The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XLV: Juanita escapes from the sheriff. Weber, meanwhile, invades Bartle's room. As he examines the books and letters, Valdez enters and takes them away.

CHAPTER XLVI

"I haven't any objections to your looking at these things," he drawled. "If you'll give them back to me and let me go."

"You have no objections!" El Caballero Rojo's laugh was a sarcastic snort. "Put those books on that chair beside you. Six-gun on top. Be careful. Sabe?"

Clark Weber obeyed. He watched the velvet-clad man stalk to the chair. Weber's every nerve and muscle were under rigid control, for he knew that when he moved it must be with the speed of light. He saw one gauntleted hand seize paper and the other move for the top ledger.

"Now" he told himself.

Pete Haskell rode down Gold Creek's main street flanked by Luke Wallace and Tim Callahan, and with the cavalcade of ranchers behind them. They saw that the shade in Bartle's living quarters was drawn, and that a light glowed behind it.

Haskell pulled up his horse. "It was agreed that I speak to Bartle alone," he reminded.

"Yep." Wallace nodded. "I'll ride herd on the boys—but not far from the bank. Get on with it, Pete. Good luck—for Bartle's sake."

The range veteran got from his horse and strode toward the bank, eyes lowered and chin down. Sheriff Lande would certainly be on his neck after this night's work. It hurt the cowman to think that Lande would move heaven and earth—yes, appeal to the governor, if need be—to get the noose around the neck of the cowmen's ringleader.

He raised his hand to knock at Bartle's outside bank door. The hand dropped. He gaped, then blinked.

There was only one thing about the figure he saw through the glass door that stood out more than the scarlet neckerchief the man wore. That was the wisp of smoke curling and fading about the ceiling. It came from a gun in the hand covered by a glittering gauntlet.

Halfway down the stairs was the body of a man. Papers littered the steps. Even now the scarlet-masked apparition was scooping them up—and at Haskell's elbow stood Luke Wallace, demanding to know why the cowman could not get in.

Then Wallace saw! His hand swooped on his gun.

"El Caballero Rojo!" he yelped.

"Wait!" Haskell commanded in an angry whisper. "Plenty important, those papers, or he wouldn't expose himself like that to get them."

"That's not Bartle on the stairs," rasped Wallace. "I'm beginning to see things! This gent in the velvet and things is in cahoots with Bartle! He's the one who has been killing and burning in the valley, for Bartle, curse him!"

"Quiet! Let's see what happens."

"See, your Aunt Maria! Stop him! He's getting back upstairs—he's getting away!"

Wallace whirled, ran to the other ranchers, barking orders .

"Form a ring around the building! A pair of you stand guard at each trail out of town. Eal Caballero Rojo is in the bank!"

It must have been a sixth sense that warned Michael Valdez of the closing jaws of a trap. For even as he hurriedly glanced at the ledger of the landowner he heard Pete Haskell's voice. Split seconds were precious time. And even as Luke Wallace ripped out his orders, Valdez went over the sill of the window he had left open.

Clutching the edge of the porch roof, he swung himself into space and dropped to the ground. Bent almost double, looking more like a giant round ball than a man running, he disappeared behind the stable in the rear of the bank.

Two ranchers came pounding out of the street toward the rear of the bank, shouting as they saw the open window. Hastily vaulting into the saddle, Valdez turned the roan quietly, watching the two ranchers. Guns in hand, they stood watching Bartle's open window, waiting for the intruder to emerge from it to the porch roof where they could feed him lead.

Swiftly Valdez was picturing the four ways out of Gold Creek for a man who must ride hard. Death lurked in all of them.

North would be the shortest way to safety. If he could escape the bullets of this pair now within a stone's throw of him, he had an even chance to get out of town alive.

A rancher behind the bank whirled about to face the stalls in the barn. To the other he whispered:

"Hear somebody back there?"

"Thought I heard—"

A gun flew up. It cracked. Once—twice—again. The other rancher blazed four shots at a streaking rider who looked fantastically like something sailing wild in a gale. Only four flashing legs proclaimed it at least part horse, and the whole wraithlike object, dimly aglitter, disappeared behind another building as suddenly as it had come from behind the bank stable.

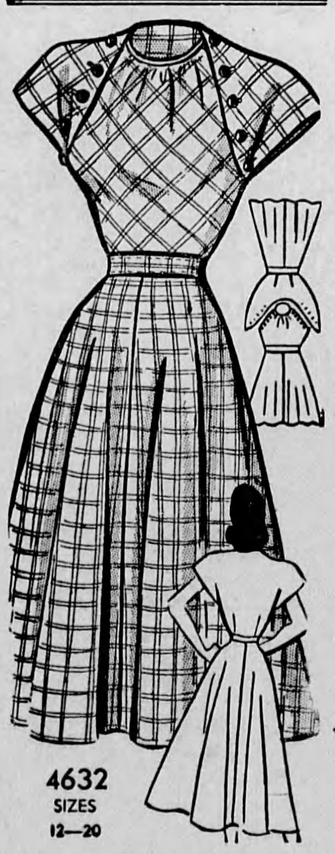
A cry went up in the street. From the north two ranchers rode swiftly, guns ready, headed for the bank. In an alley three buildings away from Bartle's bank, Michael Valdez touched his blue roan gently with his heels.

"North, pronto" he muttered.

Gold Creek hummed behind him. Over his shoulder he saw riders joining the eddy at the bank door. Their angered yells still echoed in his ears when the lights that were still aglow in the town were blotted out by distance. And no threatening thud of hoofs sounded behind him.

Back in the cowtown Luke Wallace, who by virtue of having taken abrupt command had superseded Pete Haskell as the guiding hand of the ranchers, had heard the guns bark behind the bank.

(To Be Continued)



4632
SIZES
12—20

The dress that leads a dual existence! Wear it now to lunch and tea, wear it later on the beach. Pattern 4632 does a wonderful trick with those shoulder-buttons—the top of the back lets down for suntanning!

Pattern 4632 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, 4⅝ yds. 35-in.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 — 18th Street, New Toronto. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Name It And You Can Have—$100—Whoever submits the best name for this new knitting design will win $100 from the Canadian National Exhibition. The colors used are navy, green, red, yellow and light blue, and the fancy ends of the scarf are in all colors. It was done especially for "The Ex" by the well-known designer Mrs. N. Jarvis Allen, former Lieut.-Cmdr. in the Navy, and is shown here modelled by Betty Jane Pike, recently chosen "Miss Beautiful Toronto." You don't have to go to the C.N.E. to enter your name either. There's no age limit and boys and girls are eligible for the prize as well as adults. Just send along your suggested name for the design to The Women's Division, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Difference in Ages

A 17-year-old girl is distressed. She has got herself engaged to a young man who is 28. Her mother, she tells me, feels he is too old for her, and hopes she will reconsider her promise.

A mother knows her daughter better than anyone else can. Perhaps this mother realizes that her girl's fiance is too settled in his ways to be compatible with anyone so young. She knows that for the past 10 years or so, he has been having fun with various girls he knew; now, nearly 30, he is ready to settle down to the serious business of marriage. He wants his own home, his children, a wife who is understanding. This girl's mother probably feels that her daughter is not sufficiently mature to match him, mentally and temperamentally.

I hope the girl will heed her.

Years And Temperaments

Ordinarily, it is well that a man be older than the girl he marries. Most girls develop earlier than young men do, and a difference of five or even 10 years between them it not, in my opinion, too great. A man nearing 30 should know what he wants. If this man wants this girl, he should be willing to wait until she is old enough to know what she's doing.

For most girls of 17 think through their emotions. They fall in love, and so eager are they for marriage that they cannot weigh such mundane angles as temperamental differences. They know they enjoy being with a certain boy or man, and they only think how wonderful it would be to be with him all the time.

Stay With Crowd

It is almost impossible for girls of this age to know their own minds. Far wiser it is not to enter into any engagement at all, to date others too, stay with the crowd, and know the experiences which the next few years will bring. They will develop, in personality and character, rapidly during those years; at the end of of them, they will have a better chance of knowing what they seek in marriage—besides just being together.

So many girls who marry at 16 or 17 regret it in a few years. Housework is never done, babies keep them tied down, they can't keep up with the husbands they adored such a little time ago. They miss the good times they used to have, and wish with all their hearts they could have them again. They mourn their lost freedom. So they write me they want a divorce!

I do not claim that no girl of 17 should marry. Occasionally some of them are mature beyond their years. They fall in love, they marry and raise families, and they grow up with their husbands. But the percentage of such marriages that succeed is too small to advise them.

To "Becky":

Don't be engaged yet. Take at least two more years to grow up. Then you won't be so apt to regret it. Date this young man if your mother agrees, but date others too—and save your promise to him until you realize what it means. I don't believe you do now.

* * *

Girls of 17 should be having fun—not tie themselves down with even a promise to marry any one young man. If you are impatient to be engaged, tell Anne Hirst why. Maybe she can help. Address her at 123-18th Street, New Toronto, 14.

Queen Victoria means more than the Good Queen of England. It's the name given to a magnificent water lily found in South American rivers.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren.

From Malachi to Christ
Malachi 3:1-5;4:1-2,5-6.
Luke 1:76-79.

Golden Text — Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and redeemed His people. — Luke 1:68.

During this quarter we have been studying the captivity and return of the Jews. On Nehemiah's second return to Jerusalem Old Testament history closed. The thread is taken up again by Gospel writers more than 400 years later.

* * *

The history of the Jews during these 400 years of silence is gleaned from other sources. For a century they continued under mild Persian rule. Then came the era of Alexander the Great, to whom Jerusalem meekly surrendered. On his death the domain was divided. At first Judea was under the domination of the Egyptian rulers and then later of the Syrian kings. One of these latter, Antiochus Epihanes, a prototype of Hitler, massacred 40,000 Jews and defiled the temple. Revolt followed and the Jews gained their independence. Then the Roman Empire arose and they were again subjugated. This was the situation when Jesus was born.

* * *

Malachi's is the last voice of the Old Testament. He foretold the coming of John the Baptist, a messenger to prepare the way for the Messiah. But Malachi was more impressed with the ministry of Messiah Himself. He would purify the priests. He would be a witness against sorcerers, adulterers, false swearers and those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless. He would lift up the standard of righteous living.

Malachi's anticipations were gloriously fulfilled four centuries later. Jesus Christ was all that Malachi had said, — and more. And, best of all, He lives today and wills to live within our hearts.

The giraffe can live longer than a camel on a desert without water, run faster than a horse, and is voiceless.

Advance Notes From the "Ex."

How Would You Like To Be A Radio Newscaster?

If everytime you hear the news you have a secret hankering to try it yourself, then the Newscaster Competition at this year's C.N.E., is just the thing for you! Anyone can get into it! All they need is a good voice and a nose for news. The news will not be hard to find, for Mrs. Kate Aitken, C.N.E., women's director, has arranged to have a teletype machine right on the spot. Each contestant must deliver a newscast of at least 3 minutes. Then the winners, besides getting handsome prizes, will be invited to appear on regular radio station newscasts and be entertained by the C.N.E. Prizes are from $50., to $20., and there isn't even an entry fees. All you need do is send along your name not later than Aug. 16 to the Canadian National Exhibition, Women's Division, Exhibition Park, Toronto.

ITCH CHECKED in a Jiffy -or Money Back

For quick relief from Itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions, use pure, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless and stainless. Soothes, comforts and quickly calms intense itching. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

CHANGE of LIFE?

Are you going through the functional 'middle age' period peculiar to women (38 to 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.

Wool - Blankets - Wool

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TENDER cakes, little cakes and cookies . . . light, even-textured muffins and batter puddings — that's the story when you use Calumet Baking Powder! And *consistently* fine results with Calumet will make you join the thousands of Canadian women who, once trying Calumet, will use no other baking powder.

Calumet protects baking from start to finish. In the mixing bowl, myriads of little bubbles form when liquid is added. In the oven, thousands more tiny, even-sized bubbles are released to continue raising the mixture, holding it high, light and even. Follow directions on the tin for any recipe.

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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, Ontario. You will receive back *twice* what you paid for Calumet.

SO FRUITY, SO DELICIOUS—

DATE BARS

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 2 cups finely cut dates
- ½ cup broken nutmeats
- 1 tablespoon hot water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, sift again. Add sugar gradually to eggs, beating well. Add butter; then dates and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with water, mixing well. Bake in two greased pans, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in slow oven (325°F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Cool. Cut in bars. Makes 48.

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