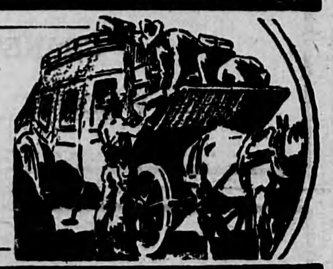
Delicious Flavour!

VACUUM PACKED • ALWAYS FRESH

WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story
by
JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK



SYNOPSIS

The story thus far: Virginia Ames receives a letter from Phil Lawrence her fiance urging her to come to him at once at Santa Bonita in the heart of the unsettled frontier West. By rail and stage she reaches Fort Winfield where Lt. Jim Randall, whom Virginia had once fallen in love with in Washington and who met the stage at Lannasa, reports the holdup in which a money box for Steve Barron, gambling czar, and a cameo pin of Virginia's were stolen. At mention of Phil Lawrence's name Virginia perceives restraint in those to whom she talks, and Jim finally tells her that Phil and Barron once quarrelled over a gambling debt. He escorts her personally to Phil's ranch, but they find the place deserted, with evidence of sudden departure.

CHAPTER VI.

"It's a hard country," Virginia said. "I—I am glad I am not staying long."

Sarah Warden's wistful eyes were on her. She seemed to be trying to give her some warning. "Steve Barron is a strange man. There is no understanding him. He has been kind to me." She smiled thinly. "He calls me mother. I like him, but if I had a daughter——"

Virginia looked at her squarely. "You are trying to tell me something?"

"No . . . . It is none of my business."

Virginia laughed pleasantly. "I've come to meet the man I am to marry," she said. "Neither Jim Randall or Steve Barron can mean anything to me. Phil Lawrence is my world. I——"

She caught the older woman's sharp, startled look. "You are to marry Phil Lawrence?"

"Yes." Virginia herself was startled. Phil's name always caused a tension in people. It frightened her as much as mystified her. She said, "Mrs. Warden, what is ther about Phil Lawrence that makes everyone stare? What do you know about him?"

Sarah Warden shook her gray head. "I know nothing about him," she said earnestly. "I do not know him at all."

"But you have heard something?"

"I have heard only that he had trouble with Steve Barron—and that is always bad."

It was while they were putting away the supper things that a soft knock sounded on he kitchen door. The door opened instantly, and a girl stepped in. She was laughing. Warden was not alone, her laughter died abruptly away.

* * *

She was a dark girl, pretty and more, and she was in years no older than Virginia. But there was an oldness about her, and her wide brown eyes held a knowledge that had nothing to do with her years.

Sarah Warden turned from her dishwashing. "Come in, Lanya," she said warmly. "I'm glad to see you." Then: "Miss Ames, this is Lanya Correy."

Virginia smiled and murmured a greeting. The dark girl merely gave an unsmiling nod. Then Sarah Warden added, and it seemed to Virginia, unnecessary.

"Miss Ames has come to visit her fiance. She is to marry Phil Lawrence."

Unmistakably, surprise spread over Lanya's pretty face. She looked at Virginia with widened eyes She compressed her lips, then was suddenly smiling.

"I'm very glad to know you, Miss Ames," she said. Then to Sarah Warden: "I must hurry. I'll come back—tomorrow."

As she turned to go Virginia saw something that gave her a start. She said as she turned to dry the dishes. "Is she the dance hall girl?"

The older woman's voice was defensive. "Yes. But Lanya's a good girl. She's just unfortunate. She sings in the dance hall. But men don't bother her. Steve Barron sees to that. He brought her from Tuscon about six months ago, and gave her a job . . ."

Her voice trailed away, and Virginia didn't ask more. She knew enough about Lanya Correy. The girl must know many men. . . . But it didn't matter, really. It didn't matter which of them gave her the cameo pin she was wearing on her rather gaudy dress.

CHAPTER VII.

After two days of search for the Lannasa stage bandits, Jim Randall sent his detail of eight troopers back to the post under command of Sgt. O'Hara. He swung east to Lannasa with Mel Scarlett, and there talked with the stage driver and guard. The information he received took him to the Lucky Dollar saloon.

A certain character, Pete Saba, was letting gold dollars run through his fingers like water through a trough. And he was not the sort of hombre that usually had money. Too, he was a ringer for one of the bandit trio.

Pete Saba had been drinking heavily. He was at the bar when Jim and Mel Scarlett stepped into the saloon. He had paid for his drinks with a $10 gold piece.

* * *

Jim strode up to the man and said sharply, Saba!"

The man turned slowly. Fear sprang alive in his eyes, then vanished. He moistened his lips, then grinned crookedly.

"Well, soldier?"

"You're under arrest, Saba."

"Yeah? What for?"

"For holding up the Lannasa stage. Come along. I'm taking you to Fort Winfield."

Jim watched him sharply. He saw a hint of resistance in the black eyes which warned him of what was to come.

He was ready when Saba's hand streaked toward his gun-butt. Jim had placed himself close enough and he quickly reached out and closed his left hand over Saba's right wrist. His right arm lashed upward and his fist struck the outlaw on the point of the chin. Saba was flung back against the bar, and he hung there motionless for a moment, his face working and his eyes full of hate. Jim, still holding his hand away from the gun-butt, reached over with his right hand and took possession of the weapon.

"Come along Saba," he ordered.

Saba's voice was thick. "All right, soldier. All right."

Mel Scarlett was watching the crowd with bright eyes and a hand on his gun. But no man interfered. They hustled Pete Saba from the saloon and onto his horse and rode at a fast pace for two hours until the sun had sweated the whiskey out of him.

(Continued Next Week)

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"They say that people don't learn by experience, Anne Hirst," writes a mother. "I am about to become a mother-in-law, and you can put me down as one who learned her lesson that way—and a heart-breaking experience it was!

"I intend to welcome my son's fiancee as though she were the girl I had picked out for him (she isn't).

"My marriage to my husband so many years ago was a disappointment to his mother. She hardly knew me at all, and she made it very clear that she had expected her son to marry the daughter of an old friend I was put on the defensive immediately — and I was stuck there until she passed on.

"I vowed then if ever a child of mine got married, I would be the kind of mother-in-law you don't read about.

Makes The Best of it

"My boy got engaged a few years ago to a flashy girl who ran him down 'til she landed him. She had nothing but physical attraction and I suppose he was having growing pains. I was horrified at the idea of their marriage. But I had her as my guest time after time—until (by comparison, I suppose) he saw her as she was.

"When I think what he escaped, I could welcome almost anybody as his wife!

"This girl he is to marry is nice enough so far as background and disposition are concerned. She has been spoiled, though—she doesn't know the first thing about cooking or keeping house. But, bless her, she knows she doesn't know, and she comes to our house every other evening and I am teaching her.

"They are very much in love, but she is not blind to my son's faults. Those she hasn't discovered, I've told her about. We talk about him freely—and we talk as though we were the same age. I cannot help believing they will have a better marriage than I've had.

"His father offered them a home with us, but I persuaded him to give them a check instead. I have given the girl a sum to help furnish the small apartment they have rented — and I've refused to go along to help select it! I think they should do that themselves make their own mistakes if they must, but learn that way.

"We have decided not to have any special night for seeing each other. They will come here to dinner when they like, we shall not go there unless specifically invited. Sundays, I insist they have to themselves. We intend to **let them alone** . . . it will be lonely for his father and me—but after all, my one aim for years has been to see my boy married to a nice girl who loves him. Now I have that certainty, and I am more than content — I am grateful.

"Yet I might not have learned how to avoid the usual mistakes, had not my own mother-in-law made us both so miserable!"

Hopeful.

* To "Hopeful": Your plans for
* being the perfect mother-in-law
* should be published far and wide.
* Too few mothers have profited
* by their own sad in-law experi-
* ences. The memory is still with
* them; they want to be more fair,
* but their smothering devotion to
* their children trips them up.
* They cannot let them alone.

* Congratulations. I am happy
* to print your letter, and I hope
* the mother of every marriageable
* son will benefit by it.

* * *

What kind of a mother-in-law are you? Can you treat your married children like adults, as you treat your own friends? There is a secret in that, you know. Anne Hirst's observations (and experience) have made her counsel invaluable. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario.

The man had just bought a cigar in a department store and started to light it.

"Didn't you notice the sign?" the salesgirl asked.

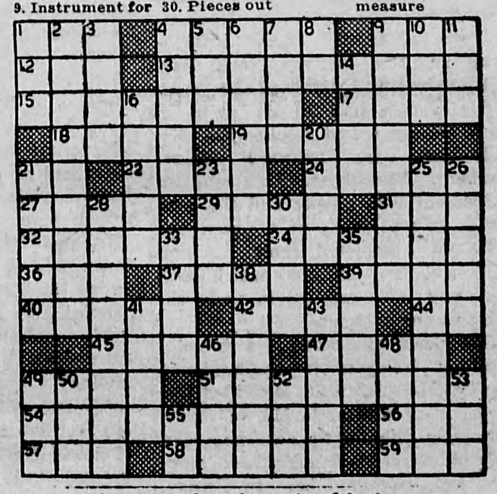
"What!" exploded the customer. "You sell cigars here, but you prohibit smoking?"

"We also sell bath towels," the salesgirl replied.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Sel
4. Sailing vessel
9. Palm leaf
12. Matter (law)
13. Philosophical
15. Growling
17. Manner
18. Family record
19. Levees
21. Musical note
22. Whale
24. Inserted
27. Charles Lamb
29. Sign
31. Unit
32. Silly smile
34. Custodian
36. Serpent
37. Existed
39. Meadows
40. Struck
42. On the ocean
44. Concerning
45. Block of glacial ice
47. Course of eating
49. Ammonia derivative
51. Pitcher plant
54. Cultured man
56. Late
57. One of the Siamese twins
58. Articles
59. American writer

DOWN
1. Work unit
2. Heathenism
3. Glacial ridges
4. Frolic
5. [illegible] examining the ear
6. Bicycle for two
7. Stained with egg
8. Printer's measure
9. Instrument for
10. Cover
11. High card
14. Word of agreement
16. Retread
20. Cattle
21. Tablelands
23. Ran fast
25. Brought to light
26. Concise
28. Impressive
30. Pieces out
33. Pitcher
35. Girl's name
38. Flower cluster
41. Portable shelter
43. Blissful regions
46. Dillseed
48. Volcano
49. Grow old
50. Chess pieces
52. Card game
53. Sheep
55. Chinese measure



Answer elsewhere in this issue

Wins $5,000 In Crown Brand Contest—"Isn't it wonderful", was the only thing that Mrs. W. F. Hampton of 156 Gowan Avenue, Toronto, could think to say recently when she was handed a cheque for $5,000 as first prize in a contest sponsored by Canada Starch Company Ltd.

The award was made personally at Mrs. Hampton's home by Mr. G. F. Benson, Jr., president of Canada Starch, who revealed that Mrs. Hampton's entry was chosen from over 100,000 entries.

Mrs. Hampton said that when she first wrote her letter giving three reasons why she likes Crown Brand Corn Syrup, she never really believed she would win. However, it provided the family with something to dream about, and the money has been spent many times over in their imaginations.

However, these things are sure to be bought in actual fact. Eleven-year-old Mary will get a bicycle; eight-year-old Jimmy wants a crokinole board and checkers; Jean and Joan, five-year-old twins, will receive tricycles. Mrs. Hampton says the whole family is going to have a good holiday at a summer cottage.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

Not long ago, in a group talking of cooking and good things to eat, the word "flummery" came up, and four out of five of those present didn't know that there was such a thing.

Naturally, none of them were of Welsh descent, as the word "flummery" comes, originally, from Wales; but for all that, it's a dessert that has been popular with many generations on this side of the water as well.

It looks like a rich, translucent jelly; is easily made, suitable for young and old, and isn't at all expensive, especially for a family lucky enough to have a berry patch. So, on the chance that some of you will be interested, here's a recipe that will serve five or six, with

BLACKBERRY FLUMMERY

- 2 cups blackberry juice (from cooked, fresh berries or canned berries)
- ½ cup of sugar (if juice is unsweetened)
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

METHOD: Heat the berry juice in a double boiler. Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt together, then add to the juice, stirring until the mixture thickens. Cover and cook for from 15 to 20 minutes.

Remove from stove, add lemon juice, beat well and pour into molds or a serving dish. Chill before serving. Flummery may be served with either whipped or plain cream. If thin cream is used, add it at the table rather than in advance as the flummery is sufficiently tart to curdle cream that stands on it long.

A more economical use of the fruit is by making this dessert of whole berries, rather than just the juice. Use two cups of cooked and crushed berries with their juice; three tablespoons of cornstarch; add sugar and lemon juice as desired. Cook over hot water, covered, for 20 minutes. Then add the lemon juice and pour into molds. Chill before serving.

Discovers Home Skin Remedy

This clean stainless antiseptic known all over Canada as Moone's Emerald Oil, is such a fine healing agent that Eczema, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Itching Toes and Feet, and other inflammatory skin eruptions are often relieved in a few days.

Moone's Emerald Oil is pleasant to use and it is so antiseptic and penetrating that many old stubborn cases of long standing have yielded to its influence.

Moone's Emerald Oil is sold by druggists everywhere to help rid you of stubborn pimples and unsightly skin troubles —satisfaction or money back.

WANTED

YOUNG WOMEN
YOUNG MEN
for
Harvesting Peaches, Plums, Pears, Apples, Grapes, Tomatoes and other Fall fruits and vegetables.

Accommodation in Farm Service Force Camps
August 15th to November 15th
Campers must bring blankets, sheets & pillow cases
For further information write:
Ontario Farm Service Force
9 Richmond Street East
Toronto 1, Ontario.
Auspices: Dominion-Provincial Farm Labour Committee.

To make JAMS and JELLIES like an *Expert*
Take your Choice of CERTO or "CERTO" Crystals

EVEN BEGINNERS make jam and jelly like experts with the help of Certo Fruit Pectin or "Certo" Crystals. It's the efficient and truly *natural* way . . . because both Certo and "Certo" Crystals are nothing but *fruit pectin* — the natural substance in fruit that makes jams "jam" and jellies "jell", extracted and concentrated for easier, quicker, BETTER jam and jelly-making.

It doesn't matter whether you choose the liquid or the crystals. Both end guesswork and tedious long-boiling. Both will give SURE results if you follow the instructions exactly.

SAVE TIME and WORK
Just a ONE-MINUTE *full rolling boil* for both jams and jellies. That's all you need when you use Certo or "Certo" Crystals. It's so quick and easy.

INCREASED YIELD
Since very little juice has time to boil away, you get an average yield of 50% *more* jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit.

FRESH-FRUIT TASTE . . . COLOUR
Cooking time is so short it does not spoil the fresh-fruit taste or dull the lovely natural colour. They stay right in your jam or jelly.

JAMS AND JELLIES TURN OUT RIGHT
Follow *exactly* the kitchen-tested recipes you get under the label of every bottle of Certo or in every package of "Certo" Crystals and you'll *always* make delicious, sparkling jams and jellies.

Certo is a trade-mark owned by General Foods, Limited

Your grocer has CERTO or "CERTO" Crystals ready for you . . . take your choice

Products of General Foods E-89