Delicious

"SALADA"

TEA BAGS

Convenient

Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XL: At the instant she is saved from death by the timely arrival of two riders, Juanita recognizes the killer, Bartle. Valdez, failing to locate Juanita as prearranged, rides on and discovers a number of valley men in conference in a farm house.

CHAPTER XLI

"The last thing I want to do is harm any of you, or any cattlemen — yet," El Caballero Rojo said crisply. "You" — his eyes singled out Nelson — "you know something of me. Come here. Pick up that box, and don't let a finger get inside of it. Sabe?"

The old man moved carefully as he obeyed.

Valdez looked at no one in particular. "You gents might pick up a gun when I turn my back," he said. "All right — as long as you don't [illegible] it. If you do, you'll need a new leader."

"And if we don't use one?" inquired a young farmer.

"Your leader will be back — pronto. Unharmed. But when he leaves here with me I demand that for forty-eight hours not one man of you will lift a hand against any cattleman for any reason. Is that plain?"

* * *

"We've got a right to protect ourselves," old Nelson protested. "The law does nothing for us an' —"

"The law is sometimes like a mole, amigo," Valdez said tightly. "It often cannot see the clearest things. We won't palaver about that. In forty-eight hours you might get information that will open your e[illegible] — and make you glad I kept your hands clean of blood."

"We'd feel a heap better if we knew whether [illegible] our for us or against us," the old man muttered.

"I'm with you," El Caballero Rojo said grimly.

Urging Nelson along with him, El Caballero Rojo hastily left the crowded room.

When he and the old man were almost out of sight of the house, Valdez called a halt. He whistled. There came a slosh of hoofs in the mud and the smell of a horse. The animal was all but invisible.

"That's all for you, Mr. Nelson," Valdez said, mounting. "I thought it best to have sort of a—er—chaperone this far. Now you can go back, and you'll have no trouble if you keep those men of yours quiet for two d[illegible]s."

Suddenly the old man was alone. He heard retreating hoofbeats, but saw nothing. When he returned to the farmhouse he was smiling.

"Forty-eight hours," Nelson said. "He'll do more than we could — faster, better — or I don't know a real man when I buck against one. Meeting adjourned."

* * *

Hiding in a thicket the heavy box of guns he had taken away from the tobacco farmers, Valdez covered them with brush. He spent a few seconds in silent debate. Should he continue his search for Juanita? Or make the most of darkness in [illegible] other effort to uncover the reason and the source of the valley outrages?

He decided in favor of the latter, for it was certain that Juanita's disappearance could best be solved by daylight. But even as he made his decis[illegible]n he realized he hadn't half [illegible] own until now how much this strange, half wild girl had come to mean to him. He had done his best to keep any such thoughts from him, but they were there now in full strength. And the thought that she might be in danger filled him with the unfamiliar sickness of fear.

He mounted El Cielo, heedless of the sleet-covered saddle, and confident that the sure-footed animal could still carry him to the Half Circle H Ranch, and Pete Haskell.

The ranchhouse alone showed signs of life, and there only one room, [illegible] the second floor, seemed to be occupied. Hastening to the house, he climbed swiftly up to the second story. Then he was on his stomach, edging toward the ranchman's bedroom. He peered in through the window. The lamp was on the table between door and bureau. Haskell was on the edge of the bed, drawing off his boots, his back toward both window and lamp.

* * *

Valdez knew that if the sash should be slowly raised a cold draught would quickly bring the cattleman face about. And Haskell had not yet unbuckled his holster and gun.

The very second the bullet-studded belt left Haskell's fingers, however, Valdez flung up the sash. He was inside the roo[illegible] as soon as the cowman whirled.

"Sit down — not too close to your gun," Valdez said softly.

"It's a habit of mine to get both sides of any story," El Caballero Rojo said quietly.

"About the ructions going on in the valley, I reckon?" Haskell's eyes were thoughtful.

"Being a kind of boss on this range you should be able to answer for all the cattlemen in these parts," said Valdez.

"None of us know anything about an[illegible] of the fires and killings," Haskell growled.

"But you held a war counsel about dawn yesterday morning," Valdez reminded him.

Haskell reddened. "Sure we did. And we decided that if the tobacco men fence off Deep Water River in the north end of the valley we'd tear it down, every blessed time they put the sticks up."

"Won't Bartle, who owns the land, meet you halfway?"

"Halfway?" Haskell swore fervently. "He won't give us an inch. We offered to buy the north end of the valley for what it's worth, but he's asking a road agent's price."

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 21 — 1948

Babies Like This Need Your Help—Tiny, helpless, often unwanted, infants like the one in the picture will be among the thousands to benefit from the National Red Shield Appeal of the Salvation Army, now in progress. Today there is not a single unit of the 88 homes, hostels and hospitals operated throughout Canada by the Salvation Army—which handle almost 60,000 persons per year—that is not filled beyond capacity. The objective is $1,100,000, and although The Salvation Army can make a dollar go farther than most, every dollar is urgently needed.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Reader Gives Secret Of Happy Marriage

"Life is what you make it, Anne Hirst," writes a happy wife. "If we are troubled, we can look around and always find someone who is worse off. In marriage, we have to face reality. If we feel like giving up and running out on our marriage, that only shows a person is immature.

"Seven months ago I married a wonderful man. I'd like to advise other wives never to worry and fret over anything alone. Confide in your husband. We two never have had a problem yet too great to solve together.

"My husband has his faults, of course. But I dwell on his good points, and soon find myself overlooking his shortcomings.

"I keep our apartment neat and clean. I'm always freshly dressed when he comes home. (I like to dress for him alone; he is the most important person in my life.) And I use my best tablecloths and dishes for him too! His opinion means far more to me than the neighbors!

She Pampers Him

"We disagree on different things, certainly. But we voice our opinions, and let it go at that. Why argue? Everyone has the right to think. That's why God gave us a brain.

"I love my husband dearly, and I'm sure he adores me. I don't worry about his wanting anyone else; I feel I give him all the love and attention he wants at home. Some wives have said to me, 'I just don't have the time to pamper my husband.' Well, I have the time, even though I'm the mother of a child by my first marriage. I'll always have time to humor him, because I see him as the most wonderful man on earth.

"Anne Hirst, you're a wonderful woman, bearing so many heartaches of so many people. I wrote to you before. You gave me advice which I followed, and I am completely happy now."

To "Mary":

* Your letter does, as you intended, give me a grand lift. It is gratifying to learn that my counsel was useful, and when readers take time to say so, it is a fine day for me. I wish I could print more of the tributes that come in.

I pamper my husband, too. And he pampers me. When neither husband nor wife takes advantage of such spoiling, it seems to me the best way to keep the marriage sound.

Thank you for your revealing letter.

Spoiling a husband or wife who appreciates it has its rewards. And it keeps a man and wife completely contented. Isn't it worth a trial?

Write Anne Hirst for help if you need it, at 123, 18th street, New Toronto, 14.

740

LAURA WHEELER

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Your Handwriting and You

By Alex. S. Arnott

Jane Wyman's Script Analysed

Today's handwriting comes from Miss Jane Wyman, well-known motion picture star.

Notice the letter "J" in the word Jane. See how spacious the loops are, especially the upper one. This indicates a person who can meet others and make friends easily, having ease of adapting herself to new conditions. She understands the shortcomings of others and endeavours to smooth things over rather than to pursue an unpleasant issue. The height of the "J" above the writing line is almost equal to the depth of the loop below. This is a good sign of the balance between the idealistic mind and the desire for materialistic things.

The Greek letter "e" is a rarity in any handwriting. This letter is not written like a small "e" but is very much like a capital letter. This tells me that the writer enjoys cultural pursuits and is at home with all things which elevate the mind. Art and painting interest Miss Wyman for she has natural talent to blend colours.

The large hooks on each end of the script reveal tenacity and the power to hold on until success has been reached.

Jane Wyman

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

But Now . . . !

"You brute; you deceived me. Before we were married you told me you were well off."

"I was and didn't know it."

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren.

The Temple in the Nation's Life

Ezra 3:10—13: Psalms 84:1-2; Ezekiel 11:16; 37:26-28.

Golden Text — O Come, let us worship and bow down; Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.—Psalms 95: 6.

Abel, Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob presented their offerings and worshipped God in the great out-of-doors, under the open canopy of heaven. Moses, on divine instruction, built a moveable tabernacle in the wilderness. Later, when Israel entered the promised land, this was replaced by a magnificent temple in the reign of Solomon. Nebuchadnezzar destroyed this place of worship in 587 B.C. About 50 years after, the returned exiles laid the foundation of a new temple. It was an occasion of great rejoicing. But while many shouted for joy, the older men, recalling the grandeur of the former temple, wept because, in comparison, the new one was greatly inferior.

* * *

Every disappointment can prove a blessing if we have God. Those who had been taken into captivity had learned that God could be worshipped, even away from the temple at Jerusalem. There had been a spirtualizing of their worship. God had spoken to them through the prophet Ezekiel, saying, "Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary."

* * *

The church edifice, be it simple or ornate, ought to be a place where we meet with God. For that reason it should have a large place in our life. Assembling with others with the express purpose of worshipping can prove a great blessing to every one of us. God must not be confined to particular buildings designated for that purpose. It must be an habitual attitude of soul. We must walk and talk with God day by day and hour by hour. Thus by our daily life we will express the idea of true worship.

Advance Notes From the "Ex."

One hundred dollars somebody's going to win—and it might be you! Get up those quilting frames, either at home or next time your women's group meets, and try for the $100 prize the C.N.E. is offering this year for the best "Life in Canada" quilt.

Individuals may enter as well as groups. Quilts must be 72 by 80 inches and have a Maple Leaf in the centre, either embroidered or appliqued in solid color. The design around this centre piece is entirely up to you, so long as it depicts some phase of Canadian life and adds to the beauty of the general effect. Just as a suggestion, how about an outline of your school in one corner, your church in another, fruit trees in the third and a garden in the fourth.

Quilts receiving honorable mention will win prizes too. So get your entry form at once by writing to Mrs. Kate Aitken, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

Who's Who

Bore — A guy who is here today and here tomorrow.

Candidate — A politician who stands for what he thinks people will fall for.

Communist — One who has given up hope of becoming a capitalist.

$50. REWARD $50.

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and drag around each day, unable to do the work—cranky with the children—feeling miserable, don't blame it on 'nerves'. Your kidneys may be out of order—for when kidneys fail the system clogs with impurities—and headaches, backache, disturbed rest, frequently follow. To help keep your kidneys working properly—use Dodd's Kidney Pills—and see for yourself if that 'all-in' feeling is not soon replaced by clear-headed energy and pep. Get and use Dodd's Kidney Pills today. 140

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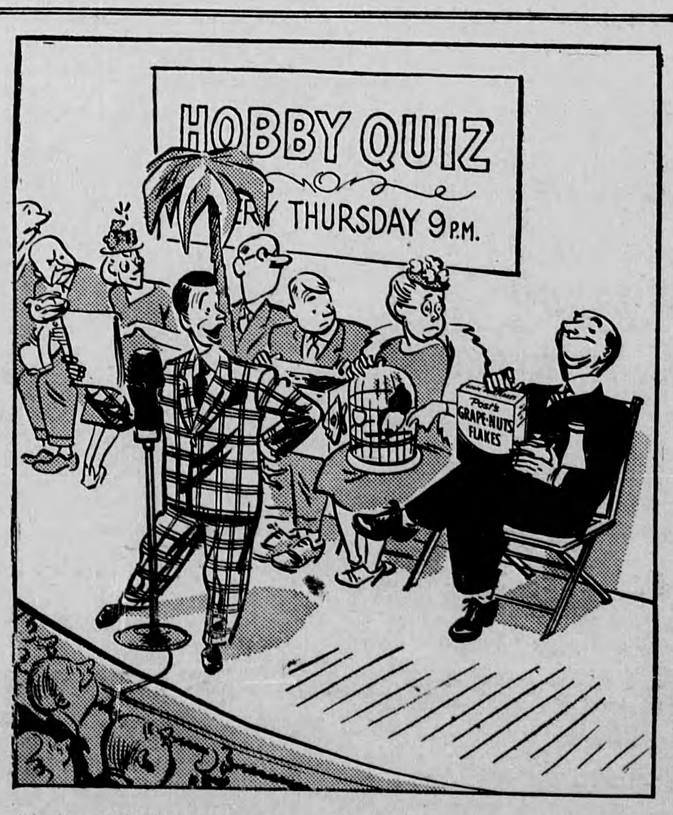

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Gobble M. Upp will tell you about his hobby."

"Ya, sure, folks, my hobby is spooning!"

"But Mr. Upp . . . at your age?"

"Aw cut it out—I mean spooning honey-golden, malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes . . . um-m-m."

"Oh—you like their flavor?"

"Are you kidding? I'm ca-razy about it, mister—just ca-razy!"

"You mean you sit around all day gorging yourself with that super-delicious flavor?"

"Well, Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes are sky-high in nourishment too—so they make me feel like a tiger."

"Like what?"

"Like carbohydrates for energy and minerals for growth and muscle."

"Say—those Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes sound good!"

"They *do* sound good—*and* they taste out-of-this-world!"

"And can you use them as an ingredient for cookies and cakes and things?"

"Sure thing. You'll find a variety of recipes on the package."

"That does it. We're signing off—and I'm signing on for some delicious Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"