IT'S FREE...

Pauline Harvey says...

Ladies, now's the time that calls for extra-special baking know-how. If Christmas baking is important to you, why not send today for your gift copy of my new recipe booklet? It's free, and it will help you bake finer, tastier Plum Puddings, Christmas Cakes and other delightful Holiday fare this year.

Write to:
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P.O. Box 6400, Montreal, P.Q.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

for all-purpose baking

.-. A Little Knowledge .-.

A Complete Story

By Jim Kjelgaard

NOBODY IN the Stannigy ever gets sick. Every time I've been there I've delivered a baby, or set a broken leg, or patched up some young hellion who thought he could ride an outlaw horse, or dug bullets out of somebody else. It's a wild country settled by wild people. Some times I get so mad at those cattle men that I wish they'd all shoot each other. And then at other times . . .

In spite of their hair-trigger tempers, and their tendency to express those tempers with a gun, they have their good qualities. I've known everybody in the Stannigy for forty years. I guess I've delivered half of them.

On this trip I pulled up in front of old Jeb Cressfield's ranch house. The house is built on top of a hill, and there are folks who say Jeb built it there so he could look all ways for those who'd come gunning for him. Jeb himself, as as strong, gnarled, and as talkative, as any tree that grows on the Stanningy ridges, awaited me on the porch. "Come in, Doc," he said.

I WENT in through the kitchen, and if there was one person waiting there, there must have been thirty. The women were either talking or crying in one part of the room, and the men weren't saying anything at all in another part. Every family in the Stannigy was represented. Tight-lipped as turtles, seven of the eight Cressfield boys sat in seven chairs that they had tilted against the wall.

When those boys were the proper age —about six—they each got a six-shooter. Now they could knock the centre out of a silver dollar at fifty yards. It seemed sort of ominous to me because young Bud Cressfield was missing.

Old Jeb ducked under the doorway that led to the next room, and I found out why Bud wasn't with his brothers. He lay on a cot with his trousers still on and his shirt off, and I didn't have to look twice at the blood-stained patch of guaze on his chest to know what had happened.

This was an old, old story, one that, off and on, I'd been reading in the Stannigy for forty years. Bud Cressfield had been somewhere. Maybe it was a dance, maybe any place at all. Anyhow, he'd got into an argument with some other hothead and the'd settled it with guns.

The story from now on had to follow a familiar pattern. Bud's seven brothers, and old Jeb, would find out who'd shot Bud. Then, naturally, one of them would go pick him off. His male relatives would feel obliged to shoot a few Cressfields. Before the thing was settled five or six men could die. It was enough to make anybody mad, and sick too.

I took the bandage off and looked at the bullet hole. It was harmless-looking, not half as big as the end of my finger. Well, the size of the hole makes no difference. I found it, and got up, mad.

"This," and I raised my voice so the people in the other room could hear, "is what you call murder!"

Because I know the people of the Stannigy, I know how old Jeb Cressfield's insides must have twisted when I said that. He loved his sons, but when I told him Bud was going to die he didn't even blink. His adam's apple worked a couple of times, and that's all except that his voice might have been a little strained when he said.

"Is there anything at all you can do for him, Doc?"

"Nothing!"

"Uh. Of course you know the caliber bullet you took out of him?"

"Yes!" and I was still shouting. "I know!"

"Well, doc?"

"Look," I said, "I've been coming into this district and patching you damn cowmen up when you tried to kill each other off, for forty years! I'm damned good and sick of it!! One of two men shot Bud and I could give you their names. I know the guns you hotheads use! I'm not going to tell! I'm going to the police with this bullet and with what I know! The man who shot Bud will hang by the neck until he's dead! Maybe that will make you fools think twice before you start any more of your cursed shooting frays!"

I looked up to see the seven Cressfield boys, one behind the other, staring at me with hungry eyes. Old Jeb's adam's apple bobbed a couple of more times.

"That's mighty strong talk, Doc."

"Maybe you think you can do something about it!" I wouldn't have dared talk that way if everybody in the Stannigy hadn't thought God and I were fairly close relatives "Maybe you'd like to try to stop me going to the police."

Old Jeb said hoarsely, "Do what you can for Bud."

I did what I could. Then got my hat.

"I'll be back in a few hours," I said. "Keep him quiet and," I raised my voice again, "before I come back the police will be in to get the man who shot Bud."

IF YOU want to kill a Stannigy cowboy, you'd better shoot him right through the heart. Of course I'd known from the first that Bud had at least a fighting chance, and that's all a Cressfield needs. When I got back Bud was out of danger.

"He must be strong as a horse." I told old Jeb. "He'll live. In a couple of months he can do his own shooting."

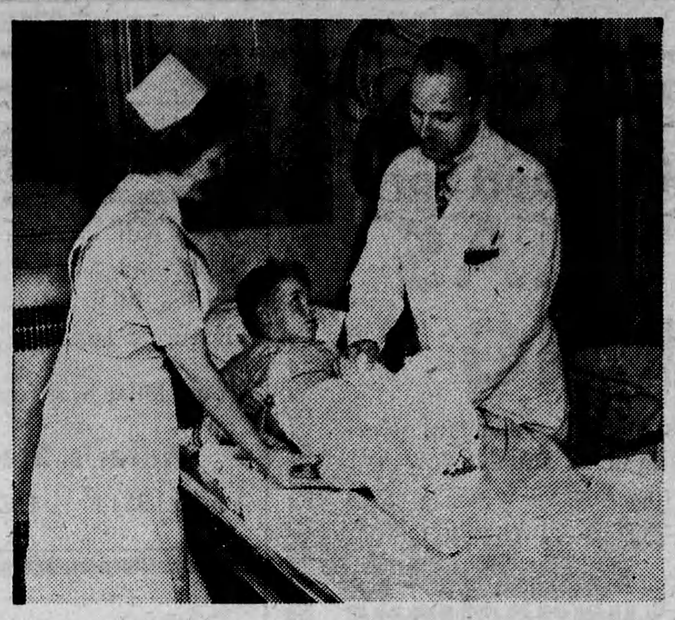
"No." Old Jeb's eyes were very thoughtful. "I don't reckon he will, Doc. Did you know young Tom Rainse has took and lit out? Did you know that no police came here?"

"They must have forgotten," I avoided Jeb's eyes.

But I figured I'd done a pretty good job. There had been somebody from every family in the Stannigy waiting to see how Bud would make out and I'd raised my voice, and. . . .

Now that the Cressfields knew definitely who had shot Bud they'd be looking only for him. He'd certainly have more sense than to come back.

There just couldn't be trouble in the Stannigy.



When A Feller Needs A Friend—Improved and extended research facilities at the new Hospital for Sick Children will help doctors and nurses to speed the effective treatment of injured children, like this boy—all adding up to "Operation Happy, Healthy Kids" for Ontario and Canada.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Madeline D. Clarke

Well, we have Book Week, Education Week, Health Week, Fire Prevention Week, and plenty more that I can't recall at the moment, so to be really up-to-date, I thought we might as well have a special week at home. With that in mind I made last week "Window Week" at Ginger Farm. Yes, indeed—and did I know it! From Tuesday to Friday inclusive I was either cleaning windows inside and out, or painting storm windows—and then scraping off the paint daubs and cleaning them afterwards. Let's see now, how many windows are there in this house? I never have counted them, but there's no time like the present, so here goes. We'll start at the cellar and work up. Down cellar there are five, not counting the two that are blocked up. Three of them have storm sash so that makes eight. On the first floor there are sixteen windows, storm windows on eight, so that makes another twenty-four. Upstairs five windows, storm windows on three, bringing the grand total to forty. That number should surely be enough to lighten our darkness—and it's no wonder my right arm ached. I'll bet you don't know, any more than I did, how many windows you have in your house. But if you have more than we have I'd advise you not to have a Window Week or you might have a Rest Week right after it.

Maybe I wouldn't have been so enthusiastic if it hadn't been for our wonderful Indian Summer. I knew it could not last indefinitely and it always seems a good idea to me to make one's work fit the weather—not that I always do it but I think it is a splendid theory. I hate to think those windows would have been like all winter—on the outside—had it turned cold all of a sudden. So far it hasn't been cold—just wet, rough and disagreeable, with an east wind blowing that reaches right to the marrow of your bones.

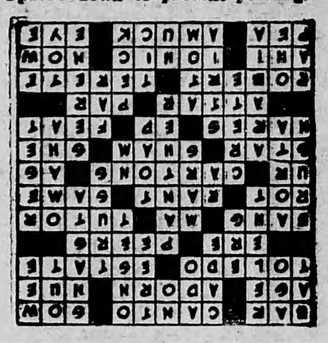
Yes, it is rotten weather to be out in but quite comfortable if you stay home and forget it. It would be better still if only we were back on standard time—but it won't be long now, thank goodness. I don't like getting up in the middle of the night and getting breakfast before daylight. Daylight saving time certainly does nothing to save hydro in the country—rather the reverse, I would say.

Oh dear, my nerves! Partner just about made me jump out of my chair. He swatted a fly behind me without my knowing he was going to do it. Wouldn't you think a man would let you know each time he intended swatting a fly? We don't need to ask now, "where do the flies go in winter?" We know, because quite a few of them stay right here. They belong to the species that have built up a resistance to DDT. Every so often they disappear completely, then when the rooms get nice and warm and comfortable, out they come again and buzz around the lights until they have us just about crazy.

Anyway, something is making my head spin. If it isn't the flies then it must be the McGregor Report which I have just been reading in the Financial Post. Of course you have heard about it—the report of an investigation that accuses the milling industry of price fixing. I don't pretend to understand what it is all about but it reads as if there is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere—farmers who buy millfeed will be quite willing to believe that.

By the way, isn't it time we had some sort of dictionary to keep us up-to-date on present day abbreviations? We get groups of letters, or initials, representing this and that organization, or special committee, with which we are supposed to be conversant, but yet I venture to say that very few of us know what half the letters really stand for. We just take a guess and go on reading. But wouldn't we be on the spot in a Quizz programme? The worst teasers are of government origin. I wonder does the government have a Special Department for Inventing Complicated Headings for other special committees. That, you see, would be just another—the SDICH! I am pretty sure of my ground when I read about the WCTU, WI, IODE, WMS, CCF and so on—but after I have to do a lot of guessing. Here are a couple of samples picked at random from today's paper. NFPA and OPOS. All right, don't worry—I didn't know them either.

Upside down to prevent peeking.



ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have been married twice. I didn't stay long with either husband. Then I started drinking and going with lots of young men. My mother has warned me, but I had to see for myself just how wrong it was!

"Now I have turned over a new leaf. And I've met a fine man who wants to marry me. I love him dearly. But people are talking about my past life, and I am afraid to tell him the truth. He doesn't even know I have ever been married!

"I am going straight now. I've joined the church, and am organist there. I have a few piano pupils, and am also a beautician.

This young man has joined the same church, and we are to be married there. He has never broken a promise to me, and he has no bad habits. Please, please help me!

Worried Girl."

Tell The Truth—

"Man's inhumanity to man, etc." is heartbreaking, indeed.

When a wayward girl turns to the right, people rise up on every hand to make her way hard. Instead of honoring her for courage and will power, they tear her name to pieces, and throw hurdles in her path that can sap her strength immeasurably.

Yet you will keep on as you have started anew, secure in your determination to overcome the difficulties that obsess you.

But you must first clear your conscience. Tell your fiance the truth. If he is as fine as you say, he will understand, and respect you for your honesty.

It is not likely that he can long remain in ignorance, and the truth must come from you! Then he will know your reform is complete; he will stand by you through all this gossip, protecting the woman who is to be his wife. And after you marry, he will do everything he can to help you forget the past.

For you, this is the only course. Get it over with, and relax.

* * *

To "L.J.": You have brought this situation on yourself. By deceiving your parents and meeting this boy secretly, you have run a risk which no sensible girl would think of taking. If you value your own integrity, you will right-about face, and today!

Any boy who encourages a girl of 15 to meet him away from her home is a boy of no character. If you were honest and told him that your parents do not allow you to date anyone, he should have said, "I understand, and I'll be around in a year or so, when you can introduce me to them." That he took advantage of your waywardness shows him up for what he is.

You cannot grow up to be a girl whom nice boys want to know unless you make peace with yourself. You must scorn treachery of any kind, and keep yourself above suspicion. Unless you are honest with your father and mother, you cannot expect them to think you can be trusted to go out with boys at all.

And besides, what do you think a boy really things of a girl who is a pick-up?

Your parents have been trying to protect you against just such troubles as you are in now. Trust them, and obey them. It is the only decent way. Do as they say from now on, and as you put aside your present low standards, you will win their confidence.

* * *

Tell your troubles to Anne Hirst. No matter how they might shock others, she will understand, and help you turn to the right. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

FOR QUICK RELIEF BEYOND BELIEF...

For relief from the pain of ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, or SCIATICA ... get a bottle of DOLCIN Tablets today. DOLCIN has relieved the pains of thousands of sufferers. DOLCIN Tablets are not harmful, easy-to-take, reasonable in cost – 100 tablets for $2.39; the large economy-size bottle of 500 tablets, $10. If your druggist cannot supply DOLCIN write to DOLCIN LIMITED, Toronto 10, Ont.

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Anne Adams

One yard of 35-inch for the small size! Little more for the other. As shown in diagram, this apron is one piece, plus ties and pockets. Whip up several for gifts!

Pattern 4718 comes in sizes small (14, 16) and medium (18, 20). Small size one yard 35-inch.

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

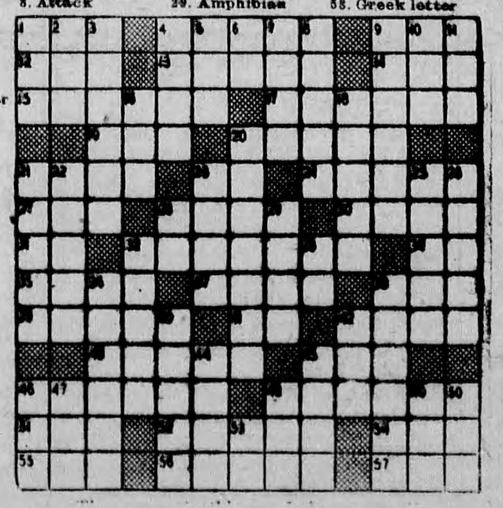
Send twenty-five cents (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Cake
4. Part of a poem
9. Plant
12. Epoch
13. Decorate
14. Color
15. Kind of sword
17. Property
19. Before
20. Looks
21. Slam
23. Parent
24. Private teacher
27. Decay
28. Rave
30. Not different
31. Abraham's birthplace
33. Pasteboard boxes
34. Like
35. Play the lead
37. Pretense
38. The girl
39. Rabbits
41. Man's nickname
42. Accomplishment
43. Perfume
45. Equality
46. First Stuart king
48. Cylindrical
51. Cuckoo
52. Style of type
54. At once
55. Vegetable
56. Violently
57. Optic

DOWN
1. Cudgel
2. Gone by
3. Grow less stern
4. Pet lamb
5. Bustle
6. Not any
7. Woody plant
8. Attack
9. California mountain
10. In disagreement
11. Small
16. Work unit
18. Bridge part
20. Puma
21. Bushes
22. Large artery
23. Planet
25. City in Nebraska
26. Remount
28. Sun god
29. Amphibian
32. Greek island
33. Southwestern State (ab.)
36. Asiatic country
38. Peaceful
40. Groove
42. Remote
44. Particle
45. Eight quarts
46. Knock
47. Unity
48. Twitching
49. Plaything
50. Sheep
53. Greek letter



Answer elsewhere on this page.

APPETIZING **APPLE CAKE**

Recipe

Measure into bowl, ½ cup lukewarm water, 1 teaspoon granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Scald ½ cup milk and stir in ¼ cup granulated sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons shortening; cool to lukewarm. Beat in 1 cup once-sifted bread flour. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg; beat well. Work in 2½ cups once-sifted bread flour. Knead lightly; place in greased bowl and brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong and fit into greased pans about 7" x 11". Grease tops, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Peel, core and cut 8 apples into thin wedges. Sprinkle risen dough with ¼ cup granulated sugar and lightly press apple wedges into cake tops, sharp edges down and close together. Mix 1 cup granulated sugar and 1½ teaspoons cinnamon; sprinkle over apples. Cover and let rise about ½ hour. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 1 hour. Serve hot, with butter.

New Fast-Acting Dry Yeast Needs NO Refrigeration!

Stays fresh and full-strength on your pantry shelf for weeks! Here's all you do:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.
2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Order a month's supply!