The Quality Tea
"SALADA"
TEA

Synopsis

CHAPTER XXXIV: Weber finds Valdez at Aldman's. He captures Juanita and holds her to lure Valdez into a trap.

Chapter XXXV

Juanita trembled with fury. After all her efforts at secrecy someone at last knew of her connection with the scarlet-masked rider!

She was thinking swiftly. Somehow she would have to convince him he was in error.

"El Caballero Rojo?" she repeated plaintively. "Senor makes the mistake. I know no such person."

"Hummph!"

"You can't come that kind of talk over me! You're his lookout man, and I know it!"

Juanita laughed. "But, senor," she protested, "I know of that outlaw—as does everyone from here to the border. He rides alone, that one. He would not suffer me to lick his boots, senor. Untie me. Let us call this big mistake finished."

Weber brought her mount over beside her. "The big mistake," he said tightly, "will be finished when El Caballero Rojo is dead."

* * *

"You are wrong, senor!" pleaded Juanita. "By my mother's honor I swear—"

"You lie, curse you!" Clark Weber snarled. He stood over her, a tense finger on the trigger of the gun that was trained on Juanita's forehead. "You were at the Aldman house the other night. Then he came here to night, and you were standing guard for him. If you lie again, I'll kill you."

To Juanita de Cuevas death was insignificant compared with the safety of Michael Valdez. Yet she must live, at least long enough to warn Valdez of what this man before her knew—or guessed.

"*Si*," she murmured. "You speak true. I am the servant of El Caballero Rojo. It is greater honor than even my father dreamed for me."

With a harsh laugh Weber picked up his prisoner, dumped her across the saddle of her mount, climbed aboard himself and rode, careless now, in his knowledge that he was dealing only with a young boy.

Shortly Juanita noticed that her captor was dropping things as they rode on—and instantly the reason for that was plain! El Caballero Rojo could not help seeing—and follow. A stud from the saddle-skirt of her mount, her handkerchief. A hare and hounds' trail to death!

When at last they reached a small group of buildings of which a farmhouse and barn stood out in the darkness as the largest, Clark Weber shifted his prisoner to his shoulder and groped with her up a flight of creaking steps. That they were in the barn was plain from the mixed odors of tobacco and horses.

* * *

Juanita was flung upon the dusty floor of the hay loft. Then Weber lit a lantern, picked her up and roped her to a beam that braced the roof.

A puff of Clark Weber's breath against the lantern plunged the littered place into darkness.

"You see?" he gloated. "All I have to do now is wait in the dark. Or maybe until dawn—when our trail can be seen."

"Senor," Juanita said chokily, "you are smart—and very lucky. But you flirt with death and do not know it. You think El Caballero Rojo so big a fool that he walks into your trap? No. He come. You are sure of that. So am I. But he goes, too. I warn you. Perhaps, when he is gone, you will no longer be here, either."

Clark Weber started down the stairs.

"You bet he goes!" he repeated, and laughed raucously. "Feet first to Boot Hill. You needn't waste your breath trying to scare me."

His feet creaked on the planks. Juanita could hear him moving down below. Then, with a slam of the barn door, she was alone. Instantly she began to tug and jerk and saw at the bonds, but all her struggles brought were bleedng wrists and tired, wrenched muscles.

* * *

"*Madre de Dios!*" she preyed. "Help me! Help Michael!"

Outside the barn, Clark Weber's enthusiasm kept him comfortable for an hour. Then, with the thermometer dropping and the rain which had begun shortly after he had arrived here with his prisoner now turning to sleet, he shivered and looked with envy at the house.

"If I could only keep watch from inside the house," he mumbled. "But—"

Suddenly he started. What a fool he had been! If there was a light near the north window, the kitchen window, it would dispel the gloomy dark as far as this barn door. He could wait inside, crouched near the window. There would be no danger of missing his quarry, for the man would have to go into this door, since there was but one entrance to the loft where the prisoner was waiting.

He hurried into the house, avoiding Ellen and Chet Maxon, who were seated by the glowing fire in the living room. In the kitchen, he had scarcely taken off his hat when Ellen stood in the doorway.

* * *

"Where have you been all day, Clark?" she queried. "Did you . . . Why, you're soaked!" Then she had her first full glimpse of his face, and it frightened her. "What's wrong?" she demanded.

"Nothing," he said shortly.

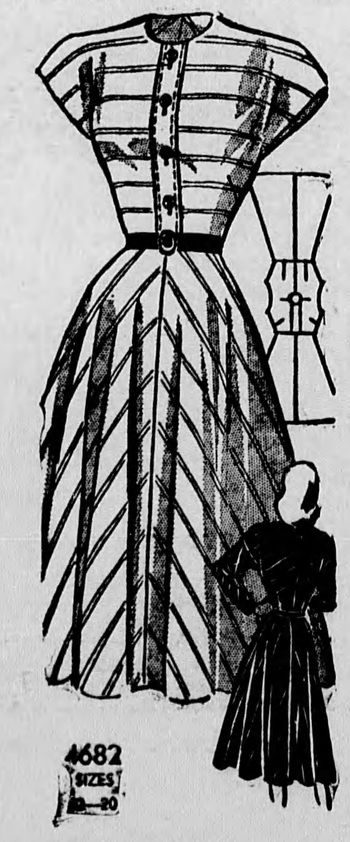
She studied him. "You act like a cat that's just eaten the canary," she observed. "What's so pleasant?"

Her brother, who had come to the door and stood beside her, grinned.

"Maybe he's found a gold mine," Chet said, and laughed. Weber wanted to boast about what he actually *had* found, but could not. He might have to share his gains if he did. So all he said, enigmatically was:

"I've been out on some business that turned out pretty well."

(To Be Continued)



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Crippled Opera Star Gets Floral Tribute from "Timmy"—Still crippled by polio, Marjorie Lawrence, famous Metropolitan Opera Star came to Toronto at her own expense to assist in the Campaign for Ontario's Crippled Children, the program being broadcast over 35 radio stations. While last year Miss Lawrence was forced to sing from a wheelchair, this time she stood supported by a special movable stand. Here she is seen accepting a boquet from "Timmy", the crippled nine-year-old who was the symbol of this year's appeal.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Stepfather Unfair To Wife's Sons

WE HEAR a great deal about stepmothers being unfair to the children of the men they marry.

But every now and then a letter comes to me from a widow who has married again, and who finds her husband unjust and even cruel to her young sons.

It is a predicament indeed, and for everyone concerned. The man undoubtedly promised to raise the boys as his own, and probably intended to show no difference between them and the children he and his wife have later. But sometimes it doesn't work out that way.

He is, too often, critical of his stepsons. Though their mother raises them carefully, he calls it indulgence. He thinks they need a man's discipline, and proceeds to apply it. She feels he is unnecessarily strict. And the household is divided.

* The husband and wife love each other. They have no other difficulties than those raised by the presence of these two sons. It would seem that two intelligent, affectionate people could come to some compromise, if each allows for the emotions which sway the other.

Perhaps if a crisis arrives, and the wife feels she must take her sons and leave, her husband will realize he must employ extraordinary self-control and turn over the whole training of the boys to their mother. If he realizes that otherwise he must lose her, he will give in. To make it easier for himself, he might remember that these boys have certain admirable qualities which he can appreciate and encourage, and he can win their loyalty by some show of affection.

TO "E.K."—If you make your husband understand that either he and your boys get along better or you cannot stay with him, I think he will make a greater effort. It would be tragic if you had to leave. Try to appeal to his sense of justice, as well as his affection for you, and the need to hold the home together for the sake of the other children as well. (Ask your husband if he'd like to write me how he feels about the boys.)

When a mother's heart is torn between her children and her husband, she has a grave choice to make. Perhaps Anne Hirst can help. Write her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

God's Message To A People In Exile.

Ezekiel 18; 1-4: 34; 11-16: 36: 25-28

Golden Text: "A new heart also I will give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." Ezekiel 36-26.

Just as too m of us do today, it was common for the people of Israel to blame their troubles on those who had gone before them, and think they were being punished for their forefather's sins, not for their own. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge" was the way one Biblical writer put it.

This is a characteristic of human nature. "If the statesmen at the close of the first great war had only been wiser," we say; and things of that kind.

But we make errors too; for while we possess inherited tendencies, developed by environment, we cannot blame our sins on either heredity or environment, for we have wills of our own. We are not helpless victims of what has gone before. We are free moral agents. If we continue in sin we are in danger of eternal death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" was Ezekiel's warning.

So Ezekiel sought to turn the exiles from the belief that they suffered only from the sins of their fathers, urging them to self-examination. But he also brought a gracious message of comfort—"The Lord is a shepherd who will gather His sheep that have been scattered," together with the promise "I will seek that which was lost and bring back again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken and strengthen that which was sick."

There is also a promise of spiritual cleansing—"Ye shall be clean from all your filthiness . . . Ye shall be my people and I will be your God."

Ezekiel's message, though directed to the people of Israel, is one for us today as well—a message of warning, but also one of hope.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

One Unassuming, Other Aggressive

Dear Mr. Arnott: Thank you for the analysis of my handwriting which described my personality to the letter. I will admit that every trait of character you have listed is true. I would like you now to give me the analyses of two friends whose handwriting I have enclosed.

* * *

The first writer, showing the question mark in the script, has a very emotional nature and responds readily to sympathy and affection. This emotional feeling is not long lasting for there are signs of readiness to forget quickly, revealing that the writer is willing to forgive and forget and overlook the faults of others. The writer has a modest unassuming nature, generous and broadminded.

Interest in the welfare and education of children is definitely shown, indicating ability to understand them and to get the most out of their personalities.

This young lady shows a great deal of friendliness towards others but has an exclusive nature, that is, she chooses friends with great care, showing a preference for a few associates rather than a large circle of friends.

* * *

The second example of writing, with the word "because" written in the script, does not show as deep affection as that of the first writer for there is more balance to the emotions. The writer takes a practical view of things and is not likely to be swayed by sentiment. The emotions are deep and she does not forget the rights and wrongs of others readily but will hold her feelings long after she should have forgotten about them.

There is extravagance in the writing, indicating disregard for small and petty things. She is likely to enjoy the best and not to count the cost. The writer has rather an aggressive nature and goes after the things she wants in life. There is a tendency to plan for the future, to reach out to gain, to possess and to attain her ambition.

The writer shows a great deal of changeability in her writing and has difficulty in making definite decisions. She is inclined to be impulsive, often regretting this impulsiveness when there is time for reflection. There is sensitiveness in the script with a show for independence and self reliance. Talkativeness is also indicated with inclinations to be frank in all that she says.

of this week? me know if Because my Best

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.

The Bookshelf . .

Decorating Your Home

By Kay Peterson Parker

Here is expert advice on everything from choosing the color of a lamp shade to evaluating space and light control in your rooms.

With the aid of this book, you will be critical of line and be able to judge design with the assurance of a professional; you will know how to treat the walls and floors, how to intelligently select and arrange rugs and draperies. You will know how to arrange furniture and how to blend decorative accessories into the general scheme.

Decorating Your Home allows you to give your home the warmth and quality that make it particularly yours, while at the same time lending it a professional sense of line and color.

The author has illustrated the book with delightful water colors. These, combined with the clearly written text, give you a book both inspirational and practical.

Decorating Your Home — By Kay Peterson Parker — The Ryerson Press — Price $1.75.

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Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

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New...

Keeps in the cupboard

Wonderful news! New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast is here—ready to give you perfect risings, delicious breads in super-speedy time. No need to keep it in the icebox—New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast stays fresh in your cupboard for weeks. Always there—ready for work when you need it. Just dissolve according to directions. Then use as fresh yeast. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—order a month's supply of New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast from your grocer. Once you try it—you'll always use it.