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 West by rail and stage in response to the plea of her fianc, Phil Lawrnce, that she come to him at once at Santa Bonita. Following the hold-up of the stage east of Lannasa, in which a cameo pin of hers and a money box for Steve Barron, gambling czar of Santa Bonita, are seized, she is escorted by Lt. Jim Randall whom she once knew in Washington and who is now with the territorial army. Phil, she learns, has had serious trouble with Barron over a gambling debt. She meets him finally and finds him much changed. He has lost everything, is extremely bitter and advises her to return home. Jim Randall, meanwhile, learns that Phil robbed the stage in revenge against Barron. He goes to see Lanya Correy, whom Virginia has seen wearing the stolen cameo pin.

CHAPTER IX.

She broke off abruptly, her eyes frightened. Jim said quickly, "What about Barron?"

"Nothing," came her flat, heavy reply.

He was wise enough in the ways of people to know that her lips were now sealed. Whatever she knew about Steve Barron was locked within her.

He said, "I'm not going to arrest Lawrence—if you do as I say."

"If I do as you say?" she said, puzzled.

"Yes," he said, and knew he was being cruel. "You're going to give him up. You're going to break with him."

"But I love him!"

"So does the girl he promised to marry. She had a claim on him."

"And if I don't break with him?"

"I'll send him to prison."

She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"You don't know what you're asking," she sobbed.

"I'm making a sacrifice too," he told her. "I'm an officer—and I'm disobeying my orders which were to arrest the men who held up the Lannasa stage."

She looked up. "Why?" she demanded. "Why are you doing that?"

"I guess you know why," he said.

"You love—that girl?"

"I love that girl," he admitted.

He turned away from her, his face grim. She said to his back, "If Steve Barron learns about Phil he'll—he'll kill him!"

"Barron isn't going to learn about him," Jim said. "If you break with Phil Lawrence he'll leave the country."

"With her," whispered Lanya.

Jim faced her. "With the girl he promised to marry, Lanya."

She rose. She looked small and sad and wilted. "I'm not going to say yes—yet. Let me think. I've got to think this ou"

"Don' take too long," he said. "I want Phil Lawrence away from the Territory—soon."

He took up his campaign hat from the table and moved to the door.

"You can save him, Lanya," he said, then he opened the door and went out.

* * *

From the street he glanced up at the window of Mrs. Warden's house. The window was dark and blank. Virginia was no longer there. He walked on slowly, toward the camp.

When Virginia awoke the next morning Jim Randall's command had already left camp. From the kitchen door she saw the troop far off across the desert, trailing a long funnel of yellow dust. She watched the column until it was beyond the desert's rim. Then she went to her room and took up pen and paper. She wrote swiftly, as if afraid her newly-formed decision would somehow be shaken.

"Dearest Phil: I have decided you are right. I should go home. There is nothing here for me but a vast emptiness. And I am afraid of it. I shan't beg you to go with me—though I want you to, badly. I know something holds you here, but I don't know what it is.

"I shall be waiting for you—and loving you. Come to me in six months, as you promised. Yours, Virginia."

* * *

It was always possible to find a boy who owned a horse and a saddle and who would run an errand for a dollar or two. Virginia stepped from the house to find such a boy to ride out to Phil's ranch with the letter. She saw a lankly, redheaded boy in front of the general store. She walked toward him.

She saw Lanya Correy in the doorway but, remembering Jim Randall had visited the dance hall girl during the night, she could not greet her.

"Miss Ames. . . ."

Virginia halted and turned. Lanya came from the doorway, a slim dark girl in a plain gingham dress. Her face was very pale, her dark eyes smouldering. Virginia said:

"Yes, Lanya?"

"I'd like to talk to you," the girl said. "Will you come to my house?"

"Why—yes, of course."

(Continued Next Week)

747

Laura Wheeler

A gift for a bride that she will display with pride! Personalized linens have HIS, HERS, MR., MRS., monograms, flower frames!

Treat yourself or someone you love to these! Pattern 747; transfer 12 motifs 2¾x10 to 4x7¼ ins.

Send twenty-five cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly pattern number, your name and address.

"Before Taking"—The Plunge, That Is—Here we see Shirley May France, the 16-year-old schoolgirl, looking over the English Channel from the Dover side. It is hardly necessary to say that this picture was made before, not immediately after, Shirley's swim.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

For those who like pickled "cukes"—and there are many of us—the following is just about the easiest way of doing them down that I have tried. They're called

ICE WATER PICKLES

6 pounds cucumbers
3 quarts white vinegar
3 cups sugar
1 cup salt
Onions
Celery
Mustard seed

METHOD: Six pounds medium-size cucumbers, each cut in four to eight chunks, according to size. Soak in ice water (or very cold water) for three hours, then drain and pack pieces into sterilized jars. To each jar add six pickling onions, one piece celery and one teaspoon mustard seed.

Now mix together the vinegar, sugar and salt. Bring to a boil, pour over cucumbers and seal at once.

* * *

What are known as "bread and butter pickles" seem to become more popular each year—and no wonder, as they're really delicious when properly made. Here's one of the best recipes I've run across; and even though cracked ice may be rather hard for some of this column's readers to lay hands on, I'm going to include it anyway.

Bread-and-Butter Pickles

1 gallon firm clean cucumbers
8 small white onions
2 green peppers
2 red peppers
½ cup salt
1 quart cracked ice
5 cups sugar
1½ teaspoons tumeric
½ teaspoon ground cloves
2 teaspoons mustard seed
1 teaspoon celery seed
5 cups cider vinegar

METHOD: Slice the cucumbers in paper-thin rounds and pack into a stone crock together with the onions and green and red peppers. Now mix the cracked ice with the salt and pack around the mixed vegetables in the crock. Cover the crock with a weighted lid and allow to stand for 3 hours, then drain.

Transfer your pickles now to a large enamel or aluminum kettle and pour over them a mixture of the vinegar, sugar and spices. Bring to boiling point over low heat. Pour into hot, sterilized jars and seal. Recipe makes 7 pints.

* * *

So now let's call it enough of sour things for one session; and now I'm going to give you still another peach recipe. It has the advantage that either fresh or canned peaches can be used, so if you don't get around to giving it a trial right now, it will be just as good next winter. It's called

PEACH CRISP

1 cup flour
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup butter
½ teaspoon almond extract
7 large peaches

METHOD: If peaches are canned, drain and slice them into the bottom of a greased casserole. If they are fresh, peel and slice into greased casserole.

Place sugar in a bowl and add the salt and almond extract. Mix the flavor through the sugar. Add the flour and mix with the sugar. Add the butter and cut through the sugar-flour mixture until crumbly. Spread over the top of the peaches and bake in a 375 degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until a golden brown.

* * *

And now, as an answer to that ever-present "what to give them for dessert" problem, here's something you might find different, tasty and easy to prepare.

CHOCOLATE CHUNK PUDDING

2 cups bread (three slices), cubed
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
2 squares sweet chocolate, cut in chunks
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Place bread in buttered baking dish. Beat eggs, add sugar, salt and milk; stir. Add chocolate and vanilla; pour over bread. Bake in a 350 to 375 degree oven until set, about 45 minutes. Serves six to eight.

Fair Question

An inspector, noted for his fault-finding propensities, was inspecting a newly completed portion of a highway. He grumbled at everything. The crown was not high enough, the shoulder too steep, the ditches not deep enough, and so the string of complaints went on.

The foreman bore it all patiently. Then he straightened up to his full height, and, looking the inspector in the eye, asked: "How is she for length?"

Same One

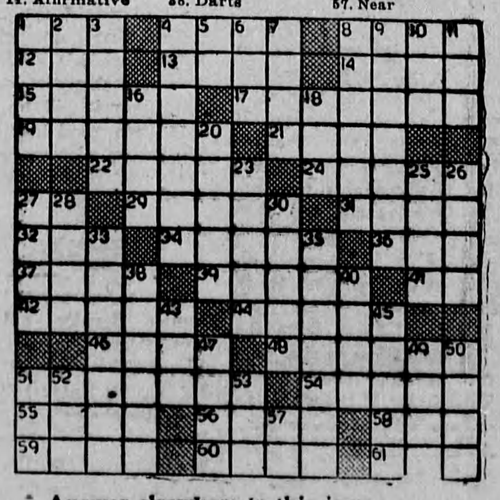
A little girl dashed over to her mother in great excitement. She had found a pressed maple leaf in the pages of the family Bible.

"Just look what I've found, mother," she cried. "I bet it belonged to Eve."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Light stroke
4. Incisions
8. Support
12. Indian
13. Salt-water fish
14. Narrow paper
16. Nut
17. Meals
19. Begins
21. Small hollow
22. Snowshoes (var.)
24. Acrid
27. Exclamation
30. Grackles
31. Silkworm
33. Antique
34. Hang loosely
36. Pen
37. Olive genus
39. Trap
41. Like
43. Young salmon
44. Allotted task
46. Press
48. Silly smiles
51. Bohemian dances
54. Visionary
55. Afresh
56. Location
58. Beverage
59. Marries
60. Detest
61. Spread

DOWN
1. Summits
2. Dill
3. Rodents
4. Strive
5. Aloft
6. Thick liquid
7. Outbuilding
8. Posture
9. Tea testers
10. Likely
11. Affirmative
16. Clumsy vehicles
16. Legume
20. Burns
23. Bridges
25. Girl's name
26. Inlets
27. Circular band
28. Jug
30. Low gaiters
33. Ridiculed
35. Hermit
38. Darts
40. Wife of Geraint
43. Plant
45. Regale
47. English architect
49. Variety of cabbage
50. Vehicle on runners
51. Crude
52. Compass point
53. Ocean
57. Near



Answer elsewhere in this issue

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I believe you are the only one who can help me. Two years ago, I turned my back on a wonderful wife and two swell children. My wife left me.

"I begged her to return, and the past year has been a very happy one. But this girl sent me a Christmas card which said, 'All my love' — and my wife insisted I was still seeing her!

"So she left me the second time. And now says she hates me.

"I love her and my children more than anything in the world, Anne Hirst. I have paid for my mistake. But she is under the influence of a sister who keeps her upset about all the things I've done. (She never lets me see my children now). And she says if I don't stop bothering her, she will get a divorce.

"I am all empty inside, wondering if she means it! I never want to lose her. What can I do to make her know I love her?

"I just landed a good job. I hope it isn't too late. Please help me! I will thank you from the bottom of my heart.

C.T.O.C."

* With painful regularity, such letters as yours come to my desk, dripping anguish and remorse, yearning for hope in their search for the happiness they once had.

* Each one awakens my distress anew, that a man should so lightly exchange a devoted wife's affection for the transient thrills of a foolish girl.

* To you, grieving for your sins, I can say only what I have said to other bereft husbands: Have patience, and faith.

* Your wife has had slight appreciation for all her virtues that now you know so well. Driven away by your flagrant infidelity, she removed her children from the influence of such a father. Yielding to his pleas, she returns to her home—only to find a second manifestation of what she feels is his disloyalty. Whether you were guilty of this or not, your first escapade persuaded her that her trust had been misplaced.

* No wonder she feels that now she hates you!

* Yet, such is the nature of woman, after a time she may come to give her faith again. That you must wait for, patiently. She has asked you not to "bother" her. So do not try to see her now. Assure her you will not. Write her, though, remorseful and loving letters, in the hope they will again soften her heart and she will bring your children home, to make your life complete.

* When will husbands learn the value of a loving wife, the comfort of a growing family?

* * *

Perheaps one tempted husband today, reading of the distress of an unfaithful man, will sternly turn his eyes back home and avoid a like fate. Anne Hirst understands. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

Tough Kid

Mother Manges was pleased. "You see, Jerry," she beamed, "I told you that was a nice little boy next door. I was glad to see from the window just now that you had made friends with him and were helping him pick up his marbles."

"Marbles," scoffed Jerry. "I socked him in the jaw. Those weren't marbles; those were teeth!"

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YOUNG WOMEN
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Campers must bring blankets, sheets and pillow cases

For further information write:
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Toronto 1, Ontario.
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SPLITTING
HEADACHE

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RELIEF IS LASTING

For remarkably fast relief from headache get INSTANTINE. For real relief get INSTANTINE. For *prolonged* relief get INSTANTINE!

Yes, more people every day are finding that INSTANTINE is *one thing* to ease pain fast. For headache, for rheumatic pain, aches and pains of colds, for neuritic or neuralgic pain you can depend on INSTANTINE to bring you quick comfort.

INSTANTINE is made like a doctor's prescription of three proven medical ingredients. A single tablet usually brings *fast* relief.

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Instantine

12-Tablet Tin 25¢
Economical 48-Tablet Bottle 69¢

RICH, SPICY **CINNAMON BUNS**

Recipe

Measure into large bowl, 1 c. lukewarm water, 2 tsps. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Scald 1 c. milk and stir in ½ c. granulated sugar, 1¼ tsps. salt, 6 tbs. shortening; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 3 c. more once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl and brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine 1½ c. brown sugar (lightly pressed down), 3 tsps. ground cinnamon, 1 c. washed and dried seedless raisins. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong ¼" thick and 16" long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with raisin mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1" slices. Place just touching each other, a cut-side up, in greased 7" round layer-cake pans (or other shallow pans). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 20-25 minutes. Serve hot, or reheated.

NEW FAST-ACTING DRY YEAST NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION!

Stays fresh and full-strength on your pantry shelf for weeks! Here's all you do:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.
2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Get a month's supply!