

The Quality Tea  
**"SILVER"**  
 ORANGE PEKOE

Valley OF REVENGE  
 BY JACKSON COLE

SYNOPSIS  
 CHAPTER VI  
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 Michael Valdez' shoulders stiffened, his icy eyes bored into the man before him, and his lips became a hard, uncompromising line. "He found out," he said. "But it did him no good. He knew... because you found out that he knew... Want me to go on and tell you what you and those two partners of yours did to Valdez and his family? No? Well—no need. For I'm his son."

He fairly shot out the next words to the cringing man who stood there, speechless. "Now do you want to tell me where I can find those partners of yours, or do you want to pay off for them as well as for yourself?" Raymond Garvin, who had fancied himself as a hard-headed banker, a man so assured that nothing could disturb his composure, was staring at his accuser as though at an apparition.

"I'm waiting," Valdez said coldly. "I don't know where those two are for sure, the land hog said in a cracked voice. "But I did get a letter from one of 'em not so long ago. If I remember rightly, it's got your name and address on it. Do you 'get it?'" Valdez snapped.

Garvin moved reluctantly to the desk and slowly pulled out a drawer. But there was no further hesitation in his movements. This time his hand darted into the desk drawer with the speed of a striking rattlesnake. With a madman's laugh of triumph he whipped out another gun and fired crazily, even before El Caballero Rojo, caught off-guard for a bare instant, could get his own gun into play.

A bullet whizzed through the silver-braided sleeve of the Spanish bolero. The first bullet and the last from the so-called banker's gun. Another roar blended with it, almost instantaneously. And a black powder burn showed on the land hog's white shirt beneath the open collar, just over the heart. Red started slowly spreading on the linen below it. Swiftly his knees buckled as his glazing eyes stared uncomprehendingly toward the floor, dead, as the gun dropped with a metallic clatter from his hand.

El Caballero Rojo lowered his own smoking gun and stared down at the dead man. "Que?" he said cryptically, his eyes glittering as they swept around the room. Swiftly Michael Valdez scooped up papers and money from the desk, showing those he held into a pocket inside his velvet bolero, and gripping the bag of coins tightly in one hand. Then, knocking the light off the desk as he passed, he darted down the long hall, gripping the heavy bag of gold coins tightly.



4647  
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Jacket and Jumper...  
 Oh, mother, what winning ways this pretty and precious outfit has! One yard makes jacket and jumper for a tiny size 2. Blouse in ONE piece, Embroidery transfer inc.

Pattern 4647 sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10. Size 2, jumper and jacket, 1 yd. 39-in.; blouse, 3/4 yd. 35-in. Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to corner 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Fill in name, size, name, address, style number.



MRS. RUSSELL SWEENEY, the teacher of S.S. No. 8 Wallace township School, Ont., is seen here with all six pupils, the smallest attendance in Canada. From left Doris Loug, Ruth Schleuter, Donald Rock, Marilyn Rode, Ronald Schleuter and William Cherry. Each pupil will cost about \$300.

**ANNE HIRST**  
 Your Family Counselor

"No Good" Girl Tells Shocking Story.  
 DEAR ANNE HIRST: Is it too late to start being the girl the other people around here think I am? They say I'm an angel. The others know that I'm nothing. I'm 16. Two months ago I met a man. He told me I was married, but that didn't make any difference to me. I let him come to see me, and I have fallen in love with him.

Two nights ago I told him I had a choice between me and his wife, and said I'd better forget him. Anne Hirst, I have found out now that I made a perfect fool out of myself, and I have lost my reputation. (I smoke and drink, too, and sometimes gamble.) I hope all teen-age girls will read this, and don't do anything I have done. You will be sorry in the end. No married man means any single girl any good. "NO GOOD" NOT TOO LATE

You have been going around with the wrong crowd. How else would you have learned to drink and smoke, even to gamble—and think it doesn't make any difference whether a man is married? If you are under the legal age in your state, and you must have indulged in some of these vices surreptitiously.

In every community there are nice people who usually predominate. You can find them if you try. Drop these loose youngsters who have lured you into such goings-on. Never be seen with any of them again. The road back to a good life is hard. For a while you will be shunned by nice girls, for their parents will let them be estranged from you. It is only by withdrawing yourself from these low acquaintances, and adopting a very different manner and new habits, that you can show the better element in your community that you are worthy of their friendship.

The first way is to bury yourself in your studies, and excel in your school work as fast as you can. Don't linger after school comes near home, and stop there. Give your spare time to studying, to helping around the house, to the Y.W.C.A. and learn what fun you can have in a decent way, use their gymnasium, go on their hikes when you can, take pain. They crashed into each other, right in the stampede, and to avoid being trampled by the flying hoofs of the big blue roan. Then, as suddenly, the mount was wheeled again, and El Cielo and his silver-decked rider were pounding down the street. But Michael Valdez knew well enough that before he could dare hope to get clear of the town's other guards stationed at various points outside would be upon him.

Realizing that he must do something other than try to outride them, Valdez leaped his mount into the first cross alley that was out of sight of the men in the street, and pulled up to a halt. What now? For a quick glance over his shoulder told him that already the advance guard were on their way and that mounted gunmen were pouring into the street from the rear. El Cielo and his silver-decked rider were already in the street, and the others were coming on fast.

Going Out  
 Conceded Young Man: "I am an intelligent man with a university education." Business Man: "Yes, but do you slam it as you go out?"

ENJOYED BY MORE families than any other brand of coffee in the world... that's Maxwell House. Because of its extra flavor it's always "Good to the Last Drop!"

**SLOANS' LINIMENT**  
 GOOD FOR SPRAINS

**FREE! NYLON STOCKINGS!**  
 Ladies, would you like to receive a pair of lovely nylon stockings, absolutely free? Then answer the question: "What is The Birth Date of October?" Send your answer, together with a self-addressed envelope (no stamps) to: D.P.O. 124, D.V.E., or Toronto, Ont. enclosed in your wrapper or envelope. If you need more than one pair, send in two or more wrappers or envelopes. D.P.O. 124, D.V.E. is on sale at all drug and grocery stores. Price 10¢ a pair. There's no better!

**Lost your PEP?**  
 TAKE KRUSCHER

**Modern Etiquette**  
 By Roberta Lee

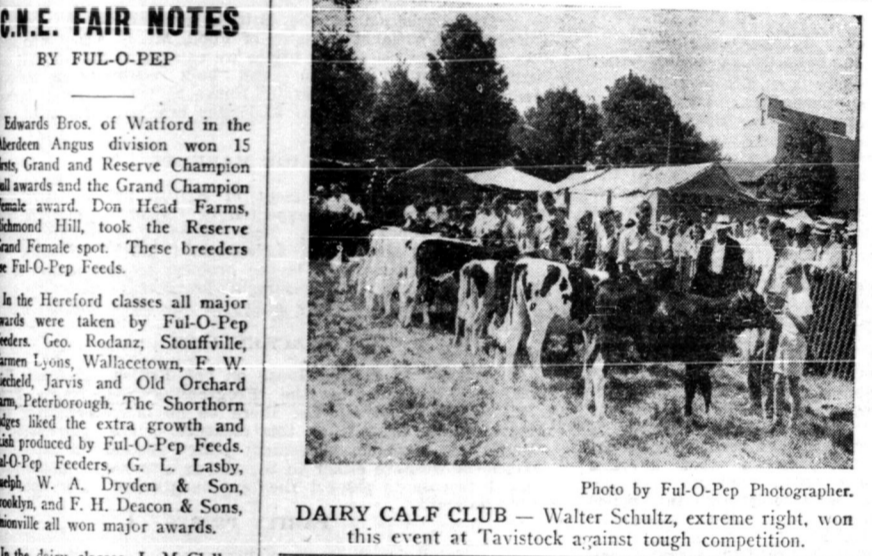
**EVERY PACKAGE OF Tintex**  
 IS GUARANTEED FOR NYLON, CREANES, RAYON AND ALL MIXTURES

**It Makes You Feel So Much Better**  
 The Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> Tonic

**FALL FAIRTIME IN ONTARIO**



BABY CONTEST—Proud mothers and their youngsters at the fair building at Milverton. This popular event drew over thirty contestants.



DAIRY CALF CLUB—Walter Schultz, extreme right, won this event at Tavistock.



SCHOOL CHILDREN from in and around Tavistock formed up in the central ring after singing. The group gave a short choral selection and then dispersed.



ASTONISHING CRASH—Lady Luck was kind. No one was hurt when the above plane failed to clear the field in the take-off attempt.

**FAIRTIME HIGHLIGHTS**  
 By Your Fal-O-Pep Reporter

The Morningside Agricultural Society's 83rd fall fair at Milverton was a great success. This was the 83rd annual presentation of the society and the weatherman co-operated in fine style. The full-half-mile track was in the best of condition and had recently been widened and thoroughly overhauled. Fast time was made in all the events, but the attraction which your Fal-O-Pep Feed Reporter felt was outstanding was the Chariot Race, won by Charlie Hill of Hagersville. This event was an "extra" with only two entries. The horses were old race horses, and the going was fast—plenty fast! There were thrills galore as the chariots swept 'round the track. The crowd roared their approval as the charioters and their entries hit their stride. The dash and zip of this contest would have satisfied even the toughest old Roman Senator's heart. As noted above, the animals used in this race were originally top notch race horses, and there isn't much doubt that these old patricians have more than a nodding acquaintance with that aristocrat of the feed family Fal-O-Pep.

The Baby Contest was another event which proved to be a crowd puller. There were more than 30 contestants, and to your experienced reporter each one seemed to win first place. In all the fairs covered by your Fal-O-Pep Reporter up to the time of writing, the Milverton Exhibition has been first in the contest of Baby Contest. As a result, no experience in this line can be claimed by the writer. To the untutored eye it appears that the wisdom of Solomon would be required to pick the winner in this event.

Mr. Hume Clutton, well-known cattle breeder and judge, of Milverton, Robert Mueller of Whitney Farms, who stood first and David Smith, who stood first for showmanship, are shown above.

This Week at Tavistock  
 Tavistock was the scene of much hustle and bustle and the 96th annual showing of the Fall Fair seemed to be better planned than in previous years. Mr. Rudy, the Fair Secretary and his wife, certainly deserve congratulations for helping to make it such a success.

Entries were numerous this year, but the attendance was down. Undoubtedly the Toronto Exhibition, and the fact that the crops were three weeks late had much to do with this.

The crowds were treated to a spectacle not features on the programme when a plane piloted by M. Hicks, ex. R.C.A.F. pilot from Tilsonburg, crashed on a field adjoining the Fair Grounds. The plane did not make the take-off and the two passengers, Robt. Ratz and Warden Dean of Stratford escaped with a mild shaking up. The field from which the plane was taking off was furrowed and your observer came to the conclusion that over confidence was responsible for the accident.

WILSON'S CONTEST WINNERS FOR AUGUST CONTEST #2

WILSON'S RAT DUST  
 Simply dust WILSON'S RAT DUST where rats run. They get a lethal dose by merely passing over treated surfaces and die at their watering place, not by your walls. Use this easy effective, economical way to-day.

**LIPTON'S SELECT BLEND TEA**  
 "UM-M-M! WHAT A FLAVOR-LIFT!"  
 MR. BRISK says "WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AS YOU CAN BE, DRINK A CUP OF LIPTON'S TEA"

**INQUIRITIVE YOUTH**

A small boy had been told that we are here in the world to help others. "What are the others here for?" he asked.

**PARTICULAR ABOUT COFFEE?**

Then try Maxwell House. It contains choice Latin-American coffees. Expert Blending combines them all in a superb Maxwell House blend that has extra flavor.

**GOING TOMORROW**

The Browns had a new housemaid, young and pretty. Mrs. Brown thought her husband was taking rather too much interest in the new arrival.

**BIG NIGHT**

On the ninth stroke of the clock Simpson awoke with a start. "Gosh, what a head I've got," he groaned. "I can't go to the office today."

**ASTONISHING CRASH**

Lady Luck was kind. No one was hurt when the above plane failed to clear the field in the take-off attempt.