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 XLVIII: Ellen orders Bartle from her home but when he refuses to leave she goes for the sheriff.

Chapter XLIX

For half a minute Bartle stood paralyzed. Weber was due soon. Suppose the girl arrived with Sheriff Lande while he and Weber were threshing things out? Lande would be interested in knowing why tight-fisted Russ Bartle was willing to pay so much for the capture of El Caballero Rojo. He glared at Maxon.

"If she rides away from this farm, I'll—" He snatched his gun.

"That's enough, Bartle!" Maxon snapped.

Purposefully he walked toward the table where, in a drawer, he had put the six-gun he had wrenched out of Clark Weber's hand. Bartle flung open the door as a horse flashed by. He leveled his gun slowly, murder in his heart.

"Drop it!" Maxon commanded.

Bartle wheeled, fired at Maxon instantly.

Che t Maxon floundered backward. But before he toppled he shot twice. The shots kicked white puffs from the plaster wall over the landowner's shoulder.

* * *

Completely panicked, Bartle dashed for the barn. No amount of real estate nor millions in a bank could have held him in that house another minute. All he asked of life now was a swift horse!

A great shadow fell on the barn door as he tugged at it. A cry came from the banker's dry lips. He tried to turn around. Like a hangman's hood a dark velvet cape settled over his head.

A muscular arm crooked around his neck and held him half stifled while another hand snatched away his gun. As suddenly as it had fallen upon him the cape was pulled away. He whirled in convulsive terror to see the same velvet tight around the lithe body of the red-headed Caballero Rojo.

"Back into the house," El Caballero Rojo commanded Bartle.

"Move! We'll find out what that shooting I heard was about."

"It was a fair fight!" Bartle screamed. "He fired—"

"So will I, if you don't start for that house."

A canny look came into Bartle's eyes as hope kindled.

"The girl's gone for Sheriff Lande! You're risking your life here."

The man in the scarlet mask merely shrugged. "The sheriff might come," he said. "If you're not a liar. But I doubt if he'll have much to do after I leave here. Get going."

Inside the kitchen, the first thing Michael Valdez saw was the bleeding man on the floor, and his eyes above the scarlet neckerchief became slits of venom.

"Fair fight," he squeezed between his teeth. "You, a Westerner who cut his teeth on the butt of an old Colt. And probably the one this Easterner shot with was his first six-gun."

He prodded Bartle with his own gun.

* * *

"He's still breathing," he growled. "Bring him out of that sleep. Pronto! I want a witness to what I'm going to say."

Bartle started for the water bucket, hands trembling, knees weak.

"That medicine chest in the wall," snapped the man in the caballero clothing.

The landowner dazedly swung open the small door. Why, he thought furiously, didn't Weber come? Or the sheriff? Why didn't somebody come?

Michael Valdez nudged Bartle's thigh with a boot as the banker bent over the wounded man with a medicine bottle. Maxon gave no sign of returning consciousness.

"Get up, Bartle!" the red-masked man growled. "I hate to leave the boy that way, but this place is not the healthiest resort I know of—for me."

The landowner wondered if now by some miracle he was to gain a respite.

* * *

El Caballero Rojo's voice seemed to have lost its sting. He got up, hoping — until a heavy ledger was slammed on the table. He watched with popping eyes as papers followed the book and his own six-gun served as a paper weight.

El Caballero Rojo opened the ledger. His finger touched the entry that read:

Steve Ransom — deceased.

He glared at Bartle over his mask. "Well?" he demanded.

"Beefmen killed Steve!" Bartle jittered. "His wife sold me the place after that. There's nothing wrong in—"

'The Aldman boy on Don Attero's Cross. His father dead beside the burning shed... Beefmen did that?"

His eyes, fiery above the scarlet silk, bored into Bartle's like gimlets. Then with a motion both smooth and swift, his hands shifted. A horseshoe clanged on the zinc-topped table. His jaws were rigidly set.

"Yours?"

"No!"

"You're a liar!"

"That shoe was never—"

* * *

"Made to hang on the horizontal beam of Don Attero's Cross, eh? As tobacco stalk hung with young Sam Aldman? Maybe not. But there is where it will hang. With you taking that boy's place!"

Bartle's blood froze. His face was paper-white.

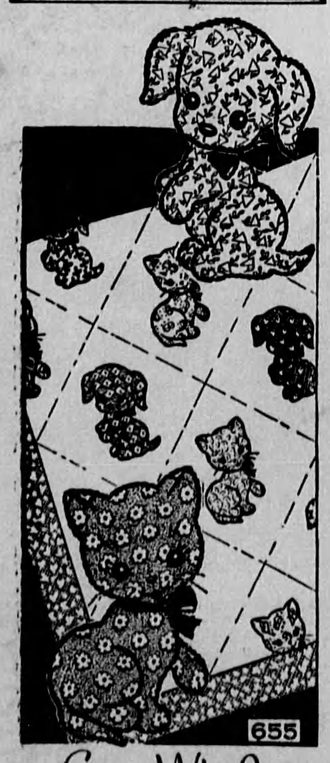
"You wouldn't kill an innocent man?" he cried. "You can't prove anything against me. You—"

"Prove, eh?" The masked man's short laugh was not pleasant. "I need no more proof than I already have. Legal proof means nothing to a man outside the law. I am outside the law—and you put me there!"

Russ Bartle looked up, startled. This fellow, he thought must be mad.

"I put you there!" he stammered. "Why—"

(To be continued)



Laura Wheeler

Such fun to make this adorable quilt for your child's room; And economical too — make the little applique dog and cat from scraps.

Children will love this gay quilt! It's easiest sewing. Pattern 655; pattern pieces; complete directions.

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

"Welcome to Canada!" says Hon. James A. MacKinnon, Mines and Resources Minister, as he greets six-year-old Frances McMonigle, one of 40 immigrants to arrive at Montreal Airport on the initial North Star flight under the Canadian Government Air Charter plan. Frances seemed very happy to be in Canada. She continued aboard the TCA North Star to Toronto where she will live with her grandparents. Other passengers were delightd to be here, too, and for many it meant a happy reunion with relatives and friends. All were intrigued by the scarlet tunics of the "Mounties".

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: Why are you so against young marriages? I married when I was 16, and have been very happily married for 25 years. I have a daughter and a son, both grown, and now a wonderful grandchild.

"True, we had our ups and downs, but seemed to come out on top of all these situations. I believe today we are happier than ever before.

"I realize that 25 years ago a girl was much more matured at 16 than today, but there are still plenty of them ready for marriage. I know of so many women who married young and are still happy, as against a few who waited longer and are now divorced or separated. From my experience, it seems the more experience a girl has before marriage the more independent she becomes, and the harder it is for her to adjust herself to circumstances.

"What's Your Answer?"

"TODAY AT 42, I am still young enough for my husband and my children to be proud of me. And isn't that the goal of every woman—to be young with her family? So many friends have told me how they envy me! So I, for one, am happy and thankful that I was fortunate enough to find the right one so young.

"I will be watching for your reaction.

ANXIOUS"

* YOU PUT your finger on the truth when you say you "found the right one" so young. It is difficult for the right one for her. The boy is usually only a year or so older, and as most boys mature later than girls he seems to be even less able to know whether he will still love the girl in even 10 years. Only recently have I printed letters from several young wives who, even a year after marriage, confess they don't love their husbands!

* THROUGH MY 20 years of experience in reading letters, and from my observations of teenagers all around me, I have concluded it is far safer for a girl of 15 or 16 to know more boys than one. Otherwise, how can she judge whether she is really in love, or only infatuated with her first experience?

Between the Lines

* AND A FEW years in the business world is priceless to a girl, as an opportunity to view the male in his workaday environs. She learns something of his viewpoint on marriage and on women in general, and the discipline she experiences is excellent training for the practical side of married life.

* OF COURSE I have learned to read between the lines by this time. And a young girl reveals herself in her letter more than she knows. In this way it is not difficult to judge how mature she is, how ready (or not) to assume the responsibilities of married life.

You are very, very fortunate, and I congratulate you!

* * *

It's better to be sure than sorry. If you think you are in love at 16, don't be afraid to wait a year or two and be certain. Anne Hirst will tell you why, if you write her at 123-18th Street, New Toronto.

YOUR HANDWRITING and YOU

by Alex S. Arnott

Dear Mr. Arnott: I receive your paper regularly from Canadian relatives. Please send an analysis of my handwriting.

I am pleased to hear from you away down in California and trust you will find the following analysis interesting and instructive.

Those long strokes to the letter "y" which extend below the next writing line are indicative of a nature which enjoys physical activity. This feature shows that you prefer pursuits and interests which give you scope for movement.

All cultural activities interest you, especially literary subjects. There is definite appeal in pursuits pertaining to nobility of thought and higher ideals, partly shown by the formation of the small letter "e".

The tight knot tied in the letter "f" and the heavy swing back on the final letter "y" which crosses the word "fairly" indicates a determined nature, one which would complete a task once it had been started, regardless of difficulties.

Loyalty, independence, and aggressiveness are clearly shown as part of the writer's character.

Receiving fairly

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

Can Start Rain Or Stop It!

One of the many "rain-makers", amateur and professional, scattered throughout the world is Donald Johnston of Regina, Sask. But he's different from most of the others because he claims his "universcope" will not only produce rain. If necessary he can put it into reverse, and prevent a rainfall which might be unwelcome.

Wide-eyed natives witnessed the seeming proof of his large claim—he threw the universcope into reverse to check a cloudy threat of raining out a Royal Canadian Mounted Police band concert. It didn't rain.

Coincidences—if coincidences they are—have been startling in latest tests of the instrument.

Seven out of eight times on which Johnston has used his electro-magnetic device on the Hat's bulging cumulus clouds, it has rained. When he refrained it didn't.

The concert over, he went back to work again and, "presto," it rained later.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Naomi, Woman Of Faith

Ruth 1:16-18; 2:20; 4:14-171

Golden Text:—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1:16.

The history of the period of the Judges in Israel is one of repeated backsliding followed by oppression from neighbouring peoples. Then the people in their sorry plight would call on God and He would raise up a deliverer who would lead Israel to victory and become their judge. After a time they would forget God's goodness and again revert to the sins of their neighbours.

The story of Ruth is a most delightful episode. But in to-day's lesson our attention is focussed on Ruth's mother-in-law, Naomi. She with her two sons had left Bethlehem-Judah in a time of famine and gone to the land of Moab. The sons married two young woman of Moab, Orpah and Ruth. After ten years the men died and Naomi decided to return to her home country. Ruth insisted on accompanying her, saying: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Naomi arrived home disappointed. To her friends she said, "Call me not Naomi (pleasant), call me Mara (bitter): for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me". But the goodness of God soon became manifest. Ruth, gleaning in the fields of Boaz, a kinsman of Naomi, bcame his wife. A child was born whose grandson was the illustrious King David. Jesus, too was a descendant of this young woman from Moab.

Naomi's complaint was gone and as grandmother she became nurse to the child. The love which Ruth bore her mother-in-law was apparent to the neighbours and is an example for us to-day.

Advance Notes From the "Ex."

Girls — Make an Apron and Win $10.00. Ion as you're under 13 you are eligible to enter but your entry must be in by Aug. 16. You can make the apron with or without a bib and it must be the kind to last through washings as well as be attractive to look at. And that is not all — you can also be a model on judging day! Yes, all those who enter the house dress and apron competitions this year must model their handiwork as well! Judging is to take place 2.30 the afternoon of Aug. 30. Every girl who enters an apron will be provided with an admittance ticket to the grounds and entertained at a meal. First prize is $10, second, $9.00., third prize $8, and fourth, $7. Get your entry in today by writing Mrs. Kate Aitken, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, for a prize list.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it all right for a girl to wear her engagement ring before the engagement has been publicly announced?

A. It would be all right if she is in the privacy of her home, when there are no guests, but she should not wear it in public until the engagement has been announced.

Q. Is it proper to drink consomme from a cup or to use a spoon?

A. The first few sips may be taken with the spoon. One may continue to use the spoon or may lift the cup to the mouth.

Q. What is the best acknowledgment to an introduction?

A. The simplest and always correct thing to say is, "How do you do." "I am very glad to meet you," or, "I am delighted to meet you" may also be used. Never say "Pleased to meet you."

Q. Is it always necessary to write a note of thanks for a wedding gift received?

A. Under no circumstances should a bride tender her thanks by telephone or in person. A personal note of thanks should be written as promptly as possible.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a tissue face cream?

A. A good tissue builder is made of two ounces each of cocoa butter, lanolin, and almond oil, or olive oil; add a few drops of cologne. Apply to the skin after using hot towels.

Q How can I remove chewing gum from the mohair upholstery a chair?

A. Try removing with turpentine Or, it can be frozen with a piece of ice and then scraped off with a sharp knife.

Q. How can I make an oak stain?

A. By mixing one quart of boiled linseed oil, three gills of turpentine, six tablespoons of raw umber, and six tablespoons of whiting.

Q. How can I clean sterling silver articles?

A. Wash in baking soda and a little warm water, using a brush if desired; rinse in clean water and dry thoroughly.

Q. How can I easily remove the skin of tomatoes?

A. Prick holes in the bottom of a tomato with a large fork and hold it over a flame. This will cause the skin to crack, and it can be peeled readily, without waiting for water to boil.

"Quick Acting," Too

Jack: "My idea of a good wife is a woman who can make good bread."

Jill: "My idea of a good husband is a man who can raise the dough in the hour of knead."

Your petticoat shows—you hope! Pattern 4675 gaily flounces it to flirt with the hemline of the swish skirted ballerina dress! Top dress off with a scarf tucked in trimly!

Pattern 4675, sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16,, frock, 4⅛ yds. 39-in.; petticoat scarf, 2⅝ yds.

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

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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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