The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XXVII: A warning is issued to the cattlemen to stop the plundering in the valley. Michael Valdez, riding towards Gold Creek, sees a figure in the distance against the skyline, dressed like himself, red hair and all.

Chapter XXVIII

His grin faded, though, and his lips tightened grimly.

"Now," he thought, "the terrible stories will start of what El Caballero Rojo has done in Deep Water Valley."

Valdez nudged the blue roan for the knoll where he had last seen the rider, determined, after all, to trail the impostor. But in that instant, far to the north, atop a sharp, crowned hill, he saw another rider—unmistakably Juanita. The girl's wig-wagged speech was plain. Briefly it said that she had seen something that needed tracking down—seen the very person that Valdez himself had just seen.

* * *

"Twin?" signaled Valdez, to satisfy himself.

"Si!" came the reply, and Juanita promptly dropped out of sight.

Then Michael Valdez heard the thunder of hoofs on his right. The swift thought caught at his mind—a posse was galloping in pursuit of the false Caballero.

A score of horsemen poured into the arroyo like charging cavalry. Pete Haskell was in the lead on a mount as white as a fresh snowdrift. Haskell's eyes narrowed when he saw Valdez in the trail—a stranger to him—so still and placidly smoking.

The rancher pulled up. The white reared and Haskell closed in on Valdez.

Over Haskell's shoulder went a command to some of the others to keep on in the direction the fleeing rider had gone. Then he walked his white horse in a complete circle around Valdez, scrutinizing every inch of man and horse.

"A gent in some circus clothes ride by this way, stranger?" he finally snapped. "You happen to notice?"

Valdez' face was friendly. He looked toward the south — away from the direction the rider had actually taken—and nodded.

"Yeah," he said quietly. "I saw something kind of shiny streakin' south. Far off. Glad to know it was a rider. Kind of had me puzzled for a minute. I was thinking it was some animal that had got away from somebody maybe."

* * *

Haskell spun around to the remnants of his followers.

"Some of you men head south," he ordered. "That blasted El Caballero Rojo is not far off!"

The black-haired vaquero whistled. "El Caballero Rojo, did you say?" he asked in astonishment, his eyes wide.

"Yep," snapped the cattleman. "And as slick and fast as he's always been said to be."

"Plaguing you gents, is he?"

"Not yet. But he's all set to—unless he gets told a few things about what's what. Thing is, there had been some dirty work down in Deep Water Valley nearby. This redhead jumps at the conclusion that we cattlemen are responsible for it. We're holding a meeting to try to sort of figure out how we can get our own troubles cleared up, and he busts in on it and shouts that we'll pay for what's been done. We've got plenty of trouble without him messing in, so we aim to get that El Caballero Rojo before he does damage to the wrong parties."

Valdez' smile was wan. "From what I hear about that outlaw," he ventured to put in, "he don't put his boot down until he's sure there is a snake underfoot."

"He's shore made a mistake this time then," snapped the cattleman, "And—" His lips tightened again. "Well, we got to push on, stranger. Ride with us?"

Valdez shook his head. "Sorry," he said. "But I've got something right important to attend to in Gold Creek, and I'm late now in getting there. Maybe I'll be back this way, and if I do, I'll be riding with you gents. Adios."

Haskell watched Valdez withdraw.

"Well"—the old cattleman looked over at Luke Wallace—"let's ride."

As Michael rode away from them slowly, his mind was busy. That other Caballero Rojo—he must be pretty reckless and impulsive. Or else that old cattleman was a liar. Still no man could buck a crowd of ranchmen like that and be branded coward.

"My twin certainly seems to believe that the cattlemen are responsible for what happened last night," Valdez mused. "As for myself—I'll remain neutral. At least until I hear from Juanita. Then my chips will go in with the truth. Whatever it is."

* * *

He pushed on, grim of face and determined to get to the bottom of things, for he knew that he had to bring justice to the man or men, whoever they were, who had been responsible for that hideous crucifixion. He solemnly swore to unmask that man, no matter at what risks or dangers. For the urge for justice burned in Michael Valdez like a hot iron.

What was more, his instinct told him that when he found the man back of the trouble here, he would also be facing the man he himself had looked for so long—the man who had been "big boss" to Garvin and Conroy, the man who at heart had been responsible for El Caballero Rojo's own tragedy.

(To be Continued)

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

The character and personal qualities of the world's people may be compared with the likeness of the earth's surface with its high mountain tops, low depressions, and level plateaux. Just as there are high mountains, so there are great men and women whose intelligence and strength of character rise above that of their fellow men, with the great mass of the earth's people being average like the level of a plateau. Just as we have great heights of human intelligence, so we have the opposite forms of lower mentality with its strife, insincerity, deceit and cunning. In my many correspondents, there is ample opportunity to see the mental heights to which the average person can rise. Even an average person can rise above the petty things of life and become great mentally and intellectually for each of us has talent in one way or another and, if we are consistent and ambitious in the use of our talents, we can make remarkable changes for the good of all as well as for personal happiness. With so many attractions of pleasure and relaxation, the average people are likely to let others supply the talent while they are content to remain on the average level of endeavor. The world's people, as we find them through handwriting analysis, need more ambition, sincerity, hopefulness and charity, with less spite, revenge, insincerity and greed.

* * *

This week's example of writing is part of a letter received from a reader whose sincerity of purpose, ambition, hopefulness and charity is clearly illustrated in every line of her writing. The clean cut script with every loop and line easily visible tells me of the writer's desire to be frank with all her associates and ambitious in all that she does. Such fine lines in the writing are indicative of spiritual wealth with contentment and peace of mind that comes from a nature which enjoys and appreciates the simple things that bring personal happiness. The wide spaces between the connecting strokes of each letter are excellent examples of a generous and unselfish nature. The height of all loop letters above the writing line are very high and, like the writer's mind, endeavor to reach above the lower levels to achieve great attainments. The script is neat and orderly, of good form and consistency, to indicate the habits of the writer.

* * *

This writing has all the traits of character that rises to the mountainous heights, above the average levels of human endeavor.

more complete
s of my hand-

Our readers may receive an interesting and instructive personal analysis of their handwriting by sending an example of writing with 25 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Sons and Husbands Need a Loose Rein

"WHAT did you mean, Anne Hirst, by the note at the foot of your column the other day? It read, 'Sons, like husbands, can only be held by letting them go.' I am a mother, and any enlightenment on this subject will be greatly appreciated." So asks a reader.

It has been quite a while since I tackled this topic, and perhaps the time has come for another try at it.

Many a lad's disposition has been spoiled, and his later life complicated, because he was brought up as Mamma's Boy. His mother dominated all his thinking, even after he wore long trousers. He turned to her for every decision. He came so to depend upon her that he never developed any manly trait of his own. He leaned on her for his first 20 years—and after that he lost all desire or reason to become a man.

● A MOTHER'S JOB

Every mother wants to be proud of her son from the day he is born. If she is wise, she makes him stand on his own feet in every sense of the word. He is taught the difference between right and wrong. He is made to understand the rudiments of good sportsmanship. He learns good manners and social graces. He is guided tactfully in his choice of friends. And so he is apt to grow up with the right instincts and impulses.

Often it is in his adolescent years that his mother cannot resist the temptation to keep her finger on his emotional pulse. She will not welcome one girl friend he likes because the girl's family comes from the wrong side of the railroad tracks. She objects to a school pal because she doesn't like his mother. She dictates her son's comings-and-goings as though he were still 10 years old. She gives him no freedom of thought or action, she refuses to let him make his own mistakes and learn from them. And all this she does "because she loves him so!"

Most of her persistence is based on her fear of losing him. She cannot bear to think he does not need her every moment of his waking hours. She approves, glowingly, of everything he does, and defends him fiercely against justified criticism. He is her favorite of all the children; his sisters are practically slaves to his whims—and as for his father, that man has long ago given up "interfering."

What if some nice girl is foolish enough to marry this paragon? His mother is right there, criticising, making the girl over, belittling her at her son's expense. And moving in with them if she dares.

These are the mistakes many mothers make with their sons. In trying to live their lives for them, they deprive them of the very good things they desire for the boys. And finally break their maternal hearts when the young men turn against them.

* * *

Train your son in the way he should go — and then try to keep hands off. If you are having trouble, ask Anne Hirst about it. Address her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

★

Sooner Than Later

What is a budget?

Well, it is a method of worrying before you spend, instead of afterward.

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a hostess gives a dinner party in a restaurant, is it all right for guests to add to her tip upon leaving the table?

A. This would be extremely belittling to the hostess and give the impression that her guests considered her tip as insufficient.

Q. Is it all right for a business man to use his business-letter heads when he writes his social letters at his office?

A. No; he should keep a box of correspondence stationery in his desk for this purpose.

Q. What is the correct way to eat a peach at the table?

A. A small silver knife should be provided, the peach cut into quarters, and conveyed to the mouth with the fingers.

Q. The only piece of jewelry I have is my platinum, diamond-set wedding ring. Is it necessary for me to discard this, inasmuch as I have just been divorced?

A. No, you may go on wearing this. It is the one kind of ring that you can wear without question.

Q. What apology should a person offer if he accidentally brushes against another person on the street, or in some public conveyance?

A. "I am sorry" is sufficient.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren

The Fellowship of Christian Believers

Acts 2:37-47; Ephesians 4:1-6

Golden Text — There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. Ephesians 4:4-6.

The day of Pentecost is one of the memorable days in world History. After the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, Peter who had denied his Lord on the night of the betrayal, became the foremost preacher of the occasion. The city which had witnessed the crucifiction of Jesus a few weeks before heard the charge from Peter, "Him—ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified, both Lord and Christ". Those who heard were pricked to the heart and exclaimed, "Men and brethren what shall we do?" The answer came, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." About three thousand heeded the call that day.

* *

There was an intense fellowship among these believers. "All that believed were together, and had all things common." This was not communism. There was no confiscation of wealth. But there was a marvelous generosity. Some sold possessions and party to all men, as every man had need. This action made for a close spirit of unity which persisted when persecution came and they were scattered abroad.

Despite the many denominations today, the church, the true body of Christian believers is one. This is beautifully set forth in the golden text. We make too much out of our differences and fail to emphasize our oneness. When the church was making its greatest impression upon the world, the individual believers were characterized by the unity of the Spirit. If the Holy Spirit could have the same place in the church today, spiritual oneness, and great victories in the saving of souls would again be the order of the day. Our need is not more machinery and organization but the Holy Spirit. The need is imperative if the church is to fulfill her mission in the world.

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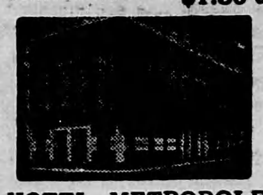


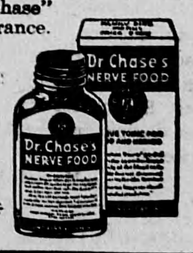
HOTEL METROPOLE
NIAGARA FALLS
OPP. — C.N.R. STATION

What's come over me - these days?

Often a woman becomes panicky and gives way to fears and nerves—when perfectly natural changes are taking place in her system. And the unfortunate part is that these dark dreads and fears may cause a nervous breakdown . . . *needlessly!*

Plenty of sleep, fresh air, wholesome food and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help to build up your vitality and tone up the whole system—so that nerves and hysteria are forgotten. Yes, when you're in good shape physically and mentally—with no condition of "nerves" to magnify the slightest change—you can keep *serene* and *happy* right through the most trying times.

So remember, at the first sign of the fidgets, hysteria or nervous doubts—start building yourself up with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You'll *rest* better, *look* better, *feel* better. Keep yourself in good condition with this time-proven remedy which has helped thousands of Canadian women. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.



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