"SALADA"
TEA
Outstanding Quality

Valley OF REVENGE

BY
JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XLII: Valdez asks Haskel to hold his own men in check for just 48 hours. Haskell's answer is "yes", and once more the men agree to follow their level-headed leader.

CHAPTER XLIII

His fist swung for her face. And then, as she shrank back with a sharp cry, Chet Maxon charged from the doorway.

Clark Weber jerked his gun from his holster. But in the same heartbeat, Maxon's knuckles thudded on Weber's ear with a vicious blow. The man's head spun. His knees buckled. The floor came up as he felt his weapon tugged out of his fingers.

Chet Maxon backed away, the weapon levelled.

"You can clear out of here, Clark — now," he said icily. "We're through with you for good and all."

"I kidnaped that peon because—"

* * *

Weber bit off his words. Maxon and Ellen did not know that the captive was El Caballero Rojo's henchman. It would be smart to keep them ignorant of that fact. There was still a chance of repairing this error, and of catching the scarlet-masked outlaw.

He picked himself up from the floor.

"Please go away—and don't come back!" Ellen's voice was sharp.

"You'll be anxious enough to find me when Russ Bartle demands the thousand dollars you owe him," Weber jeered.

Neither of the Maxons replied. With a shrug Weber went downstairs with Chet close behind him, still with Clark Weber's own gun trained on him. And even as they reached the ground floor there came an insistent rapping on the door. He shoved the gun in his belt, but kept his hand near it.

Russ Bartle came in, attempting to hide his jagged nerves behind a smile. It had been a night of terror for him. Pringle butchered. The peon a witness to his crime. The riders he had seen—and that group of angry ranchers in conference at the valley's edge.

He had had no opportunity to make a weak explanation for his late, unceremonious call when he saw Weber hastily and surlily getting into his hat and coat.

"Going to Gold Creek?" he inquired hopefully.

"Yes — permanently," Weber growled. "The Weber-Maxon partnership is dissolved. If you're going to town, Mr. Bartle, we can ride together. I have news that may interest you."

* * *

"Of course I'm going on," Bartle said quickly. "I just stopped in because I happened to be in the neighborhood. He laughed a little apologetically. Also to fix the front of my horse's shoes, if it's agreeable to you boys. Mind if I find a pair of shoes in your blacksmith shop and put them on there?"

"Glad to help you," Weber promptly volunteered, and hurried the man through the kitchen before Maxon could make a comment.

Horseshoes were the furthest things from the minds of Bartle and Weber when they reached the small blacksmith shop beside the barn.

"How much will you actually give for El Caballero Rojo? blurted Weber.

"I offered to cancel the balance due on the farm," Bartle said, "Any public-spirited citizen would do that to help."

"The job's worth more!" Weber snapped. "It's dangerous! Would you give ten thousand dollars?"

Bartle laughed shortly. "Ten thousand dollars? You're loco!"

* * *

"All right," purred Weber. He picked up the lantern. "Let's get busy with those shoes."

Bartle hesitated. "You—er—right sure you could capture him?"

"I am—because I know of a bait that will draw him. But I wouldn't risk my life for less than ten thousand. Maybe later I'll ask fifteen. The longer a man thinks about the risk, the greater it seems, understand?"

"I'll pay ten." Bartle scowled as reluctantly he gave in. "But only because—"

"Because you fear him more than you do anybody else. I'm on to you, Bartle." Weber smiled wisely. "For five weeks you haggled about the price of this place. Two hundred dollars stood between us. We had to give way. Yet now you're ready to part with ten thousand dollars. For the common good of the country?" Weber laughed. "Bartle, I wasn't born yesterday."

* * *

Weber stepped out into the moonlight. Freezing in a grotesque posture, he stared wild-eyed at the corner of the barn. He moved forward, peering around the corner of the buiding. Was his imagination working overtime, or had he actually seen a shadowy shape and something that glittered silver?

Weber headed swiftly for Gold Creek. A man who had such vast holdings as Bartle had, who had a stake in all of it, could not carry all his business dealings in his head. Weber felt certain that Bartle's office would yield something upon which he could base his firm conviction that the landowner was playing a game in the dark.

And Clark Weber had to have something to hold over Bartle's head!

* * *

No time was wasted in exuberant greetings when their signal cries eventually reunited Juanita de Cuevas and Michael Valdez. They merely stood looking at each other, making no attempt to say in words what they felt.

"Juanita," he said then, swiftly returning to their business matters, "tell me—"

Briefly and rapidly she related her adventures with Clark Weber, and with the rider on the range—the man whose name she did not know.

(To Be Continued)

Fashion at its most glamorous! That's Pattern 4526, an intriguing two-piecer with draped neck, gay big bow, flip flirty peplum. And Oh! What compliments it will collect!

Pattern 4526 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 3⅛ yards 39-inch; ¾ yard contrast.

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 23 — 1948

Here's A New Use For "The Hair Of The Dog"—These are Samoyede Siberian Sled Dogs, and believe it or not, the coat worn by Anne McCauley in the picture was made from wool taken from the two white beauties. It took a year's combing from this pair, and two more like them, to make enough material for the coat, which Mrs. H. F. Smith of Toronto, who owns the dogs, values at five hundred dollars. Both the coat and the dogs will be shown at this year's C.N.E.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Real Reason For Engagement Period

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: In a week or two I plan to give my girl an engagement ring. But something has come up, and I feel you're the only one who can tell me what to do.

"My girl says she loves me, and I am sure she does. She wants to be engaged—but she also wants to keep on going out with other men until we get married.

"I feel an engagement should be a 'trial period', and we should both stop seeing anyone else. Her attitude makes me think that maybe she is not really in love with me.

"She is in another town, and I'll be here for three months more. I get off every other week end, and I've tried to be with her all that time, and give her a good time and all she wants. But when I'm gone she goes out, and she wants to keep on doing so.

"Please let me know what is best to do. I plan to show her what you write. I want to do what's right, no matter what I have to go through."

Old-Fashioned Idea?

* I am resigned to being dubbed * old-fashioned when I tell you * that I agree with you entirely. * The period of engagement is, in- * deed, a trial period. It gives both * young people the chance to get * better acquainted, to learn how to * adjust differences, to plan their * future in all its thrilling details. * It is the time to dream dreams * and talk about them; to grow * closer together, now that their * life is to be lived together. It * should be the most beautiful per- * iod in their lives up to that time.

* If you two must be separated * for the next few months, you can * reveal your ideals through letters * almost as satisfactorily; some- * times one who is inarticulate * shows himself more clearly that * way. And certainly the girl should * not need the excitement of other * men's companionship to keep her * happy. She can well invest her * leisure in learning more of home- * making than she knows, and in * informing herself more thorough- * ly about her husband's career.

The Great Adventure

* I know that many modern * couples do not spend their en- * gagement this way. They keep * on dashing about, living their * former social lives, going out * with anyone they want to, ex- * hausting themselves physically * and spiritually. Yet everyone * knows the two are soon to be * married. How much more satis- * fying to start right now prepar- * ing themselves for the greatest * adventure in their lives!

* I hope you will show this to * your fiancee. If she wants to pre- * sent her side, I'll be glad to read * her letter. But before I do, I'd * like to say that I feel she should * consent to your plan if only be- * cause you ask her to.

* * *

Your engagement should be the happiest time you've ever had in your life up till now. Make it so. If you have any differences, Anne Hirst can steer you right. Address her at 123 18th Street, New Toronto 14.

You can make this beautiful picture so easily! It's inexpensive and simple to embroider in wool or cotton. Frame or line it.

Artistic stitchery—a lovely picture for any room. Pattern 725 has transfer of 15x19½ inch picture.

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.

Just For Fun

Many amusing stories are told of the late Calvin Coolidge, one-time President of the United States—a man famous alike for his dislike of making long speeches and of spending money.

One of the best is about the time when his wife fell for the persuasions of a travelling book salesman—and paid fifteen dollars for a 1500-page "medical adviser".

When the salesman had departed, leaving the book, doubts began to assail Mrs. Coolidge and she thought, with great misgivings, of what her husband would say when he heard of her purchase, and what it had cost.

Finally she decided to say nothing about it—but to put the book on the library table and await the results. To her great surprise Coolidge didn't even mention it, either that first night or on several days following.

Mrs. Coolidge just couldn't understand it—until one day she happened to open the volume, and discovered that her husband had written a brief note on the flyleaf.

"I have looked all through the 1500 pages of this work very carefully" it said, "and I find no cure whatever for a sucker."

Short Shift—Here's the latest in fashions for dreaming. This shorty night-gown, recently displayed in a fashion show, is reportedly based on reports of such creations in Lana Turner's trousseau.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex. S. Arnott

The Selfish Handwriting

Dear Mr Arnott: I would appreciate an analysis of my handwriting. My friend and I have had some serious quarrels lately, for which he blames my selfishness in most cases. I would like to know if there is evidence of this in my writing.

Your writing is rather indicative of the opposite, as there are signs of willingness to make sacrifices and co-operate with others for the common good.

Selfish people usually write straight up and down, and not on a slant as shown in your writing. They also repeatedly curl back on their final letters as though turning everything toward themselves for personal benefit. Small hooks at the beginning of their words reveal their real intentions, to get what they can, to hold what they have, and to look for more. Such writing lacks genuine consideration for others and has a flair of vanity as shown by oversized capital letters.

Compare this with your handwriting and you will note that none of the selfish [illegible] are present. But you are sensitive to criticism and this may have some bearing on your problem.

It would be interesting to compare your script with an example of your friend's writing.

enclosed envelope

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

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren.

Men Who Dared to Stand For God

Daniel 3:4-7, 13-18; 6:10.

Golden Text — But if not, be it known unto thee, O [illegible]g, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship thy golden image which thou hast set up. — Daniel 3:18.

"To do as others do" is certainly the inviting course in life. "To be different" is deliberately sought and enjoyed only by the most eccentric. However there have been occasions and will continue to be, when the Christian must steer his course contrary to the tides of public opinion. The Christian is ordinarily a law-abiding citizen respectful of those in authority. But let "the powers" require that which demands a deni[illegible] of his God and it becomes immediately evident that his heavenly citizenship is of primary importance. The three Hebrew children refused to bow to the image. They replied to the king, "If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace . . . But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods." God did miraculously deliver them.

* * *

Likewise Daniel refused to obey the decree to offer prayer only to the king. He prayed three times a day as formerly, addressing himself to Almighty God. God prevented the hungry lions from harming him. These men were not presumptuous nor discourteous. But God came first in their lives. They would sooner die in the faith than live in luxury out of it.

This generation has had its heroes, too. Niomeller and many like him faced death rather than teach the pagan ideology of Hitler. There are still men and women who dare to stand for God. Testing times are ahead. Who knows but some of us may be called upon to seal our testimony with our blood. Will we be faithful unto death and receive the crown of life?

Lucky or Unlucky?

It is confusing to read of one-year-old Beverly Smith, who will never be able to feel pain. Should people be glad for her or sorry?

Pain is not popular, but it has its uses. Ltitle Beverly is already a trial to her parents because she goes around bumping her head and burning her hand and thinking nothing of it. If she gets appendicitis, how will they know? If she breaks a leg, she may injure herself badly because there will be no pain to warn her to lie still.

If she misbehaves, her parents will not be able to use spanking as a method of controlling her. Scientists say that if pain were not useful, evolution would have eliminated it.

★

Brooklynese

Those prize items appearing in examination papers that make the teacher's burden a lighter one are again making the rounds. Here's one of the latest: "A porpoise is what everyone should have in life."

★

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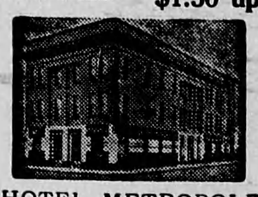

HOTEL METROPOLE
NIAGARA FALLS
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SLEEP . . and awake Refreshed

If you don't sleep well—if nights are interrupted by restlessness—look to your kidneys. If your kidneys are out of order and failing to cleanse the blood of poisons and excess acids—your rest is likely suffering too. Then is the time to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's help your kidneys get rid of trouble-making poisons and acids—help restore them to normal action. See how much better you rest at night—how much brighter you feel in the morning. Get and use Dodd's Kidney Pills today. 145

Dodd's Kidney Pills

HOT FLASHES?

Are you going thru the functional 'middle age' period peculiar to women (38-52 yrs.)? Does this make you suffer from hot flashes, feel so *nervous*, high-strung, tired? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! Pinkham's Compound also has what Doctors call a stomachic tonic effect!

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