SHORT STORY

No Need For Words

By LILA LENNON

It had been a silly quarrel, really, Peg reflected. The quarrel had started from such an insignificant thing as her new hair-do.

Now, here she was sitting alone, the slam of the front door still ringing in her ears.

Bob had gone out alone, and on a Thursday night, too. That was what really hurt most, because Thursday nights were such special nights. The stores were all open and after the dishes were done, Bob and Peg always went window shopping. Ther never was a lot of money to spend. Sometimes they did buy one or two little things, and it was always such fun!

Peg thought for a moment about how Bob used to tuck her hand under his arm and say, "Some day, honey, I'll give you all the things you want." And she had always said:

"But I have what I really want . . you, And, what we share has no price, it can't be measured in terms of dollars and cents!"

It was true, Peg reflected. You can't put a price on the magic of contentment and love and understanding.

Understanding! It was something of a shock to discover that Bob could be so critical . . . and so stubborn. And, he hadn't understood, at all.

Bob ' d been tired . . . but even so, all she had done was to say, "You haven't e.en noticed my new hair-do!"

He said grumpily, "I don't know why you spent all afternoon getting that done, you look like you're getting ready to tak bath!"

Tears smarted Peg's eyes. Her words rushed out. "You'd look better with a hair-cut yourself!"

"I know it," Bob admitted, "but I hurried home so we could go shoppi g."

There seemed to be a broom handle stiffening in Peg's back. "I don't think I care to go shopping tonight," she answered slowly.

When the dishes were done, Bob turned to her, "Are you ready?"

Peg answered stubbornly, "I'm not going."

Bob had been equally as stubborn, though. "I won't beg you to come, Peg. I'll go alone." And he had gone, just like that.

Darkness crept over the room, but Peg didn't turn on a light. She dropped her head on her arms and remembered other Thursday nights. Bob, helping her to choose a slip, saying critically, "That looks too big for you, you're so little." Bob, being amused . . . "Those little pink things with the bows are sure cute!"

But, tonight, he was lone . . . he had wanted it that way . . . what was he thinking? Did he feel the same loneliness?

Silly? No, Peg reflected, maybe it wasn't silly, after all. Maybe it was really very important. Maybe the little things were, after all, important to seal understand. Maybe . . . it was up to her, too, to be as Bob wanted her to be.

Quickly, her hair came tumbling down. When Bob came home she would say the things that were in her heart; he'd understand.

The sound of the door opening quietly, reached her. "Peg?" Bob called.

"Here," she said softly.

He walked over to the lounge. "Why are you sitting in the dark? I was worried, I thought . . . want a light?"

"No," she answered quietly.

Bob cleared his throat. "Here . . . I brought you a little present." He thrust the small package into her hands. "Wait a minute, I'll turn on the light."

The light shone down on her head as Peg undid the folds of tissue. It made little colored beams dance up from the two tiny jeweled combs.

She turned to Bob, and all the things she wanted to say rushed to her lips, but Bob was staring at her hair tumbling to her shoulders. Then he took her in his arms and held her tight. There was no need for words.

The Turks regard green as a sacred color and for that reason its use is confined chiefly to prayer rugs.

U. S. Naval Leader

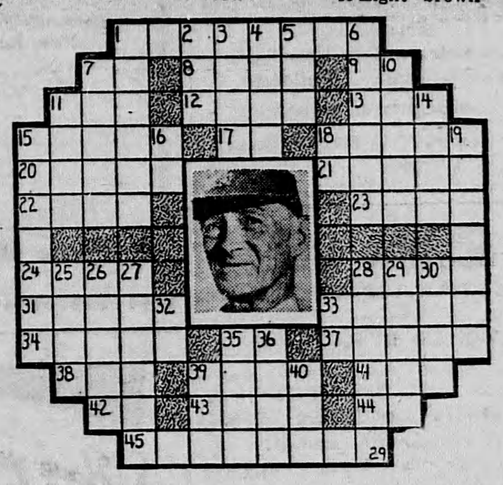
HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured U. S. naval leader, Vice-Adm. Marc A. ——
7 Ambary
8 Ireland
9 Exempli gratia (ab.)
11 Period
12 Soon
13 Dance step
15 Chief division of a long poem
17 Compass point
18 Roman goddess
20 Subjoin
21 Small candle
22 Erect
23 For fear that
24 Notion
28 Go by
31 Rub out
33 Note in Guido's scale
34 Grates upon
35 Pint (ab.)
37 Employers
38 Driving command
39 Portion
41 Golf device
42 Lower case (ab.)
43 Scope
44 Symbol for erbium
45 Violent streams

VERTICAL

1 Substance
2 Beverage
3 Iniquities
4 Black bird.
5 Chicken
6 Abrogate
7 Girl's name
10 Canadian peninsula
11 Native of Denmark
14 Saintes (ab.)
15 He is the spark plug of the fast —— Task Force
16 Beast of burden
18 Vermont (ab.)
19 Sketchers
25 Pull along
26 Artist's frame
27 View
28 Wallops (slang)
29 Prince
30 Certain
32 Electrical unit
33 Guinea (ab.)
35 Young salmon
36 Woody plant
39 Golf term
40 Light brown

Answer to Previous Puzzle



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Back to standard time and no one in this house seems to know how to take advantage of it—no one, that is, except myself. For two weeks I had been looking forward to that extra hour on Sunday morning. But did I get it? Not exactly as I had planned anyway. But as I said to myself afterwards—

If you can sleep when all the world is waking,
If you can dream when other folk are working,
If you can doze when roosters start a-crowing,
If you can rest when sun begins a-shining,
If you can stand the noise and light and chatter—
And take it all—and not disturb your slumber—
Sleep on, my dear—let naught your dreams encumber.

* * *

Yes, that's how it was on Sunday—everybody wanting to get up but me. Oh well, this standard time just takes getting used to, I thought. Tomorrow will be normal. Normal . . . that's where I laugh. Bob is on a job that stays on fast time, so on Monday he was up at 4.45 standard time and got his own breakfast. Then at 5.30 Partner was all set to get up. "For goodness sake go to sleep", I scolded, "the alarm hasn't gone off yet—it isn't six o'clock."

"But it's daylight,"

"It's moonlight," I answered.

For a while all was quiet, then about ten to six I heard John come down stairs. "The dickens," I exclaimed, "I might as well be up!" So up I got and I have been running around in circles ever since. Bob, working on fast time, was to be in to dinner at eleven o'clock standard time. The rest of us naturally would have our meal at noon. Bob's dinner was on the table and the tea made when he came in, looked at the table and said—"I don't need my dinner yet—we have knocked off on account of rain!" Is it any wonder mothers turn grey?

* * *

Ask any housewife and she will tell you nothing throws her off schedule so easily as irregular meals. But should one be five minutes late—then, if looks would kill, there are times when one wouldn't be alive to dish up the dinner.

Let me see—there was something funny I wanted to tell you—what was it? Oh yes . . . "Mike" was in to buy chickens; Tippy was barking furiously at his heels and Mike wasn't liking it a bit. I tried to reassure him. "Don't worry about the dog, Mike—he wont hurt you."

"Im not worrying 'bout the dog," answered Mike, "Im worrying about ME!"

Last Saturday was the day of our local fair. It was beautiful weather—bright sunshine and the air just comfortably warm. There was a capacity crowd at the Fair and the exhibits were good except for the fruits and vegetables which were almost conspicuous by their absence. There is this much to be said for local fairs as compared with the Exhibition—nearly everyone knows something about the exhibitors. Johnny shows his best bacon hog and Mary her Jersey calf and you go along and look the stuff over to see how John and Mary's exhibits compare with the others. On the way you run into friends you haven't seen for ages and you discuss the Institute exhibit in the hall. That is something in which nearly everyone is interested because almost every second person is an Institutor or connected with one.

* * *

There was a Girls' Pipe Band which was an added attraction to the Fair. There was also plenty of farm machinery with a tractor geared to run in a small circle — sort of perpetual motion, as it were. Quite a smart idea, I thought.

And to conclude—our wheat is up and looking well. That, also, is what our neighbour's horses think. After leaving us in peace all summer they now visit us almost daily —and generally via the wheat field.

Austerity Lesson

When Mrs. Ellen Parker of Philadelphia returns to the United States, after visiting her sister, Mrs. Hannah James of Edlington, Doncaster, she will take with her one week's rations for one person to exhibit in her grocery shop, to impress upon her customers the austerity in Britain.

"UM-M-M! WHAT A FLAVOR-LIFT"

... TABLE TALKS ...

As Easy As Pie

To make a perfect pie is the aim and object of every bride and of a great many other women also. The hesitation of an inexperienced cook often means a heavy hand, and over mixing, resulting in tough pastry.

The home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture say that making good pastry is really quite easy if certain points are kept in mind. However if there is any doubt they suggest hot water pastry. It never fails.

With fat at a premium and luscious fruits plentiful, deep fruit pies with a top crust or open face pies are the answer to the problem.

Hot Water Pastry

¾ cup lard or mild-flavoured fat
½ cup boiling water
1½ teaspoons salt
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour OR 3 1-3 cups pastry flour.

Cream the fat and stir in the boiling water a little at a time; cool slightly. Add salt and flour, mixing with a quick, cutting motion; do not stir. Chill before rolling. Makes enough pastry for 3 nine-inch pie shells; or 3 dozen two-inch tart shells.

Deep Dish Plum Pie

1 quart fruit (canned without sugar)
⅛ teaspoon salt
1-3 cup sugar
¼ cup flour
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 tablespoon fat
Pastry

Drain fruit; heat juice to boiling. Mix salt, sugar and flour. Stir slowly into boiling juice. Place drained fruit in a deep baking dish. Pour thickened syrup over fruit. Dot with fat. Roll out plain pastry to ⅛" thickness. Make several slits in the centre. Fit pastry over the fruit; press down well over the edges of the baking dish. Cut and flute the edges. Bake 30 minutes in a hot oven, 425 degrees F. Six servings.

Apple Meringue Pie

Pastry
2 large apples, sliced
2 egg yolks
1-3 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

Line a 9" pie plate with the paste. Peel, core and slice apples and place in the pie shell. Beat egg yolks, add sugar and milk. Pour this mixture over apples. Bake in hot oven, 425 degrees F., for 10 minutes, then reduce temperature to 325 degrees F., and bake 30 minutes longer. Top with meringue made from the 2 egg whites and the 2 tablespoons of sugar. Return to moderate oven, 325 degrees F., to brown meringue.

Hybrid Onion

Peeling onions will not be the tearful job it is now, once a new hybrid onion strain originated by Dr. Glen N. Davis comes into more general cultivation, says Science Service. Dr. Davis has eliminated a l rge part of the pungent, volatile compound that affects housewives' eyes. It is impossible to eliminate all of it, for then there would be no flavor left in the onion, he says. The new near-tearless onion has a mild, sweet flavor and is especially good for eating raw.

IF YOU CATCH COLD QUICK! TAKE MATHIEU'S SYRUP

For best results follow the instructions exactly

SLOAN'S LINIMENT GOOD FOR ACHES & PAINS Just pat it on!

Headache? Instantine BRINGS FAST RELIEF! 12 TABLETS ONLY 25¢ ALL DRUGSTORES

GIRLS! WOMEN! TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS, CRANKY, TIRED-OUT

On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of The Month!

Do female functional monthly disturbances make you feel nervous, fidgety, cranky, so tired and "dragged out"—at such times? Then *do* try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This fine medicine is *very effective* for this purpose!

For over 70 years thousands of girls and women have reported benefit. Just see if you, too, don't report excellent results! *Worth trying.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Canada's Finest — IN THE SERVICE OF THE PUBLIC

THE COUNTRY EDITOR

Guardian of the people's interests—servant of the community.

Concerned with every aspect of rural life and progress, the Country Editor has come to be looked upon as a guide, counsellor, protector, reporter of news—and, above all, as a beloved friend.

Men like this, some of Canada's finest, are in the public's service—at *your* service.

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

One of a series of advertisements in tribute to those Canadians in the service of the public

POP— Rock Bottom

By J. MILLAR WATT