ORANGE PEKOE

WEST OF THE



pressed painfully into Virginia's eyes, blinded him from her sight. It was as if he had ridden—west of

Troopers came and escorted her to their camp. A kindly officer questioned her briefly. Food and

water were brought to her. The

twilight stole about her. Gray army

blankets were spread for her, and as darkness came she selpt.

When she awoke under the star-

studded bowl of the sky, Jim Ran-

dall was bending over her, deep worry in his blue eyes. His voice

was unsteady ast he talked to her.
"Lt. Barrett told me about Steve
Barron," he said. "The first decent
thing Barron ever did."

"I can understand him now," Virginia said. "He told me—all."

An uneasy expression kept play-ing over his face. "I came to bar-

gain with Natchi for your release," he said. "But Capt. Hammond,

coming up from the south, chanced

upon the Apaches and attacked.

Hammond didn't know of your cap-

ture. It was too late to correct

the blunder. Hammond drove the band toward my position. I had

to attack—knowing what it would mean to your safety—"

"I was to be taken to Mexico," Viriginia said flatly. "If Steve Bar-ron hadn't come——" She broke off,

took him captive," Jim went on. "After the skirmish, I struck out

with a dozen troopers trying to find

the camp. I meant to push south

He sat beside her. Virginia lay

silent for a long time, thinking his

own thoughts his eyes on the

desert. The glare of a fire painted his cheeks a ruddy color.

He said finally, his voice dull,

"You'll be going back to Phil Law-rence now. He'll be waiting for you.

You're going to be happy-and I'm

to hear it. It's uselessly said, too. You hate me. But I want you to

know . . . His voice trailed away.

now, from where she lay. "Yes?

she said thickly.

Virginia stared at him, wide-eyed

"It's this." he told her. "I love

A tremor went through her. Her heart seeemed to stop, then start again to pound furiously. She felt

the color drain from her face. Then

she remembered the last time she had seen him, how he had held her

in his arms in the desert moon-

light-and how two hours later he

the solemn depth of his voice.

at daybreak—hunting you."

"We crushed Natchi's band and

CHAPTER XII The two men had separated. The Mexican headed north. Steve Barrow rode west, was topping a rise. The sun was directly beyond him, huge and blood red. He seemed to ride right into it, through and be-



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had gone to Lanya Correy. A hol-low heaviness came in her; entered her voice. 6. Sloths 25. Capital of

CROSSWORD PUZZLE						6. Sloths 7. Myself 8. Furnish 9. Three hun- dredth anni- versary 10. Pennsylvania lake port				25. Capital of Oregon 26. Solitary 27. Time unit 29. Turned 33. Shores 32. Go by			
ACROSS 1. Large electric lights 5. Pack down 9. Numerai 12. Space 13. Combining form meaning sacred	49. Vehicle on runners DOWN 1. Limb 2. Fish eggs 3. Denial 4. Stings 5. Those things				16. Bird's home 16. Romaine lettuce 18. Was borne 20. Shrub 21. Forbidden 22. Scandinavian measure 23. Sweetening					36. Insect 36. Shakes 37. Lamb 38. Small nail 40. Pastry 41. Printing form 42. Terminate 45. Concerning			
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Fellow Travellers-Airline stewardess Edith Bodie introduces Mr. Poodle and Madam Pheasant at the airport before their departure as fellow passengers on a New Pacific Coast all-cargo flight. Cargo on the first plane also included woollens, mushrooms, machinery, household goods, baby chicks and 24 martens valued at \$14,000.

> But it seems that he doesn't want me any more.
>
> A Serious Wife."

There are two things you can

Tell your husband you know

* of his philandering - after all, if * he is so brazen as to receive let-

* ters from the girl, he can hardly * wonder at that. Ask him where

* you have failed in being the only

* woman in his life. This may un-* fold criticisms of you which you

* did not suspect existed and pre-* sent a situation about which you

* Or you can ignore the whole

circumstance. Go your customary

* your life has lost its meaning.

* the affair dying a natural death,
* or your husband asking for a

* divorce.

* Should he ask that, I urge you

* leaving children fatherless is not

* a step tot be taken on impulse.

An affair so recently begun is

* never reason enough for a separa-

* an outcome of some change in his * nature for which his age or his

present mood is responsible, and

for which you are not to blame.

* By refusing divorce now, you pro-

tect him against dashing into

another marriage which he might

* regret in six months. * Tell him that if, in a year, he is

* still of the same mind, you will * consider it. But not until that

* are his wife, he cannot marry

* anyone else.

* If you had told me more about

* your life together, I could counsel * you more definitely. You must

* choose which course seems best; * only your daily life with your hus-

If your husband is wandering,

choose your course wisely. If you confide your problem to Anne Hirst, fully and frankly, she will help you.

* your own, can determine that.

St., New Toronto, Ont.

Remember that so long as you

tion; it may be a flash in the pan,

Deserting a faithful wife and

* to refuse. And for his sake.

* can really do something.

me! My husband has started dating a girl who lives ir another town. I know the days

he is going to be with her. I don't know what to do.

"He never takes me any place with him

place with him now, and is hardly pleasant. The way he acts, I cannot show him any affection. (He also receives letters from her.) "I have tried to be a good wife and a good mother. I do not want to leave my husband, nor my home.

"Go away," she said. "Please, go She turned her face away from

him. She heard him rise, was aware of him standing beside her looking down at her. Then he was gone. Phil Lawrence came to the little adobe house in Santa Bonita when Virginia sent for him. He came slowly, reluctantly, limping on his injured leg. Virginia saw him clearly now; he had changed. He was not the youth she had once known affection for. He was a stranger.
They faced one another in the

cool shaded room, actually very close but seemingly a million miles prisingly steady.
"Phil, you are in love with Lanya.

still, watching him. His face was tired, his eyes lonely. He was very sober, with no smile at all. He was That is true, isn't it?" "It's true, Virginia," he replied hollowly. "I love Lanya. I've want-ed her for so long... even while I kept writing letters of my love to you. It was to Lanya that I wrote that message that brought you here. Steve Barron had been annoying her. I didn't send it. It lay forgotten. Then I must have She did not speak, surprised by started a letter to you on its re-verse side. I left the letter to pre-"There's one thing I want to say,"
he went on, "though you dont want pare my dinner. Just as I was about to eat Barron's men came puzzled over that uneaten meal. Hank Muldane stopped by the ranch, found the letter, and its en-

velope, and sent it on its way. He couldn't know the letter was un-"I understand, Phil," Virginia said. "You were merely afraid to tell me the truth."
"I'm a coward, Virginia."

"Don't ever be again, Phil. Don't ever be afraid again. Go to Lanya now, and start over with her. Steve Barron will never return." do that," he said, "Jim Randall will send me to prison for those stage holdups. He warned me—"
"Warned you!" Virginia said

puzzled.
"Yes—or rather threatened me. I was to give up Lanya and go on with you. He went to Lanva that town-and told her she had to break with me." "Phil! Are you sure?"

Her eyes were shining, her cheeks bright with color. He stared, then

"I'm sure," he said. "It's true. He means to look out for you." To look out for her! Virginia's laughter was almost hysterical. "Oh, it's all right, Phil," she cried. "Go to Lanya. And if Jim Randall comes to you, tell him I broke with you—not you with me!"
He regarded her blankly for a moment seeming reluctant to go.
Then he turned and walked out of

the house and out of her life. Virginia sent her luggage on to Lannasa the next day, for the trip home. She followed, riding through the bright morning with a rancher's

the Lannasa stage.
They reached Fort Winfield a midday, and the post commander's invitation to lunch was not to be refused. Virginia saw Jim Randall across the parade, but she could not eatch his eye. Then while she was having lunch she saw him (Continued Next Week)

"THE SUFFERING SERVANT"

Isaiah 53:1-2 Golden Text: "Surely He Has

borne our griefs, and carried sorrows." Isaiah 53:4. If one will read today's lesson and then read the account Christ's passion and death in Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, he matthew, Mark, Luke of John, he cannot help but be amazed at the accuracy of Isaiah's picture. How did he know, centuries before, of the manner and significance of Messiah's sufferings? There is only one answer; Divine revelation.

The law said, "He that is hanged is accursed of God." Deut. 21:23. Here is Jesus Christ, God's Son, bearing in Himself your sins and

my sins. It helps to bring this matter nearer to our hearts if we read it, using the singular pronouns, ex, "He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised los my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed."

The cross that was once the symbol of shame has become the sign

of glory. Here God showed His unspeakable love for us. Throwh this offering once made, all who will may find forgiveness and cleansing for their sins. 'Tis not the cross we worship, but the

theme of my song:
The wonderful Christ of the cross.
He atonement has made, He my ransom has paid, So I'll praise Him, the Christ of

"The Christ of the cross is the

ant was charged with selling a cow to a farmer for \$150, then stealing it from the buyer and reselling it to a packing house



Sweet Luncheon Treat

SUGAR-PLUM LOAF

Measure into small bowl, ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granu-lated sugar; stir until sugar is dis-solved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising solved. Sprinkie with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Cream ½ c. shortening; gradually blend in ½ c. granulated sugar. Gradually beat in 2 weil-beaten eggs. Stir in ½ c. milk and yeast mixture. Stir in 1 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth (mixture may curdle). Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise 1 hour. Stir in 1 tap. salt, ½ c. washed and dried seedless raisins, ½ c. chopped mixed candied peels, ½ c. cut-up candied cherries. Work in 4 c. once-sifted bread flour. Knead lightly but thoroughly; form into a smooth ball. Roll out to fit a greased 8-inch round pan and fit into pan. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 1 hour. When loaf is cold, frost with Plain Icing. Plain Icing: Combine ¾ c. sifted icing sugar, 1½ tbs. milk, ½ tsp.

New Fast-Acting Dry Yeast Needs NO Refrigeration! Stays fresh and full-strength on your pantry shelf for weeks! Here's all you do:

2 Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe,)

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G...Fall Fair Time In Ontario...





We Liked These Best—Your rambling photographers and reporters have again reached the end of an Ontario Fall Fair season, and a wonderfully pleasant and revealing experience it's been. We hope the pictures we took pleased you, and helped give you an even better idea of the importance and variety of Agricultural enterprise in this Province. Next year we eagerly look forward to visiting, once again, not only these Fairs but many more

besides; for, in our opinion, in no other manner can we picture as vividly something that might well be labelled, "Canadian democracy at its best."

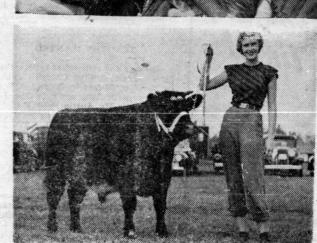
On this page are reproduced OUR selection of the most interesting pictures published this season. Should you think that perhaps they overly stress the "juvenile" angle — well, that's because we're convinced that nowhere in the world is there a sturdier or more photogenic younger generation than right here in Ontario.

















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Photographer

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As A Public Service