Help The Red Cross

"SALADA" TEA

Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XXX: Train Carter, a man mentioned as a crook in Garvin's correspondence, enters the saloon just after Juanita left Michael to find out all about Russ Bartle.

CHAPTER XXXI

"So you're Train Carter, eh? I've been looking for you for a long time. You wouldn't be knowing me, so I'll just jog your memory. My name's Michael Valdez. You'll be remembering that name now, won't you, Carter?"

"Can't say that I do, stranger," Carter drawled.

"Funny." Valdez' voice was icily cold. "Maybe some others have better memories than yours—men like Ray Garvin, Flash Conroy, and a couple of others I've been looking for, too."

The mention of those names in connection with the name Valdez jogged Train Carter's memory plenty. He froze where he stood.

* * *

"I've got enough against you, Carter, to make it a pleasure to kill you where you stand," Valdez said tightly. "But some letters you wrote to Garvin kind of interested me. In them you boasted plenty freely about your speed with a gun. Carter—I'm going to give you a chance to show just how good you are!"

The crowd in the saloon stood speechless, watching, still in the dark as to any reason for gun-play. They looked on with a kind of impersonal interest, for apparently neither of these two men who were holding their full attention was handicapped. The two men who stood glaring at each other were, in fact, nearly matched in build, but the young vaquero seemed to tower over the dark-faced man before him.

But Carter did not have that look of speed and untapped strength for nothing. Almost instantly his first momentary paralysis was gone. He knew that death was staring him in the face, and he was a blusterer who would not back down before it.

He set himself for the showdown. This bragging young Valdez could be taken over just like the rest Carter had downed—and high time. This Mex wanted trouble—a gun fight? All right! Train Carter was ready.

"Your play, hombre," Carter growled, hooking one thumb in his belt only inches from his gun. "If you're so sure you can outfox me on the draw, go right to it."

"I don't boast, Carter," Valdez said calmly.

* * *

The crowd smelled blood now. Tension gripped every watching man. All of them knew Train Carter—the killer breed. He would manage somehow to kill this stranger, and without too much risk to himself.

Carter's hand moved slightly more toward his gun. Valdez never blinked an eye.

"Where'll you take it, hombre?" Carter jibed. "I'll drill you a pattern anywhere you say."

"Drill away and the devil with you," Valdez said, still calmly. "But when you do it will be the last trigger you'll ever pull."

For the briefest instant Carter's gun hand wavered, and in that time, with the speed of light, two guns leaped into Valdez' hands. They were leveled on the man who had earned his tough reputation, and his nickname, through the years he had taken wagon trains across the country, killing and hustling as he went.

Carter pulled his trigger—but the shot furrowed into the floor inches from Valdez' foot. For Valdez' own lead had been aimed true. Incredibly it beat a double drive through Carter's head, and through the killer's chest. As Carter slumped to the floor he tried to fire again at the mist-clouded figure of Michael Valdez. But his gun fell from his hand, clattering on the floor.

* * *

With the speed and agility of a leopard, Valdez was across the intervening distance that separated him from the gunman. He dropped to his knees and lifted Carter's head. There was still some life flickering, faintly, in the man's body.

Train Carter looked up into Valdez' eyes as the dark-haired man with the Spanish features bent to whisper into his ear. It was a whisper that was only a blurred movement of lips to those who tried to hear. But Carter heard.

"When you meet Conroy and Garvin, tell them that El Caballero Rojo sent you to them—and that the "big boss" will be there soon!"

Blood flecked Carter's mouth and trickled down his chin. He collapsed, without speaking, like a rag doll. Valdez laid the dead gunman prone on the floor and got up slowly, cautiously.

* * *

"Number three!" he mumbled tightly.

A giant of a man was striding through the batwing doors, gun in hand. Behind him were two others who fanned out on either side, their eyes grim and smoking with outraged indignation. All three wore stars on the left of their vests.

"Get him, men!" Sheriff Lande thundered—and fired.

The two deputies snapped up their guns and whacked lead in Michael Valdez' direction. Almost before he knew what was happening, two shots had entered his leg. Jaw clamped against the pain, Valdez brought up his own guns again. He had to spoil the aim of these lawmen. Had to! His quickly fired shots did just that, and then Valdez half staggered, half ran to the corridor back of the barroom, darting out of the saloon into the rear courtyard.

(To Be Continued)

A Time-Saver! Sew-Easy Pattern 4815 has NO shoulder-seams, NO collar, NO set-in sleeves! A wrap-around that's easy to iron, quick to don and a beguiling scalloped beauty for all day. Alphabet transfer, too!

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Senor and Senorita — Alberta Avila, 3, son of Genis Avila, consul of Mexico, does a bit of handholding with Enriqueta Loaeza, 4, during Mexican Flag Day celebration in Montreal, first ever held in Canada.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Short "D" Stems, Flat-Topped "R's"

Dear Mr. Arnott: "I received my analysis this morning and I was very pleased with it, so much that now I would like to have you analyse my handwriting further."

Although modesty is in evidence in your script, there is a great deal of independence and self-reliance shown in all the capital letters of your writing. This is indicative of a nature that practises self-sufficiency, depending upon personal traits of character and will power to see things through to completion.

Those short "d" stems tell me that you cut across to take advantage of all the short cuts and to ignore established customs, and so represent independence of thinking that is responsible for independence of action. This does not mean that you sacrifice personal integrity, but it does mean that you will sacrifice customs or conventions, in order to achieve a given end. Summing up this trait, you like to be independent of conformity to established rules because you do not think they are nearly as important as the accomplishment of a particular effort that lies at hand.

The letter "r" has a consistent "flat top", a strong indication that you have ability to gather information and that you draw conclusions only after careful consideration of all the facts. Here, then, is a trait which is useful in fulfilling vocational positions requiring confidence and secretiveness.

Although you have a friendly nature, it is not every one whom you consider to be a personal friend as you do no care to have a large circle of people within your association. This does not mean that you are not sociable, on the contrary you can mingle with the best of them, but it does mean that you prefer to be exclusive when it comes to choosing friendships.

Generosity and thrift are both indicated and you show control over both. This reveals a practical nature, one that goes neither to the one extreme of extravagance nor to the other of stinginess.

Your writing shows a desire to reach out and to possess, to gain and to attain. You wish to learn and to acquire knowledge. Once you have definitely decided upon a desire for accomplishment, you will pursue it with tenacity, hanging on until there is conclusive evidence of results.

. analysis of my riting, I am in clo ture for it. Thank

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.

Might Learn

Serious young man—"Do you enjoy Kipling?"

Flapper—"I don't know—how do you kipple?"

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R Barclay Warren

Worth Of Christian Character

Ephesians 5: 6-21.

Golden Text — I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ. — Philippians 3:14.

No one has ever equalled the apostle Paul as a teacher of Christian doctrine. But he was no mere theorist. He felt that truth in the head and heart ought to issue in a befitting conduct. In his letters he presented the truths concerning Jesus Christ and then gave practical exhortations with regard to behaviour.

Paul draws the line very definitely between those who are Christ's and those who are still children of disobedience. "Be not ye therefore partakers with them. For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light." One of John Wesley's favorite texts was from this passage: "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light". Too often the complaint is heard, "The professed Christians are no different from others". Where that is true, the Bible standard of Christian living has been lost. The real Christian has arisen from the dead. He has no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but rather reproves them. He walks carefully. He searches for God's will and does that which is acceptable to Him. He redeems the time.

* * *

Ephesus did not continue to heed Paul's exhortation, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess", and the grandeur and glory of that great city has faded. Shall we as a nation suffer similar fate?

According to figures tabled in the House of Commons, Canada increased her spending for liquor in 1946 by $38,414,641 over the previous fiscal year. The official organ of the Ontario Public School Teachers Federation gave the following estimated bills for 1947: for liquor $484 million; for education, $108 million; for all Church purposes, $93 million. Thus Canada spends four times as much for liquor as for education and five times as much for liquor as for religion. It is high time we were alarmed.

* * *

As an alternative "to being drunk with wine" Paul urges, "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord" Here is no escapism from reality but an inner adjustment fitting us to encounter reality with joy. In that spirit we are sure to win the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Considerate

Father: "Didn't I hear the clock strike three when you got in last night?"

Daughter: "Yes, daddy. It was going to strike eleven but I stopp d it so it wouldn't waken you."

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Jilted Girl Feels Life Is All Over

IT IS heartbreaking to love and trust a man and have your love and trust betrayed. Particularly is it shocking to a young woman in her 20's who is in love for the first time. For some reason or another, the right man hasn't come her way, yet since she was 16 she has been building her dreams around him. Suddenly one day he is there. And her heart leaves her keeping completely.

He responds. (It is easy for an experienced man to recognize the look of love in the eyes of an attractive girl.) Fortunately (or not) they find themselves compatible in little ways of thought and habit, as well as in the larger ways. He is considerate, kind, attentive. So of course she believes he is as much in love as she.

Then, with no warning, he ceases his attentions. When next she meets him, she asks the reason. He can give none—naturally. He was off to a new love, and that was that.

● What Now?

* And the next thing she hears he has married!

* What now, for her? She has heard all the answers, and she tries with determination and integrity, to apply them. She picks up again the social life she had before she met him; she is an automaton, but she goes through the motions bravely. She fills her leisure hours with activities that occupy her mind for the moment. But through everything she sees and does, she finds her heart yearning for him, her mind overflowing with memories.

What Next?

* Well, she can fall out of love—not so quickly as she fell in—but eventually. She fell in love with the man she THOUGHT he was—endowed him with high qualities he never possessed. She saw him as her ideal—when he really proved himself a cad. She is mature enough to reverse her thinking now, to be critical instead of flattering, to see clearly instead of through love-blinded eyes. Practice makes perfect. And time is on her side.

* I have never believed that one can love only once. A girl is in the mood for love, and a man appears. The affair ends, and she is left alone. She suffers deeply for a long while. But when the day comes that she can see him as he really is—a man who took advantage of her mood—then the cure has begun. And soon she is ready for love again.

* The next love will not be quite the same. She will be more observing, less eager to please, slow to let her heart go. And this will work to her advantage. For this time it will be the man who seeks to please, who really struggles to win her approbation, and who will appreciate her when he wins her heart.

* Patience—and faith in one's self. It works out.

* * *

You CAN fall out of love. Don't despair if the one you cared for has left you. Tell Anne Hirst about it—maybe she can help steer you through those dark days. Address her at Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

How Can I?

by Anne Ashley

Q. How can I melt ice on cement steps?

A. Sprinkle several handfuls of saltpeter on cement steps or walks that have ice on them. To keep ice from forming, wash with hot water in which a handful of salt is dissolved. This is better than sprinkling with salt.

Q. How can I make smelling salts?

A. Break one ounce of rock volatile into small pieces, then cover it with eau de cologne and allow it to stand a few days before using.

Q. How can I remove brown stains from the steel fittings of the gas range?

A. By using a rag dipped in vinegar. Then polish in the usual way.

Q. How can I remove oil stains from leather?

A. By dabbing the spots carefully with spirits of sal ammoniac. After allowing it to remain awhile, wash with clean water. If necessary, repeat the treatment, but be careful not to injure the color of the leather.

Q. How can I take proper care of ferns?

A. A fern should not be moved from place to place, and should not be kept in a very strong sunlight. Do not water it every day, but soak it thoroughly every third day.

ARE "NERVES" A SIGN YOU'RE GROWING OLD?

Often as a woman approaches middle life, her nerves get bad, and she accepts this as a sign of age. But why let yourself become edgy, run-down—or so nervous you cry without cause—*at any time* in life?

For nearly fifty years wise women have been meeting this situation *happily* — by getting plenty of rest, fresh air, wholesome food and by taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build them up. For the Vitamin B_1, iron and other needed minerals in this time-tested tonic help build up your vitality and aid in toning up the entire system—so you can face the future with confidence.

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