A Delicious Cool Drink

Directions: Make tea exactly as usual . . . While still hot pour into glasses filled with cracked ice . . . Add sugar and lemon to taste . . .

"SALADA" ICED TEA

Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XLVI: Valdez shoots Weber and his body is found by Haskell and his men.

CHAPTER XLVII

With the shots ringing in his ears, he had jabbed the glass panel with his colt, bringing the jagged upper half down in a clanking shower. He rushed in, up the stairs, climbed over Weber's twisted body and reached the landing, prepared to kill or be killed.

The big room upstairs was empty. He ran to the open window, thrust out his head. No scarlet-masked man lay dead on the ground.

Wallace turned back toward the stairway with a snort. Pete Haskell was there, supervising the removal of the body from the stairs.

"He's got a little life left in him yet, Luke," Haskell said thickly. "Send Buck Andrews for the doc and some liquor. Might get this Easterner to tell us what happened."

The liquor came, but the doctor was out on the range. Haskell managed to work some of the potent fluid down Clark Weber's twitching throat. Weber's lips quivered. Then his eyes opened.

"B-Bartle," he gasped. "The old —Steve—Ransom farm. El Caballero—Rojo—"

* * *

Haskell rose. He handed the partly filled glass to Wallace.

"The gent has gone dry, Luke," he said grimly. "He'll do no more drinking or talking."

"Just what I told you!" rasped Wallace. "That outlaw and Bartle are working hand in glove." He started down the stairs two at a time. "I'll bet both legs against a horned toad that if he does go to Ransom's old place, it wouldn't be over hard to find either him or Bartle thereafter—because I'm putting that red-masked devil's name on a grave-marker myself!"

Ranchers crowded around Wallace as he burst into the street.

"All you men go to the valley," ordered Wallace, "and oust out every farmer! Bring them to Steve Ransom's old place. We're throwing out a ring of guns that no sidewinder could wiggle through. With Bartle and this Caballero Rojo decorating tree limbs, where we'll prove they belong, there'll be no more fence in Deep Water Valley!"

The men scattered. Haskell and Tim Callan came down the stairs then and stood beside Wallace.

"Reckon we ought to get Sheriff Lande, Luke?" Haskell asked. "What's done at the Ransom place would be strictly legal then."

"You're sure a stickler for law!" Wallace snapped impatiently. "There's nothing more legal than a buzzard out on a limb and proof of guilt in your hands."

* * *

Michael Valdez did not ride north for long. He headed east, intending to enter the valley at a spot that promised a straight cut to the Weber-Maxon farm. But two miles out of Gold Creek he checked El Cielo abruptly. Behind him, so faint that even his keen ears barely made it out, came the cry of a mountain cat.

Valdez answered the call and waited. Shortly Juanita rode up. There was a strange look in her eyes.

"I see what you do in town, senor," she said swiftly. "One day you try to fool too many men. Then?"

"Quien sabe?" he said philosophically.

He slid his velvet serape aside to reveal Bartle's ledger. Juanita stared at it and nodded.

"I am delayed, senor," she said. "But not for long. I am accused of murder done by the man we are looking for."

"Sheriff get you?" Valdez asked anxiously.

"Si. He was waiting with posse at the Pringle farm."

"How did you get away?"

Juanita touched Pedro's neck. "We just ride, senor. But we must not go into the valley again. Not tonight. It is so nearly to daylight now, and—"

"Tonight," Valdez said firmly. "Now. To the Easterners' farm. Bartle is there. At dawn peace will be in this valley again. All men will know who killed and burned and tortured, and when that man pays for that, the way will be open for cowmen to buy legal route for sweet water."

"No, senor!" Juanita implored, fright in her voice. "Not to the Easterners' farm. The Pringle place—and the sheriff, who waits for you—are too near. And with the sheriff are I do not know how many possemen—"

"I ride, Juanita," Valdez said more firmly. "Cowmen in Gold Creek may pick up my sign and trail me. You figure the time and distance. I want ten minutes in the Maxon house, sabe? Your job is to keep back anybody who trails me—for ten minutes."

* * *

"Yo se," Juanita said resignedly. "I can do it without danger—if the trailers are cowmen. Then what senor?"

"Then our job is finished and we ride out of here. We meet south of the valley. You'll hear my call. Adios."

"But senor!" Juanita stopped him. "The Easterner who knows we ride together? We won't be safe again if this man knows that—"

"His tongue is stiff, Juanita. He made the same mistake twice."

His knees pressed the blue roan and he vanished into the early morning darkness . . .

* * *

Luke Wallace was in the vanguard of the ranchers riding the Deep Water Valley trail. Close behind him rode Pete Haskell and Tim Callan, and bringing up the rear was a long line of cowmen that grew shorter as men dropped out of the grim caravan in pairs, heading across the valley, rousing out tobacco men with pleas for cooperation.

"You think this here El Caballero Rojo deserves what he sure is going to get?" asked Callan.

"I do—if he's in cahoots with Bartle, and if those books and papers tell us anything. Otherwise—"

"Hey! What's Luke howling about?"

* * *

Both men spurred ahead.

The three veteran cowmen drew up side by side, gaping at a strange sight to be encountered on the range.

Full in the last of the moonlight beside a towering tree, a Mexican peon sat upon a sleek mount. The rider appeared to be armless, because the hands were tied behind the body. There was a gag in the victim's mouth, a noose about his neck, and the end of the rope was tied about the trunk of the tree, after it had been passed over a thick limb.

Haskell dropped from his own horse and went forward cautiously, in order not to startle the standing mount. With one slice of his jackknife he severed the rope, close to the tree. In half a minute the peon was thankfully free.

"Gracias, senor," the Mexican muttered with gratitude. "You have save my life. I say many prayers for you when—"

"Never mind that now," Haskell interrupted. "What happened to you?"

* * *

"I am resting from hard riding," Juanita said glibly. "I wake. I see man who digs. I go to him. Maybe I am of help. He is very mad when he see me He do to me as you see when you come."

Wallace took charge of the situation. "Who was this hombre?" he demanded.

Juanita shrugged. "Who knows? I am worth maybe a fortune if I can say who is behind the scarlet mask and hidalgo garb of that man."

"El Caballero Rojo!" exclaimed Wallace "Buried those papers and books as sure as you're born! Now we'll find out what was so important! Where's the cache, amigo?"

Juanita pointed west. "Come, I show you."

A mile would more than suffice, she figured, to delay these men for the time Valdez wanted. Ten minutes Valdez had requested. He had had much more than that already.

(To Be Continued)

School's Out!

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Good Manners

Back in the 18th century, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, wrote to a friend: "Now as to politeness . . .

I would venture to call it benevolence in trifles."

No matter how successful a man becomes, no one can warm up to him if he is abrupt in his manner, ungracious in his speech. On the other hand, many an outstanding character is beloved by all who know him because he is consistently polite and "benevolent" in the little things of life.

No greater social asset can a boy or girl acquire than good manners. They are a sure introduction everywhere. (Many a rogue knows this, too!) You may provide your children with the most expensive education, dress them in the latest fashion, see that they meet the "right people"; but if they are rude in manner, curt in their speech, and ignore the niceties of polite behavior, they won't last long with the right people and their social success is handicapped beyond repair.

Begin At Home

* Children learn best by example. * If parents are polite to each * other, and to their children, the * youngsters adopt the idea with- * out being conscious of it. They * may pick up rough ways and * crude speech from other children; * but if the atmosphere of their * home is gentle and gracious, their * acquired bad manners will not * stick.

* The instinct for good manners * springs from the heart, and is * based upon consideration of * others. A child may be born with * it. But if he hears his father and * mother raise their voices to each * other, indulge in rough language * or actually quarrel, his nice in- * stincts will be shocked and stifled, * and he never will be able to ex- * press them.

* Manners have nothing to do * with money. We all have seen * children from humble homes who * cannot be outdone in courtesy, * while others raised with every * advantage grow into arrogant, * insolent men and women who * never learn why people dislike * them so.

Parent's Burden

* It is the patient, painstaking * parent who carries the burden, * day after day, of teaching kind- * ness and courtesy to her child- * ren. It is by no means a thank- * less job, for she has her reward * in her children's happy social life * and their increasing popularity as * they mature.

* In every relationship in your * children's lives—school, business, * social, marriage—good manners * will smooth their path. As they * grow older, they will realize to * whom they owe this blessing, and * love you the more for your labors.

To "Disgusted Mother"

Don't give up. Your children have, momentarily, adopted the attitude of their unfortunate associates. The phase is only temporary and, as you strive to overcome the influence, you will succeed. It takes time and patience; but, as Emerson wrote, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices."—"You are making those sacrifices during these difficult days, but you never will regret them.

"He must have a wonderful mother!"

That is the first reaction of older people to a well-mannered child. Can your children deserve the comment? Write to Anne Hirst if this troubles you. Address her at 123—18th Street, New Toronto. Ontario.

Just ONE straight piece for the jacket—the same for the cap! This easy-crochet set is the daintiest, prettiest you could make for Baby!

Pink and blue combined make a crocheted set for girl or boy! Pattern 991 has directions for set.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to the Needlecraft Dept., Box 1, 123—18th Street, New Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it necessary to reply to a wedding invitation?

A. Not if the invitation is to the church ceremony alone. However, if the invitation is accompanied by cards of invitation to a breakfast or reception following the ceremony, an immediate answer in writing—accepting or declining—should be sent.

Q. Is it necessary for a woman to remove her gloves when shaking hands?

A. A woman never removes her gloves to shake hands, no matter when or where, and never apologizes for wearing them.

Q. What is the correct way to eat fruits, such as apples and peaches, at the table?

A. Peel the apple or peach with a small silver fruit knife, cut it into quarters, and then convey to the mouth with the fingers.

Q. How long should a wedding ring be worn after the husband has died?

A. A widow continues to wear the wedding ring during her lifetime, unless she becomes engaged to marry a second time. Following the announcement of her engagement, she ceases to wear her first wedding ring.

Advance Notes From the "Ex."

See What A Really Up-To-Date School Looks Like — The finest modern schools in Canada and overseas will be on view at the 1948 C.N.E., in the form of scale models. One of them will be a reproduction of the famed school at Ruslip, near London, England, said to be the best planned hool ever built. It has a cafeteria equipped to supply each child with a hot noon meal. Menus are arranged so that this school meal provides the child with at least two-thirds of his necessary food requirements. Cost of this meal is 26 cents, of which the pupil pays 16 cents and the municipality the remainder.

Denmark is sending a model of one of its outstanding schools, as are Sweden and the United States. Canadian provinces to be represented are British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario. One Ontario model is of special interest to nine third-year pupils at Western Technical School, Toronto, for they spent the last two months putting it together. It is the attractive and modern Hanna Memorial School at Sarnia. Other Ontario models will be the Forest Hill Collegiate, now under construction and the Fisher Park Schools in Ottawa. Details of building costs and tax rates for education in their municipalities will be displayed alongside each model.

Pity the Poor Moth

A new scientific discovery which guarantees permanent moth-proof woollen cloths has been announced in London by the International Wool Secretariat The discovery hinges on years of research into means of making wool indigestible to moth grubs

The usual method of mothproofing has been to add anti-moth chemicals to the surface of the fibre and this has always had the drawback that the chemicals eventually washed off.

Now, by soaking wool in a certain solution, the fibres can be rapidly changed from the moth grubs' favorite food to something it can't digest at all.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Micaiah; A Prophet of Israel

I Kings 22:1-40

Golden Text: As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak. I Kings 22:14.

Our studies now turn to "Unheralded Bible Characters" and this week we deal with Micaiah, a prophet of northern Israel in the ninth century before Christ.

Ahab, the wicked king of Israel had solicited aid from the good king Jehoshaphat of Judah. Before they went forth to war Jehoshaphat suggested that they should inquire of the Lord. Four hundred prophets assured Ahab of success. But Jehoshaphat, uneasy in this unholy alliance, asked if there might be yet another prophet. Ahab hated Micaiah because, said he, "He doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil". However Micaiah was summoned.

* * *

Micaiah was urged by the king's messenger to speak as the others had spoken. But he replied, "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak". At first he ironically concurred with the other prophets in their pleasing message. The king detected the irony and pressed for the truth. Then Micaiah recounted his vision which indicated that Israel would be defeated and the king slain. For pronouncing such truths he was committed to prison to be fed on bread and water. Though Ahab disguised himself he was killed in the battle which ended in defeat for Israel just as Micaiah had predicted.

* * *

Dean Swift said, "If you wish to be considered a man of sense, always agree with the person with whom you are conversing". It has always been a temptation for preachers to give the people what they want rather than what they need. Sermons against popular vices are exceedingly rare to-day. One magistrate says that is one reason why crime is costing the nation more than ever before. It is our responsibility, whether preacher or layman, to deliver God's truth.

YOUR HANDWRITING and YOU

by Alex S. Arnott

From time to time, certain questions are asked by my correspondents and the answers to some of these are given here in the interest of readers who may have in mind similar enquiries.

Question: Is it possible to detect whether the writer is male or female from the script?

Answer: No. The analyst cannot definitely state whether he is analyzing a man's or a woman's handwriting and this is due to the fact that writing is an act of placing on paper a mental picture, a thought of the mind, and since men and women can think alike and place their ideas on paper in the form of writing, it is difficult to tell one from the other.

Question: Do two persons write identical handwriting?

Answer: No. Two persons do not write the same handwriting. They may look the same to the average person but, under examination, no two scripts are exactly alike. It has been proven that twins, identical in all respects, have variations in their writing that identify each as a different personality.

Question: Can you tell me, from my handwriting, if I will ever marry.

Answer: Handwriting analysis is not fortune telling. It can tell you what you are at the present time. It is unfair for anyone to encourage another to believe that handwriting can predict the future. It is probable that a person can improve their life by correcting their faults brought to their attention by handwriting analysis but handwriting analysis itself does not predict future events.

Question: When I write with another person's pen, I do not feel that the writing looks like my usual handwriting. Why is this so?

Answer: Every writer instictively knows his or her ow handwriting by the sense of feel rather than by sight. When you use a pen not suited to your writing habits, you lose some of your sense of touch and therefore do not write in the same form.

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Alex S. Arnott, 123, 18th Street, New Toronto 14.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make an astringent lotion?

A. For oily nose or skin, use this lotion: Alum, 35 grains; Rosewater, three ounces; thick almond milk, six drams. Dissolve the alum in the rosewater and pour the mixture slowly into the almond milk, beating it constantly with a silver fork; apply several times daily with a soft cloth.

Q. How can I clean irons?

A. By mixing rottenstone with sweet oil, spreading it on a board, and running the iron back and forth until it is bright and clean.

Q. How can I clean unpainted wicker furniture?

A. Wash it as quickly as possible with a strong solution of salt and water, then place in a hot sun to dry. Do not use soapsuds, and do not let it dry slowly.

ECZEMA

You'll find quick relief for the itching, burning feeling of eczema when you use Dr. Chase's antiseptic Ointment. Just try it today!

Dr. Chase's Ointment

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.

ISSUE 27 -- 1948

Wool - Blankets - Wool

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