

# "SALADA" TEA

Outstanding Quality

## Valley of Revenge

JACKSON COLE

**SYNOPSIS**  
Chapter VII: Townspeople strangely regarded El Caballero, killing and scattering his pursuers. Moving away cautiously he sought safety of some distant village. It was Juanita de Cuevas. She had arranged for the surprising accident he had witnessed. Riding away fast he headed for the mountains but suddenly became conscious of being followed.

**CHAPTER VIII**  
"Stay where you are!" he commanded.  
"Tomas mocho, Senor Caballero Rojo," said a low, silvery voice.

Michael Valdez's silver-mounted gun dropped back into its holster with a thud, and he growled, "Juanita!" he said. "Well, of all the... What am I going to do with you, Juanita? Can't you stay put—anywhere?"

"There is nowhere I could go," Juanita de Cuevas said calmly. "Besides, I have already said to you. Why should I not go? I cannot go back to my home and weep. Juanita has already wept for her dead, and she carries them always in her heart. But there will be no more tears. There will be work—and retribution."

"I know how you feel, Juanita," Valdez said soberly. "But you say you know of El Caballero Rojo. Haven't you heard enough of him to know that he rides the trails that some people call crooked—and that whatever they are, he always rides them alone?"

"For the first time he seemed to wonder why the girl was standing in the trail, and that her horse was lying on the ground."  
"I don't know what to do with you, Juanita," he said flatly. "You are a problem. And now you are afoot. How did that happen?"

She looked sadly at the horse that lay panting on the ground.  
"I fear," she murmured, "that



Laura Wheeler

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Pancho has carried Juanita as far as he will. He has been brave, but when he is tired to the death, and then stumbles in a hole in the trail—he spread her arms wide in a gesture of futility—"what can you do?" Tears were very near her eyes as she looked at the horse which was the lone remaining thing of her poor home that was no more.

Valdez' momentary exasperation with the lovely Spanish girl swiftly turned to concern. He loved horses, and could not bear to see one suffer. In a flash he was down from his own mount and was examining the bare-ribbed horse that had so valiantly carried Juanita so far. But he would carry her no farther, he saw at first glance. Poor Pancho's days were numbered.

"Juanita," he said soberly as he turned to the girl, "get on El Cielo there and ride out of here. Your Pancho—well, you're a ranch girl. You know."  
"I know," she said bravely, "but I will stay. Pancho was my first friend, besides you, El Caballero Rojo. He would not like me to go away because he must leave me."

"Just as you say," Michael Valdez said, and saw the girl turn her back and hide her face in her hands.  
One shot rang out—Pancho's requiem. Valdez turned from the dead horse and went over to the girl whose back was turned to him, her slender shoulders shaking. He gently took her hands away from her eyes. There were tears in them, but she faced him bravely.

"How what, Juanita?" he said, and repeated, "What shall I do with you?"  
"I will go with you, Senor," she said simply. "As I have said." She brushed the tears from her eyes and smiled confidently at him. The Irish in him felt a quick spasm grip his heart. As perplexed as he was, facing a situation like this with which he had not the slightest idea how to deal, such fealty as hers, though un-asked, unlooked for, was something new and refreshing in his lonely life.

"The outlaw trail is hard, Juanita," he finally said. "Justice is not always attained by legal means and long ago I made up my mind to see that others got it by any means whatsoever. Maybe right now, with your fresh grief for your parents, your passionate wish to do something to avenge their deaths, it seems fine and free to you. But you don't know. Other times—it is not so nice. It's a way of life that is not for a girl, Juanita."  
"It is for me," Juanita said, as though repeating a litany. "Where you go, I go."

"And right now it looks like if you do," Valdez burst out, a little exasperated, "that you'll go walking."  
Juanita waved a small sun-brown hand toward El Cielo, standing immobile with dragging reins.  
"Your mount," she said, "he is fine and... He will carry two, yes?"

"And where?" demanded Valdez. "Where do you think I could take you? Good little girl, don't you know I was getting out of Paisano Valley because I thought it might be dangerous for me after what happened tonight in Luna Roja? Where could I take you?"  
Juanita only repeated the whimsical Irish grin that swept across Valdez' features wiped away the



Homemade Bread may reappear on many tables as bread prices soar following removal of subsidies. Harry Cook of Ajax, Ont., is shown sampling slice from loaf mother made.

## ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

**Unlucky Husband Is Lonely For His Wife**

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am almost crazy! I'm a man in my 40's, married since I was 24. We had some tough times in our life, but we raised four children whom I love as well as I still love my wife. I work away from home, come back week-ends.

"In the last three years my wife has been pulling away from me. Our home has been broken up by another woman whom she goes around with; she has turned me down to go with her. She stays home while I am at work but when I come home, she leaves. Once she applied for a divorce, but she didn't get it. (She didn't ask me for it, she knows I don't approve of divorces). She says she hates me. Yet I think we could start all over again, if other people would only leave us alone.

"I shall I go away, or keep coming back week-ends? I am so lonely, some for her and the children. I have always provided for them all the best I could. Should I free her, or do you think she may come back to me later on?"

**BROKEN HEARTED.**  
**A DESPERATE HOPE**  
It is possible that your wife will come to tire of this unwholesome life

sternness, the puzzled bewilderment.  
"Well," he said at last, and breathed a deep sigh of temporary surrender. "Well! His strong arms scooped up her light body and plumped her in front of the saddle on El Cielo's back. "Anyway, Senorita Juanita de Cuevas Gomez, I can't leave you standing out here miles from nowhere in the middle of the night."  
"Thank you, Senor Caballero Rojo," Juanita said softly as he swung up behind her and reached for El Cielo's bridle. "I thought maybe you would see that I can give great aid to you."  
"Have it your own way," Valdez said, grim again; for he felt as if he were making a step that many times he would find reason to regret.

"That was all he did say, for a long time, as they rode on through the night. No did Juanita speak. But what plans, what dreams Juanita was having there in the moonlight, only she knew—and would not have told for the world."  
(To Be Continued)

IT MEANS A LOT when the meal includes Maxwell House. This marvellous coffee is extra delicious because it contains choice Latin-American coffees... the finest the world produces.

## Sunday School Lesson

The Better Revelation  
Hebrews 1:1-4; 2:1-3; John 14:5-11.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—Jesus said... he that hath seen me hath seen the Father.—John 14:9.

This lesson is the first of a three-month series based on the messages of the New Testament Epistles, other than those by Paul.

One fact concerning the Pauline Epistles, the Epistles by James, Peter, and John, which Paul certainly did not write, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, is that they are all agreed in a common faith in Jesus as the Messiah, in His saving power, in His resurrection and His mission through the Holy Spirit, and in their conception of the Christian fellowship and the nature of the Christian life.

This could be demonstrated in many parallels of actual expression, though each Epistle may have its own particular emphasis. James, for instance, stresses works as the evidence of faith, whereas Paul puts extensive writings on world-wide journeys that, as strongly as James, stress the practical nature of the Christian life. So, also, though John is the apostle of brotherly love, all that he says only strengthens what Paul wrote of love in 1 Corinthians 13. And when Peter writes of believers as "partakers of the divine nature," it is precisely what Paul has written in Ephesians 3:19.

Belief in Jesus as the Messiah and the fulfilment of Jewish hopes and prophecies, is dominant in the Christian church; and it is at this point that the devout Christian and the devout Jew differ, though they have the Old Testament in common. It is a difference of belief that is not unimportant, but it should not in any sense be an occasion of intolerance or unbrotherliness. If the Jew lives up to all that is best in the Old Testament, and the Christian up to all that is best in the New, the spirit of both Testaments would make impossible the intolerance and prejudice that have led to so much suffering and tragedy. It is in ideals of peace and good will that Judaism and Christianity both find their highest expression.

**Platter Patter**  
Little Annie is blessed with an unlimited imagination and a remarkable talent for inventing games. One day she lay upon her back upon the floor, singing lustily.

A little later Annie's mother passed through the room, and noticed that the youngster now lay upon her stomach. "She was singing another song, but still vocalizing with considerable vim and vigor."  
"What game are you playing now, dear?" mother asked.  
"Oh," explained Annie, "I'm playing that I'm a photograph record and I've just turned myself over."

**God Health and Lots of Pep**  
**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am coming to you for advice on what to do about loneliness. My husband was killed, leaving me all alone. We have raised four children, but they are all married and have homes of their own."  
"I have a home and a small income—but I'm so alone! If only I had some one to make a home for me, so that I am prepared to do my income is insufficient to adopt a child."  
"I go to church and Sunday school, but I still have a loneliness, lonely week to spend."

**DON'T BE LONELY!**  
Why don't you find some other lonely woman who would appreciate your companionship and like living with you? The world is full of them, and they need your company. You would enjoy sharing your home. It would be good to have someone young around the house again.  
You might talk this over with your minister. He knows the members of his flock, and he may have suggestions for you.

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IN LOVELY PASTEL SHADES OF YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE, PEACH AND ORANGE  
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On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of the Month!  
Do female functional monthly disturbances make you feel nervous, fidgety, cranky, or tired and 'dragged out'—at such times? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This medicine is very effective for this purpose. For over 70 years thousands of girls and women have reported their relief. Just see if you, too, don't report excellent results! Work! Spring.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND  
H.M.S. Vanguard will keep her Royal suite intact, ready for next year's probable Royal visit to Australia.

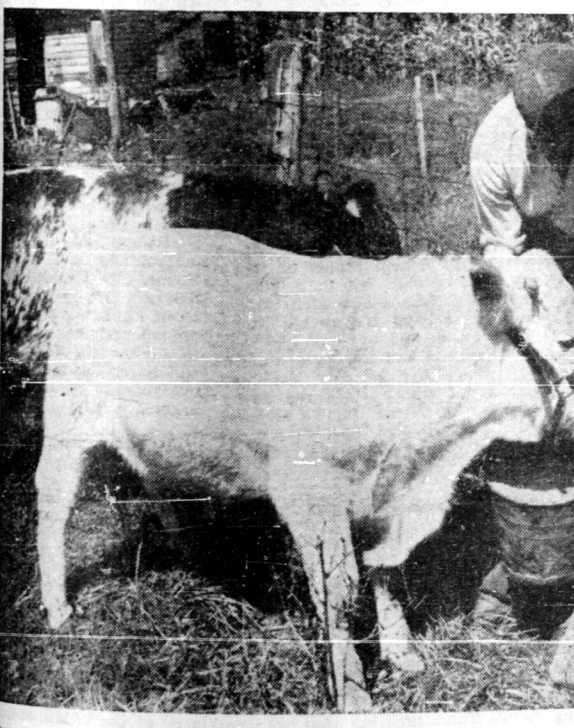
# FALL FAIRTIME IN ONTARIO



Paisley



NORWICH—Kerr Kramer, the winner of the greased pig contest, shown above at left. Porky is getting a real grease job before the contest.



PARKHILL



RENCOE—Leonard Heagy, of Galt, looks with awe at Chief Running Bear in front of the Indian Stand.

## FAIRTIME HIGHLIGHTS

By Your Ful-O-Pep Reporter

Paisley, Parkhill, Norwich and Glencoe were points of call on your Ful-O-Pep reporter's schedule last week. As usual the cattle exhibits caught this reporter's eye and at Paisley, Jarvis Britcher Mitchell, half brother of the Grand Champion steer at the Royal Winter Fair, shown in cut at left was being led by Fred Richards & Sons of Jarvis. One of the special attractions at Paisley was the parachute jump by Bill Townsend, Ex-R.C.A.F. The exhibit stayed by the school children of Paisley was larger than ever. There were over 1000 entries in the "Palace," their excellent show shown as such but there were general entries of Shortforns, Herefords, Angus and Holsteins. The Paisley Fair was blessed with grand weather, unlike that experienced at Hamburg. The cut to the right shows an over-all shot of the Hamburg midway, with the race track was extremely muddy as a result of heavy and intermittent rain storms.

At Norwich crowds reached an all-time high and the fair grounds were swarming with sightseers. Boxing was featured in the evening at the Town Hall and this attraction was very popular. The Norwich Fair was opened by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Cliff Graham.

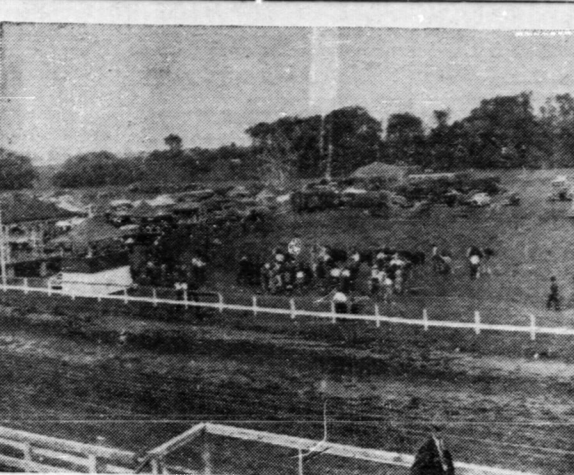
NEW HAMBURG



PARKHILL



NEW HAMBURG—A scene from the Fair showing part of the exceptionally fine race track—Midway in background.



NEW HAMBURG

The cut at the left could well be entitled "The Beginning and the End." Actually it is a composite picture showing the winner of one of the most popular contests at Norwich. The impish horker shown in the left of the photo is being greased prior to being turned loose amongst many eager contestants whose frantic efforts to capture the animal provided the crowd with one of the best shows seen at any of the Fairs to date. In the far right of the photo is the winning gentleman who succeeded in capturing the elusive animal after one of the wildest scrambles seen anywhere in Ontario, or for that matter in this continent this year. This particular event was much provoking from the word "go." It reminded our reporter of the Saturday morning rush to see in front of many of the meat counters in the city of Toronto. In fact it looked like a much simpler task to seize the greased pig turned loose at Norwich than to obtain an ungreased piece of pig in any of the butcher shops. The pig in question put up a struggle in the best tradition and succeeded in degreasing itself on the shirts and bodies of the eager contestants.



PARKHILL

The pictures of the Parkhill Fair shown on this page have one thing in common, namely food. The one photo shows Mrs. Stanley Scott, Parkhill; Mrs. C. R. May, London; Mrs. W. J. Dickson, Parkhill; Mrs. M. W. Telfer, Parkhill; and Miss Ethel Robson, Denfield, judging one of the many entries in the baking contest.

The Theford brass band added gaiety to the occasion when they led the five stock parties in review past the grand stand. This was a new feature of the fair this year and was a big hit. The boys' Club Club was very active. Probably the biggest drawing card was the cattle exhibit, particularly the Shorthorn entries.