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THE SYLVESTER DIAMOND

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

Synopsis
The Story Thus Far: Honey Marlowe takes the Sylvester Diamond from a woman's handbag in a Los Angeles department store and that evening confesses the theft to Dan Brewster, state's attorney, with whom she is in love. She hasn't time to explain why she took the stone before Joe Danburne, professional thief, comes to Dan's apartment and she is forced to escape. The stone she takes is Joe Prentice crashes on repair and she is rescued by Art Carey, who lives with his mother near the docks. Her presence there is discovered by Joe Prentice, who drives Honey back to drive her back to Los Angeles. They are followed by Danburne and when he tries to stop them their cars collide and Honey is knocked unconscious.

CHAPTER X

(Continued from last week)

Art glanced at his speedometer and it registered 70 miles an hour. Then he lifted his eyes to the rear-view mirror.

"The car is keeping up," he informed her, and his tone left no doubt but that the muscles behind them was trailing intentionally.

"It is Joe, then. I'm terribly sorry to have involved you in this affair, Art. There is more to it than you can guess."

"A little excitement is good for me, Honey. I haven't had any in nearly two years."

"I am still sorry," and she meant every word of it. She felt she could never forgive herself if something happened to him because he befriended her.

"I am glad," and his voice sounded eager.

* * *

He slowed the car down, for driving was much too hazardous for such speed in the soupy weather they were encountering along the way. Neither spoke for some minutes. Every nerve in Honey's body was on edge and she kept saying to herself:

"Please don't let anything happen to me until after I see Dan!"

Art's voice came low as if he feared he might be heard by the man behind them.

"Watch for the next highway marker and tell me the minute we pass it. Then I will know just where I am. There is a chance we may be able to shake Mr. Danburne."

"If only we could," she breathed prayerfully.

She voted the tear mist from her eyes so she could see clearly and turned her head to keep a close vigil for the sign. But she never had a real opportunity to look for it. As if divining their intentions, the car behind shot around suddenly and slowed abruptly in front of them. Too late, Art realized Joe's aim. There was a terrific crash as the two cars came together.

Honey was engulfed in blackness.

CHAPTER XI

"You little fool! You little fool!"

Honey heard the voice repeating the words over and over in a monotone and it was like the beat of a tom-tom, hammering away at her brain, recalling her to the conscious world. She did not need to open her eyes and look to know that it was Joe who spoke. Though she had never heard him use quite that tone of speech before, it was definitely Joe Danburne berating her.

She kept quiet, and waited, her heart beating a tattoo against her ribs. Maybe he would think she was dead, she thought hopefully, and go away. But he didn't. He seemed bent on expounding his opinion of her, regardless of whether she was dead or alive.

"You fool" he went on relentlessly. "You cheap, little double-crosser."

* * *

Finally, Honey could stand the cramped position she was lying in no longer, or the irritation of the words that flowed on and on, upsetting her nerves. She moved her body slightly and discovered that she was on the hard ground. She opened her eyes to the blackness that enveloped the earth and moved her head to look around, expecting to see Joe hovering over her, ready to kill her at the first sign of life. To her amazement, Joe's long form was stretched on the ground near her. He was not moving. Only a voice issued from his still body. She shivered in the cold as she remembered the crash of the two cars.

But before she could give it much thought, she heard footsteps and saw Art coming forward to kneel by her side. He touched her gently on the arm.

"Are you hurt, Honey?" he asked solicitously, seeing that she was conscious.

* * *

"I think I'm all right," she whispered, moving each limb separately to see if any bones were broken. There was no pain and everything seemed intact. "Nothing wrong. And you?"

"Just a scratch on the head," he told her, dismissing it as nothing.

"What about Joe?" she lifted her hand to point to Danburne. "Is he hurt? He lies so still."

"Very badly," he told her in low tones and his voice implied more than his words. "I think it's internal. He wants to talk with you, I believe. At least, he's been talking at you for some time. Something is really on his mind." He started to rise. "I'll go watch for someone to come along and pick us up. We've got to get him to a hospital and both cars are ruined."

He left them alone.

Honey sat up, feeling a bit dizzy at first from her recent shakeup. In a moment, however, her head cleared and she felt all right.

"Joe?" she called softly and crawled a little closer to the still form. "Joe—how do you feel?"

"Honey—you fool!" His voice reached out to slap her. "Were you trying to double-cross me? You took the diamond from Mrs. Sylvester. What did you do with it? Where is it now?"

(Continued next week)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Dupe
5. Parrot
8. Fault
12. A single time
13. Steal
14. Sound
15. Perfect night-less bird
17. Roar of the surf
18. Scythe handle
19. Long-necked ocean
22. Ancient stringed instrument
24. Small candle
26. Egg-batter
27. Expanse
31. Boraxing
33. Sober
35. Working parties
36. Kim
37. Kitchen utensil
38. Written exposition
39. Bless
40. Antecedent
41. Arrowroot butter
43. Consumed
44. Wharf
45. Back
46. Ferment
47. Japanese box
48. Female horse
50. Girp in Nebraska
51. Grows old
52. Ceiling of church
54. Presently
55. Weaving machine
56. Pay one's debts
57. Noblemen
59. Injure
61. Obstructive ending
62. Confederate general
64. Ancient shallop
65. Fortify
66. Perches
67. Diminish
68. Wanderer

DOWN
1. Ancient Greek
2. Article of food
3. Canvas shelters
4. Fortify
5. Perches
6. Diminish
7. Wanderer
8. Jelly
9. Ancient Greek
10. Pay one's debts
11. Noblemen
16. Injure
20. Obstructive ending
21. Confederate general
23. Ancient shallop
25. African hemp
28. Doing interior decorating
29. Indian
30. Tennis series
32. Irish word for darling
33. Drunkard
34. Ancient Greek philosopher
36. Small wheel
37. Concerning
40. Poetic Muse
41. Rich brown
42. Shine
43. Ship
44. Athena
46. Rip
48. Dry
49. God of love
50. Plunge
53. Ceiling of church
55. Pitch

Answer elsewhere in this issue

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I resize an Axminster rug?

A. Stretch the rug tight and tack face down on a floor. Sprinkle with a solution made by dissolving ¾ pound of flake glue in ½ gallon of water. Allow rug to dry at least one day. Care should be taken not to wet on so much glue that it will show on the right side.

Q. How can I clean suede shoes?

A. Clean suede shoes by wiping with a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar. To restore the nap that has become worn, apply sandpaper gently.

Q. What is the best way to apply lip stick when the lips are chapped and dry?

A. Try using a very greasy lipstick. Or, rub a little cold cream on the lips before using the stick.

Q. How can I prevent rusting of steel articles?

A. Put a lump of freshly-burned lime into the drawer or box when storing away steel articles, and it will prevent them from rusting.

Q. How can I stuff dates and prunes?

A. First wash, dry, and stone the fruit, then cut almost in half and fill with a half marshmallow, blanched almond, or chopped nuts and raisins. Roll in sugar.

Q. How can I relieve the pain of frostbite?

A. Rub the frostbitten parts vigorously, and bathe in cold water until the blood circulates freely; then rub with mutton tallow.

Q. How can I prevent woolens from shrinking when washing them?

A. The shrinking can be greatly reduced by observing three things: use warm water, use mild soap, and allow the woolens to dry slowly.

Operator—Get Me My Teacher—Although confined to her bed for the past seven months with rheumatic fever, Barbara Stuart still keeps up with her classes. A leased telephone wire from her bedside to her schoolroom enables the 11-year-old girl to be part of her class. She can hear everything that goes on and recite when her turn comes.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Dear Anne Hirst: Ever since the day I married my husband, three years ago, he has found fault with whatever I do. It's the house, or the baby, or my friends. I can't take much more.

"I try hard to keep my home clean, but it's such a big place! My baby is 13 months old, and I'm expecting another. I tire quickly. As for my friends, when they come he leaves the room, taking the radio, and bangs doors and dishes around so that my guests feel unwelcome. Now I have only two close friends who come at all!

"He isn't a bad man, Anne Hirst. He used to drink, and he's stopped that. He used to mistreat me, but he doesn't now. His worst fault is nagging. And how much can a wife take? I don't want to leave him. I couldn't take my son from him, for they love each other so. And I love him. But I haven't told him so in months because he hurts me every day.

"He was in combat duty in the war, and I try to allow for that. He had a unhappy first marriage, and I allow for that, too. But now I'm at a point where I believe he just likes to act mean and be a big bully. I'm trying to hold our marriage together; but I don't mind telling you that if this letter doesn't do any good, I'm giving up. I'm still young, and perhaps I can make a new life for myself. (I wasn't going to show my husband this letter, but now I think I will. You give good advice.)

WORRIED"

A CRISIS

- If ever a wife needs loving consideration and the assurance that she is precious to her husband, it is when she is expecting a baby. (If a man could bear just one, he would need no explanation.) She needs his tenderness, and his constant attentions, to lift her spirit and convince her that her coming trial is worth all it will cost her.
- He should help her every hour he is home, as much as he can, in taking over the housework and, in your case, helping care for the baby you have. This is the time he should conceal any dissatisfaction he feels, and be as considerate as though he were her father. He should know that she needs the diversion of her friends, and any amusements her health permits. In other words, he should be her protector, the staunch pillar of strength against which she leans.
- If this nagging of your husband has persisted so long, it is possible that he is not a well man.
- He should be checked up, and perhaps put himself under the supervision of his physician; perhaps his nerves can be calmed, and so make him less sensitive to everything that annoys him now. He would be a happier man, which surely would make his easier to get along with. With this nagging habit so entrenched, he certainly is not happy now.
- Your marriage is really at a crisis. When the new baby comes, your burdens will be heavier. Now is the time for your husband to face that fact, and show how much he appreciates all you are, and all you have done for him. If he realizes that he may lose you if he fails, it will rouse all his efforts.
- As I so often say, it takes so little to keep a woman happy. Any man who knows women knows that. A husband who doesn't give that little is too absorbed in himself to try, or cares so little for his wife that he believes it isn't worth the effort. Under all his criticisms, I believe your husband does love you; but he has been too self-centered to realize it. If he will understand this, it will prove that, even at this late day, he has it in him to be a MAN.
- It takes two to make a marriage good. I hope he will read this, and determine from now on to do his part. You certainly have done, and are doing yours.

* * *

Any man who doesn't try, intelligently, to keep his wife happy doesn't deserve a good wife. Sometimes he only needs a hint to change. Anne Hirst has given that hint to many a careless husband. Write her at Box 1,123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto.

Failure

What is a failure? It's only a spur
To a man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, its an even guess
You never have won a high success.

What is a knock-down? A count of ten
Which a man may take for a rest.
It will give him a chance to come up again
And do his particular best.
If you never have more than met your match,
I guess you never have toed the scratch.

—Edmund Vance Cook

WILLIE WEATHER Says:

"SNOW"

I always feel sorry for the snow man. There he stands, with a piece of coal for a nose.

I almost cry when I see those poor snowmen—I get a lump in the throat because they get a lump in the nose.

Politeness

As the culminating extravagance of a wonderful honeymoon, the young husband rented a sailboat for an all-day cruise on the bay. While he put a firm hand on the tiller, he put his wife to tending the sheet. Everything went well until a sudden puff of wind appeared.

"Let go the sheet!" he ordered brusquely. But his wife held tight and stared straight ahead. "Let go that sheet!" he shouted again, although by that time it was too late.

"Why didn't you let go the sheet when I told you to, dear?" he asked as they clung to the upturned bottom of the boat.

"I would have if you hadn't shouted so," she sobbed. "You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

Conscience: The thing which hurts when everything else feels good.

Modern Etiquette

by Roberta Lee

Q. When the wedding invitations have been sent out and there is a sudden death in one of the families, should the wedding be postponed?

A. Not necessarily, although usually, if an elaborate wedding has been planned, the arrangements are changed to a quiet wedding, recalling all invitations except those to members of the immediate families.

Q. When setting a table, should the prongs of the forks point upward or downward?

A. They should always point upward.

Q. What should one do if he gets food in his mouth that is too hot to swallow?

A. Get the food down somehow, and then take a swallow of water. Never, under any circumstances, take water while you have food in your mouth.

Q. When a person is making an introduction, should he add a word or two of comment?

A. Yes; if the comment he makes will enable the two persons to begin a friendly conversation, he should not miss the opportunity to do so.

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For Big Appetites Little Budgets
Chicken Turnovers made with Magic
Combine and chill 1¾ c. finely-diced cooked chicken, ½ c. medium-thick white sauce. Mix and sift into bowl, 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 1¾ c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder, 1½ tsp. salt, 1 tbs. granulated sugar. Cut in finely, 3 tbs. shortening. Mix 1 beaten egg and ¼ c. milk. Make a well in dry ingredients, pour in liquid and mix lightly with a fork. Roll dough out to ¼" thickness; cut into 4" squares. Place about 2 tbs. chicken mixture on each square, near corner. Fold dough over diagonally, making triangles. Seal edges by pressing with fork tines; prick tops. Bake on greased pan in hot oven, 450°, 15 min. or until golden brown.
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Mountains

We set out very early from Lethbridge, in the chill of the dawn, to meet the mountains. The sky was overcast; but the air was buoyant and mild, the ponds full of ducks, and fence-posts tipped with feathery gargoyles. However, as I had set my heart on first seeing the Canadian Rockies in the morning sun, truly the Shining Mountains, as the Indians called them, I was not appeased by lesser sights, however delightful.

The car went down a hollow and came up over a slight rise into the middle of a herd of cattle. And there beyond the brown backs and the horns, where we took it for granted there would be only a bare, plain, were magical apparitions. As suddenly as that, up out of the grass, a great procession of snow mountains stood before us.

All across the west they stood, and to the south of us they strode out into the plain. We had had no preparation whatever for them. There were no foothills. Only brown grass and then these steep triangular escarpments, sheer white, shadowed blue.

This was the Great Overthrust, —occurring when lateral pressure pushed the ancient mountains for miles out over the young plain. There is no more dramatic sensitivity to Toscanini's every wish and desire. What resulted was a performance that was the same of the orchestra to a spontaneous ovation. They rose to their feet and cheered to the man who had just given them such a new and wonderful insight into the music. Desperately, Toscanini tried to stop them, waving his arms wildly, shouting to them. Finally, when the ovation subsided, he said in a broken voice: "It isn't me, men—it's Beethoven!"

* * *

The mountain masses were a deep plum blue with miles of feather-white. Out of the narrow valleys at their feet, where the rustlers hid in the days of the great cattle drives, rose billows of fog; and above their crags the storm clouds were lifting in great cumulus masses, bubbling high. The vertical battlements, jagged triangles, and violent thrusts of rock cut into the white billows of fog; and above their crags the storm clouds were lifting in great cumulus masses, bubbling high. The vertical battlements, jagged triangles, and violent thrusts of rock cut into the cloudless sky against the sky were my childhood ideas of what mountains ought to be.—From "Canadian Spring," by Florence Page Jaques. Harper, 1947.

558

Laura Wheeler

The smartest monogram of all is your monogram done in this filet crochet initialing. Be sure to include it in plans for new linens!

Initials with lace edging. Use initials separately too. Pattern 558; crochet directions; charts.

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Embarrassing

William Sydney Thayer, later a professor, and his college friends were delighted during their student days when the dancer, Loie Fuller, arrived in Boston. In her finale, Loie would suddenly whirl down the stage and end seated with legs and arms stretched apart as if she were about to split. Returning a second night armed with a number of highly starched collars, Thayer and Company secured seats in the front row. At the moment that Loie seemed about to split they tore the collars, making an unearthly rending screech. The audience went wild; even Loie seemed to think she was actually splitting.

Early Medicine

It was the fall of the moon. Stealthily, the savage crept through the matted jungle to a clearing where the dead man lay. A once-mighty warrior, he reposed in ceremonial solitude. A strange green mold, created of heat and moisture and decaying human flesh, spread over the dead man's skull and forehead.

Hastily the mold was scraped off and carried by the panting native runner to a hut where another man lay dying, pierced by poisoned spears. At his side, in full regalia, was the tribal Medicine Man. This amateur healer smeared the mold into the gaping wounds on the dying man's forehead. The patient recovered, and the Medicine Man was honored throughout the tribe.

Mold of different origins and under different names now serves modern medicine. All the world knows of the amazing powers of Penicillin and Tyrothricin. For through modern research, mold, fungus and strange bacterial growths have thus developed, from the crude forms once used by the savage in superstitious ignorance.

Tribute

While rehearsing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the musicians responded with particular sensitivity to Toscanini's every wish and desire. What resulted was a performance that was the same of the orchestra to a spontaneous ovation. They rose to their feet and cheered to the man who had just given them such a new and wonderful insight into the music. Desperately, Toscanini tried to stop them, waving his arms wildly, shouting to them. Finally, when the ovation subsided, he said in a broken voice: "It isn't me, men—it's Beethoven!"

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

What would we do without our Federal Government? We just wouldn't know anything, that's what. For instance, if we didn't have the Federal Government to tell us, how would we ever know the cost of living index had gone down? And it has, you know—the F.G. says so—and it has figures to prove it. I forget just what fraction of one per cent it had gone down but no doubt anyone who is curious could get that information from any government official. But do you know, as I heard the "good news" I wondered how many Ginger farmers are going to have that cost of living index tabulated and broadcast to the people!

* * *

And after the decrease was announced what happened? Tea went up in price, coffee went up; likewise coal, milk, insurance premiums, motor and driving permits, and even the price of admission to our local movie theatre. Also the rent on safety deposit boxes. There may also be a dozen other items that I have forgotten—it is hard to keep track of them all. Of course there was tobacco, movies and safety deposit boxes don't belong to the cost of living. Maybe not according to government statistics, but money for these things all comes out of the family income. Partner says if he can't have his pipe of tobacco it is just too bad. And of course we all enjoy the occasional movie. As for deposit boxes, they are handy places to keep insurance policies and your "last will and testament."

* * *

And now may I draw your attention to what has gone down—as if you didn't know, that is, if you live on a farm. Eggs—that's what. You notice farm produce is always the first thing to drop in price. But the cost of laying mash hasn't gone down so that eggs cost just as much to produce now as they ever did although we get less for them. Personally, we are not grumbling at the price of eggs going down—we are only grumbling at the cost of producing them keeping up. We would be quite happy with moderate prices for what we sell if we could buy what we need at a reasonable figure. The price of everything is far too high. How married people in the twenty-five-dollar-a-week class ever manage I don't know. No wonder there is a hue and cry for margarine. Yes, margarine is supposed to be on the market but one grocer told me it would not be available to small grocery stores for at least six months.

* * *

Maybe we are short-sighted, but at Ginger Farm we are quite in favour of margarine being available to those who cannot afford to buy butter. I have a bunch there will always be a strong enough prejudice against margarine to insure a good market for butter. So why all the fuss? Maybe some of us forget that good old maxim—"Live and let live." If all people, in all lands, would abide by that simple rule for living there would never be any wars, nor rumours of wars. But half the time we forget about the other fellow—instead it seems to be "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

* * *

Well, I don't know about the hindmost—it almost seems as if Old Nick has got into the weather and is taking us all for a ride with his antics just lately.

Remember that wind last week? Eighty-one miles an hour—quite a little breeze. Around here it ripped off roofs, uprooted trees, turned over chicken houses, put electric power out of commission and shook people in their beds. We were lucky—got off with only a limb being blown off an elm tree, a few bricks off the chimney and hydro power disrupted for over five hours —during which time another call arrived! Why our calves have to arrive during black-out periods is a mystery.

Now the weather has changed again so that we need skates to get around. Just imagine, we haven't had enough snow yet to properly cover the ground. The wheat is looking pretty sick right now. We are beginning to wonder what will be the outlook for wheat and clover come spring because never before have we experienced a winter quite like this one. One man, who has sold his farm, contends that the outlook for farming isn't very good for the next few years. We argue that if it isn't good for farming then it's a poor lookout for everyone. Anyway, you can be hard up on a farm with less discomfort than you can anywhere else. And it is much less humiliating to live in the country if you happen to slip on the ice.

When Linda Hits The Hay, She Really Hits It—It's sure hard work taking care of 22 head of cattle, and 2 year old Linda Ruth Cooper is plum tuckered out. When snapped Linda was resting after her "chores" at a recent stock show.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

Just because circumstances—(my polite way of saying "high prices")—force a lot of us to use the cheaper cuts of meat, there isn't any necessity of not thoroughly enjoying what we eat.

So much depends on the way you cook such meat; for the less-tender cuts are very bit as flavor-filled as the choicer ones, and a lot of front-quarter beef deserves far better treatment than it usually gets—that is, a trip through the meat-grinder.

For instance, there's this—

Tasty Pot Roast

4 pounds brisket or chuck
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
3 cups BOILING water
¼ cup vinegar
1 carrot, sliced
Few sprigs parsley
2 cloves
Dash of all-spice
3 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Method

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, and trim off the fat to use in browning it. Fry out the fat in a large kettle, or Dutch oven. Peel and slice the garlic and onion into the pan; cook until soft and yellow then remove and save for later on. Put in the meat and brown it, slowly, on all sides. Then add the BOILING water, vinegar, carrot, parsley, seasonings and the onion and garlic. Now cover tightly and SIMMER until tender — about 3 hours.

Put meat on a hot platter. Strain the broth. To make rich brown gravy, thicken the drippings. Put a quarter cup of cold water into a small jar with a lid—(mayonnaise jar or half-pint sealer is fine). Add 2 tablespoons flour for each cup of broth. Put on the lid and shake jar to make a smooth paste. Stir slowly into the broth. Cook until thick and smooth — about five minutes.

And before you out it on the table—better tell whoever is going to carve to be prepared for "Second Helping" demands.

* * *

Having more than a trace of Scottish blood in my veins—'trace' here means something like 90 per cent—I am always interested in recipes that come from the beloved "Land of Cakes." Perhaps you'd sometime like to try this one. If you do it once, I don't believe it will be the only time. At fast I think it will prove to be a "regular" with you. It's:

Scots Raisin Bread

2 eggs
2 cup sugar
2 cups sour milk, or buttermilk
½ cup molasses
3 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
1½ cups rolled oats
½ cup chopped nuts (optional)
1½ cups raisins

Method

Beat eggs until light. Add sugar gradually, beating until fluffy. Add sour milk and molasses, mixing well. Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and soda, and add to the first mixture. Then add rolled oats, nuts and raisins, stirring only enough to combine. Bake in 2 greased loaf pans in moderate (350 degree) oven for one hour. Store for 1 day before slicing. Recipe makes 2 loaves.

Lots of folks buy their salad dressing ready-made — and very good some of them are, at that. Still, there are those who like to "roll their own" so I don't think I need apologize for including this recipe for:

Cooked Salad Dressing

2 egg yolks
½ cup vinegar
½ cup water
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon flour

Method

Beat egg yolk and add vinegar. Combine this mixture with mixture of sugar, flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Add water and stir well. Cook over a slow fire until it thickens. Remove from stove and stir in 1 tablespoon butter. If put in a cold place, this will keep indefinitely.

So long for now. Be seeing you next week.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Jesus Chooses the Twelve
Mark 1:16-20; Luke 6:12-16.

Golden Text: Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit.—John15:16.

Jesus chose men to be with him in his ministry. The purpose is expressed in the invitation to Simon and Andrew, "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." They were literally to take men alive for Jesus Christ. Later, after spending a night in prayer he named twelve apostles. Among these were four fishermen and a despised publican. A simple rhyme helps us to remember their names.

"Peter and Andrew and James and John—
The men he most depended on;
Philip and Bartholomew,
Matthew next, and Thomas, too;
James the less and Paul the greater,
Simon the zealot, and Judas the traitor."

Impulsive Peter was a born leader. He was introduced to Jesus by his brother Andrew. Andrew wasn't one of the three who were with Jesus on some special occasions, but he made a good fourth. He drew attention to the lad with the which was used to feed the multitude and he helped to bring the Greeks to Jesus. John was a man of great affection. He gave us the best known verse of the Bible, John 3:16. His brother, James, was the first apostle to be martyred. Thomas has been called the 'doubter' but perhaps it should be stressed that he had a scientific mind. He wanted the evidence. Philip was the practical man who looked at the crowd and said that two hundred pennyworth of bread would not suffice to feed them. Nathaniel or Bartholomew was the meditative man, the philosopher. Simon was associated with the Zealots, a political revolutionary party.

To mar the picture is Judas. He was the treasurer, and did some petty thieving. Finally he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. His name is a byword.

It was a representative group of men. They did not have wealth or social prestige but it was said of them, "They turned the world upside down."

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35c LARGE ECONOMICAL SIZE 65c

Woman of Taste

A man who lives in a Nob Hill hotel noticed that the contents of a bottle of fine bourbon were dropping at a rapid rate. So he made a tiny pencil mark on the label opposite the current level. Returning home that night, he found a note from the chambermaid: "Please don't put a pencil mark on the bottle, because I don't want to put water in such good whisky."

Then Yell For Help

Should you ever lose your way in a wooded area, you may determine north, south, east and west merely by examining the trees. North is on the side where moss is thickest, the bark seems wettest. Once you ascertain which side of the tree is north, stand facing in that direction; to your right is east; to your left, west. South of the equator, of course it is just the opposite.

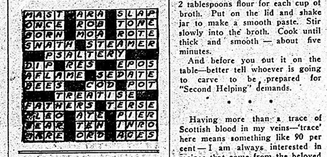
HAND WEAVERS
For Best Results Use The "LECLERC" LOOM
Sturdy homespuns and delicate fabrics may be weaved on a "LECLERC" loom.
Write for new free copy of New Folding Type "LECLERC" Loom.
NILUS LECLERC INC.
LYSLET STATION 4 QUE.

SPLITTING HEADACHE
RELIEVED IN A JIFFY!
And the Relief is LASTING
For remarkably fast relief from headache get INSTANTINE. For real relief get INSTANTINE. For prolonged relief get INSTANTINE! Yes, more people every day are finding that INSTANTINE is one thing to ease pain fast. For headache, for rheumatic pain, aches and pains of colds, for neuritic or neuralgic pain you can depend on INSTANTINE to bring you quick comfort.
INSTANTINE is made like a doctor's prescription of three proven medical ingredients. A single tablet usually brings fast relief.
Get INSTANTINE today and always keep it handy
Instantine
12-TABLET TIN 25c—ECONOMICAL 48-TABLET BOTTLE 69c

"Do People Really Call Me Crabby?"
Do you sometimes feel that people are beginning to think you are high-strung—always tense and nervous—so that you fly off the handle easily?
Your Nerves Can Play Strange Tricks on You!
Many women find it hard to realize their nerves are "bad". Yet it's not unusual for a high-strung woman's delicate nervous system to get off balance—especially during the functional changes she faces in girlhood, young motherhood and middle life. That's when a good tonic, like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, can do you so much good by helping to restore your nervous energy. It will help you feel better, look better, rest better at night.
During the last fifty years, thousands of Canadian women of all ages have gone safely and happily through the most trying periods of life—by taking this time-tested tonic containing Vitamin B₁ iron and other needed minerals. Give Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a chance to help you, too, when you feel edgy, upset or a bundle of nerves. Get the large "economy size" today. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.
Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

JITTER
By Arthur Pointer
AFTER HUNG PROFESSOR'S LAST TRIAL IN THE LABORATORY CLOSET.
FINE...IF ANYTHING'S ON THE HOOK, THROW IT OVER.
A CHAIR.
WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE LOSING SO MUCH WEIGHT.
YES...BEFORE LONG THEY'LL MISTAKE ME FOR A GHOST.
SHALL I ERASE THE BOARD, SIR?

Answer to This Week's Puzzle



SALLY'S SALLIES

"When I wrote about our wonderful climate I didn't mean you'd take me seriously."