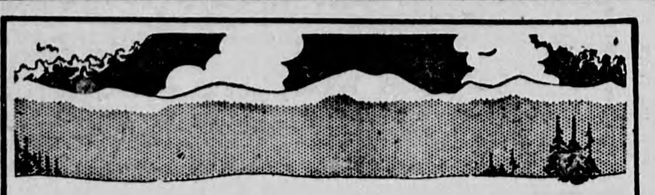
The Quality Tea
"SALADA"
TEA

Canuck Lobster For Royal Dinner—Nova Scotian lobster will be part of the royal dinner menu at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten. The lobsters selected for the event are now being held in captivity in a lobster farm at St. Andrews, N.B.



Valley OF REVENGE
BY
JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XIII: The Spanish girl, Juanita, meets Michael's father at the mission. He tells her that Valdez has asked Padre Vincente to keep here there at the mission for safety.

CHAPTER XIV

It was Michael's task to find out who that boss was, who Garvin's othr companions had been in the raid on the Valdez hacienda, and to bring them to book—as he had brought Garvin to book within hours after he had learned where the man was.

To that end he determined to take a part, too, in the new raid that was planned, according to Garvin's letters. This time the evil crew were to descend on Deep Water Valley, over in Arizona. Dizzy thoughts ran through Michael Valdez' mind as he read and reread the letters. Words tumbled to fit a jigsaw puzzle. Rustling, holdups, beef men, Coronado, gambling, Deep Water Valley, Don Attero's Cross. It seemed to lack only one piece. Who was the big boss behind it all?

* * *

One letter he separated from the others, which he hid in the cave. He could come back for them when the need arose. His face shone with triuph when he folded that one particular letter and put it in his pocket, a little used pocket from which he would not be likely to pull it out accidentally. For in it was much that he had been trying to discover in all these five years on the outlaw trail!

Deep Water Valley lay to the north and east of the hideout in the badlands, but when El Caballero Rojo set out his trail led south and west toward Coronodo. Taking the short cut as he did, there were times when the horse was forced to thread tortuous ravines and winding trails. But El Cielo negotiated them in a way that would have done credit to a mountain goat.

Eight hours had passed before, far oft ahead. Michael Valdez saw a faint glow paint the night. Then the lights of Coronado seemed to twinkle an evil invitation to him.

It was almost midnight when Valdez rode into the sprawling, roistering town. It was such a scene, spread before him, as he had become familiar with during his wanderings. Lights blazed from a dozen saloons. Otherwise, Main Street was practically deserted, probably because everybody was in "Flash" Conroy's Palace, over which a flamboyant sign blazed, or in one of the smaller salooons.

Valdez turned into the livery stable in the rear of the town's hotel and left El Cielo to the care of the straggly-mustached liveryman who came forward, half asleep

Leaving the livery barn, he sauntered along the board sidewalk, finally halting before the Palace Saloon. He pushed open the batwing doors and stepped into the brightly lighted interior.

* * *

Behind the mahogany the bartender, who had caught one glimpse of the new arrival's black hair, the charro clothing, and the devil-may-care Latin swagger, was suddenly busy with his cloth, as he angled down near his heavy shotgun. Valdez missed none of these actions although he appeared to be entirely indifferent. He strode deliberately toward the bar.

"Howdy," he haid shortly. "Is Flash Conroy around?"

"Yeah," said the bartender. "He's over at the poker table"

Michael Valdez knew whom he wanted, where he was headed. And so he moved straight for Flash Conroy, owner of the Palace The pasty-faced gambler was already aware of the entrance of the black-hatted stranger Like the rest of the men in the place he had recognized the man's features, his jet-black hair and charro garb. He knew him to be the wandering waddy sometimes known as Michael Valdez who was branded outlaw, and whose face adorned the reward notices at the local post office and the sheriff's office a man on whose head was a price to make his taking worth while to any scalp hunter. He was moreover, a man who was said to follow in the wake of the notorious Caballero Rojo wherever that legendary red-haired avenger might choose to set his path.

* * *

The gambler, Flash Conroy, without appearing to notice the approach of the stranger in his saloon, was wondering if the appearance here of this Mexican, Michael Valdez, meant that El Caballero Rojo was somewhere in the neighborhood. There had never been any actual proof to connect the two men but the coincidence of their appearance in the same place at the same times had in many men's minds ceased to be coincidence.

Conroy, however, gave no outward evidence of the thoughts that were swiftly milling around in his mind. His gambler's poker face never changed aspect. For all that anyone could see, he was interested only in the poker hand which he was scanning.

Flash was a fine figure of a man in his black broadcloth, stiff-bosomed while shirt and black string tie—garb that was almost a uniform with men of his ilk.

Atop his sleek dark head was a broad black sombrero, and he wore black tooled Mexican riding boots.

Though his long black coat hid it, a business-like six gun hung at his waist in a well-oiled holster and, according to the time-honored custom of gamblers all through the West, a derringer that could drop into his hand on the instant was up his sleeve.

Neither gun was there for ornament. Many a man who was now reposing in Boot Hill might have testified to Flash Conroy's speed of hand and eye—before that same speed sent him there.

(To be Continued)

Laura Wheeler

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Young Girl Wants Real Girl Friends

THE TEEN-AGE life of a young girl should be a happy one. And it depends largely upon the friends she makes. Usually she is one of a group who enjoy each other, who go about together for dances, sports, movies, evenings in each others' homes. They exchange confidences, trust each other, and there's seldom a dull evening for any one of them.

But alas, this is not always true. Teen years can be desolate. Some girls, less or more mature than those they know, find themselves lonely and unpopular. They struggle hard to be friendly, but all they get is the cold shoulder. And they are miserable, wondering why.

One girl of 16 finds herself without a single girl friend. "Girls seem to like me, but after awhile they don't want me around. I'm a junior now, and I'm going to be married after I graduate. But these years in school are going to be dreadfully hard if I don't succeed in moking friends. I was always popular with boys, but I don't want to be now I'm engaged. I do want girls to like me, though."

● HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

It is not easy for one who does not know a girl to put a finger on the reasons other girls shun her. But a few suggestions may show her where she has failed. Then she can do something about it.

Be unselfish. Admire a girl's new dress, or the way she's doing her hair this fall. Ask her out on a double date; if she hasn't a boy friend, ask your own to bring one along.

Pay your own way when you two go to the movies or drop in for a soda. Sometimes offer to treat her

Be loyal. Never betray another girl's secrets. If you show her you are interested in whatever she wants to confide instead of always thinking about yourself), she will trust you. Never gossip about her, nor criticize other girls to her. The word gets around, and you can't afford that reputation. You can always find something complimentary to say about another girl, and nothing will endear you more to them all.

Invite a girl you like home with you for the night or for a week end. When she returns the invitation, put your best foot forward with her parents.

The time to make friends is in these younger years. And all your life you will need girl friends. Boys will come and go, but a loyal woman friend is your friend for life.

* * *

There's no need for any girl to lack girl friends, if she's willing to admit her own shortcomings. Perhaps Anne Hirst can help you if you write her frankly at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Building Christian Character
2 Peter 1: 5-11; Jude 17-21, 24, 25

GOLDEN TEXT—As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him.—Colossians 2: 6-7.

The first requisite in building is a good foundation. Peter says, "His divine power has granted to us all things that pertain to life and godliness—that—you may escape the corruption that is in the world because of passion, and become partakers of the divine nature." Becoming a Christian is not a human attainment but a work of God in the heart. There must be a purging from the old sins before Christian character can be built.

But the entry into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ is just the beginning. Growth and development must follow. Faith, virtue, knowledge, self-control, steadfastness, godliness, brotherly affection and love are characteristics which will become more and more prominent, The Christian life is not static. Progress is the keyword. If we are not daily becoming more like Christ, decay has begun. We have turned our eyes away from Christ and are walking in darkness.

On whom does the responsibility for success in the Christian life depend? It rests partly on the individual. "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." "Keep yourselves in the love of God." No one is a Christian against his will. We must put our best into it. Nothing less will secure an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But we cannot succeed in our own strength. The devil is a great adversary. The spirit of the world beckons to the sensual life. Our keenest striving is insufficient. Jude, after warning of the mockers in the last time and exhorting us to build on faith and pray, closes on this triumphant note: "Unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy . . ."

I was walking to Sunday School with my young daughter. Her feet slipped on some ice. Her hand stiffened in mine. I grasped it tightly. She did not fall. So as I walk with God, Satan has many pitfalls. But my hand is in God's hand. I mean to keep it there. It is not my hold on God that upholds me, but His great hand on mine.

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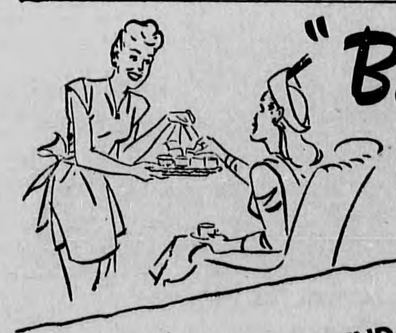

Try this handy EVER-READY BISCUIT BLEND
(Keeps for 3 to 4 weeks if you use Calumet Baking Powder)
• 6 cups sifted flour
• 2 tablespoons Calumet Baking Powder
• 1 tablespoon salt
• 1 cup (½ pound) shortening
Measure flour 3 cups at a time into sifter, add 1 tablespoon baking powder and 1½ teaspoons salt for each 3-cup amount; sift. Repeat, to sift full amount of dry ingredients. Cut in shortening until finely divided and mixture resembles coarse meal. Makes 7 cups. Store, lightly covered, in jar or bowl, in refrigerator. For Biscuits—Add about ½ cup milk to 2 cups Biscuit Blend. Stir to form soft dough. Knead 30 seconds on floured board. Roll. Cut with floured cutter. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 12 to 15 minutes.
L28

YES—whether you have had years of baking experience, or have yet to make your first biscuits, you'll find that Calumet Baking Powder assures feather-light, tender biscuits and cakes and muffins—*consistently*. That's because Calumet's *double action* protects lightness all the way.

In the mixing bowl—thousands of tiny, even-sized bubbles are released to start the leavening, when liquid is added. In the oven, thousands *more* new, lively little bubbles continue to raise and hold the mixture high, light and even. Follow directions on the tin for any recipe.

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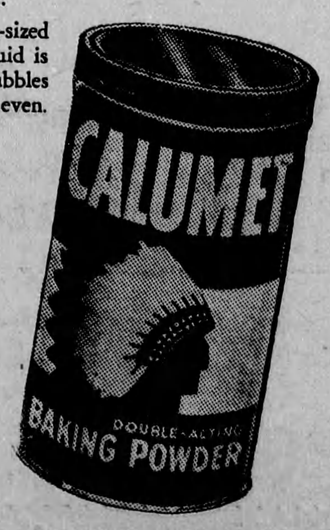

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