Synopsis

Chapter XVIII: Juanita had run away from the mission and once more pleads with Michael to take her with him on the vengeance trail. This time he accepts her presence.

Chapter XIX

And still no eye could have discerned a single moving thing.

The great valley could have been searched with a spy-glass and yet the earnest watcher would have failed to discover that the uncanny cries that lifted eerily into the night were born in the throats and mouths of two people who moved like ghosts, slowly, and always in the thickest shadows of tree, bush and rocks.

For El Caballero Rojo and the young Spanish girl were having their first — and only necessary — rehearsal of their most important signal, before they entered Deep Water Valley, where death and destruction might lie before them.

Michael Valdez smiled in the darkness, satisfied. Juanita had spoken truly when she had told him that long ago she had learned to imitate the calls of the animals of the wild, as well as those of the night birds. She was a constant surprise, this beautiful half wild girl. Michael Valdez could not understand the warm flooding of his veins at the thought of her. He put such thoughts sternly from him — because he did not understand.

* * *

Soon, once more, the phantom riders were side by side, but in Juanita's voice there was something that said she had been subconsciously warned , as one of the wild things she knew so well might have been warned.

"I do not like this place, senor," she said flatly. "We ride?"

Valdez did not answer. His very silence, blending with his caballero costume, which he had donned during Juanita's short absence, made him a glittering red-headed spectre in conchas and silver in the moonlight. For every inch of him now was the conquistador.

Juanita gave him a swift glance, then her eyes were lifted to the shrine on Mission Hill.

"So that is Don Attero's Cross, senor?" she said reverently, and her fingers made a swift sign of the cross across her heart.

El Caballero Rojo nodded. As he, too, stared at the gigantic post with its long horizontal beam he was remembering the story of Don Attero, who had made Deep Water Valley a paradise that during his lifetime had known neither crime nor greed, want nor envy.

As his thoughts were deep with Don Attero, suddenly Juanita reached out and gripped his arm tensely, staring with widened eyes at the distant symbol.

"Something is on the cross, senor," she whispered. "Something jumps up and down at its base!"

"Someone has swung something from each end of the beam, Juanita." Valdez said slowly. "And yes, whoever is there is dragging something closer to the cross."

"Si! Something heavy, senor. Look! He throws ropes above to the cross-beam. You think he tries to get that heavy thing he drags up on the cross?"

She stopped short as El Caballero Rojo suddenly kneed El Cielo, and the horse leaped toward the brush.

"Wait, senor!" she cried anxiously. "Do not go! I do not like—"

But the frantic protest died on her lips. For she knew that Michael Valdez had decided — and few of his decisions were ever changed. It was not for her to question them.

* * *

Valdez advanced only a few paces into the night. He stopped then, melting into the inky blackness beside a great rock. Then, quietly and decisively, he moved on again, never out of cover, but steadily advancing. His keen eyes were riveted on a spot where the valley walls came close together, and where a river, black silver in the moonlight, raced swiftly but noiselessly below — far, far below.

He could see now that what had at first appeared to be one immense valley was in reality two. It was as if some mythical giant of long centuries ago had flung down a tremendous dumbbell, had then removed it, and had left only two big clefts in the earth, with this narrow canyon marking the crosspiece between the balls on either end.

As he studied all of this, he did not hear Juanita until she pulled up her horse behind him, so quietly did she approach.

"The man's work at Don Attero's Cross is finished, senor," she said, her voice low. "See? He brings a horse from behind those—"

"That's a dog jumping up and down!" Valdez said abruptly.

Shrill, alarmed yelps drifted to them across the night. Valdez saw that now the excited animal had leaped away from the burdened cross and was yelping and jumping at the mount of the shadowy, mysterious rider.

Not only was that rider mysterious, but it was all a mystery here at midnight in this eerie setting. And it was one which was holding Michael Valdez in a viselike grip. Curiosity had led many a man to a final pause in a six-foot hole in the ground, he tried to tell himself, and that this was none of his business. But he had to know what was going on over there. He had to!

He turned to his roan and set foot in the stirrup.

"We ride, Juanita," he said.

But even as they started they were halted sharply as a shot rang out. Then came the pitiful yelps of a wounded dog. Beneath the cone-shaped sombrero which shaded his face El Caballero Rojo's mouth was a grim gash. His teeth were so tightly clenched that veins stood out on his temples.

* * *

Again a six-gun barked, sending its echoes through the night. In the distance, there by Don Attero's Cross, a dark splotch dragging across the ground seemed to rise a few inches, then silence!

Instantly Michael Valdez' eyes were roaming over the nearby landscape, searching out a safe way to ride from these heights to the floor of the valley and then up to the other side where the cross stood. He left no choice finally to El Cielo, and the mount swiftly took him down the rocky slope to the valley floor, with Juanita's mount, Pedro, gingerly following.

Once in the knee-deep grass of the lush valley, the two riders made all speed across it. Not far from Don Attero's Cross they stopped, slid from their saddles and ground-hitched their mounts. Silently they went afoot with El Caballero Rojo in the lead, a swift-moving, crouching figure that darted across open silvered spaces and paused in black shadows.

(To be Continued)

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

My Christmas Message To You All

The coming of Christmas turns our thoughts to the Christ Child and the example of his good will to all men. It is interesting to note that the advent of our Lord Jesus Christ brought about a writing alphabet that has endured in form, and the style of which is found in most languages of today. Before the birth of Christ, man's writing consisted of pictures and symbols as a form of basic alphabet, such as the Roman alphabet. These forms were not so readily understood as the written alphabet which recorded the life of our Lord. The scriptures are a work of art in painstaking and accurate perfection in expressing the thoughts of these historical times.

* * *

It was about this period of history that the most interesting details were brought into use in man's written language, such detail as the crossing of the small letter "t" to distinguish it from the small letter "d" and "l". The dot above the small letter "i" to avoid possible confusion with the letter "e", is another interesting indication of the exactness with which the scribes recorded the life of Christ so that the written word of his life and times could be more readily understood for all time to come.

The collection of all forms of picture thoughts of many tongues, such as was prevalent in that age, into a common picturesque recording of the scriptures was indeed man's outstanding accomplishment in the betterment of civilization.

* * *

During the year I have derived much pleasure in receiving your letters from far and near for hand writing analysis and now that Christmas is drawing near my thoughts go out to you wherever you may be. On the farm, in the city, on the east or west coast and to those across the border in the United States I send to each of you my best wishes for a joyous Christmas season.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

A Christmas Prayer

This Day of Joy

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed the light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyous steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
Amen

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Dominating Mother Alienates Daughter

WHAT GOES ON in the mind of a mother who refuses to allow her 19-year-old girl to have dates? Who forbids her to invite even girl friends to the house? Who drives the girl to threaten to leave home—and who retorts that she'll see that she loses her job if she does? — or she will collect the girl's whole salary each week, keeping her dependent upon her mother's will!

Does she hope by such tactics to prevent her daughter from marrying? Or is she imposing this discipline from sheer love of authority? To deprive the girl of a normal social life is to attempt to defeat nature. She cannot win. And one day she will find herself alone, for no girl who is smart enough to earn her own living will submit to such injustice for long.

The girl who writes this about her mother is frankly puzzled. She wonders whether her mother trusts her.

● NOT FRIENDS

Naturally she has asked for reasons. All she gets is an angry order to wash and do as she is told. Her mother is increasingly hard to please and finds fault with almost everything the girl does, or does not do. The tension between them is mounting daily, and the girl confesses she is making mistakes in her work because she's too confused and unhappy to keep her mind on it.

And no wonder!

Her mother is not her friend. She is a tyrant. She is trying to live her daughter's life for her. She treats the girl as though she were 10 years old. Soon she will come to hate her mother, and who can blame her?

It is such mothers who drive their daughters to marry the first man who asks them. Refused the use of their homes; they meet boys on street corners. Desperate for some fun, they seek it where it is easiest to find, with what tragic results we know too well.

I can only hope that this girl's mother happens to read this today, and that she may be sufficiently impressed to realize the danger of her present course.

TO "DESPERATE": Try once more to discuss this with your mother. Remind her that you have been honest with her, and you want to still be. Hasn't she a friend whose judgment she admires. Why not ask that friend to talk with your mother? If you have not given any reason for her to mistrust you, she is being very short-sighted to deprive you of the rights which are yours.

* * *

If you and your daughter are not getting along, maybe Anne Hirst can explain you each to the other. Write her in detail, at room 421, Box A, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Magnesium is the lightest of structural metals, being one-third lighter than aluminum.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

The Prince of Peace

Isaiah 9:2-7; Revelation 11:15; 15: 2-4.

Golden Text—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men—Luke 2:14.

Our modern expensive celebration of Christmas is in sharp contrast to the plain simple story of the birth of the Christ child as recorded by Mathew and Luke. In our mammoth observance we are in grave danger of losing sight of the central personality. We have room for the mythical Santa Claus; time for friends, gifts and good eating. But with many, Christmas has become Xmas where Christ is the unknown represented by X.

* * *

About 2700 years ago the prophet Isaiah foresaw the birth of the child Jesus. To him it was an event of exceeding great importance. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given." This child though born of the virgin Mary, was the Son of God. "The government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Prince of Peace." Isaiah saw that the Wonderful One would be a King. Peace would reign in His Kingdom. The noisy armour of the warriors and the garments soiled with blood would be burned.

John in the Revelation, had further visions of the everlasting Kingdom of Jesus Christ. The One who was cradled in a manger, raised in the home of a carpenter, hanged on a cross and buried in a borrowed tomb shall reign as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

* * *

The Kingdom has already been set up in many hearts. In such there is great peace. But the day has not yet come when "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ." But it will come. One day all nations shall come and worship before Him. Let us acknowledge the greatness and the preeminence of Jesus now. Let us re-echo the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Boxing Day

If you lived in Greece, you wouldn't celebrate Christmas until New Year's Eve, and if you lived in China, yellow would be the color that would predominate at Christmas, for it symbolizes joy, happiness and peace with the Chinese. . . Incidentally, do you know why December 26 is called Boxing Day? it is so named because the Christmas boxes placed in the churches for casual contributions are opened and the contents distributed to those who render small services without pay. Boxing Day is really a survival of a much older custom. In medieval times the monks of certain orders used to offer mass for each ship to receive contributions from the sailors.

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CHRONICLES OF SINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

How many seasons in a year? Four, you say? I think there are five — spring, summer, autumn, winter — and Christmas. Isn't that what you think, too? It's fine and dandy to have Christmas come in the middle of the longest and coldest season of the year — when winter without Christmas is bad enough at times, and weeks of wintry weather with more darkness than days — blizzards followed by a period of slow. But then just as we get terribly fed up with the weather along comes Christmas, and — with all its colour and glory, its beautiful traditions and spirit of goodwill. Then, if we are wise, we forget all about the elements and set our hearts in tune for Christmas.

* * *

Away from home with kids the weather worry them anyway? We say — "Aw, shucks, we're going to have a white Christmas no matter what!" And if we are among the stay-at-homes we look forward to our folks coming for the Yuletide season. We work and bake and scheme; we trim the tree and wrap the presents, and, although we are about tired enough to drop, we greet everyone with a merry — "Happy Christmas!"

Do you have you ever noticed, I think that with every happy Christmas that we say, some part of it comes back to ourselves? We just seem to go around wishing other folk happy Christmas without sharing in it too.

* * *

Another thought. Just as we have Christmas in the middle of winter, isn't it also possible to experience an even greater sense of joy when we remember that this troubled world, with its horrors of war, its strikes, disunity, its hungry people, there is yet a Christmas, steadfast as it is new and forever.

I know that in many homes there will be little more than Christmas — the presents, the fun, and the things to eat will be absent. But there will be mothers with little children about the Christ child that was born long ago — born to bring peace to troubled world. And perhaps as they sit there will creep into a mother's heart a new hope and peace that passeth all understanding.

* * *

Friends, don't let bitterness spoil Christmas season — don't let this — "Oh, what's the use of it" this unrest, all these high prices — where's it all going to end?" Let us give ourselves a Christmas present of faith in the future, and let us be content with the little things of life—the friendly greeting, the little unexpected kindnesses that come our way, and the happy comfortable feeling that comes to us with every spontaneous desire to bring make Christmas a little easier, a little brighter for someone else. And where better could we start than with the children — not just our children, but children everywhere. Christmas and children belong together. Happy the family where young, excited voices and happy, carefree laughter mingle with the deeper tones of the grown folk. Let us make this Christmas — as I every Christmas — one for the children to remember. Let them be happy and in their happiness we shall probably find our own.

* * *

...And so friends, in all sincerity, may I wish you very Happy Christmas. May you be light-hearted and gay, the better to enjoy your friends, your children and YOURSELF—in short, your Christmas. There will be other days — days when we can stew, and fret and fuss — if we must, but this is the Christmas season — this is the time to say "Happy Christmas, Everybody!" — and mean it.

Ah, what a thought! If a share of each greeting comes back to ourselves what a lot of joy is coming my way because, here am I, sending a message to literally hundreds of people. So I'll say it again — A Happy Christmas to you all!

Bayberry Candles
Candles, placed in windows on Christmas Eve to light the Christ Child and to welcome wayfarers, have been popular for centuries, but the burning of Bayberry candles is a strictly North American custom which dates from colonial days. Prized and associated particularly with New England, these aromatic candles glow in windows from coast to coast.

We are told that the fir tree goes back to Eve, but it was not until the time of Martin Luther that the evergreen was used as an indoor decoration in celebration of Christmas.

It is said that Luther one Christmas Eve wandered through the woods and became enamoured with the wonder of the night.

He cut a small snow-laden fir tree, and set it up in his home for his children. He illuminated it with candles to represent the stars.

It was not until 1604 that, in Strassburg, the first Christmas tree appeared in literature.

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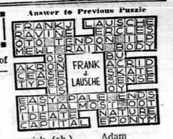
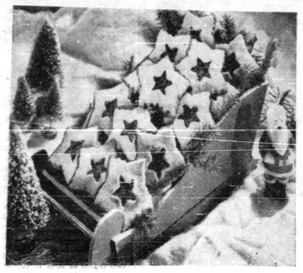
Answer to Previous Puzzle



HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured U. S. naval leader, Rear-Adm. ___, Jr.
11 Silkworm
12 Paid notice
13 Weight deduction
14 Jump
15 Short jacket
17 Hat material
18 Skill
19 Therefore
21 British Columbia (ab.)
22 Wine vessel
23 Flower
24 Musteline mammal
25 Percussion instrument
27 Fog
28 Symbol for rubidium
30 Mountain (ab.)
31 And
32 Seaweed
33 Angler's basket
35 Requires
36 Regiment (ab.)
37 Be quiet!
39 Natural power
40 Triangle
41 Male deer
42 God of love
44 White frost
46 Sicilian volcano
48 Aztec measure
49 Hindu queen
50 He is deputy commander of the U. S. ___ forces

VERTICAL
1 Scoffed
2 Speaker
3 Body part
4 Symbol for sodium
5 Chapeau
6 Bustle
7 Right (ab.)
8 Dolt
9 Plays the part of host
10 Protective head covering
14 Race course circuit
15 Daybreak (comb. form)
16 New Brunswick (ab.)
18 Sailor
20 Signs
22 Order
25 Doctor's assistant
27 Heading
32 Mountain crests
33 Musical direction
35 Zodiacal constellation
36 Pertaining to Adam
37 Credits (ab.)
39 Sainte (ab.)
42 Him
43 Bone
46 African animal
48 Knock
49 British account money
50 Royal Air Force (ab.)
52 Near
54 Measure



A SLEIGHFUL OF CHRISTMAS GOODIES

As fresh as the Christmas snow, as crisp as the Winter wind. Here's the cookie jar's contribution to a bright and happy Christmas!

These delicious cookies will find a place everywhere in your holiday plans—in the youngsters Christmas stocking—'round the family tree—the grown-up parties.

Stock the cookie jar well with these easy-to-make cookies—for they'll be in great demand this holiday season!

Filled Hermits

½ cup butter	1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1 1/3 cups sugar	1 teaspoon cloves
2 eggs	2 teaspoons baking powder
1/3 cup milk	1 teaspoon salt
½ cups bran	½ teaspoon mace
3½ cups sifted flour	½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup mincemeat or preserve	

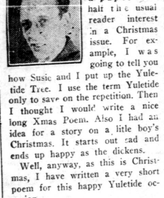
Blend butter and sugar; add eggs and mix well. Add milk and bran. Sift flour with remaining dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Chill. Roll dough to about ¼-inch thickness on lightly floured board. Cut into stars. Place level teaspoon of mincemeat on half of rounds and cover with remaining rounds. Crimp edges with a fork to hold together. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderately hot oven (400 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

Yield: 45 cookies (2¾ inches in diameter).

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

One more week and Christmas will be here. Oh Boy, I'm so full of ideas for a Christmas column I could fill half a paper myself, but why should a paper have half the usual reader interest in a Christmas issue. For example, I was going to tell you how Susie and I put up the Yuletide Tree. I use the term Yuletide only to save on the repetition. Then I thought I would write a nice long Xmas Poem. Also I had an idea for a story on a little boy's Christmas. It starts out sad and ends up happy as the dickens.



Well, anyway, as this is Christmas, I have written a very short poem for this happy Yuletide occasion.

I'M WAITING

Oh, Santa is coming, next Thursday night.
If I wake up and see him, I'll creak from fright.
I'll leave him a biscuit and a hot cup of tea,
And hope that his bag is half emptied for me.

I'm Waiting

I'll be as good as I can until Christmas Eve comes,
I'll help all my neighbors — even the bums.
I'm as happy, as happy — as happy can be.
I sure hope dear old Santa,
Leaves lots on my tree.

In the meantime — I'm waiting.

Radio — Christmas Day

Up until Christmas and on that day, too, there is heaps of swell listening for you. If it isn't too late for you, you can catch the Bell Bell singers and Orchestra on Dec. 17 at 9 p.m., presenting carols that are centuries old. On Friday, Dec. 19th at 5.45 p.m., you can listen to "Sounds Fun" and get a good many novel ideas for trimming the tree and wrapping presents. This programme is especially for young people. Old Christmas carols and tales about how they were originated are in store for those who listen on Dec. 20th to "Music Makers" at 12.30 p.m. The above programmes will all be heard on your local C.B.C. station.

On Christmas day there will be the usual specials. The King will make his customary address to the people around 10 in the morning. Throughout the day, there will be continuous Christmas programmes and music on the C.B.C.

One of the feature broadcasts of Dec. 25th will be the famous Elgin Watch 2-hour show from Hollywood, with all your favorite stars. This takes the air at 4 in the afternoon. So, your local paper for the station.

TEEN-TOWN REPORTERS

Woodville — Walter Austin — Woodville Teen-Town Club has been meeting on Friday evenings for the past two months. Our enrollment is about 45. This number is divided into four groups, with a convenor at the head of each group. These groups take charge of the meetings in consecutive order. Generally the meetings start with a short devotion, followed by a business period after which games and contests are enjoyed. The recreation is continued with a dance to records and the evening winds up with a lunch provided by the group in charge, with lights out at 11 o'clock.

The staff officers for the year are: Don Robertson, Mayor; Gwen Mayers, Vice Mayor; Betty Goard, Clerk; Bill Goard, Treasurer. Leaders of groups are: Morley Smith, Gwen Penthick, Puth Imrie and Bill Goard. Correspondents are: Jarvis Stoddart and Walter Austin. These guys and gals were really busy a few weeks ago with the Woodville Commencement Exercises.

Merry, Merry Christmas

First of all we would like our Teen-Town Topics reporters, Audrey Harris, Eva Loney, F. Edith Hall, Beverlie Wilson, Velma Davis, Gail Martin and our new correspondent, Walter Austin, to take this opportunity of wishing their many readers the Compliments of the Season. And to this, may Susie and Yours Truly wish the Correspondents, Readers and others who have provided material for columns throughout the year A Merry, Merry Christmas!

CHRISTMAS Bells by HENRY W LONGFELLOW

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good - will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Perfect Job
A Philadelphia woman who went on a reducing diet a month ago has disappeared. That's service for you.

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MUT AND JEFF—So You See It's A Merry Christmas All Over The House By BUD FISHER