The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XXVII: A warning is issued to the cattlemen to stop the plundering in the valley. Michael Valdez, riding towards Gold Creek, sees a figure in the distance against the skyline, dressed like himself, red hair and all.

Chapter XXVIII

His grin faded, though, and his lips tightened grimly.

"Now," he thought, "the terrible stories will start of what El Caballero Rojo has done in Deep Water Valley."

Valdez nudged the blue roan for the knoll where he had last seen the rider, determined, after all, to trail the impostor. But in that instant, far to the north, atop a sharp, crowned hill, he saw another rider—unmistakably Juanita. The girl's wig-wagged speech was plain. Briefly it said that she had seen something that needed tracking down—seen the very person that Valdez himself had just seen.

* * *

"Twin?" signaled Valdez, to satisfy himself.

"Si!" came the reply, and Juanita promptly dropped out of sight.

Then Michael Valdez heard the thunder of hoofs on his right. The swift thought caught at his mind—a posse was galloping in pursuit of the false Caballero.

A score of horsemen poured into the arroyo like charging cavalry. Pete Haskell was in the lead on a mount as white as a fresh snowdrift. Haskell's eyes narrowed when he saw Valdez in the trail—a stranger to him—so still and placidly smoking.

The rancher pulled up. The white reared and Haskell closed in on Valdez.

Over Haskell's shoulder went a command to some of the others to keep on in the direction the fleeing rider had gone. Then he, urged his white horse in a complete circle around Valdez, scrutinizing every inch of man and horse.

"A gent in some circus clothes ride by this way, stranger?" he finally snapped. "You happen to notice?"

Valdez' face was friendly. He looked toward the south — away from the direction the rider had actually taken—and nodded.

"Yeah," he said quietly. "I saw something kind of shiny streakin' south. Far off. Glad to know it was a rider. Kind of had me puzzled for a minute. I was thinking it was some animal that had got away from somebody maybe."

* * *

Haskell spun around to the remnants of his followers.

"Some of you men head south," he ordered. "That blasted El Caballero Rojo is not far off!"

The black-haired vaquero whistled. "El Caballero Rojo, did you say?" he asked in astonishment, his eyes wide.

"Yep," snapped the cattleman. "And as slick and fast as he's always been said to be."

"Plaguing you gents, is he?"

"Not yet. But he's all set to—unless he gets told a few things about what's what. Thing is, there had been some dirty work down in Deep Water Valley nearby. This redhead jumps at the conclusion that we cattlemen are responsible for it. We're holding a meeting to try to sort of figure out how we can get our own troubles cleared up, and he busts in on it and shouts that we'll pay for what's been done. We've got plenty of trouble without him messing in, so we aim to get that El Caballero Rojo before he does damage to the wrong parties."

Valdez' smile was wan. "From what I hear about that outlaw," he ventured to put in, "he don't put his boot down until he's sure there is a snake underfoot."

"He's shore made a mistake this time then," snapped the cattleman, "And—" His lips tightened again. "Well, we got to push on, stranger. Ride with us?"

Valdez shook his head. "Sorry," he said. "But I've got something right important to attend to in Gold Creek, and I'm late now in getting there. Maybe I'll be back this way, and if I do, I'll be riding with you gents. Adios."

Haskell watched Valdez withdraw.

"Well"—the old cattleman looked over at Luke Wallace—"let's ride."

As Michael rode away from them slowly, his mind was busy. That other Caballero Rojo—he must be pretty reckless and impulsive. Or else that old cattleman was a liar. Still no man could buck a crowd of ranchmen like that and be branded coward.

"My twin certainly seems to believe that the cattlemen are responsible for what happened last night," Valdez mused. "As for myself—I'll remain neutral. At least until I hear from Juanita. Then my chips will go in with the truth. Whatever it is."

* * *

He pushed on, grim of face and determined to get to the bottom of things, for he knew that he had to bring justice to the man or men, whoever they were, who had been responsible for that hideous crucifixion. He solemnly swore to unmask that man, no matter at what risks or dangers. For the urge for justice burned in Michael Valdez like a hot iron.

What was more, his instinct told him that when he found the man back of the trouble here, he would also be facing the man he himself had looked for so long—the man who had been "big boss" to Garvin and Conroy, the man who at heart had been responsible for El Caballero Rojo's own tragedy.

(To be Continued)

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

The character and personal qualities of the world's people may be compared with the likeness of the earth's surface with its high mountain tops, low depressions, and level plateaux. Just as there are high mountains, so there are great men and women whose intelligence and strength of character rise above that of their fellow men, with the great mass of the earth's people being average like the level of a plateau. Just as we have great heights of human intelligence, so we have the opposite forms of lower mentality with its strife, insincerity, deceit and cunning. In many correspondents, there is ample opportunity to see the mental heights to which the average person can rise. Even an average person can rise above the petty things of life and become great mentally and intellectually for each of us has talent in one way or another and, if we are consistent and ambitious in the use of our talents, we can make remarkable changes for the good of all as well as for personal happiness. With so many attractions of pleasure and relaxation, the average people are likely to let others supply the talent while they are content to remain on the average level of endeavor. The world's people, as we find them through handwriting analysis, need more ambition, sincerity, hopefulness and charity, with less spite, revenge, insincerity and greed.

* * *

This week's example of writing is part of a letter received from a reader whose sincerity of purpose, ambition, hopefulness and charity is clearly illustrated in every line of her writing. The clean cut script with every loop and line easily visible tells me of the writer's desire to be frank with all her associates and ambitious in all that she does. Such fine lines in the writing are indicative of spiritual wealth with contentment and peace of mind that comes from a nature which enjoys and appreciates the simple things that bring personal happiness. The wide spaces between the connecting strokes of each letter are excellent examples of a generous and unselfish nature. The height of all loop letters above the writing line are very high and, like the writer's mind, endeavor to reach above the lower levels to achieve great attainments. The script is neat and orderly, of good form and consistency, to indicate the habits of the writer.

* * *

This writing has all the traits of character that rises to the mountainous heights, above the average levels of human endeavor.

more complete samples of my handwriting

Our readers may receive an interesting and instructive personal analysis of their handwriting by sending an example of writing with 25 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counsellor

Sons and Husbands Need a Loose Rein

"WHAT did you mean, Anne Hirst, by the note at the foot of your column the other day? It read, 'Sons, like husbands, can only be held by letting them go.' I am a mother, and any enlightenment on this subject will be greatly appreciated." So asks a reader.

It has been quite a while since I tackled this topic, and perhaps the time has come for another try at it.

Many a lad's disposition has been spoiled, and his later life complicated, because he was brought up as Mamma's Boy. His mother dominated all his thinking, even after he wore long trousers. He turned to her for every decision. He came so to depend upon her that he never developed any manly trait of his own. He leaned on her for his first 20 years—and after that he lost all desire or reason to become a man.

● A MOTHER'S JOB

Every mother wants to be proud of her son from the day he is born. If she is wise, she makes him stand on his own feet in every sense of the word. He is taught the difference between right and wrong. He is made to understand the rudiments of good sportsmanship. He learns good manners and social graces. He is guided tactfully in his choice of friends. And so he is apt to grow up with the right instincts and impulses.

Often it is in his adolescent years that his mother cannot resist the temptation to keep her finger on his emotional pulse. She will not welcome one girl friend he likes because the girl's family comes from the wrong side of the railroad tracks. She objects to a school pal because she doesn't like his mother. She dictates her son's comings-and-goings as though he were still 10 years old. She gives him no freedom of thought or action, she refuses to let him make his own mistakes and learn from them. And all this she does "because she loves him so!"

Most of her persistence is based on her fear of losing him. She cannot bear to think he does not need her every moment of his waking hours. She approves, glowingly, of everything he does, and defends him fiercely against justified criticism. He is her favorite of all the children; his sisters are practically slaves to his whims—and as for his father, that man has long ago given up "interfering."

What if some nice girl is foolish enough to marry this paragon? His mother is right there, criticising, making the girl over, belittling her at her son's expense. And moving in with them if she dares.

These are the mistakes many mothers make with their sons. In trying to live their lives for them, they deprive them of the very good things they desire for the boys. And finally break their maternal hearts when the young men turn against them.

* * *

Train your son in the way he should go — and then try to keep hands off. If you are having trouble, ask Anne Hirst about it. Address her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

★

Sooner Than Later

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a hostess gives a dinner party in a restaurant, is it all right for guests to add to her tip upon leaving the table?

A. This would be extremely belittling to the hostess and give the impression that her guests considered her tip as insufficient.

Q. Is it all right for a business man to use his business-letter heads when he writes his social letters at his office?

A. No; he should keep a box of correspondence stationery in his desk for this purpose.

Q. What is the correct way to eat a peach at the table?

A. A small silver knife should be provided, the peach cut into quarters, and conveyed to the mouth with the fingers.

Q. The only piece of jewelry I have is my platinum, diamond-set wedding ring. Is it necessary for me to discard this, inasmuch as I have just been divorced?

A. No, you may go on wearing this. It is the one kind of ring that you can wear without question.

Q. What apology should a person offer if he accidentally brushes against another person on the street, or in some public conveyance?

A. "I am sorry" is sufficient.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren

The Fellowship of Christian Believers

Acts 2:37-47; Ephesians 4:1-6

Golden Text — There is one body and one Spirit even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. Ephesians 4:4-6.

The day of Pentecost is one of the memorable days in world History. After the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, Peter who had denied his Lord on the night of the betrayal, became the foremost preacher of the occasion. The city which had witnessed the crucifiction of Jesus a few weeks before heard the charge from Peter, "Him—ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified, both Lord and Christ". Those who heard were pricked to the heart and exclaimed, "Men and brethren what shall we do?" The answer came, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." About three thousand heeded the call that day.

* * *

There was an intense fellowship among these believers. "All that believed were together, and had all things common." This was not communism. There was no confiscation of wealth. But there was a marvelous generosity. Some sold possessions and party to all men, as every man had need. This action made for a close spirit of unity which persisted when persecution came and they were scattered abroad.

Despite the many denominations today, the church, the true body of Christian believers is one. This is beautifully set forth in the golden text. We make too much out of our differences and fail to emphasize our oneness. When the church was making its greatest impression upon the world, the individual believers were characterized by the unity of the Spirit. If the Holy Spirit could have the same place in the church today, spiritual oneness, and great victories in the saving of souls would again be the order of the day. Our need is not more machinery and organization but the Holy Spirit. The need is imperative if the church is to fulfill her mission in the world.

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What's come over me - these days?

Often a woman becomes panicky and gives way to fears and nerves—when perfectly natural changes are taking place in her system. And the unfortunate part is that these dark dreads and fears may cause a nervous breakdown . . . needlessly!

Plenty of sleep, fresh air, wholesome food and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help to build up your vitality and tone up the whole system—so that nerves and hysteria are forgotten. Yes, when you're in good shape physically and mentally—with no condition of "nerves" to magnify the slightest change—you can keep *serene* and *happy* right through the most trying times.

So remember, at the first sign of the fidgets, hysteria or nervous doubts—start building yourself up with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You'll *rest* better, *look* better, *feel* better. Keep yourself in good condition with this time-proven remedy which has helped thousands of Canadian women. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD
FOR NEW PEP and ENERGY

It keeps in the cupboard—it's quick-acting—it's always there when you want it! Now, with the New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast, you can bake more delicious breads and rolls in extra-fast time. No dashing to the store at the last minute—you can keep a month's supply standing by, use it as you need it. It will be as potent the day you use it as the day you bought it. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

This week we are touching a match to a fuse that may cause a protest from certain quarters. Our theme for this week is, "Do We Need Religion?" We do not intend to delve into personal church problems, faiths or otherwise. As a matter of fact, we don't care what church you go to. What we do care about is, do you go to church at all?

The subject of religion and faiths can often arouse the deepest angers. We think this may be due to the fact that a lot of people have a far deeper feeling for the church than is outwardly seen.

* * *

It must make a lot of people smile at times, the way many people who never darken a church door run for the minister if some member of the family passes on, if they are planning a wedding or going to baptize a baby. We have that kind in our town. I know of one case where a daughter was married here last summer, and they haven't been near the church since; but brother, you should have seen the show they put on getting that girl married. Now a number of people in this town when they read this are going to ask themselves, "is it us, he is talking about? All we can say, is that if the cap fits, wear it.

* * *

We shudder at the thoughts of what this country would be like if all our Sunday Schools were suddenly closed. No doubt in a short time the police forces would have to be doubled and then trebled. Why? Because that is the only place where a large number of our children are taught anything about what is right and what is wrong, and it would open your eyes very wide it you actually knew how many children really don't know the difference between right and wrong. Parents who don't care enough about the future welfare of their children to send them to church to be taught the better way of life, or who won't bother to teach them themselves are a menace to society. And we have that kind here too. A lot of people around here aren't going to like me very much for this, and I don't care one little bit.

* * *

On the theme of "Do We Need Religion", we feel there is no other answer but yes. If not, why do we have a World Day of Prayer, why did thousands go almost berserk when a little runt of a man was assassinated? Because religion burns deep all over the world. It takes many twists, turns and differences but it's there just the same. Gandhi was probably the most saintly man we have had in our time. The faith that millions had in him was exemplified in the power he held over an erratic mass of ignorant people. It's very unlikely that we will ever see again a man with such power of emotion and goodness—especially over so many people.

People, young and old, who do not attend church often look down upon those who do. They call them bibletotin'-so-and-so's etc. They criticize those who go and often try to make them appear like hypocrites. This is definitely the wrong attitude to take.

Young people today must think of the church, and try to help it along. It's true that the church needs all the support it can get. The church needs us, but not nearly as much as we need the church. Remember that.

* * *

Many people who do not go to church will argue that they are as good, if not better than a lot of those who who go. This is a very silly and childish argument. Whether you are better than those who do go, has nothing at all to do with it. Going to church is for your own good and yours only.

Yes, gang, we do need religion. We need it more today than we ever needed it. Go to church every Sunday. Not because your neighbor does, but because you want to, because you feel the need of the uplift it gives you. And remember if He needed it, we all need it. Religion is a part of our every day life and if we practice good christianship and keep the church close to us we will be a lot better for it.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARMS

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

With snow inches deep whichever way you look and no sign of a thaw do you think it will make Spring seem a little nearer if we talk about housecleaning? I hope so because housecleaning — or maybe I should say re-decorating—is so definitely on my mind that I find it hard to concentrate on anything else. After all, when one has waited ten years to get a certain job done it can't be forgotten as if it were a matter of no importance. The job that I refer to is our living-room—(we stripped the paper off last week—remember?)—and more especially am I thinking of the floor.

* * *

Oh, that floor! It had been painted, varnished and enamelled time and again—in our day and before it. It has been at once my hope and my despair. Despair, because nothing would stay on it. Move a chair and an ugly streak across the floor was the result. Lift a chair and a chunk of paint came away with it. My hope was that some happy day we could get a sanding machine, take off all the old paint and get down to the natural wood. But we knew it would be quite a job and we were afraid if we tackled it ourselves it might not be a success. While we were still undecided two young fellows started up in business doing just that very work, so we made the plunge. Last Monday the men arrived with all their equipment, and the fun began. They were here almost a day and a half and I think they just about suffocated. But the floor is a great success. The wood is what is known as "knotty white pine", and comes up quite light in colour, which is what I wanted. After sanding, the floor was given a coat of wood filler, then crack filler and finally clear varnish. Later it will be well waxed.

When the floor was done I went to work at painting—and now that, too, is almost finished — my kind friend whom I mentioned last week came down and helped me again. Next week there will be the papering to do, and that I intend to do myself. It would be nice to turn the whole job over to the decorators but unfortunately that is more than we can afford. With drapes and slip-covers to think about we have to draw the line somewhere. Maybe it won't be a first class job but at least the room will be fresh, clean and bright—and after a lapse of ten years without any attention at all we can hardly be accused of extravagance.

Painting being a nice quiet job we were able, by means of the radio, to keep abreast of the news without wasting time. We were overjoyed at Barbara Ann's success in the Olympics, especially since so many obstacles had threatened to spoil things for her. I suppose I should say Barbara Ann Scott, or Miss Scott—but that isn't the way I think of her. To me she is Barbara Ann—a lovable, natural nineteen year old girl who could be any mother's daughter—and of whom any mother might be proud, quite apart from her skill as a skater. Her vivacious charm and complete naturalness, unspoiled by success has surely won all hearts right across the Dominion.

* * *

Also via the radio, came news of tumbling prices across the Border, with no one apparently being quite sure whether it was good news or bad. But the average housewife will not have much doubt about it being good news. Not that we are likely to notice any price reductions right away, but at any rate the tendency will be there. Perhaps we shall finally reach that long looked for goal —a buyer's market. Last Thursday I was down town buying an alarm clock in a store that is part jeweller's, part beauty parlour. But all was quiet in the beauty parlour—no humming of hair driers, no chattering of women's voices. I said to the proprietress—"How come?" She shrugged her shoulders—"Business is awfully slow—they say it's the same everywhere!"

I was impressed. It was the first time I had noticed any visible evidence that anyone was running short of funds.

U. S. Legislator

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured U. S. representative from New York, ——
13 Giant king of Bashan
14 Fruits
15 East Indies (ab.)
16 Be seated
18 He used to be in the ——
19 Plead
20 Rise
22 Canines
23 Money
24 Corded fabric
26 Succeed
27 Orchestras
29 Attack
32 Paid notice
33 Sun god
34 Anent
35 Artificial language
36 Peg
38 Sting
40 Doctrine
41 Light brown
42 Privation
44 Metal plate
48 Pierce
51 Mineral rock
52 Fashionable world
54 Collection of sayings
55 Georgia (ab.)
56 Adopted
58 Upon
59 Coating with metal

VERTICAL
1 Chinese idol
2 Exchange premium
3 Out of (prefix)
4 Exclamation (pl.)
5 Noxious plant
6 River in Tuscany
7 Full
8 Is seated
9 Tiny
10 Bone
11 Golf mounds
12 Lofty
17 Mountain lake
19 Prohibits
21 Reparation
23 Motion pictures
25 Hymn
26 Vanquish
27 Evil
28 Stir
30 Make a mistake
31 Toddler
37 Sage
39 Pilaster
42 Theater box
43 Verbal
44 Beetle
45 Small receptacle
46 Halt
47 Hood
49 Presently
50 Slam
52 Horsefly larva
53 National Education Association (ab.)
56 Before Christ (ab.)
57 Delirium tremens (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle

A Dessert For Ten

By Frances Lee Barton

WOULD you like to know about a dessert that serves 8 to 10 people, looks very luxurious, and can be made up the day before and stored in the refrigerator? Butterscotch Party Loaf is your answer. It's a luscious blend of butterscotch pudding and pecans, combined with slices of plain cake and chilled to perfection. For a large party it's ideal — or for a home dinner it's simple enough just to cut the recipe in half — and delight your family with a truly party-type dish.

Butterscotch Party Loaf

2 packages prepared butterscotch pudding; 2⅔ cups milk; 1 cup cream, whipped; ½ cup broken pecan meats; 8 to 10 slices cake.

Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil and is thickened. Cool. Fold in cream and nuts.

Line sides of 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan with waxed paper. Trim slices of cake and cut in half diagonally. Arrange cake triangles against sides and ends of pan, reserving 2 pieces. Turn pudding mixture into mold and top with remaining cake. Chill overnight in refrigerator. Unmold. Garnish with maraschino cherries and pecan halves. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Short Jacket Suit, Redingote, Bolero, Choice for Summer

The redingote, with either a petticoat or a complete printed dress peeping from the folds of its full-skirted coat appears headed for a summer of new popularity. One variation on the theme for the summer costume consists of a blue and white silk print dress, a separate open front skirt and bolero in sheer navy wool. For a dressier mood there's a fitted black redingote with extended hipline and a white eyelet cotton petticoat to match a neckline tie.

Short jacket suits will also be popular. There are snug-fitting boleros a la Victorian bolero with a full flared back and ball fringe trimmings. Slim skirted suits frequently are topped with straight-hanging waist-length jackets. A jacket dubbed "Prince Consort" fastens at the neckline and spreads open in a V-shape to its belted waistline.

Evening dresses, most of them ankle length, feature a new "pull down" neckline, which can be worn modestly around the collarbone or lower.

The bolero and the blouse share importance in a goodly number of new spring suits.

Iron filings spread on a magnetized metal airplane propeller, reveal hidden flaws.

Wild Geese fly over the bands of dark green and navy blue in this tailored suit dress from Lawrence Sperber. The pocket hipline is ever so slightly padded above the straight, slim skirt.

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LITTLE REGGIE — By Margarita