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Make this delicious Soup the Quick'n Easy "Herb-Ox" Way!

QUICK-TRICK SOUP—Dissolve 4 HERB-Ox Chicken Cubes in 4 cups of boiling water. Chop and add 1/2 cup celery, 1 tablespoon onion, 1 oz. egg noodles. Cook about 10 minutes.

Send for The Money-Saver—recipe and menu booklet showing how HERB-Ox flavors up lower cost meats and main dishes, makes delicious soup and gravy base. The Pure Food Co., Inc., Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dept. (LHJ-3)

Herb-Ox
BOUILLON CUBES

25% more baking space!



Bake the whole meal in the Queen-Size Oven!

through it, and went on with the rabbit dangling from his hand.

Most evenings Jean would be out with the Scottie at this time, giving her stubby black dog a walk. Geordie had no use for pet dogs that didn't work, not much more use than for cats which were the worst hunters of all; but Jean's Sandy was a part of Jean, so Geordie didn't grudge him a hunt as long as he stuck to rabbits.

He was in the woods again when he heard the terrier yap. Bess, the Labrador, stood still a moment and listened to the hoarse barking. "Come away, Bess," said Geordie, quickening his pace.

They came on Jean round a corner. She put her fingers to her mouth and gave a piercing whistle. It was always a surprise to Geordie to hear a man's whistle come from a lassie's lips, and her so slim and dark and bonny, and it was him taught her to do it long ago. He didn't speak till he was close. Bess came along sedate and respectable to heel.

"Hullo, Jean," said Geordie. She gave a start and turned round. Then she blushed. "Sandy's gone again," said Jean. She whistled a second time. The yapping sounded once more.

"The wee devil's hunting," Geordie said severely, watching her. Sometimes if he got a word in first, it would stop Jean from sharpening her wits on him. She did that an awful lot nowadays. But he failed this time.

"What d'you think he's doing, you—you great big Man Mountain?" She eyed him sharply, hotly almost, and looked away again among the trees.

Sandy came back then, scrambling over the fallen trunks and through the bracken.

Everyone can keep house better than her mother till she trieth.
—OLD PROVERB.

He was a square little dog, about as broad as he was long. He looked pleased with himself and said howd'you do to Geordie and to Bess and the rabbit in Geordie's hand. Then he lay down with his tongue hanging out, panting.

Geordie looked at Jean. He could never take his eyes off her when they were together; he could never have the picture of her oval face clear enough in his mind; it was a new miracle each time he saw her.

"What were you doin', Geordie?" "I was practicing with the minister."

"Was he pleased at you?" The glint always came into Jean's eyes when Geordie spoke of his exercises or his shot-putting.

"Aye, he was pleased."

"That's a rare waste of time, hurling a cannon ball. What use is it?" She looked up at him with her gray eyes under the dark lashes half mocking.

"The minister wants me to enter in the Drummfechan Games."

"And will you?" "I don't think so. I've no mind for competitions."

"Why not? Competitions is more sense than just throwing by yourself."

Geordie suppressed a sigh. Whatever he did seemed to be wrong to Jean. "I don't fancy the idea. What for would I throw against other chaps?"

"What for did you learn it then?"

Geordie thought a bit. "I learnt it for the sake of learning, as part of the program."

They taste so good

... and so full of Lenten protein!



PLANTERS PEANUTS are rich, folks. Richer in protein than meat, fish or eggs—rich in a special taste goodness all America loves!



8 Ounces