Delicious Flavour!

VACUUM PACKED • ALWAYS FRESH

WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story
by
JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

SYNOPSIS

The story thus far: Virginia Ames crosses the wild frontier country by rail and stage to reach Santa Bonita where, in response to a strangely urgent message, she expects to meet her fiance Phil Lawrence. When the Lanoasa stage is robbed of a money box being delivered to Setve Barron, Santa Bonita gambling czar, and a cameo pin of Virginia's, Lt. Jim Randall takes up the investigation. Hating Jim because of a previous meeting but feeling a strang attraction toward him, Virginia consents to his escorting her to Phil's ranch. They find the place deserted but, returning to Santa Bonita, Jim persuades Barron, with whom Phil has had trouble, to locate the boy. While awaiting word of Phil, Jim learns that he was leader of the stage bandits. Barron takes Virginia to meet Phil.

CHAPTER VIII.

They faced one another, over a distance of 10 feet, each remaining in the saddle. A moment of silence lingered long enough for Virginia's excitement to die. Her smile wavered on trembling lips.

Phil Lawrence had no smile at all. Phil, who in the past had always been laughing. It was as though, in the silence, they tried to find what had existed between them nearly two years before.

Virginia said finally, "It's good to see you, Phil."

"It's been a long time," Phil said in the dullest of tones.

Despair began to turn lazily in Virginia. This man before her seemed a stranger. She looked at him while she grappled with suddenly confused thoughts. He sat loosely on his horse, his hands idle on the saddle horn. He wore sombrero and range clothes and a cartridge-studded gun-belt. His face dismayed her; his eyes alarmed her.

His face was gaunt, its expression heavy; his eyes were remote and tired and bitter. He took up his bridle reins.

"Is that Steve Barron waiting?"

She nodded and brought her horse about to ride beside him. Her despair was no longer lazy but was alive like a terrific pressure.

She ventured, "I came because of your letter, Phil."

He gave her a sharp glance but said nothing. She brought the letter from her pocket and handed it to him. He frowned over it. Then, before her puzzled eyes, he tore the letter into small pieces and scattered them to the dust.

They crossed he half mile to where Steve Barron waited. Phil's looseness had vanished; he sat rigid and wary in the saddle, his right hand close to his gun-butt.

"Your Mex, Luis, brought me your message, Barron," he said.

Steve nodded. "I meant every word of it, Lawrence."

"All right," Phil said, relaxing a little. "All right."

They turned northeast toward Santa Bonita, riding in a silence broken only by the sounds of hoofs and the creaking of saddle gear. In the half-light of early dusk, they rode into the town. They left Virginia before Sarah Warden's house, Phil promising to return after he had cleaned up.

It was dark when he came, and they sat in the gloom of the little veranda. They watched Santa Bonita come alive, as it always did after nightfall when men filtered in from the ranches and the silver workings in the hills. Across the street, Lanya Correy came from her house and hurried toward the dance hall. She did not glance their way, but Phil's eyes followed her.

The silence lasted long, Virginia's voice ended it.

"Phil, what is wrong?"

He did not look at her. "It's nothing I can put into words," he told her, his voice harsh. "It's just that I shouldn't have come here."

She remembered the ambitious and high enthusiasm that had brought him West. He had had an inheritance to invest; he was going to make his fortune. He had been a boy with high hopes; now he was a man—and broken.

"My letters were filled with lies," he said bitterly. "I wrote that I was doing well with the ranch I bought. Pride wouldn't let me confess failure to you. Later I was too weak to admit it. But the Apaches stole my horses. Rustlers drought decimated my herds. cut into my remaining stock. Then I gambled in a wild attempt to recoup my losses. I—I lost everything"

He paused briefly, then his voice ran heavily on, "I went into the hills and tried to find some silver croppings. Other men had—but I couldn't. I feel all burned out."

She said, "What else, Phil? There is more. I know there is."

"No," he replied heavily. "There's nothing more."

She rose from her chair and, when he stood before her, she said, "No matter what happened it doesn't change what belongs to you and me."

(Continued Next Week)

Such easy work for so much pleasure! The whole family will approve of this handsome original chair-set. It's practical too!

You'll want to keep on crocheting—that's how fascinating Pattern 567 is! Charts; directions.

Laura Wheeler's improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its charts, photos and concise directions.

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

ISSUE 34 — 1949

He's In The Big Time—Three-foot-11-inch Charlie Young looks like he could make good use of a stepladder to take the measurements of this beauty lineup. The girls, most of whom are over six feet in their stocking feet, are competing for the title of queen of the Tall People's Clubs convention. The winner was a mere pee wee, Helen Lukacs, third from the left. She's only five-foot-11.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

The worried father of a married son writes today of a new angle to the mother-in-law situation. Last year his son married a nice girl and on his mother's insistence the young couple moved in to live with the older people. It has not worked out. And this time it is the lad's father who would help them escape.

"All my married life I've been wife-ridden, Anne Hirst," he admits. "I know it was weak of me, but I have always loved my wife devotedly, and I just could not stand up against anything she wanted.

"Our only child, my son, has come first with her since the day he was born. That wasn't too bad for him, until now his mother convinced him he could save money if he brought his bride here. And the boy, I'm ashamed to say, hadn't the character to refuse.

"My wife liked the girl well enough. But she just can't let her feel at home. She continues to run the household as though the girl lets her help with the work. The was a mere guest in it, though she girl is miserable, and I, who see it all so clearly, am miserable too.

"My son's wife is not from this community, and she hasn't made friends easily. That's my wife's fault too, for she only entertains her own friends here and the girl has no associates other than the women twice her age. My wife won't let the youngsters have an evening out alone, without talking to them like adolescents. Again, my son stands for it. I am ashamed for him. If this continues, I see little hope for their marriage.

"Now I have the chance to recommend him for a position in his own field, in a town a dozen miles away; it is not far from where his wife came from. It would be the answer to this unnatural situation here. I have come to love this girl almost like a daughter, and I've admired her gentleness and loyalty to my son.

"But have I the right to help them make this break? My wife would be furious, and I suppose take it out on me. Yet how can I sit idly by?"

* Here is one father who does
* not intend to allow his son to
* submit any longer to domination.
* He looks back through his own
* married years, and he knows the
* determination of a woman with
* a will.

Knowing he has his father's approval, the young man will find the courage, I hope, to leave his mother's house and make a home for his wife which will be truly her own. A father with a conscience can do no less than help him.

To "Undecided Father": Open your son's eyes to his wife's unhappy position. (It is not likely he has sensed it.) Rouse his courage and his pride of manhood, and assure him that the move has your approval. He will worry about what his mother will say, but it is his wife's situation that should decide him.

You will be left holding the bag, as it were. But after all, the knowledge that you have started him toward a happier marriage will console you.

How I wish more fathers were as personally concerned about their children! You are a brave man, and I salute you.

Fathers suffer sometimes for years in silence, but when danger to their children threatens, they come through. Anne Hirst's years of observation can help. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

NEW and USEFUL TOO--

ALUMINUM AWNINGS

Aluminum awnings being produced can be rolled up when not in use and boast finger-tip adjustment from inside the room. Will not wear or tear, can be rolled up to top of the window and left up all year round because impervious to winter weather, cite makers. Are available in a wide range of colors which are said to be fade-proof. Can be adopted to all sizes and styles of windows, doors and porches. Claimed to be completely waterproof and fireproof.

* * *

UNDERWATER SWIMMING

"Aqua-Lung" is new apparatus claimed to be greatest development in underwater equipment since the diving suit. Consists of a portable cylinder of compressed air strapped to the swimmer's back and connected by flexible rubber tubing to a special breathing valve. Swimmer breathes through a rubber mouthpiece and wears a flexible rubber mask over his eyes and nose, with oval-shaped glass window for seeing through. Only other apparel worn — swimming trunks and rubber swim fins for the feet. Complete freedom of movement is possible. Supply of air is said to be sufficient for underwater stay of half an hour of more.

* * *

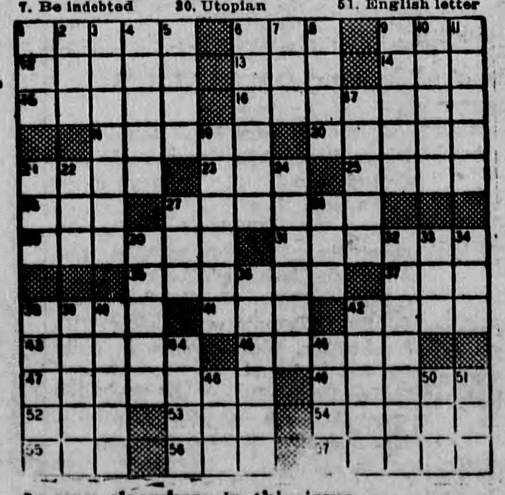
BUILDING FINISH

Building finish being distributed throughout Canada, is a patented process which duplicates the looks, solidity and weather-resisting qualities of actual brick, makes claims. Is made up of powdered brick for color and other ingredients. Patent rights cover the tools used in its application, special patterns and methods of application which is entrusted to trained crews. Material said to be applicable over almost any surface, such as metal, frame, etc. Requires no foundation brick, cinder block, cement, stucco, or extensive alterations. Scratch and base coats are used with final coat being an over-all brick finish in plastic form in which brick and mortar lines are cut. Claimed to last as long as the walls stand, to be waterproof, fireproof, and inexpensive.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. MacArthur's domain
6. Flower holder
9. Stir
12. Empty
13. Wonder and fear
14. Mythical bird
15. Hop stems
16. One who looks facts in the face
18. Furnish food
20. Abridge
21. Carry
23. Color
25. Nuisance
26. Sort
27. Dances
29. Quantities of yarn
31. Required
36. Chaperon
37. Bird
38. Dip
41. Scotch river
43. Large knife
46. City in New York State
45. Expert
47. Short prayer
49. Kind of meat
52. Emmet
53. Petition
54. Prongs
55. Meadow
56. Oriental weight
57. Devices for treating cloth

DOWN
1. Sail
2. Cuckoo
3. Flapjack
4. Close (poet.)
5. Bird's home
6. Sliding collar about a mast
7. Be indebted
8. Pull apart
9. Go up
10. Prescribed amounts
11. Group of eight
17. Become invalid
19. Rubbed out
21. Encore
22. Wild animal
24. Put on
27. African antelope
28. Vegetable
30. Utopian
32. Ivory
33. Scotch uncle
34. Payable
36. More orderly
38. Accommodation train
39. Singly
40. Greek letter
42. Spray
44. Cape
46. Girl's name
48. Line of waiting persons
50. To each
51. English letter



Answer elsewhere in this issue

Hopes To Turn Night Into Day

Is is possible to turn night into day and do away with darkness?

It may be so in a few years if science is given a free hand. Fantastic as it sounds, experiments are being made to convert the whole night sky into a glowing bowl of soft light similar to full moonlight. This would illuminate entire cities and do away with the need for street lighting. It would reduce road and rail accidents at night, make flying safe, and prolong our leisure hours.

French scientist, Etienne Vassay, has been working on this problem for twenty years. At first his theories merely caused amusement. Today, as a result of information brought down from the upper atmosphere by super-rockets, scientists are convinced that M. Vassay's theories hold more than mere amusement value.

The whole scheme of turning night into day is based on the phenomenon known as electro-luminescence. This can be seen on a small scale when fluorescent lighting is switched on. The electricity flowing through the tubes causes the gas inside the tubes to glow and give off light.

On a big scale it can be seen in the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis. These appear in the sky chiefly in northern latitudes as either a whitish arc of light or quivering, rapidly-moving beams.

Particles Of Light

It has been discovered that the average height of this band of illumination is about seventy miles. The luminosity is thought to be caused by charged particles reaching the earth from outer space, most probably from the sun.

These particles are deflected towards the North and South Poles by the earth's magnetic field, according to the known rays of magnetism. There, as they enter the atmosphere, they collide with the atoms and molecules of the upper atmosphere and emit light in much the same way as in fluorescent lighting.

Tremendous Cost

It is this phenomenon that scientists are now trying to repeat artifically. They are trying to create light in the night sky by throwning out rays into the upper atmosphere, where they will collide with the tiny particles known to swarm there. The collisions would cause countless billions of particles to glow and shed light on the earth.

Gigantic transmitters would be used, somewhat like those used for television stations. The cost would be tremendous, but would be countered by the fact that one transmitter would serve a huge area—perhaps a whole country.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

EXALTING THE WORD OF GOD

Psalms 19:7-14; 119:1-8

Golden Text: Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee. Psalm 119:11.

The book of the law,—i.e. the first five books of the Bible,—comprised the major portion of the Holy Scriptures in the days of the writers of the Psalms. They did not idolize these documents or use them superstitiously as a fetish, but they did believe them to be God's message for the people. They did not try to improve them but endeavoured to live by them. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." After supporting this statement the writer concludes, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." In the second portion, after enumerating the blessings which attend those who obey the word, he resolves, "I will keep thy statutes." Put we must know them if we are to keep them. This is beautifully expressed in the text: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."

It is regretted that many to-day do not hold the scriptures in high esteem. This is due, not to the vicious attacks of professed infidels as Voltaire and Ingersol but to the subtle initimations of many preachers who doubt the authority of the Bible. Having questioned the inspiration of the scriptures it is easy to place question marks after the virgin birth, the deity of Jesus Christ, the miracles, the judgment, heaven and hell and man's need of a new birth. But the Bible has outlived its critics through many centuries. It is still the world's best seller. Voltaire's former residence is now a Bible house. It remains for the critics to produce a better book.

Let us come back to the Bible. Here is the authoritive road map from earth to heaven. Let us heed it carefully and prayerfully.

A REFILL

A variety artist met an acquaintance who was an animal trainer, and asked him how he was doing. "I've got a swell act now in the circus," the trainer informed him. "It's a 'Friendship of the Lion and the Lamb' act."

"Sounds good," admitted the variety artist, "but aren't there quarrels between them?"

"Well, yes," conceded the circus man, "they do have their little quarrels at times. But then we just buy a new lamb."