, near the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, in a beautifully carved and electrically-illuminated shrine, there to remain for ever.

Ladderless Hose

The dream of a ladderless stocking has been brought a step nearer to realization by the production of a rayon fibre that is stronger than nylon, according to tests made by Professor W. T. Astbury at the textile physics laboratory of Leeds University. A product of British Celanese, Ltd., it is called fortisan.

Outstandingly Good

"SALADA" TEA

Do you cough at night?

VENO'S

GIVES QUICK RELIEF

FOR
COUGHS - COLDS
BRONCHITIS
ASTHMA
WHOOHING COUGH
SIMPLE SORE-THROAT

BUY A BOTTLE TODAY!

CHILDREN LOVE VENO'S

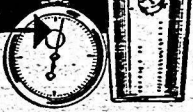
One of the Most Effective BLOOD-IRON TONICS YOU CAN BUY

If your blood lacks iron!

You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you're pale, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to lack of iron in the blood. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS with added iron—one of the best home ways to help build up red blood—in such cases. Pinkham's Tablets are one of the most effective iron tonics you can buy!

EASE PAIN OF COLDS, SORE THROATS FAST!

Take **ASPIRIN**
It's ready to go to work in 2 seconds



See for yourself how quickly Aspirin acts! Drop one in a glass of water and "clock" it. Within two seconds, it will start to disintegrate. It does the same when you take it. As a result, it provides relief with remarkable speed. Get Aspirin today. The "Bayer" cross on each tablet is your guarantee that it's Aspirin.

ASPIRIN

NOW—New Low Prices!
Pocket box of 12s. . . . only 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . . only 29c
Family size of 100 . . . only 79c