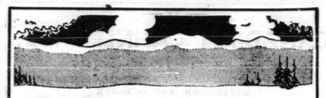
"SALADA" TEA
Just try it



Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON·COLE

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER III: Juanita learns that her bodyguard is actually "El Caballero Rojo" (The Red Cavalier), known throughout the countryside for his good deeds for the poor, but wanted by the sheriff for taking the law into his own hands. He would not promise to return for the girl who begs to go with him but rides away alone to seek Garvin.

CHAPTER IV

And now the red-headed avenger had arrived in Paisano Valley. And as if it had been a mocking greeting to him he had been faced with evidence of more of Garvin's ruthless work as soon as his eyes had been set on the emerald rangeland.

Night had come when Michael Valdez drew his blue roan to a halt on a small rise just above the twinkling lights in a huddle of adobe dwellings. The whole town of Luna Roja, he saw at once was built about the sprawling white Garvin place, which he recognized from Juanita's decription. The town itself was at the northern end of the valley on the edge of Canyon Rijo. From there Garvin could keep an eye on activities anywhere in the valley.

* * *

As he sat staring down at the sinister town, no one would have recognized the wandering vaquero who had first ridden into the valley that morning. Tall and straight, he sat his horse in his gaudy Spanish apparel, hat off, and with the first rays of the moon glinting on red hair where the morning sun had shown on black.

For only moments he paused to make reconnaissance. Then, with deliberation, he loosened the scarlet handkerchief from around his neck and drew up its folds over his face until only his dark eyes showed, hard and bitter.

With freshly loaded six-guns and Winchester carbine, red-headed and scarlet-markedd, like some panoplied knight of the Middle Ages, he rode down toward the town of Luna Roja. In the moonlight a silver-decorated specter moving on the wings of the wind—one that none dared challenge.

He had not ridden into the town's main street when suddenly out of the darkness a mounted man sprang into the road. He swung his horse across the narrow trail which led into the long street, blocking it.

But El Cielo had been long and patiently trained for just such an encounter as this. With amazing suddenness the mount reared. One of Valdez' arms went out, the hand holding something that for a moment showed crimson in the faint moonlight—another great scarlet neckerchief. The neckerchief whipped about the pistol in the astounded guard's hand. It was torn from his grasp and, before he knew what was happening, the barrel of the pistol that had jumped into the red-haired man's other hand crashed against the guard's head. He slumped crazily from his saddle into the dust of the trail.

Valdez lifted his reins as he dropped the handkerchief-covered gun of the outlaw guard into his pocket, and the blue roan spurted ahead.

"Madre de Dios!" gritted El Cabellero Rojo. "Strangers must certainly get a cordial greeting in this town!"

* * *

He swung into the street and noted that at the edge of the town were the inevitable 'dobe shacks that trimmed the outskirts of all such small Western towns. Most of the houses were dark, for the peons must be up and at work by daybreak, and usually sought their beds early.

Cautiously El Caballero slowed down before the white-plastered walls of the Garvin place. Dismounting in the blackest shadows some distance from the sprawling, pretentious dwelling in the center of its patio, he trailed El Cielo's reins and stole toward the gate facing the street.

Garvin's house and patio were completely enclosed by high walls, to which only the big gate facing the street, and a smaller one in the rear, gave entry. And the four blockhouses which Juanita had described gave the whole place the effect of a fortified castle.

From one corner blockhouse came sounds of raucous singing and the twanging of a guitar, punctuated by hoarse laughter. No one was in sight.

* * *

It looked like a good chance to slip in through the gate, for El Caballero Rojo could make out in the dim light that it had not been locked, but stood ajar a few inches. But even as his eerie, glittering figure reached it, a man leaped out to block it.

Like a silver-decorated wraith, the masked man dived at the guard. Instantly his stronger fingers found the fellow's throat and cut off his warning shout. Once more the red-headed avenger's pistol barrel cracked on bone, and once more a man sank to the ground and lay quiet.

With noiseless footsteps El Caballero slid into the patio.

Across the courtyard was Garvin's two and a half story house. A swift glance told Michael Valdez that the one-story addition at one end of the house was Garvin's office, or "hank" as the land hog preferred to call it. And a light fanning out from the one window facing the courtyard announced Raymond Garvin's presence there.

The time had come!

Michael Valdez faded into the first open doorway in sight with no more stir than would have been made by a breath of night He found himself in a long corridor, and at its end saw a light shining through a transom from the office door that opened into the corridor.

(To Be Continued)

You'll feel so well-dressed in this! Pattern 4872 uses the star neckline to flatter your face, jumbo shirred patch pockets to round your hips and diminish your waist!

Pattern 4872 in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16 takes 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern, to room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Looking Very Pleasant—Camera fans found many outstanding examples of their art at the 56th annual International Salon of Photography at the C.N.E., including "Tim and Joey," by Jack Wright

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Everything Against This Marriage

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: We want to get married, but my boy friend hasn't any money. He has re-enlisted in the Navy. I want to follow him until he is out, and I can't see waiting three years to be with him.

"We met five months ago, and we love each other. We've had our quarrels (I have a hot temper) but we both suffered the same torture when we were apart.

"I met his family and we became close friends. But now his father has found out how he feels about me! He blew up, and said he was not to get serious with any girl because we are too young and he would make his choice. I am 18, he is 21. He chose me.

"My parents like him, but don't want us to marry now because they think I'd be too unhappy, struggling to get along. My people are well-to-do, and I've never had to know the value of money. But I can't see throwing aside something we both want, and that's each other.

"I don't want to make my parents unhappy, but how can I make them understand that we love each other and know it's right?

"R. I. T.

THEY UNDERSTAND

Your parents know you two love each other. All they are trying to do is to persuade you to wait to marry until you are ready for it.

You are not ready for marriage now. Even if there were enough money to start on, you admit you would not know how to make it go far. It takes a long, long time for a girl who has been indulged to learn how to do without those indulgences. It means practicing economy, living within a prescribed budget, sacrificing all those luxuries you have taken for granted since you were born. Now, so in love, you are certain you could manage. But you have no idea what it would mean, what it would do to your disposition, even to your love.

And you have a hot temper! You cannot help hurting even this lad you love so much. Don't you realize that an uncontrolled temper can wreck the best of marriages? If you haven't learned restraint now, how could you learn it under the pressure of daily association, plus the restrictions of a meager income?

You have committed one very foolish act. You have allowed your fance to alienate himself from his own people. You should have been the one to support his father's objections, to realize that he is only acting for his son's permanent happiness. This boy has three years ahead of him in the Navy before he can even start his chosen career. To burden him, with a young, spoiled wife might wreck that career—and wreck this marriage first.

You see, my young friend, you only want Each Other.

You will need the help and moral support of both his family and your own, if your marriage is to succeed at all. Now show how mature you are: Break the engagement, spend the next few years learning how to be a poor man's wife (and all that means) and confer with those wiser ones who are giving you the only advice that good parents can honestly offer.

Marriage will be all the sweeter for waiting.

* * *

Strange as it seems, parents often do know best. If you are resentful, ask Anne Hirst (at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto) how to understand.

Just As Good As Macaroon Crumbs

When a delectable dessert you wish to make calls for crumbled macaroons and you have no macaroons, you can make it just the same. "Macaroon" crumbs are made this way: Mix one cup of dry bread crumbs—they shouldn't be too fine—with one-half cup of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of almond extract. Spread this mixture in a pan and let it brown in a slow oven. When cool, break it up into crumbs and use as you would crumbled macaroons. The difference cannot be detected in any dish in which they are used.—E. M. E, in the Christian Science Monitor.

Muscular tension is believed to be one of the major causes of light sleeping.

Sunday School Lesson

Use And Abuse Of Wealth

Proverbs 11:24-27; 16:8; Ecclesiastes 5:10-11; James 5:1-6

GOLDEN TEXT — Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right. — Proverbs 16:8.

On a smaller scale and in a more primitive way the Israelites of old were confronted with all the problems of character and conduct that vex and perplex the more highly organized nations of today.

Next to the problem of establishment of peace are the problems of labor—keeping people working under fair conditions and with good living standards; and of wealth—keeping the power of great wealth under control in relation to the rights and interests of all.

* * *

So many problems in these spheres remain unsolved that we are apt to fail to realize the great progress, both in relation to labor and in relation to wealth, that has been made within the memory of many now living. It is not so long since labor was regarded as a "commodity" to be bought, like any other commodity, in the cheapest market, under a competition for jobs that in times of unemployment was latterly keen. Then came recognition of labor, and the demand for a "living wage" became so insistent that by now reference to a standard of living is a stressed factor in wage negotiations and contracts.

* * *

Similar progress has been made in enforcing recognition of the relationships and responsibilities of wealth. In the days when labor was a "commodity," wealth was largely immune from governmental control and from any sense of responsibility. The prevalent conception was that a man's wealth was his own, to do with as he pleased. Today we recognize not only that wealth has social obligations, but that society itself is a basic factor in the acquisition.

* * *

From a Christian standpoint the obligations of wealth are simple and direct. What a Christian has is not his own, but is held in stewardship, subject to the will of God. That is the ideal set forth in the New Testament, and the truer the Christian the more nearly will he attain it in the practical use of what he possesses.

Complimentary

"I am going to give you a chance and put you on probation," said the magistrate to the first offender. "In future, see that you avoid bad company."

"Yes, sir," agreed the young man earnestly. "I assure you you will never see me again."

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should one begin a social letter with an excuse for delay in writing?

A. No; one should plunge immediately into what he has to say, and if illness has been the cause, just make casual mention of it without too many details.

Q. Who pays for the gowns worn by the bridesmaids?

A. The bridesmaids buy their own gowns unless the bride is wealthy and asks that they wear gowns that cannot be worn again.

Q. Should the hostess try to finish eating before the guests?

A. No; the hostess should always eat slowly, so that she does not finish before her guests do.

Q. If you have been invited to the home of a friend and through oversight have not been introduced to some of the other guests, should you call this to the hostess' attention?

A. No; it is much better to save the hostess from embarrassment by joining in the conversation and laughter, and it is quite like'y that you will soon be talking to everyone present.

Q. Should one leave at once when visiting a friend in a hospital and another visitor enters?

A. Yes, leave at once when another visitor or the doctor enters.

Q. When should coffee be served at an informal meal?

A. Coffee is served at the table either during or after the dessert course.

... FALL FAIRTIME IN ONTARIO ...

Corn Root System Seven Miles Long

There's more to a field of growing corn than meets the eye, especially during these days of "corn silk time" when the cornfields are an a "Jack-and-the-beanstalk" performance.

Some scientific observations on corn's remarkable capacity to grow quickly were reported by Dr. J. A. Kiesselbach, well-known agronomist.

Corn, for example, on an average July day grows about two and a half inches every 24 hours, and if conditions are exceptionally good it will grow as much as four inches a day.

University research has shown that corn grows exactly as much during the day as at night, contrary to a general notion that it does most of its growing at night.

Corn, on the average, rises from a height of 30 inches to almost 100 inches during the four weeks July 5 to August 5 "corn silk season," a rate of growth which is one of the greatest per day of any crop grown in the corn belt.

During its first week above the ground the corn plant has about 15 square inches of leaves. At the end of eight weeks of growth it has 1,400 square inches of leaves, or more than enough to cover an ordinary card table. The corn plant draws its moisture from a vast fibrous root system in which when the plant reaches maturity is over seven miles long if all of them were joined end to end; and the roots go as feet below the surface.

About half of the corn plant's life is expended before it reaches the silking stage; and the other half is consumed in developing and maturing the ears.

"Ideal corn weather" should include plenty of moisture in the soil surrounding the corn plant, and hot dry weather with temperatures averaging between 90 and 80 degrees during the day.

These conclusions, Dr. Kiesselbach points out, are based on corn grown at the university's experimental farm and are applicable to corn grown in the corn belt.

Comfort for Cattle

Cattle cars are becoming as comfortable, almost, as Pullmans. At any rate, they now have anti-friction roller-bearing journal boxes and the latest sorts of spring underframes and air brakes, and they make it possible to cut the journey travel time from range to market in half.

That is as it should be. Nothing can be too good for the gentle creatures that provide us with food, if and when we can afford it. —New York Times.

—Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Home from Germany.—Mr. Ross Hancock, from Gravenhurst snapped with his wife and nephew while resting with other tired sightseers at the C.N.E. Mr. Hancock was active with the R.C.A.F. Graves Commission and arrived home from Germany several weeks ago.

—Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Kitchener Residents, Roy Karcher and sons, Donald, Leonard and Bruce, appear highly engrossed with this tractor at the C.N.E. There appears little doubt that this exhibitor won the family vote of approval.

—Photo by Ful-O-Pep Photographer

Study in Concentration. H. Persall of Waterford, Ont. (facing the camera) seems to be holding his own with J. Ruddell at the checker tourney.—C.N.E.

FAIRTIME HIGHLIGHTS

by Your Ful-O-Pep Reporter

The crowds at the Canadian National Exhibition this year broke records in more ways than one. As your Ful-O-Pep reporter roamed through the throngs he rapidly acquired the knack of spotting the out-of-town visitors. The non-residents of Toronto seemed much more at home in the Fair Grounds than the city folk. This isn't really surprising when one remembers that over 230 fairs and exhibitions are held every year in the small towns of Ontario. As a result, the small town and rural sightseers found their way around the Exhibition Grounds with the air of old veterans, whereas the city man in many cases had the bewildered mien of a tourist.

* * *

The Teen Town booth proved a popular rendezvous for the younger set who, on the whole, seemed more interested in the cultural exhibits than the glitter of the Midway—and glitter there was a-plenty along this popular boulevard!

* * *

The livestock was of prime interest to many of the out-of-town visitors. The competition was keen in all classes, and such top-notch entries as the Ayrshire bull, Bracheid Barr Imperial, owned by A. J. Leidman & Sons of Caledonia, provided real eye-appeal for the crowd.

The livestock men, as always, talked shop nearly twenty-four hours a day, and many bewailed the fact that Ful-O-Pep feed is not more plentiful. Your reporter did a little missionary work in this line, and pointed out the fact that the quality of this feed is not being lowered to meet the demand, and, as a result Ful-O-Pep is, at times, still a little difficult to obtain. It was also pointed out that production is being stepped up as rapidly as is possible without affecting the quality.

* * *

From the Midway to the most lavish industrial exhibit, the general public was treated to salesmanship of the highest order. Each exhibitor made a real effort to lure the public to his particular location, and, once there, to sell the prospect.

In this line, some free samples were offered as a come-on, but not nearly in the profusion of yesteryear. The adults complained about the scarcity of free samples generally, but the youngsters had a "field day" acquiring everything from paper cups to samples of soap flakes, which seemed to satisfy the young looters. Actually the soap flake samples were scarcely sufficient to properly launder a woman's small handkerchief.

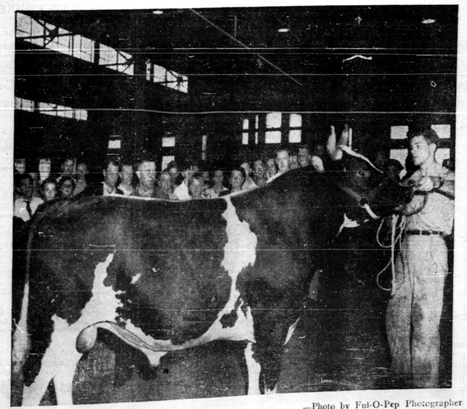
* * *

The kiddies, as well as their elders, seemed to be price-conscious, and patronized such features as the Nickel Arcade where battery after battery of electric cranes operated for five cents. There the lucky youthful operator could pick up a valuable prize; failing that he was assured of a claw full of candy. The funny mirrors and magic carpet were additional "musts" on the youngsters' hit parade.

Children's Day proved to many of the concessionaires that buyer-resistance is considerably more than just a phrase. The children shopped around for the best buys, and the operators who failed to reduce prices on this eventful occasion found themselves with a scarcity of customers. In short order the youthful horde forced the neglectful concessionaires to post special Childrens' Day prices.

* * *

If what we saw at the C.N.E. is a true indication of the trend of the times, it seems certain that the buyers' market we have heard of for so long is truly just around the corner.



A Real Champion, owned by A. G. Leidman & Sons of Caledonia, drew a throng of admirers at the Canadian National Exhibition.

The Difference

Jimmy and Bobby were in beds side by side in the children's hospital, and the visiting hour had just passed.

"Ah, you big sissy!" Jimmy said. "Crying because your mummy's gone away!"

"I'm no' crying for my mummy," Bobby answered. "I'm crying because ma wee dog's died."

"Well, my granny's died," answered Jimmy, "and I'm not crying."

"Maybe you hadna your granny since she was a wee pup," Bobby sobbed out.

Electric Typewriter

A new electric typewriter is now ready for production by a company in the United States. The new machine is the result of more than 20 years of continuous research. Thousands of electric typewriters were produced in the nineteen twenties but the engineering techniques then known made the machines too expensive and too cumbersome. Their manufacture was discontinued, but research was not.

Not Done With Mirrors

The court waxed hot. "Sir," stormed the defense lawyer, "you have admitted you were seated on the right side of the passenger coach where you couldn't see as extra track. Will you please explain to this jury how you can swear the line was double-tracked?"

"Well," meekly answered the witness, "I could look across the aisle and through the coach windows. I saw a train while by occasionally, and took it that there was either a track with it or else this railroad had some mighty good railroaders."

1948 Car Features Comfortable Interior

Silhouettes will be lower, achieved by dropping the height slightly and widening the body somewhat. Lines will be smoother, and front ends simpler except for more massive bumpers (on the rear also) to bring the eye down.

There will be a tendency to shorten body lengths a little because of compaints that cars are not fitting in garages. Much more glass will be used, so that pillars will be narrowed and blind spots eliminated, says Newsweek.

In body interiors the target is living-room comfort and atmosphere. Front seats, getting wider for ten years, will add a little more space. Air conditioning will be installed on the more expensive cars.

Mechanically, the biggest change will be elimination of the gear shift, with several companies planning to offer this feature in their '48 models. Engines will be shorter, perhaps through wider use of V-type models, the object being to cut down the length of the hood and bring front and back seats forward, cradling passengers between the two axles for a smoother ride.

Irish moss found in the waters off the North Atlantic coast is used in puddings, medicines, cosmetics and lotions.

TAKE NO CHANCES with coffee. Insist on Maxwell House. It's an extra-delicious blend of coffees that is Radiant-Roasted to develop all its extra-rich, full body.