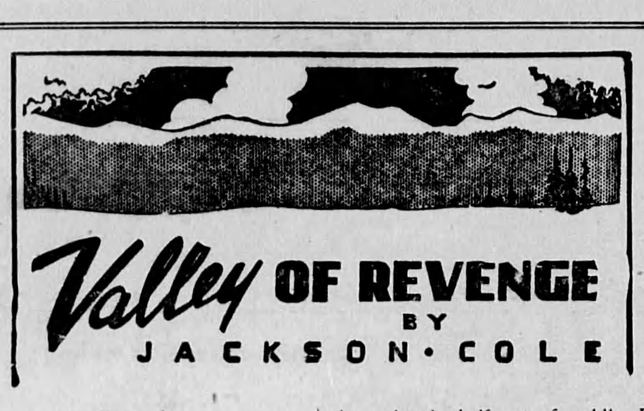
The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE



Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XLI: Valdez tries to persuade valley men not to run down Pete Haskell, whom they believe is the culprit they seek, until more evidence is produced.

CHAPTER XLII

"Then you can't do anything — legally."

"But otherwise we —" began the cattleman.

The rancher brindled like a cat with its back up and tail fluffed out.

"You've got a nerve telling me what we can't do without bucking the law!" he roared. "You're a shining example of a law-abiding—"

"No matter what I am!" Valdez snapped curtly. "I'm asking you to hold your men in check for forty-hours. Sabe?"

"And suppose none of them feels like taking orders from an outlaw?" Haskell growled.

* * *

"Then you can all face the farmer's guns! Somebody tried to burn out a farmer named Pringle a few hours back. And if things had gone the way they started, after that, at a farmer's meeting tonight, your buildings might have been ash piles by now. And if you had tried to stop them, you mightn't be able to sit here talking now."

"I've got eight punchers in the bunkhouse!" blustered Haskell. "They—"

"Then there would have been nine dead men. Thirty or more settlers were ready to ride down here and burn you out, Haskell."

Haskell stared. "You mean you stopped 'em?"

Valdez shrugged. "I'm giving you orders now. They're for your good. For forty-eight hours you and all cattlemen keep out of the farmers' valley **Sabe?** If you don't—"

Through the open window came the mud-muffled pound of a galloping horse. Valdez shot a glance outside. He could glimpse a rider below, already half out of saddle. By the wide split skirt he knew the rider to be a girl, even before she cried out Haskell's name.

The old rancher was amazed and alarmed.

"Tim Callan's daughter!" He thrust his head out of the window. "Alice! Up here!"

A dark-haired girl moved into the oblong of light on the ground.

"You've got to come, Mr. Haskell!" she cried "Dad's trying to stop a crowd from riding to the valley. Bartle's brought in more settlers, and there's barbed wire on wagons."

"Get home and tell your dad I'm coming pronto!"

* * *

Haskell spun from the window, snatched a boot and jammed in his foot as there came the sound of the girl's horse racing away.

"You can stop those hot-headed fools if you try hard enough," Valdez said tightly. "You've got to."

"Maybe I can. If not—"

"I will." Valdez slid over the window sill. "There's a forty-eight-hour truce on. I told you that."

"Not on you, hombre!" Haskell snapped. "Looks like you're dead set against us cattlemen. That makes you fair game wherever you're met up with."

Valdez vaulted lightly through the window into the blackness. He was out of sight when Haskell pounded down the stairs and out to the corral . . .

Pete Haskell raced to Tim Callan's spread in a lather. There he heard the sorest news he had heard since the first tobacco farmer had thrown up a long fence in the south end of Deep Water Valley.

* * *

"The men have already gone, Mr. Haskell," the cook told him. "They all ain't more'n three-four miles away by now."

Haskell raced on. He must stop them!

caught up with them at Chinnoc Pass, the main entrance to Deep Water Valley. He rode with gun in hand, grim determination in his steel-blue eyes.

"I'm not arguing," he told them. "But for the last time I'm telling you that the man who rides this way and gets by this pinto of mine does so after he drills me.

"I'll ride with you to town to Bartle's office," he offered, "providing you let me speak to him alone —and let me get away before one of you draws a gun on him. I don't want even a buzzard's blood on my hands or conscience. **Sabe?"**

The men agreed to follow the level-headed Haskell. They turned their horses' heads toward Gold Creek.

* * *

Ellen Maxon lay shivering with dread as the man she had once thought she loved came storming up the stairs and to the door of her bedroom.

He did not even knock. The knob was twisted, and Clark Weber stamped into the room and over to her bedside. She could hear his breath coming in fast, bitter snatches.

"Have you been in the barn loft?" demanded Weber.

Her denial died at sight of what lay in the palm of his outthrust hand. It was a hairpin, one of the rubber kind she used. He stooped, grabbed up one of her shoes from where it lay beside the bed and spat out a curse as he discovered the sole was caked with moist mud.

"Yes!" Ellen flung at him defiantly. "I have been in the barn loft. I set that poor little Mexican peon free! And you set me free when you tried to do such a contemptible thing as to kidnap him to try to get gold from his father! You'll find your ring on the dresser."

Rage shook him, and his eyes blazed fire. "You little empty-headed—"

(To Be Continued)

4820 SIZES 2—10

A whirl skirt like Sister's for little "Me Too!" Make Pattern 4820 as a simulated jumper with puffed sleeves, round collar, for now. The angelic sunfrock is for summer!

Pattern 4820: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6, frock, 1⅞ yds. 35-in.; ⅜ yd. contrast. Sunfrock, 2¼ yds. 35-in.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 604, 371 Bay Street, Toronto. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

ISSUE 22 — 1948

New Canadians—Three hundred immigrants to Ontario from Holland arrived in Toronto recently. Most of them are farm folk and will settle in rural sections. Six fine-looking new Canadians rest on their baggage while waiting for a train to their new home in Owen Sound. From left are Adrianne Van de Steen, her sisters Josephine, Betsy, Annie and Maria.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"How Do I Know He Loves Me?"

"I've been going with a boy for two years," writes a young fiancee. "I love him more than life, and he says he feels the same way about me. Yet so many of my married friends said before they married, 'I know nothing will happen to Tom and me'!"

"How can they be so sure? Must we just take the boy's word for it? I'm afraid to be too sure, for fear of getting hurt."

And many a girl, in the weeks before her wedding, feels the same fear.

We cannot predict the future. We never can be sure that "nothing will happen" between ourselves and the one we love. A safer thought is, "If anything does happen to us, I know we'll come through all right."

That faith is based on the knowledge we have of the man we are to marry—knowledge accumulated through the years of our friendship.

Knowledge and Faith

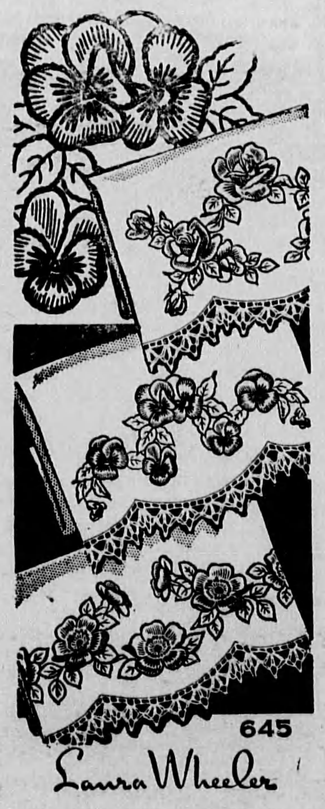
* All lovers have misunderstandings. How has the young man
* measured up through them all?
* Is he quick to condemn you, or
* anxious to give you the benefit of
* any doubt?
* Does he think of your pleasure first, or of his own?
* Is he tender when you are ill,
* or impatient with any sickness?
* Is he jealous when you talk to
* to an old friend, or does he trust
* you?
* Is he pleasant to your girl
* friends, or does he resent your
* seeing them?
* Does he get along well with
* your family?
* Does he help with the dishes when
* you do them at home, or sit by
* and read a newspaper?
* Is he strictly honest (I mean,
* has he real integrity) or does he
* just get by?
* Is he generous with money, or
* a penny-pincher? (Of course
* you've discussed budgets, and
* who will handle his salary?)
* And (this is important) do you
* two laugh at the same jokes, like
* the same foods, enjoy the same
* sports and entertainment? If you
* differ, does he compromise, or
* think you should go along with
* him?
* Check your answers, and you
* will know what love he feels for
* you, and your chances for a
* good marriage.

To "S.V.," "A Little Afraid," "Wondering"

Instead of doubting the affection of these young men, be intelligent. They have singled you out to marry, from all the girls they know—that proves they love you best. Remember, though, that when you marry you'll live together practically 24 hours out of 24. It is important that you trust each other. Make sure you do. And learn, during this engagement period, to talk things over when you don't agree, each in the spirit of eager compromise.

* * *

Have faith in the man you're going to marry, and let him know it. Don't fear the future—you cannot escape trouble, but you CAN learn how to meet it. Write Anne Hirst at 123 18th Street, New Toronto, 14, if you think she can help.



Beginners! You can have these beautiful linens! Such fun to start on this design — it offers such variety. Embroidery and crochet!

Roses, pansies; lace edge. Pattern 645; transfer of 6 motifs 3½ x 8½ to 3½ x 11½ inches; crochet directions.

Laura Wheeler's new, improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its charts, photos, concise 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.**

Illusion

The color experts have come up with a tip that can be a big help in making that long, narrow room look more liyable! They suggest that such a room can be made to look wider and shorter by painting the two end walls a darker color than the long side walls! By the same token, square rooms can be given the illusion of extra length by painting the side walls in a lighter shade of the same color as is used on the end walls.

Advance Notes From the "Ex."

In five days recently, Mrs. Kate Aitken, women's director of the Canadian National Exhibition, flew the Atlantic twice and visited Berlin, Paris and London. She had Exhibition business to do, as you might guess! It was nothing short of arranging to bring Princess Elizabeth's beautiful wedding dress to this year's C.N.E., for one and all to see. Elwood Hughes, general manager of the "Ex.," had made the preliminary arrangements on his trip overseas. While in London, Mrs. Aitken also went to tea at Buckingham Palace, the guest of the King and Queen. If you haven't yet got your C.N.E. prize list, there's no time like now to sit down and write for it. Just send along your name to Mrs. Kate Aitken, Women's Director, C.N.E., Toronto.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex. S. Arnott

Roy Rogers' Handwriting

Our readers should be especially interested in this week's analysis as it is that of the handwriting of Roy Rogers, king of the cowboys and famous motion picture star.

If you have followed Roy's picture exploits you will know that they feature especially his gallantry in protecting the weak and unfortunate. His script is written with light, fine lines, a strong indication of a spiritual nature which tends toward idealism and nobility of thought. Independence is shown in the letter "d", revealing Roy's desire to do things according to his own inclinations rather than those of other people—typical of the pioneering spirit. Extra large loops in his capital letters are also typical of the adventurous type of person, always willing to take bold steps.

The smallness of the writing gives an appearance of concentration — a sign of power to focus attention on the more important issues. In some of the other letters, having decided loops with tight knots to close them, we see tenacity that will stick to a problem until it has been solved.

On the whole Roy's writing is a good illustration of sincerity of purpose, really remarkable energy and a high-spirited personality.

Roy Rogers + Trigger

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.

★

What About It?

The team's leading batter had stepped up to the plate and soundly smacked the first ball for a two-bagger with three men on base. The husband, a rabid fan, turned to his wife in high glee and shouted: "Did you see him hit that ball?"

"Well, wasn't he supposed to?" coldly countered the lady.

★

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren.

Daniel Stands By His Convictions. Daniel 1:8-20.

Golden Text:— But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself. — Daniel 1:8.

Daniel has always been "a boy's hero". As a lad he was taken a captive in Jerusalem and led off to Babylon, the capital city of a pagan empire. He was to be fed with the portion of the king's meat and with the wine which he drank as part of his preparation to appear before the king. In such circumstances it would have been easy to ignore the teachings of his youth concerning clean and unclean meats. But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself. Yet he was not offensive about it and courteously requested that he and his companions be tested for ten days on a diet which would not be in conflict with his convictions. God blessed them physically, intellectually and spiritually for this noble stand. When they appeared before the king, he found that in all matters of wisdom and understanding they were ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers in his realm.

King Nebuchadnezzar was amazed—and convinced. For the balance of their school days Daniel and his companions were permitted to continue their simple diet. With the courage of convictions Daniel dared to "stand alone" and, even in the face of possible danger to himself, to do what he had been brought up to regard as right and proper.

The pledge of abstinence from all that defiles was the safe course for those young visitors to Babylon, magnificent capital of the greatest empire then upon the globe. There is no wiser course for those, young and old, living in the present era, more than two thousand years later.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Quickly helps to clear up these blemishes leaving skin soft and smooth. Proven over 50 years.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

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HOTEL METROPOLE

NIAGARA FALLS

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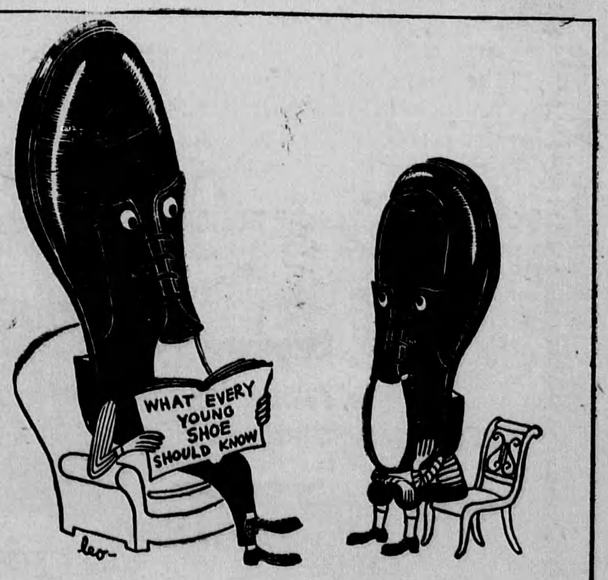

"... and to be a polished gentleman, use NUGGET every day!"

29-48

DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?