"SALADA" TEA
Just try it

Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XXXIX: Bartle kills Pringle "to keep him quiet." Juanita sees him and, not knowing who he is, captures him. A struggle follows, Juanita stumbles and is overpowered by Bartle.

Chapter XL

But at the instant he was ready to snuff out this life that threatened him, Bartle saw two horsemen approaching.

Juanita was struggling to shoot. Bartle kicked away her weapon, leaped up and threw himself into his saddle almost in one motion. He bolted, spurring his mount to a furious gallop.

Juanita got up, shaking. Then she, too, was on her horse, and was after Bartle at full stride.

At last she had seen the killer face to face—the man who was the solitary lone-handed fountainhead of all the trouble in Deep Water Valley. His face would live in her memory forever!

* * *

Luridly Michael Valdez cursed the black night, for had there been moon and stars, he might have found some sign of Juanita. Ever since he left the Aldman farm he had been searching for her, for something had befallen her, since they had not met there as they had agreed.

Once more as he rode the cry of a mountain cat came from his lips.

There was no response. And Michael Valdez was filled with forebodings when he felt the first big drop of rain strike him like a pebble.

He halted suddenly as an alien sound in the night reached his ears. Could that be Juanita? He waited cautiously, before voicing their usual signal.

Then he made out what the sound was. On the cliff edge of an arroyo rode two men who were talking excitedly. Most of what they said was inaudible. But Valdez caught a few words that cut as deep as a sabre-swipe.

"I'll kill him!" repeated one of the horsemen. "He needs killing!"

Then from the east came more betraying sounds. It was as if the night had suddenly come alive with mysterious horsemen — all riding south. Where? Why?

Valdez made a quick decision, and cautiously followed. Some deviltry was afoot. That was certain.

Michael Valdez rode until a sign from another quarter brought him up short. The odor of burning tobacco. Another fire in a drying shed!

Valdez went on again, over a long stretch, then up to the crown of a hill. He saw lanterns on a farmhouse porch, many horses picketed nearby, riders still arriving, dismounting and entering the house. And as he watched, he felt the very air crackling with the presence of death.

* * *

Michael Valdez' teeth were clenched. Young Straw Aldman had told him how he had burst in upon a conference of cattlemen laying plans for range war. But this house below was no ranch-house. And about it moved only men in the garb of farmers. Had they, too, been summoned to a conference? Was open, ruthless war about to be proclaimed?

"Fools!" gritted Valdez. "They fly at each other's throats, turn on spigots of blood — because they suspect one another. And while they kill each other, somebody else sits back and laughs."

He dismounted. His wet velvet clothing hugging his limbs, he streaked toward the farmhouse, pulling up the soaked scarlet neckerchief over his face.

The front door stood open, and a babble of voices drifted out. Valdez crossed the porch with the silence of a cat.

* * *

A whiskered man whom Valdez recognized as old Daniel Nelson flung the lid off a new wooden box. The lamp, suspended from the ceiling, threw its yellow rays upon new Colts and tightly packed boxes of bullets.

"I told you men all to come here the next time ructions busted loose in the valley," Nelson said. "I said I'd be ready to tell you what we must do — unless we're content to be burned out and killed off like so many rabbits. They tried to burn down Chris Pringle's drying shed tonight. This time they didn't do much damage, but I reckon it shows that we've given the law chance enough to keep peace here. Now we move."

"It's Pete Haskell who's at the head of it all!" shouted a man whose hat dripped rain and whose eyes blazed rage. "The Half Circle H Ranch first! That'll teach 'em!" He grabbed for one of the Colts.

* * *

"You wait, Jim Kier!" commanded Nelson. "The man who takes one of these guns makes vow it'll be used only to collect debts owed. If a building burns in this valley, these guns will back your claim to the right to burn a ranch building. If there's another killing in this valley, these guns are to collect a life — but only one for one. We don't want any wholesale burning or killing. Those of you who are agreeable to that — and are ready to abide by the orders — can help themselves."

Men surged towards the table — men who itched for the tools of death they believed could bring them justice. Then, as if some irresistable obstacle had dropped between them and the deadly box, every man halted ad stood still.

In the doorway stood a man, his very presence a potent command for silence and attention. The feared, scarlet-masked Caballero Rojo.

"Shift!" he said. "All of you. Away from that box."

(To Be Continued)

See the bodice? That's ONE piece! The skirt? That's ONE piece too! Simply magic, Pattern 4823 has sweet possible seams. Sew up this breezy casual in double-quick time!

Pattern 4823 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 dress takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric.

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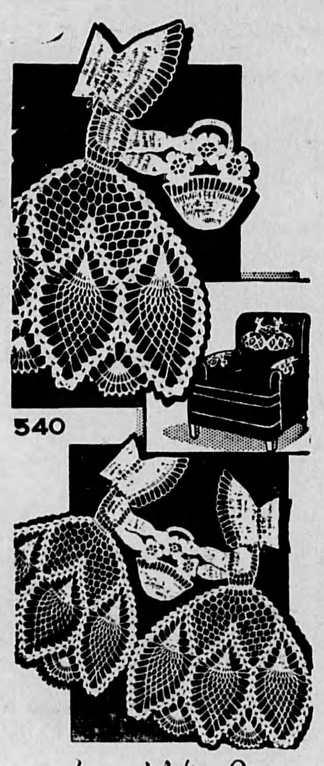
ISSUE 20 — 1948

She's Tops on a Tractor—Best form on a tractor, judges agree, is sported by 16-year-old Phyllis Baum, of Springport, after she competed in a Jackson County plowing contest. The pretty farmerette placed first among 32 contestants.



A parlor trick worth knowing! Crochet this smart decoration, the Old Fashioned Girl chair-set. Done in sections, it's handy pick-up work.

Skirt is crocheted in pineapple design a new chair-set idea. Pattern 540 has crochet directions.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to the Needlecraft Dept., Room 604, 371 Bay Street, Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Sunday School Lesson

Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Malachi Demands Sincere Religion

Malachi 1: 1, 6-9; 2: 13-14; 3: 7-12.

Golden Text: Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Luke 6: 46.

It is not unusual for men to cry to God when in distress. But when delivered, it is so easy to forget one's Benefactor. So it was with the exiles after their return from Babylon. In spite of many difficulties they were enabled to rebuild their city and the holy temple, but their enthusiasm for the religion of their fathers soon began to wane. Malachi was raised up to call the people back to sincere religion.

In the printed portion of the lesson Malachi speaks of three distinct evils. First; instead of offering of the best of the flocks to the Lord, they presented the blind, the sick and lame. What was no good to them, they gave to God. This was not only disobedience to God's commands, but it illustrated a very unwholesome attitude on the part of the people.

The second evil was unfaithfulness in marital relations. Many men were dealing treacherously by putting away the wives of their youth. The Lord "hateth putting away".

The people were also "robbing God" by failing to bring in the tithes and offerings. The giving of the tenth of one's increase or profit began at least as early as Abraham. It was later commanded by the law of Moses. God promised spiritual and temporal blessings if the people would obey the command. It may be bad mathematics to say the nine-tenths will go as far as ten-tenths but many will testify that God's promise, as given by Malachi, is still valid.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex. S. Arnott

Planning A Career

"I would like to know what my most outstanding characteristics are and also my worst faults. Does my writing indicate that I have the ability to become a writer or a newspaper reporter?" writes Mrs. E. M. B.

* * *

Dear Mrs. E. M. B.—Life's work is too important to plan another person's career by mail and no one with the welfare of enquirers at heart would attempt to choose a vocation for them. Personal discussion on all points pertaining to personal history, heredity aand so on would be required, and even then the final decision must be made by the individual. All the analyst can do is to list outstanding qualities shown in the script together with some suggestions.

* * *

Your writing is indicative of quick and deep thinking with tendencies toward emotional and sentimental traits. An outstanding characteristic is that you have an intensely investigative nature and are at your best when selecting and arranging things logically. You have instinct to recognize the most important things and also a rare gift to organize numerous factors to the best advantage.

Some of the faults are that you are a definite thinker and others may consider that you are stubborn and abrupt in speech as you do not do things diplomatically.

A vocation that gave you scope to organize colorful arrangements into a display might appeal. A second choice would be employment that requires organizing and teaching others.

Your outstanding traits would also be very useful to a person desirous of taking up newspaper reporting.

I am interested and I always

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Alex S. Arnott 123, 18th Street, New Toronto 14. There is no charge for this service.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I impart a creamy flavor to soup?

A. Place a piece of cheese, about the size of a walnut, in each quart of soup, before serving, and it will impart a rich, creamy flavor.

Q. How can I prevent the shells of eggs from cracking when boiling them?

A. This will not happen if the eggs are dipped into cold water immediately before putting them into the boiling water.

Q. How can I restore a sponge that has hardened from not being used?

A. Cover the sponge with cold water, to which has been added one teaspoonful of borax. Then boil it for about one minute. Remove the sponge, rub dry borax into it, and then rinse in cold water.

Q. How can I sharpen the sewing machine needle?

A. Try stitching for several inches through a piece of very fine sandpaper.

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Husband Courts Married Woman

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have a very serious problem. First, about myself, I was divorced from my first wife. I am 47 years old, have three married children who have homes of their own some distance away.

"During the last war, I met and fell in love with a woman whose husband was in service. We were together constantly. On his return home, I broke away from her — and married a woman who has a small daughter. I never loved her, but I thought I might bring myself to forget the other.

"After two years, it is impossible for me to do it. I am seeing the other person three and four times a week now. My present wife knows about it. I have asked for a divorce, but she refuses even to talk of it.

"I know it isn't just to her to be living here. I would rather she were free of me. She is a very good woman; but no matter how I try, my heart isn't in our home. Any advice you can give me will be appreciated. Chic."

Would Wreck Two Homes!

* Playing fair does not matter a great deal to you, does it? You made love to one woman while her husband was serving his country — a pretty cheap trick, wasn't it?

* Then you persuaded another woman to marry you. Not because you loved her, but for your own selfish purpose. (I'll wager you never told her you were in love with someone else, did you?) You accepted her love, and her faith in you. Now you have outraged both.

* And back you are with the first one, doing your best to break up the home she has tried to make for her husband. — Again, for your own purpose.

* How long do you think you can get away with it? It would serve you right if this husband took things into his own hands.

* What price honor — or don't you remember the word?

Do What is Right

* You will never have any peace in this world so long as you think only of your own desires. Your heart may not be in your home. but you had better bring it back there and lock it in — if your wife will let you.

* You never can be happy until you learn to do what is right. That is so obvious that you should not need anybody to advise you.

* Stop seeing this ex-soldier's wife at once. Give her a chance to rebuild her marriage — that marriage which she once betrayed. Try to restore the wrong you have done your wife who trusted you. Cultivate her as you never did when you were courting her. Give her your friendship, at least, and make up to her for this grief you have brought upon her.

* I think you will be amazed to discover how happy a good wife can make a man who gives her the chance.

Evil catches up with us. Only when we know we are living right can we know peace. If you are confused tell Anne Hirst about it. She will help you find courage. Address her at 123, 18th Street, New Toronto, 14.

Playing Safe

Liza: Dat no 'count Mose told me last night ah looked positively ethereal in de moonlight.

Mandy: What did he mean?

Liza: Ah dunno, but I done slapped his face so as to be on de safe side.

Advance Notes From the "Ex."

Stack 'em up—and collect $50! Maybe you pride yourself on your skill at pancake-making. Perhaps your husband has told you, some sunny Sunday morning, that you're just about the best griddle-cake composer in the world.

So here's your chance to cash in on your skill. To the maker of the three best pancakes at next Fall's Canadian National Exhibition will go a grand cash prize of fifty dollars—and there will be other valuable awards for second, third and fourth as well. The C.N.E. will supply all the materials too — all you need is courage enough to enter, and the ability to handle a frying pan.

Speed, skill and quality will all be taken into consideration in the judging. And here are a couple of things we almost forgot to mention. The contest is open to men, boys and girls, as well as women. And one of the rules says, "No contestant will be obliged to eat his or her own pancakes."

Better get busy and go into training, don't you think?

Not Too Much

Mr. Wyse: "Don't you think that 'moderation' is the secret of happiness?"

Miss Smart: "Yes, in moderation."

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