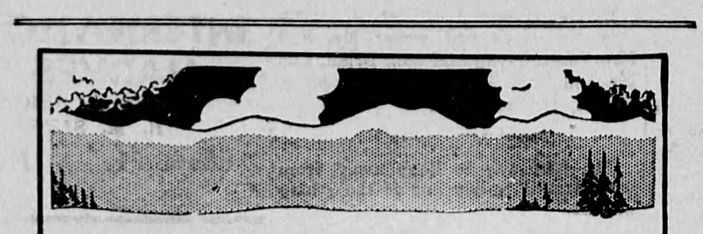
"SALADA" TEA
Just try it



Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON·COLE

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER III: Juanita learns that her benefactor is actually "El Caballero Rojo" (The Red Cavalier), known throughout the countryside for his good deeds for the poor, but wanted by the sheriff for taking the law into his own hands. He would not promise to return for the girl who begs to go with him but rides away alone to seek Garvin.

CHAPTER IV

And now the red-headed avenger had arrived in Paisano Valley. And as if it had been a mocking greeting to him he had been faced with evidence of more of Garvin's ruthless work as soon as his eyes had been set on the emerald rangeland.

Night had come when Michael Valdez drew his blue roan to a halt on a small rise just above the twinkling lights in a huddle of adobe dwellings. The whole town of Luna Roja, he saw at once, was built about the sprawling white Garvin place, which he recognized from Juanita's decription. The town itself was at the northern end of the valley on the edge of Canyou Rijo. From there Garvin could keep an eye on activities anywhere in the valley.

* * *

As he sat staring down at the sinister town, no one would have recognized the wandering vaquero who had first ridden into the valley that morning. Tall and straight, he sat his horse in his gaudy Spanish apparel, hat off, and with the first rays of the moon glinting on red hair where the morning sun had shown on black.

For only moments he paused to make reconnaissance. Then, with deliberation, he loosened the scarlet handkerchief from around his neck and drew up its folds over his face until only his dark eyes showed, hard and bitter.

With freshly loaded six-guns and Winchester carbine, red-headed and scarlet-maskedd, like some panoplied knight of the Middle Ages, he rode down toward the town of Luna Roja. In the moonlight a silver-decorated specter moving on the wings of the wind—one that none dared challenge.

He had not ridden into the town's main street when suddenly out of the darkness a mounted man sprang into the road. He swung his horse across the narrow trail which led into the long street, blocking it.

But El Cielo had been long and patiently trained for just such an encounter as this. With amazing suddenness the mount reared. One of Valdez' arms went out, the hand holding something that for a moment showed crimson in the faint moonlight—another great scarlet neckerchief. The neckerchief whipped about the pistol in the astounded guard's hand. It was torn from his grasp and, before he knew what was happening, the barrel of the pistol that had jumped into the red-haired man's other hand crashed against the guard's head. He slumped crazily from his saddle into the dust of the trail.

Valdez lifted his reins as he dropped the handkerchief-covered gun of the outlaw guard into his pocket, and the blue roan spurted ahead.

"Madre de Dios!" gritted El Cabellero Rojo. "Strangers must certainly get a cordial greeting in this town!"

* * *

He swung into the street and noted that at the edge of the town were the inevitable 'dobe shacks that trimmed the outskirts of all such small Western towns. Most of the houses were dark, for the peons must be up and at work by daybreak, and usually sought their beds early.

Cautiously El Caballero slowed down before the white-plastered walls of the Garvin pace. Dismounting in the blackest shadows some distance from the sprawling, pretentious dwelling in the center of its patio, he trailed El Cielo's reins and stole toward the gate facing the street.

Garvin's house and patio were completely enclosed by high walls, to which only the big gate facing the street, and a smaller one in the rear, gave entry. And the four blockhouses which Juanita had described gave the whole place the effect of a fortified castle.

From one corner blockhouse came sounds of raucous singing and the twanging of a guitar, punctuated by hoarse laughter. No one was in sight.

* * *

It looked like a good chance to slip in through the gate, for El Caballero Rojo could make out in the dim light that it had not been locked, but stood ajar a few inches. But even as his eerie, glittering figure reached it, a man leaped out to block it.

Like a silver-decorated wraith, the masked man dived at the guard. Instantly his stronger fingers found the fellow's throat and cut off his warning shout. Once more the red-headed avenger's pistol barrel cracked on bone, and once more a man sank to the ground and lay quiet.

With noiseless footsteps El Caballero slid into the patio.

Across the courtyard was Garvin's two and a half story house. A swift glance told Michael Valdez that the one-story addition at one end of the house was Garvin's office, or "bank" as the land hog preferred to call it. And a light fanning out from the one window facing the courtyard announced Raymond Garvin's presence there.

The time had come!

Michael Valdez faded into the first open doorway in sight with no more stir than would have been made by a breath of night He found himself in a long corridor, and at its end saw a light shining through a transom from the office door that opened into the corridor.

(To Be Continued)

You'll feel so well-dressed in this! Pattern 4872 uses the star neckline to flatter your face, jumbo shirred patch pockets to round your hips and diminish your waist!

Pattern 4872 in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16 takes 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern, to room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Looking Very Pleasant—Camera fans found many outstanding examples of their art at the 56th annual International Salon of Photography at the C.N.E., including "Tim and Joey," by Jack Wright

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Everything Against This Marriage

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: We want to get married, but my boy friend hasn't any money. He has re-enlisted in the Navy. I want to follow him until he is out, and I can't see waiting three years to be with him.

"We met five months ago, and we love each other. We've had our quarrels (I have a hot temper) but we both suffered the same torture when we were apart.

"I met his family and we became close friends. But now his father has found out how he feels about me! He blew up, and said he was not to get serious with any girl because we are too young and he must make his choice. I am 18, he is 21. He chose me.

"My parents like him, but don't want us to marry now because they think I'd be too unhappy, struggling to get along. My people are well-to-do, and I've never had to know the value of money. But I can't see throwing aside something we both want, and that's each other.

"I don't want to make my parents unhappy, but how can I make them understand that we love each other and know it's right?

"R. L. T.

● **THEY UNDERSTAND**

Your parents know you two love each other. All they are trying to do is to persuade you to wait to marry until you are ready for it.

You are not ready for marriage now. Even if there were enough money to start on, you admit you would not know how to make it go far. It takes a long, long time for a girl who has been indulged to learn how to do without those indulgences. It means practicing economy, living within a prescribed budget, sacrificing all those luxuries you have taken for granted since you were born. Now, so in love, you are certain you could manage. But you have no idea what it would mean, what it would do to your disposition, even to your love.

And you have a hot temper! You cannot help hurting even this lad you love so much. Don't you realize that an uncontrolled temper can wreck the best of marriages? If you haven't learned restraint now, how could you learn it under the pressure of daily association, plus the restrictions of a meager income?

You have committed one very foolish act. You have allowed your fiance to alienate himself from his own people. You should have been the one to support his father's objections, to realize that he is only acting for his son's permanent happiness. This boy has three years ahead of him in the Navy before he can even start his chosen career. To burden him, with a young, spoiled wife might wreck that career—and wreck this marriage first.

You see, my young friend, you only want Each Other.

You will need the help and moral support of both his family and your own, if your marriage is to succeed at all. Now show how mature you are: Break the engagement, spend the next few years learning how to be a poor man's wife (and all that means) and cooperate with those wiser ones who are giving you the only advice that good parents can honestly offer.

Marriage will be all the sweeter for waiting.

* * *

Strange as it seems, parents often do know best. If you are resentful, ask Anne Hirst (at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto) how to understand.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should one begin a social letter with an excuse for delay in writing?

A. No; one should plunge immediately into what he has to say, and if illness has been the cause, just make casual mention of it without too many details.

Q. Who pays for the gowns worn by the bridesmaids?

A. The bridesmaids buy their own gowns, unless the bride is wealthy and asks that they wear gowns that cannot be worn again.

Q. Should the hostess try to finish eating before the guests?

A. No; the hostess should always eat slowly, so that she does not finish before her guests do.

Q. If you have been invited to the home of a friend and through oversight have not been introduced to some of the other guests, should you call this to the hostess' attention?

A. No; it is much better to save the hostess from embarrassment by joining in the conversation and laughter, and it is quite likely that you will soon be talking to everyone present.

Q. Should one leave at once when visiting a friend in a hospital and another visitor enters?

A. Yes, leave at once when another visitor or the doctor enters.

Q. When should coffee be served at an informal meal?

A. Coffee is served at the table either during or after the dessert course.

Just As Good As Macaroon Crumbs

When a delectable dessert you wish to make calls for crumbled macaroons and you have no macaroons, you can make it just the same. "Macaroon" crumbs are made this way: Mix one cup of dry bread crumbs—they shouldn't be too fine—with one-half cup of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of almond extract. Spread this mixture in a pan and let it brown in a slow oven. When cool, break it up into crumbs and use as you would crumbled macaroons. The difference cannot be detected in any dish in which they are used.—E. M. E. in the Christian Science Monitor.

Muscular tension is believed to be one of the major causes of light sleeping.

— DOGS for Show —
— DOGS for Breeding —
— DOGS for a Family pet —
In the interests of maintaining a maximum of Pure Breed Dog Standards, we offer our services and give you pertinent data on all phases of Dog Life, and obtain the Dog you want, as you want it—for Child, Growing Lad or Lassie or as an Elderly Person's Companion, etc. Please state your Dog Requirements Age, Color, Sex. Write
CAR-VIN-ROB KENNELS
REG 40 Keith Ave., Toronto 10, Ontario.

ISSUE 36—1947

Sunday School Lesson

Use And Abuse Of Wealth

Proverbs 11:24-27; 16:8; Ecclesiastes 5:10-11; James 5:1-6

GOLDEN TEXT — Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right. — Proverbs 16:8.

On a smaller scale and in a more primitive way the Israelites of old were confronted with all the problems of character and conduct that vex and perplex the more highly organized nations of today.

Next to the problem of establishment of peace are the problems of labor—keeping people working under fair conditions and with good living standards; and of wealth—keeping the power of great wealth under control in relation to the rights and interests of all.

* * *

So many problems in these spheres remain unsolved that we are apt to fail to realize the great progress, both in relation to labor and in relation to wealth, that has been made within the memory of many now living. It is not so long since labor was regarded as a "commodity" to be bought, like any other commodity, in the cheapest market, under a competition for jobs that in times of unemployment was bitterly keen. Then came recognition of labor, and the demand for a "living wage" became so insistent that by now reference to a standard of living is a stressed factor in wage negotiations and contracts.

* * *

Similar progress has been made in enforcing recognition of the relationships and responsibilities of wealth. In the days when labor was a "commodity," wealth was largely immune from governmental control and from any sense of responsibility. The prevalent conception was that a man's wealth was his own, to do with as he pleased. Today we recognize not only that wealth has social obligations, but that society itself is a basic factor in the acquisition.

* * *

From a Christian standpoint the obligations of wealth are simple and direct. What a Christian has is not his own, but is held in stewardship, subject to the will of God. That is the ideal set forth in the New Testament, and the truer the Christian the more nearly will he attain it in the practical use of what he possesses.

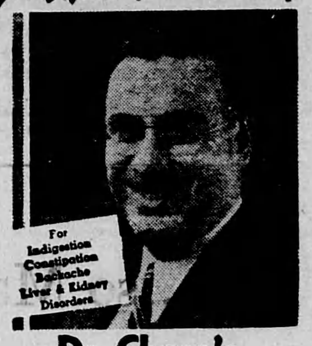
Complimentary

"I am going to give you a chance and put you on probation," said the magistrate to the first offender. "In future, see that you avoid bad company."

"Yes, sir," agreed the young man earnestly. "I assure you you will never see me again."

A COSY HOME is cosier still when you serve Maxwell House Coffee. So delicious it satisfies completely. Expert blending assures you coffee that's famous for smooth, mellow flavor.

Good Health and Lots of Pep



Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

USE "NUGGET" DAILY. IT GIVES A BRIGHT, LASTING, *WATERPROOF* SHINE.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

DIDIT did it!

Be Sure-Say

DIDIT..distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company Ltd.