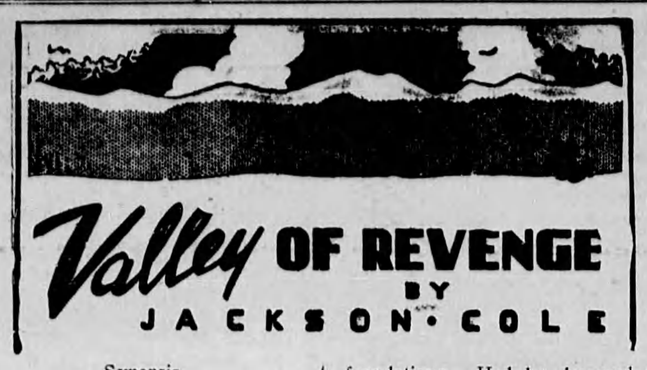


Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XLIV: Juanita, riding alone, is caught by Sheriff Lande, who believes she killed Pringle.

CHAPTER XLV

Juanita was certain of her horse—but she never gave a thought to the fact that only one rider in ten thousand would make the desperate attempt she contemplated.

"Watch where you're going, amigo," counseled Sheriff Lande. "You're darned near Dead Fall Arroyo."

Juanita stared straight ahead. "Si, senor," she said. "My horse is not afraid. You?"

She rode on, her lips clamped, her heart still, her thoughts only for Michael Valdez. A word formed silently on her lips.

Then, like a plummet, she was out of sight.

Sheriff Lande's low curse was more admiring than angry. He dropped to the ground, ran forward, peered over the cliff edge, but saw nothing. Nevertheless he emptied his gun at the clanging hoofs on the rocks.

"Whew!" he mumbled, and mopped the sweat from his brow. "Well, I'm not trying that loco trick. Best we can do now is try and head 'em off."

Determined men who are dead set on a destination and task, head for it with one-track minds. So it was with Clark Weber, Michael Valdez and Pete Haskell's men. Each knew where he was going, knew what he was about to do—and all were treading the danger trail.

Weber led the grim parade. At last he traveled down the cowtown's mud-puddled street with a greedy grin on his face. But it was suddenly wiped away. For a window of the bank showed yellow beneath a partly drawn shade! Weber reined up short in the middle of the street as he growled out a low curse.

Light! Had Bartle left the farm? Could it be possible that he had ignored Weber's warning and left, taking a short cut that would bring him here to town before Clark Weber himself? Curse him!

He left his horse at the hitching rail. Twice he hammered on the downstairs door, then climbed on the outside stairs leading to the banker's living quarters and knocked peremptorily again. But there was no answer, nor sign of life within. He moved down the stairs, walked stealthily around the building, scanning it front and back.

Then he remounted and rode to the saloon, where he sandwiched the horse between puncher's gray and dun animals. Bad business, he thought, for housebreakers to have their mounts at the door behind which they prowl.

He hurried back to the bank. Tender hands and flabby muscles made it hard work to climb up on a porch roof at the rear of the bank. Puffing, he reached Bartle's window. The locked latch annoyed him. But the long, thin blade of his pocket knife fitted between the sashes and soon he had the window up.

He stepped lightly into the larger of the two rooms of the living quarters. No one was there, so quickly he lowered the shade, then stood wondering which of the books on the orderly desk would yield the most helpful information.

He picked up the smallest book. It was discouraging. The pages only informed him that they were kept by a man who wanted to know where every penny went. Even postage stamps were listed. Growling, Weber flung the book down.

He read parts of : letter plucked from a thick file. But a man does not brand himself by keeping copies of letters offering to sell land which he owns. Weber's castles in Spain began to show cracks in their foundations. Had he dreamed all his pleasant dreams only to find them fantasies?

Snatching up a ledger he let it fall open haphazardly.

Page Ten Farm Number Thirteen . . The page halved by double red lines. Bought from a descendant of one of Don Attero's people by Bartle. Price eleven hundred dollars. Sold to Thomas Buckley. Thirteen hundred dollars.

"Legitimate profit," mused Weber, his eyes following the diagonal line almost to the bottom of the page. "Buckley evidently liked the place. Stayed ten year and then—"

His eyes flamed with hope.

Behind Buckley's name in red ink—"Deceased." Bought by Russ Bartle. Price, including improvements, thirteen hundred dollars. Sold to Steve Ransom. Price fifty-five hundred. Behind Ransom's name—"Deceased."

Weber grunted, his eyes narrowed. For then he read that Russ Bartle had again bought that same farm and behind the transaction was a net profit of twenty-two hundred dollars.

"And—and we bought that same place from Bartle for fifty-five hundred," he gritted. "By the eternal, I see it now! Bring them in; drive them out or kill them. Buy. Sell. Always at a profit. And—"

He glanced at a dozen pages before becoming convinced that the Ransom place—the one he and the Maxons had bought—was the only one now with a red crayon question mark beneath the last entry.

He slumped into a chair at the desk, picking up books and papers, scanning them hurriedly, throwing them aside, until he felt like a dog with so much food in sight that it didn't know which to eat first.

He got up wet with perspiration, books and papers clutched under his arm, all atremble at fate's bright smile, his eyes glittering.

"So the Maxons thought they were through with me, eh?" he gloated. "Well, they are not—for from now on I'm Bartle's partner. Until I can get rid of him the way he's got rid of people he couldn't scare out of Deep Water Valley."

In Weber's eyes blazed the same lust for power and wealth that had spurred Bartle on. He turned toward the open window—and in that moment his visions of the future melted away like lard on a blistering hot stove, evaporated by a specter clad in the garments of a **conquistador** of Old Mexico.

"I'll take those books and papers," said the scarlet-masked terror at the window.

"You—" Weber's throat closed up.

"I! I believe I see now just why I let you live after our first meeting. But I imagine I taught you something then. Have I still got to teach you that I don't ask for anything twice?"

Weber backed away from the awesome figure in the scarlet neckerchief and sash.

"There's nothing in these books that will interest you," he growled. "Mr. Bartle sent me to fetch them to—"

"Your farm? Then he's the man to whom you were talking in the blacksmith shop." El Caballero nodded. "You threatened him. You are hoping to back up that threat with those books. Anyhow, what interests you interests me. No more palaver. Unload."

Weber sidled another foot nearer the door that opened on the stairs. The sharp command stung his ears. He dared not move another inch.

(To Be Continued)

Advance Notes From the "Ex."

How Well Do You Know Your Meat? "Your butcher knows all about the meat you buy, but do you?" asks Mrs. Kate Aitken, Women's Director at the C.N.E. And one of the new competitions this year will be the "Know Your Meat" contest with a First Prize of $50; Second, $40; Third, $30; and Fourth $20.

Prominent packing houses will provide the meat for the contest. Contestants will be asked to choose cuts for a holiday meal, a family meal, a church supper, a picnic supper, and an inexpensive luncheon. They will also be questioned on how to prepare the meat for the table. It sounds easy and should be lots of fun. So be sure and get your entry form early; and if you still haven't received your Prize List, write today to Women's Division, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

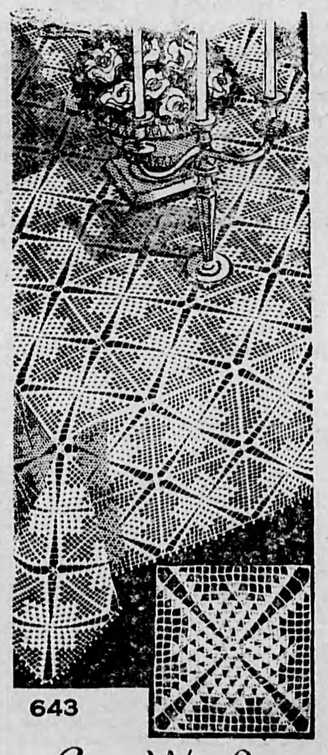
Little Linda Takes a Bow—Shirley Temple's infant daughter, 4-month-old Linda Susan, steals the spotlight from her famous mother, as she makes her camera debut in their Hollywood home.

One-Sided Co-Operation

The man who sat across the Pullman aisle on the Golden Arrow express from Paris was a Romanian. He gazed silently out the window as the train slowed for damaged Boulogne and Calais, and later at Dover

"I have not," he replied to a question about his homeland, "been on the eastern side of the iron curtain for a year now. I am a businessman, but I was forced to leave Bucharest because they said I did not cooperate enough with the Communist regime.

"I am convinced," he concluded quietly, "that it is quite possible to live and do business with the Russians. But on their terms!"



643

Laura Wheeler

The Colonial Square — beginner choose this crochet for your first important work. Lovely household accessories to fit any setting.

Quickly memorized design—the classic Colonial Square. Pattern 643 has crochet directions.

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

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren.

The Hope for The Messiah

Ezekiel 34:23-28; Daniel 7:13-14; Zechariah 9:9-10; 12:10; 13:1

Golden Text — For unto us a child is born unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. — Isaiah 9:6.

The Scriptures which speak of future events have usually a variety of interpretations. Time proves or disproves the various theories.

Ezekiel was a prophet to the exiles of Babylon. In today's lesson he inspires hope for their return to the homeland where they will dwell safely. The land will be fruitful. "There shall be showers of blessing" But most important of all is the announcement of God's promise of "my servant David a prince among them".

This is one of the Messianic prophecies finding its fulfillment in Jesus Christ, a direct descendant of David. From such passages as this Daniel in the lesson, the Hebrews came to think of the coming Messiah in terms of a great king. The idea of a glorious earthly kingdom had a strong appeal. They failed to appreciate the truth of the prophecies such as those given by Zechariah. True, Messiah is a king. But, "He is just, and having salvation: lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass. — He shall speak peace unto the heathen". Messiah suffers to enter His kingdom. He is pierced but He provides for cleansing from sin.

The Jews wanted a king who would cast off the Roman yoke. But Jesus suffered into His kingdom by the way of the cross. Even his best friends, such as Peter, at first repudiated this road to kingship. But the cross was in the Divine program.

Should Know

One psychologist says it's bad to encourage children to draw a horse to look like a horse. He's probably bet on a horse that looked like a horse too often and knows!

ISSUE 25 — 1948

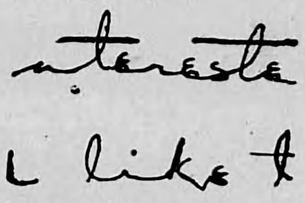
Your Handwriting and You

By Alex. S. Arnott

Cultural Tendencies

The formation of certain letters in handwriting strike a definite clue to the writer's personality. In this week's article, we have an unusual formation of the small letter "e". Hildegard, Norma Shearer and Jeannette MacDonald are but a few of the many talented people who instinctively use this one letter in this significant form.

Notice how different the small "e" is formed, quite unlike the style taught us in our class room training. When the writer instinctively makes such a decorative "Greek" letter "e" it is an almost certain sign of cultural inclinations. Such writers show preference for permanency and quality in the things they undertake, not being satisfied with ordinary achievements but striving for highest possible accomplishments. Theirs is the ambition to secure the highest quality of refinement in the arts and other forms of culture which permit expression of finer inner feeling.



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.

Doctors Should Speak Carefully To Their Patients

Doctors were warned about the dangers of instilling fear into patients by the use of awesome medical terminology in an address made to the Massachusetts Medical Society by Sir. Reginald Watson-Jones, orthopaedic surgeon to King George VI and Surgeon-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force.

"Every word we utter can either help or retard a bed-ridden patient, and an innocent word sometimes can delay or prevent total recovery," Sir Reginald told the Society.

To illustrate, he related the experience of a woman who had been unable to sit for two years solely because her doctor had described a wrench she had had in her back in such impressive but unintelligible language that she believed she must be disabled, and she was.

Many other patients are scared away from living a normal life merely because their doctors tell them they have mild arthritis, an ailment feared because of its association with a severe type of arthritis, he noted.

To tell a person to "go slow" he termed "terrible advice" until the doctor is sure that heart trouble is present. If the doctor warns a patient to "go slow" because he is not sure, he may cause hardship as the patient will assume heart trouble and again sacrifice a normal living.

"It is our duty to explain to patients what they have and what we are doing in simple words and then make certain they understand," he said.

Sir Reginald declared that psychology was half the battle in bringing recovery.

"I submit that 100 per cent of the hospital beds are filled with psychological ailments, for it is impossible to be ill without psychological reflection," he said.

"Yet no aspect of medical treatment is less recognized, more important and more difficult."

Competition

Art Student: "You're the first model I've kissed."

Model: "Really? How many have you had?"

Art Student: "Four — an apple, an orange, a vase of flowers, and you."

4707
SIZES
11—17

Mad about that whirl-skirt! Crazy about that rustly-bustly peplum too! Both give you a Figure — tiny waist, hip interest. In fact Pattern 4707 is a little lovely for a gay summer. What's more, it's simplest sewing!

Pattern 4707 in Jr. Miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13, 3¾ yds. 39-in.

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

PILES

Don't suffer any longer. You'll find quick relief for painful piles when you use Dr. Chase's antiseptic Ointment. Proven relief for over 50 years.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

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 do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! Pinkham's Compound also has what Doctors call a stomachic tonic effect!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rarin' To Go

More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels. So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to give needed help to that "forgotten 28 feet" of bowels.

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.

Then most folks get the kind of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist 35c.

"Batter Puddings are Tops -- with Calumet's Double Action"

FAMILIES *can't get enough* of batter puddings — even the thrifty kind — when you use Calumet Baking Powder. For Calumet assures feather-light, tender, melting goodness in batter puddings . . . as in *all* your baking.

The secret of grand Calumet results is the *double action*. In the mixing bowl, about ⅓ of the leavening is released. The *second* action — your special baking protection — comes in the oven. It will not be lost or stirred out — is not affected by interruptions. Follow directions on the tin for any recipe.

CALUMET
DOUBLE-ACTING
BAKING POWDER

A Product of General Foods

TWICE YOUR MONEY BACK

If you are not satisfied that Calumet is the finest baking powder you ever used, send tin containing unused portion, along with your name and address and a note of the price you paid — to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ont. You will receive back *twice* what you paid for Calumet.

TRY THIS NOVEL

BROWNIE PUDDING

- ½ cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon Baker's Cocoa
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon melted shortening
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ¼ cup chopped nuts

SAUCE MIXTURE

- ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 tablespoons Baker's Cocoa
- ¾ cup boiling water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa; sift again. Add milk, shortening, vanilla. Mix only until smooth. Add nuts. Turn into greased small baking dish. Mix brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa; sprinkle over batter. Pour on boiling water. (This forms sauce in pan after pudding is baked.) Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to 40 minutes. 6 to 8 servings.

L-78