

The Quality Tea

"SALUDA" TEA

Valley of Revenge

JACKSON COLE

CHAPTER XXXIV
CHAPTER XXXIV: Weber finds Valdez at Aldman's. He captures Juanita and holds her to lure Valdez into a trap.

Chapter XXXIV
Juanita trembled with fury. After all her efforts at secrecy, someone at last knew of her connection with the scarlet-masked rider!

She was thinking, surely. Somehow she would have to convince him he was in error.

"El Caballero Rojo?" she repeated plaintively. "Senor makes the mistake. I know no such person."

"You can't come that kind of talk over me! You're his lookout man, and I know it!"

Juanita laughed. "But, senor," she protested, "I know of that outlaw—as does everyone from here to the border. He rides alone, that one. He would not suffer me to lick his boots, senor. Untie me. Let us call this big mistake finished."

Weber brought her mouth over her side. "The big mistake," he said tightly, "will be finished when El Caballero Rojo is dead."

"You are wrong, senor!" pleaded Juanita. "By my mother's honor I swear—"

"You lie, curse you!" Clark Weber snarled. He stood over her, a tense finger on the trigger of the gun that was trained on Juanita's forehead. "You were at the Aldman house the other night. Then he came here to night, and you were standing guard for him. If you lie again, I'll kill you."

To Juanita de Cuevas death was insignificant compared with the safety of Michael Valdez. Yet she must live, at least long enough to warn Valdez of what this man before her knew—or guessed.

"Senor," she murmured. "You speak true. I am the servant of El Caballero Rojo. It is greater honor than even my father dreamed for me."

"Madre de Dios!" she prayed. "Help me! Help Michael!"

Outside the barn, Clark Weber's enthusiasm kept him comfortable for an hour. Then, with the thermometer dropping and the rain which had begun shortly after he had arrived here with his prisoner now turning to sleet, he shivered and looked with envy at the house.

"If I could only keep watch from inside the house," he mumbled. "But—"

Suddenly he started. What a fool he had been! If there was a light near the north window, the kitchen window, it would dispel the gloomy dark as far as this barn door. He could wait inside, crouched near the window. There would be no danger of missing his quarry, for the man would have to go into this door, since there was but one entrance to the loft where the prisoner was waiting.

He hurried into the house, avoiding Ellen and Chet Maxon, who were seated by the glowing fire in the living room. In the kitchen, he had scarcely taken off his hat when Ellen entered from the doorway.

"Where have you been all day, Clark?" she queried. "Did you... Why, you're soaked!" Then she had her first full glimpse of his face, and it frightened her. "What's wrong?" she demanded.

"Nothing," he said shortly. She studied him. "You act like a cat that's just eaten the canary," she observed. "What's so pleasant?"

Her brother, who had come to the door and stood beside her, grinned. "Maybe he's found a gold mine," Chet said, and laughed.

Walter wanted to know about what he actually had found, but could not. He might have to share his gains if he did. So all he said, enigmatically, was:

"I've been out on some business that turned out pretty well. I'm going for us today as well as a message of warning, but also one of hope."

(To Be Continued)

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4682

Send for Pattern 4682, the wonder-dress with only THREE main pattern parts! Save precious sewing time, make this new beauty with the popular swirl skirt, tiny waist.

Pattern 4682 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 3 1/2 yards 36-inch.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (86c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 23, 75 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

ISSUE 15 — 1948

Crippled Opera Star Gets Floral Tribute from "Timmy"—Still crippled by polio, Marjorie Lawrence, famous Metropolitan Opera Star came to Toronto at her own expense to assist in the Campaign for Ontario's Crippled Children, the program being broadcast over 35 radio stations. While last year Miss Lawrence was forced to sing from a wheelchair, this time she stood supported by a special movable stand. Here she is seen accepting a bouquet from "Timmy," the crippled nine-year-old who was the symbol of this year's appeal.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

Stepfather Unfair To Wife's Sons
WE HEAR a great deal about stepmothers being unfair to the children of the men they marry. But every now and then a letter comes to me from a widow who has married again, and who finds her husband unjust and even cruel to her young sons.

It is a predicament indeed, and for everyone concerned. The man undoubtedly promised to raise the boys as his own, and probably intended to show no difference between them and the children he and his wife have later. But sometimes it doesn't work out that way. He is too often, critical of his stepsons. Though their mother raises them carefully, he calls it indulgence. He thinks they need a man's discipline, and proceeds to apply it. She feels he is unnecessary. And the household is divided.

The husband and wife love. It is a predicament indeed, and for everyone concerned. The man undoubtedly promised to raise the boys as his own, and probably intended to show no difference between them and the children he and his wife have later. But sometimes it doesn't work out that way. He is too often, critical of his stepsons. Though their mother raises them carefully, he calls it indulgence. He thinks they need a man's discipline, and proceeds to apply it. She feels he is unnecessary. And the household is divided.

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Sunday School Lesson
By Rev R Barclay Warren

God's Message To A People In Exile.
Ezekiel 18; 14-34; 11-16; 36-38

Golden Text: "A new heart also I will give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." Ezekiel 36-26.

Just as too many of us do today, it was common for the people of Israel to blame their troubles on those who had gone before them, and think they were being punished for their forefathers' sins, not for their own. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," was the way one biblical writer put it.

This is a characteristic of human nature. "If the statesmen at the close of the first great war had only been wiser," we say, "and things of that kind."

But we take errors too; for while we possess inherited tendencies, developed by environment, we cannot blame our sins on either heredity or environment, for we have wills of our own. We are not helpless victims of what has gone before. We are free moral agents. If we continue in sin we are in danger of eternal death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," was Ezekiel's warning.

So Ezekiel sought to turn the exiles from the belief that they suffered only from the sins of their fathers, urging them to self-examination. But he also brought a gracious message of comfort—"His sheep that have been scattered," together with the promise "I will seek that which was lost and bring back again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken and strengthen that which was sick."

There is also a promise of spiritual cleansing—"Ye shall be clean from all your iniquities... Ye shall be my people and I will be your God."

Ezekiel's message, though directed to the poor of old, is one for us today as well—a message of warning, but also one of hope.

Your Handwriting and You

Alex S. Arnott

One Unassuming, Aggressive
De Mr. Arnott: Thank you for the analysis of my handwriting which described my personality to the letter. I will admit that every trait of character you have listed is true, and I am sure that you are right. Well, we don't want to give the analysis of two friends whose handwriting I have enclosed.

The first was showing the question mark in the script, has a very emotional nature and responds readily to sympathy and affection. This emotional feeling, is not long lasting for it is signs of readiness to forget quickly, revealing the writer's ability to understand and forget and overlook the faults of others. The writer has a modest unassuming nature, generous and broadminded.

Interest in the welfare and education of children is definitely shown, indicating ability to understand and to get the most out of the personalities.

This young lady shows a great deal of friendliness towards others, but has an exclusive nature, that is, she chooses friends with great care, showing a preference for a few associates rather than a large circle of friends.

The second example of writing, with the word "because" written in the script, does not show as deep affection as that of the first writer for there is more balance to the emotions. The writer takes a practical view of things and is not likely to be swayed by sentiment. The emotions are deep and she does not forget the rights and wrongs of others readily but will hold her feelings long after she should have forgotten about them.

There is extravagance in the writing, indicating disregard for small and petty things. She is likely to enjoy the best and not to count the cost. The writer has rather an aggressive nature and goes after the things she wants in life. There is a tendency to plan for the future, to reach out to gain, to possess and to attain her ambition.

The writer shows a great deal of changeability in her writing and has difficulty in making definite decisions. She is inclined to be impulsive, often regretting this impulsiveness when there is time for reflection. There is sensitivity in the script with a show for independence and self reliance. Talkativeness is also indicated by inclinations to be frank in all that she says.

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The Bookshelf

By Kay Peterson Parker

Decorating Your Home
Here is expert advice on how to choose the right lamp shade to evaluate the light control in your room.

With the aid of this book, you will be able to judge the quality of a professional, you will know how to treat the walls and how to intelligently select range rugs and draperies. You will know how to arrange furniture into the general scheme.

The author has illustrated book with delightful drawings. These, combined with the written text, give you a complete picture of an interior with inspirational and practical.

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CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gladwin P. Clarke

Here are all ready for the Easter parties. Partner had a long day. Bob is home from the hospital with a nice new pair of crutches and a liberally autographed light control in your room.

With the aid of this book, you will be able to judge the quality of a professional, you will know how to treat the walls and how to intelligently select range rugs and draperies. You will know how to arrange furniture into the general scheme.

The author has illustrated book with delightful drawings. These, combined with the written text, give you a complete picture of an interior with inspirational and practical.

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U. S. Army Unit

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Depicted in 54 id est (ab)
2 Registered 55 Public notice
3 U. S. Army 56 Abuse
102nd
4 Garden shovel
5 Registered nurse (ab)
6 Loud
7 Hawaiian bird
8 Half-sem
9 Indonesian of
10 Mindanao
11 Hangman's knots
12 Coin
13 Shout
14 Seines
15 Coffin stand
16 Scott
17 Propel across a body of water
18 Low sand hill
19 Beams
20 Indian army (ab)
21 Part of "be"
22 Above
23 Variable star
24 Bridges
25 Make into law
26 For fear that
27 Royal Italian family name
28 Chew upon
29 Individual
30 Sleeping visions
31 Fish
32 Measure
33 Therefore

CLYDE HOEY

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TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Several weeks ago, we told you that we were writing a story on the case of Joe Smiley. This is a true story and Joe Smiley is the name we'll use for story purposes. The reason for writing the story at all, is to make you feel as I did when I first heard it. After hearing the story behind Joe Smiley's life, I knew I had a lot to be thankful for—and I think you will feel the same way.

I first met Joe on a picnic at Niagara Falls a few years ago. We met on a train. To me, he was just another guy with an office job and no particular worries. Brother, I was wrong about him. That boy could certainly cover up a lot of inner feelings with that smile of his.

It seems that Joe lives with his mom and dad. That's not unusual, but Joe's dad happens to be a chronic drinker. By trade he is an interior decorator. He makes good money, but it doesn't mean a thing to Joe, or his mom. Whenever his pop finishes a particular job, he disappears for four or five days. Eventually he comes home unshaven, unkempt and usually sick. He lays around the house for days on end and then he goes on another job and the story is repeated.

Joe is an ordinary guy with an ordinary job. He'll probably always be an ordinary guy with an ordinary job and the many of his fellow men, he fell in love. He wanted to get married and that was quite a struggle on the money he was making. First off the girl was to team up with decided she wanted a baby-grand piano. Well you can see what a help that was to Joe. The worst of it was, she couldn't play the piano.

Well sir, Joe talked his mother in law into letting him have two rooms in the upstairs of her house. Now, Joe has been working for about 10 yrs. When he first started working, he was paid a house for his mom. He knew she would never have a home of her own unless he did. He took a mortgage on the place and over the past few years, he has paid it off. He is now the owner of the place. He has a small table. Excuse me, I mean, he could see that if it was scraped down and refinished it would make a nice end-table. His mother said he could have it, so he went to work with the sandpaper and elbow grease.

One day the father came home with a few under his belt—just enough to put him in that helpful

moor. He took Joe's half finished table and started lathering it up with dark varnish stain. It didn't matter that Joe wanted a light color, or that it wasn't stained enough for staining. Half way through the varnish job, the father got fed up with it—angry is the word. He sent the table flying against the wall, knocking off two legs and cracking it half way through.

Joe felt about it, but got over the deal in time. Eventually he was married. Happy? Well Joe says he is, but then that is what he could say anyway. He's been married four months and his wife has been in the hospital three times with this, and that the other. His drunken father keeps trying to mess up his life by interfering in all his affairs. At Christmas the father and a few of his cronies borrowed Joe's car without asking for it. Two hours later, it was smashed beyond recognition.

There is more to the story than that. His wife too, he learned to late, is also a chronic drinker. She went with her for three years and never knew her to touch a drop. She said that for a long time he gets home until he goes to work about having to live in two rooms. She says about his small salary and about not having a lot of new clothes. His mother thinks he should start paying more rent and for the past few months his father hasn't worked at all. Every time his pop can correct him in the hall, he tries to make a touch. The roof almost goes off when he doesn't get it.

The other day, I walked into Joe Smiley's office. He was busy going through a pile of papers. When I called out a greeting, he came over with a smile on his face and the warm handshake I had not felt for several years.

I took him to lunch and we had a chat about a lot of things. He told me he was getting along well. He was happily married, he said, and had big plans for the future. He hasn't any idea that I know his real story. Big plans for the future? Yeah, sure. Why not? There's always the chance a fellow may get a break. There is a guy who really deserves one.

You know what I mean now? If a fellow like Joe Smiley can be happy (or try to be) and make plans for the future, what kick have I got? How about you, friend? Feel the same as I do?

Well that is the way it goes. One day before he was married, Joe was looking around in the cellar. He found a small table. Excuse me, I mean, he could see that if it was scraped down and refinished it would make a nice end-table. His mother said he could have it, so he went to work with the sandpaper and elbow grease.

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