COFFEE *must be fresh to yield its utmost in flavour.*

"SALADA" COFFEE

is as fresh as the day it was packed when you break the seal on the lid.

Memorial From A Mother—A million stitches, each one by hand, have been used by Mrs. Nathan Jacques in assembling this quilt made up of 75,385 individual squares of material. Informed that her son had been killed in the sinking of the aircraft carrier Lexington, Mrs. Jacques doubled her efforts to finish the project, hoping that its completion would give her the means to sail to the spot where the Lexington sank. She wants to cast a floral wreath on the water in memory of her son.

Silver Moon Auto Court
(On the Lake)
- Hot Water Heated
- Private Toilets and Showers
- Restaurants Near
- 10 Minutes from Down Town Toronto

Rates $5.00 and Up
Highway No. 2—1 block west of City Limits
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Toronto 14, Ont.

SPLITTING
HEADACHE

And the
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.

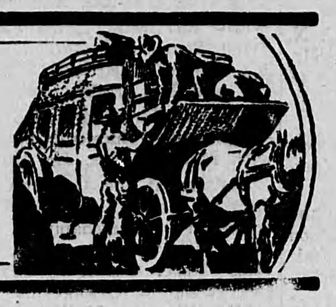
Get Instantine today and always keep it handy

Instantine

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

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 a letter from Phil Lawrence, her fiance, who left Washington to make his fortune in Arizona. At Lannasa, Lt. Jim Randall investigates the robbery of the stage on which she was riding and in which her cameo pin and a money box for Steve Barron, Santa Bonita gambling czar, were stolen. He learns at last that Phil Lawrence, robbed and cheated by Barron, engineered the robbery, but he does not tell Virginia. Neither does he tell Barron, but the gambler learns the truth when he overhears Virginia discussing Phil with Lanya Correy, dance-hall girl in love with Virgina's fiance. Barron, himself in love with Lanya, leaves with the intention of killing Phil. Virgina follows, hopeful of getting to Phil in time to warn him.

CHAPTER X

Lanya did not speak but calmly and efficiently bared the wound. She brought medicine and clean bandages from her saddle bag. She worked for a long time. Phil had wakened; he watched her with dull eyes.

"The nearest doctor is at Fort Winfield," Lanya said to Virginia. Then: "We'll have to take him there."

"If I should go for him——" Virginia suggested.

Lanya said simply, "He's an army doctor. He couldn't come here."

Phil's voice came from far off. "Not to Fort Winfield," he said. I'll go to my camp in the Silver Range. Hank Muldane is there. He can treat my wound."

Lanya turned to Virginia. "That's best," she whispered. "Barron will send his men. They may be on the way. I'll go with Phil."

"And I too," Virginia replied. "I shan't leave him."

"Well, we shan't quarrel now," the dance hall girl said flatly.

They rode north across the desert, then into the jagged rock wastes of the Silver Ridge. It took hours, walking their horses because of Phil's condition. He kept to the saddle by sheer will power, leading them somehow along the hidden trail through deep dark gorges, along wider canyons, and over sheer rock hills. I was midnight when they came to the cabin in a small hidden valley.

The cabin was dark until Virginia found and lighted a lantern. They helped Phil to a bunk, and he lay back and instantly fell asleep. Lanya bent over him, watchful and troubled. After a time, Phil asked for water. Virginia could find none in the room. She took up a bucket and stepped from the cabin. There was a stream 100 feet through the darkness.

She had dipped the bucket and was turning with it when a shadow moved beside her. She glanced toward it, startled. She saw a dusky, unclad figure. Then another. Apaches. They glided silently toward her. Her arms were seized roughly and twisted behind her. The bucket dropped, and she felt the cool water pour over her feet. Terror swept over her. She screamed. She tried to struggle, but savage hands forced her along into the darkness. She twisted about and saw the lighted doorway, a glimpse of Lanya's slim person. She called the girl's name. She heard Lanya cry out—and that was all.

She was pushed and dragged through brush which stung at her face and hands and tore at her dress. She struggled frantically in terror, but uselessly. She had a glimpse of one of her captors. His face was wickedly scarred. It was the Apache whom Steve Barron knew.

CHAPTER XI

It was the third night when Virginia was pulled from her horse and was half dragged, half carried into the Apache village. Her first awareness of the camp was the sudden racket of the Indian dogs that rushed at her and her two captors. Her mind felt drugged, and an almost impenetrable haze pulsated before her aching eyes.

The dogs roused the camp. Small, wiry warriors came from the brush-covered huts. Squat and dusky women followed, and then came the naked children. Bedlam rose.

She was swept through the crowd to a hut and roughly shoved inside. She sank down upon a dirty blanket and lay in a heap. Her body ached; she was battered and bruised. Her mind was stupified. She closed her eyes. A gradual sense of calm stole over her.

When she opened her eyes again, sunlight slanted in through cracks in the wall of the hut. She lay still, afraid to move—afraid of what her awakening would bring. Weakness still had a hold on her, and the pain had not gone out of her body. But her mind was alert and wary.

She had been seized and dragged away from the cabin where Lanya and she had taken Phil. One of the two Apaches had brought her horse, and she was forced to mount and ride between the two silent men. They had not harmed her; it had been the ride that had beaten her.

She lay there wondering what it meant; asking herself uselessly why she had been brought to this Indian camp. It occurred to her that perhaps there lay a plan behind her capture. She knew that one of her captors was the Indian Steve Barron had spoken to the day they had met Phil Lawrence. The same Indian who had watched Jim Randall and her that night outside of Santa Bonita.

(Continued Next Week)

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: My husband and I are separated now. We have been married a year and eight months, and have an eight-month-old daughter. I still love him, and I need your help and understanding.

"My husband complained that all I wanted to do was to go out all the time. I think that I am entitled to get out at least once a week, after doing all my housework every day and caring for the baby. I have told him I'd stay home—if he would. Nearly every day of the week, he takes the car and goes fishing, or down town.

"We have disagreed about how to handle money, also . . .

"He told me he had stopped loving me, and was sorry. That hurt. I know that after the baby came, I was nervous and upset and sick, and would say things that upset him, and I don't blame him for that. But I do want us to live together, and work things out. What can I do? Unsigned."

Men have things their own way, don't they? When they get discouraged or impatient, they put on their hat and walk out. How simple a solution—for them!

It is the wife who must stay put, caring for the baby, keeping the household going—lonely and sick at heart over the way things have turned out.

Men claim to be good sports. But are they? They would not dare violate a business agreement, but they do not hesitate to break their promise to cherish the wife they married. They will not see that marriage is a partnership, with all the responsibilities of any other contract. Their attitude is the more unjust because their wives feel helpless to enforce their rights—and the men know it.

If your husband resented your attitude while you were ill, a talk with your doctor would have shown him how natural that was at the time, and could have aroused his sympathy. He should have been more kind to you, helped care for the baby, done what he could about the house to relieve you there. He had been ill, too, you say; then he was in no condition to make such a vital decision as to leave you. That he should have known, too.

Every wife needs a couple of evenings off, regularly. Someone can watch your baby while you and your husband have fun doing the things you enjoyed while you were engaged. Playing together as well as working together keeps both of you in good humor, and builds the comradeship that enriches every marriage.

You two should meet and talk things over, quietly, and with mutual respect. Try to explain to your husband the reasons for your disagreements. Say how sorry you are, how eager to start all over again. Appeal to his sportsmanship. You two have brought a little child into the world, and you owe it your mutual affection and training. That is another reason why your marriage should have another chance.

Marriage is a contract. It is not to be dissolved at the first disagreement. Understanding and mutual compromise can make it work. If you are discouraged, tell Anne Hirst about it at 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

Modern Etiquette

Q How should one point the prongs of the fork when cutting and placing food in the mouth?

A. The prongs should point downward while cutting the food, but should point upward as the food is lifted to the mouth.

Q. How should a divorcee sign her name if she retains her ex-husband's surname?

A. She should use the surname of her former husband, prefixing her maiden name, as, "Helen Smith Johnson."

Q. Is it all right for the bridegroom to hand the clergyman his fee?

A. No; the best man hands the fee to the clergyman, although it comes from the brid egroom.

Q. If one is asked to fill in at the last moment, and the circumstances are plausibly explained, should one accept?

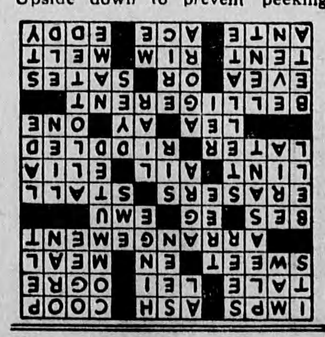
A. Yes, and without hesitation, if free to do so.

She'll cuddle this Lullaby Dolly and sing to her! Quickly made of a sock, this doll is the perfect size for a tiny child!

Such a lovable dolly at such a little cost! Pattern 770 has transfer; pajama pattern.

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**.

Upside down to prevent peeking.



ISSUE 41 — 1949

YOU WOMEN WHO ARE GOING THROUGH 'CHANGE of LIFE'

Here's Good News!

Are you going through trying 'change of life'? Does this functional disturbance make you suffer from hot flashes, nervous and clammy feelings, weakness and a sense of being irritable and high-strung? Then *do* try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

Many wise women take Pinkham's Compound regularly to help build up resistance against this distress. Pinkham's Compound acts on one of woman's most important organs and has such a grand soothing effect.

In addition, this great medicine is a fine stomachic tonic. A real blessing for women who suffer this way.

NOTE: Or you may prefer Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS with added iron.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

SWEETER TASTIER **White Bread**

Recipe

Measure into large bowl, ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Scald 2 c. milk and stir in 5 tbs. granulated sugar, 5 tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in 1½ c. lukewarm water. Beat in 6 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat well. Beat in 5 tbs. melted shortening. Work in 6 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. Punch down dough in bowl; grease top, cover and let rise again until about ¾ as high as first rise. Punch down dough and divide into 4 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Grease tops, cover with cloth; let rest 10-15 min. Shape into loaves; place in greased bread pans. Grease tops, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 425°, 15 min., then reduce heat to moderately hot, 375°, and bake 30-35 minutes longer.

New Fast-Acting Dry Yeast Needs NO Refrigeration!

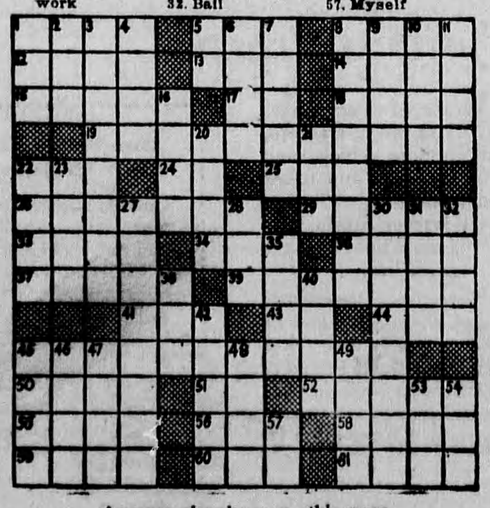
Thousands of women every week are switching to the new modern Fleischmann. Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. It's fast—it's *active*—keeps for weeks in the cupboard. Perfect results in rolls, buns breads!

Order a month's supply!

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Demons
5. Tree
8. Chicken coop
12. Story
13. Wreath
14. Imaginary monster
15. Pleasant
17. English letter
18. Repast
19. Order
22. Egyptian god
24. For example (ab.)
25. Large bird
26. Rubbers
29. Stable compartment
33. Ravelings
34. Trouble
36. Charles Lamb
37. Tardier
39. Perforated
41. Meadow
43. French wine
44. Individual
45. Quarrelsome
50. Ipecac plant
51. Correlative of either
52. Gluts
55. Canvas lodge
56. Edge
58. Become liquid
59. Poker stake
60. Topnotcher
61. Whirlpool

DOWN
1. Of that thing
2. Animal's stomach
3. Agreeable
4. Crystal gazer
5. Red dye
6. Witnessed
7. Turn
8. Traveled back and forth to work
9. Molding
10. Algerian port
11. Skin
16. Woody plant
20. Taj Mahal city
21. Printers' measures
22. American inventor
23. Worm
27. Starlike
28. Title
30. Assigned
31. Legal claim
32. Ball
35. Prevaricator
38. Brazilian money
40. Colors
42. Market place
45. Greek letter
46. Smooth
47. Fasting period
48. Norse viking
49. Nominate
53. Olden times
54. Pigpen
57. Myself



Answer elsewhere on this page.

Flavor Rich—Penny Wise

FISH PIE made with MAGIC

Prepare 1 c. medium-thick white sauce and mix in 1½ c. flaked cooked fish, 1 tbs. finely-chopped onion, 1½ tbs. finely-chopped parsley, 1 tbs. drained capers or chopped pickle, 2 tbs. lemon juice, salt to taste; turn into greased small casserole. Place in hot oven, 450°, while making topping. Mix and sift into bowl, 1 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or ½ c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder, few grains cayenne, ¼ tsp. salt. Cut in finely 2 tbs. shortening; mix in ¼ c. shredded cheese. Mix 1 beaten egg and 2 tbs. milk. Make a well in centre, pour in liquid and mix lightly with a fork. Knead dough lightly, pat out to fit casserole, place on top of hot filling and slash top for escape of steam. Bake in hot oven, 450°, 18-20 minutes. Yield—4 servings.