

"SABARA" VALDEZ TEA

Outstanding Quality

Valley of Revenge

BY JACKSON COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XXI: El Caballero Rojo rides to meet the settlers. He advised them to return home. Clark Weber—one of the three in the wagon—who has heard of the reward on Valdez' head, attempts to capture him.

Chapter XXII

If Michael Valdez noticed the anger of Clark Weber's face, he gave no sign. Nor did his manner change when he noticed Weber's hand sliding beneath the seat blanket, his body inclining forward as if he sought to look around the Valdez' head, and yet see behind her.

Tense still he reigned for half a minute. Then Weber spoke decisively. "When you try to frighten me?" Valdez spoke sternly. "If good advice scares you, then Madre D. Dios help the three of you—when you're settled down there." He nodded toward the valley below, lit up by leaping scarlet flames.

"You'll never sell one of us to Don Atterro's Cross!" Weber challenged sharply. "You'll never see any of our buildings afloat because you've seen your own last sunrise!"

Few men could have snatched out of a six-gun as fast as Clark Weber did while he pronounced that sentence of death. But even faster, Valdez' gantry glowed hand flashed out from where it had dangled near his holster. Gun metal caught the chief and his voice were still mid-air when he said:

"If you're that again, hombre, do it faster—and not when you're looking straight at me!"

The chief recovered her power of speech, looking at El Caballero Rojo as she asked a question. "You're sure that's all?"

"I've told you what I know," the strange apparition said. "Valdez backed El Cerlo into the shadow of a rock and horse and rider disappeared. There was no sound, for he had gone as silently as he had come."

For long awed moments the trio on the wagon sat did not move. Then suddenly, with a harsh gasp, Clark Weber jumped to the ground and retrieved the gun that had been shot from his hand. The hand itself, he saw, had been more than scratched, but the shock of the bullet had done what El Caballero Rojo had intended it to do.

"Curse him!" Weber growled. "The next time—"

"He might not be as generous as Maxon finished for him. He was only trying to help us. Why did you draw that gun on him?"

"Because he's worth money. You mean you'd really stoop that low, after he went out of his way to warn us to expect trouble?"

"Warned like fun!" flared Weber. "It wouldn't surprise me to know he crucified that man he said was on that cross, and set that fire saw. Whether he did it or not, I'm paying more attention for a while to

get that red-headed Mex outlaw than I am to farming."

Without a word Chet Maxon picked up the reins. The wagon cracked on. Even before it turned the bend and stopped near the ghastly cross, the silence of fear and confusion dropped like a clammy blanket over the blood-drenched settlers.

Only an hour before, young Burr Aldman, nicknamed "Straw" because of his red-gold hair and freckled face, had been sitting across the table from his father, a hard-working tobacco farmer in Deep Water Valley. Burr, the son, was hard-working also, and he and his father had been figuring on their prospects. There was elation in their hearts as they reached the conclusion that the contents of their crammed drying shed would sell for enough to take up the next note on the farm.

"One thing we ain't figured, son," the old man told Straw ominously. "The fella who's raising all the buzz in this here valley and burned Mike Chapman's drying shed. They killed Steve Ranson, too. We ain't taking no chances with them coming after us, so tomorrow morning we start baling and hauling that tobacco out there."

But that had been an hour ago. Now young Burr Aldman was where his father was present the ruins of the shed that he coughed the heat from the ashes. And stretched before him on the ground was his father's life blood draining from a stomach wound.

"I told you, son," old Aldman and — and Ranson, the pride of the town. They beem' ain't stopping at — at anything till they've ran out of every tobacco in the valley."

Straw Aldman was twenty-one. Or he had been up to minutes before. He was like a man of forty or more now, as bitter as gall, with one purpose in life — to find the man who has tossed that torch into the drying shed, the man who had fired point-blank at his murdered father who had tried to stop the arson.

"Yes, Dad," he wheezed out. "Pefmen, Curas 'em! I'll pay every one of them a do, coin for coin, till either lead or rope stop me."

"No, son," the farmer's weak voice protested. "That's not the way. The thing, for you to do is to get out of this hole of the devil. See — Russ Bartle. He'll help you find a good man, son. He'll help you. But get out of this Deep Water Valley. Start as soon as your brother Sam gets back home. You and Sam pull out of here tonight. Promise me that, Burr."

"All right, Dad," the young man said reluctantly. "I hate like all thunder to make a promise like that, but —"

He stopped short, staring at his father. For the next moment old Aldman died, stretched on the soil that nature had touched with such a prodigious hand.

The red-headed young man staggered to his feet. His weary eyes were fixed on the body of his father. Then suddenly his teeth clicked together as he spat on his heels, matching the man, distant in the haze at the foot of the cross that was tucked between his belt. But as swiftly he remembered.

"That you, Sam?" he called hopefully. "When there was no answer and he still heard approaching footsteps,

Record-Breaking Baby is 1,000th to be born this year in St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham. The little girl shown here with her mother, Mrs. Frank Phelan of Stanley St., Blenheim, arrived Christmas Eve and was walked up and down the ward corridor by Santa Claus himself.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

Sister's Children Invade Girl's Home

A YOUNG GIRL is about to declare war on her married sisters. They have invaded her home in a private life in such a way that she cannot enjoy her own home. I quote from her letter:

"Suppose you had an army of married sisters, each of whom brings back home the trials, worries and cares attendant upon every marriage. Suppose their children, paragon, nana, et al, visit your home 365 days a year as surely as the sun rises. Suppose their code of thinking to be 'Want to take a job with them coming after us, so tomorrow morning we start baling and hauling that tobacco out there.'"

"Suppose you could never ask your friends in because you're living in a perpetually cluttered with diapers, rattles, blankets, booties and toys? Suppose you're tired of bumping into carriages, playpens, rickshaws? Suppose you hesitate to bring your young man home because it's too much like taking him into a day nursery, or putting him into a young man's jacket conversation?"

"Suppose your parents were weary unto death of this, but believe it their duty to be helpful if it kills them?"

"And worse, suppose your heart is broken to see your home's furnishings abused just because they are unpretentious? (My sisters have beautiful portraits of their own.)"

"Suppose they never consider knocking when they drop in any hour of the day or night, or whether it is convenient for you to receive them? (We, however, must observe all proprieties when visiting them.) Suppose they feel that they have a real share in this home, without owing it a particle of respect?"

"And suppose your point-blank request that they stop visiting occasionally meets with visits of reprobated length and clamor?"

"Talking is not going to change them. We can't pull up stakes and leave. I suppose we must wait till the children grow up before we can have peace. And by then I'll be middle-aged, and these children will be bringing home the next generation to again his six-gun was flung upward. His finger danced on the trigger. 'Key-combing!' he commanded. 'A slight figure in ragged overalls came to the dying glow. Straw Aldman glowered, then slightly relaxed. This was not the killer of his father, the man who had set fire to the drying shed. He had managed to get one glimpse of the man, distant in the haze at the foot of the cross, and that glimpse, as he had of a shot. That fellow with the ragged figure, had moved like one who was much older."

(To be Continued)

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren
What We Know About God
Isaiah 45: 28-31; John 14: 6-14.

Golden Text—But without faith it is impossible to please him. For he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.—Hebrews 11:6.

A youth leader said, "If you want to keep young, stay around young people; if you want to get old, try and keep up with them." How truly he spoke! But Isaiah summons us to a source of strength greater than the springs of youth. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk and not be faint." Not only is the Eternal God, the Creator of the earth, a Being of unlimited strength but He is able to give of His strength to those who call upon Him. There are times when we need to soar as with eagle's wings above the confusion and din of a six-torn world. But it is equally important to be able to walk and not faint. The mother of the little children often feels the need of moral strength and courage to carry on the humdrum duties of everyday life. She doesn't ask for eagle's wings to get above them but for strength to walk and not faint.

Isaiah also says of God "There is no searching of His understanding." He who can trust the infinite wisdom of God in the hour of stark tragedy has a strong consolation.

Many who think well of Jesus Christ regard God the Father as a stern, austere Being who is not nearly as sympathetic with humanity as His Son. This is a false notion. Jesus said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." His words and works are of the Father who dwelleth in Him. Would you know what God the Father is like? read the life of Jesus and learn about Him with Him as your personal Saviour and you will know the Father.

The lesson closes with a challenge. There is a great work to do. It is to tell the world about Him. Jesus regards this as a more important thing than the things which He, up to that time, wrought. There is also the promise that if we are faithful in His Name, I will do it. God has rewards for those who in faith, gently seek Him.

What God the Father is like? read the life of Jesus and learn about Him with Him as your personal Saviour and you will know the Father.

How Can I? By Anne Ashley
Q. How can I clean windows and glass easily, and also give the glass a nice polish?
A. By using a lintless cloth dipped in a solution of two tablespoons of household ammonia to two quarts of water.

Q. How can I give an added gloss to the linen?
A. A gloss can be produced by making the hot starch with soap water. This also prevents the iron from sticking to the goods.

Q. How can I improve the texture of my hair?
A. Both the flavor and texture will be improved if a small spoonful of cornstarch is added.

Q. How can I distinguish fresh fish from spoiled fish?
A. By looking at the gills and the eyes. The gills of fresh fish are red and the eyes are clear.

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Happy Christmas in a New Land—A family of nine who fled Poland and wandered 1,200 miles by horse and wagon to escape the Russians are spending a happy holiday with Mr. and Mrs. John Oswald (back row, left), their six children and Mrs. Marie Oswald (seated), mother of the Oswald men. Mr. and Mrs. John Oswald, with whom their refugee kin are now living, are in the back row in front of the tree.

WATCH FOR OUR VALUABLE BOOKLET FEATURE

FIGUETTE HOMES BEAUTY SUCCESS JOBS

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke
You know how we always think the best part of going away is the coming home? In just that same way don't you think the best part of Christmas and New Year's is the well-it-walks-over feeling that you get in January? So many weeks we have ridden the crest of a wave—a wave of preparing, of giving and receiving, of going and coming; of over-indulgence in Christmas fare—that to find oneself alive once more in calm waters, as it were, is something we can really appreciate—in fact we remember with relief that it is now eleven months until Christmas!

And after the Christmas tree is divested of its trimmings and come to its impromptu end of providing a little extra kindling wood and the Christmas cards are looked over and read over again, and then stored away—because we don't know what else to do with them—the Christmas gifts put into regular use. If that is possible, and children returning unwillingly to school—then begins the housewife's brief spell of Paradise. There will be other busy times, she is sure, some of the family will inevitably develop winter colds and coughs—but we hope nothing worse—right now is the after season full, and we have time to enjoy the monotony of ordinary everyday work.

Yes, you can rest! Seems to me I heard a chorus of protests following that remark. "Rest?" I hear you say—"rest, with all these things to do in a home?" All right... all right... I know you are busy—so am I for that matter—but you know it is quite possible to rest as one's work is not quitting the way never, rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.

Resting around comes natural to our little Whiskies it, at present, quite a distraction to serious thinking. She is tearing around the room like a wild thing—now here, now there, in and out around the furniture and then back to her newest "treasure"—an empty spoon hung by a string from the handle of the door. If you have a kitten and want it to play just try that little trick some time. It is as good as a circus to watch.

BOBBY SOX By Marty Links
"For some reason my intuition tells me he'd be an ideal boy-friend!"

Answer to Previous Puzzle
HORIZONTAL 18 Pictured 17 Type style 2 Advance 7 Fiat 10 Ukrainian 3 Near 10 Army 10 Condition often in the 12 Poetry term 13 Vegetable 14 Sings 15 Drill 17 Long fish 18 Bone 19 Toward 21 Lickivium musical 22 Writing fluid 23 Observe 24 Speed contest 12 Weep 25 On the ocean 18 Exalt 31 Hawaiian 32 Exclamation 18 All right (ab.) 40 From 33 Biber 34 Upon 35 His forces crossed the 36 River 37 Debarik 38 Runt (comb. form) 39 Secondary 40 Headgear 41 Measure (ab.) 42 Mine 43 His forces are sent of the 44 Army 45 Pale 46 Brown-colored liquid 47 Small 48 City in Illinois 49 Deculent 50 Weeks 51 Passageway

POP—Stung!
POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW!

WASPS!

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By HARRY MURKAR
Many times during the past year, we have been asked who Susie is? People ask is she real? Is she a figment of the imagination? Do those Susie stories ever materialize? The answer to them all is YES. The only Susie story that was written last year, that didn't actually happen was the one Susie herself wrote, when we were up north on holidays.

There are many incidents that happen in the life of your reporter and Susie that never appear in print. The reason being that few people would believe them. For example we went over to Susie's house the night after she had the Christmas tree up and we happened to be on the edge of the tree when it fell to plug in the lights. In so doing, we pulled the tree over with a thundering crash! Susie came running to find you're truly buried under green branches with his own-know-what protruding from his eyes and snow descending in and making a beautiful picture. Do you believe that? We didn't think so, but it's the truth!

Then, a few weeks ago, we took Susie for a ride in the country. Now we happen to be on the edge of a farm that was blessed with wild teeth as a child; even though mother fed us on milk and fruit juices, etc. Well, we saw some super state of store food-mart. Getting back to the story, Susie and I were riding along both of us munching away at apples. A piece of apple skin got lodged in my throat. I started to back and choke. "I'm... I'm... I'll try and get home and get a drink." But the choking got worse and I was getting blue in the face. Finally I pulled up on the edge of the road. "Hit me on the Back," I yelled at Susie. Jumping out of the door, and at the same time jamming the set of molars in my pocket. I coughed! Susie slapped my back! Finally the piece of apple skin gave ground and up it came. "Whew!" grunted Susie, forgetting to put the teeth back. Susie looked; her eyes popped out and she pointed at my mouth. "Where are they? What happened to them?" she cried. Suddenly I thought of my gaping, gummy grin and promptly slapped the artificial choppers back into place. Now don't say it—that one is true, too.

One reader asked, why do you always make Susie appear to be cross and out of sorts. She always seems almost always back into a sarcastic manner. Well, dear reader, to tell you the truth, I only write about the things that happen to me. I get into. Actually we have a lot of fun and have many memories of good times—and a scrap book to prove it. You may remember the story about the bike hike, the flat tire and the rain. Those things happened and we have pictures here to prove it. As a matter of fact, the taxi driver who brought us home always greets us with—"well, it looks like a nice day for a hike, I think it's going to rain."

Susie is not really as cross or hard to get along with as I make her appear to be. Why, in fact, last Christmas she gave me a watch. And in October this year she gave me a clear. Hummm, there's something wrong there some place. Oh, well, she probably was broke.

Looking back over last year's files we notice a number of Susie stories. The first was in March; about the Egg and I. Then in April we reported on the sucker fishing. The next was in June and this was written by the little lady herself. She tried to expose me, but it was all a lie of guff. In August we did a story on our sailing experience. What a day that was! Then in September we was the bike hike. And in October we helped put up venetian blinds. That was the last of Susie for last year.

Well, as we told you a few lines back, she's a great kid. You'll hear more from her this year, too. Why, just now she brought us a cup of tea and a toasted bacon. And another thing, dear reader, those stories were really on the level. So the next time you read a Susie story, stop wondering about her. She really exists and lives! She just belted me over the ear for writing this. I didn't notice her standing there reading over my shoulder. I hereby retract what I said. Ain't she innocent?

Near the Mark
The teacher was trying to give her small pupils a mental picture of a barrel without disclosing the name of the article.

"The object I have in mind," she explained, "is large and round, being near a big one way as the other, and if laid on its side and started at the top of a hill, it would roll to the bottom. Now, who can tell what it is?"

A little hand went up, and the teacher said, "All right, Majorie; what do you think it was describing?"

"My daddy," came the unexpected reply.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED because you suffer distress from periodic FEMALE COMPLAINTS

which makes you NEUROUS HIGH-STRUNG on such days? Are you troubled by distress of female functional monthly disturbance which makes you suffer, feel so nervous, cranky, swollen, weak—at such times? Then do Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! In a moment, test it, proved helpful to women troubled this way. Why don't you get started and try it yourself? Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a natural, reliable. It has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

By J. MILLAR WATT

SO LOOK OUT FOR WASPS!

... TABLE TALKS ...

Good Eating The Scotch Way
In the lowlands of Scotland the lassies once wore broad bonnets called scoons. Whether these bonnets gave their name to the bunnet, or whether the bunnet inspired the bonnets was never recorded by the Scotch. Either way, scoons make superlative eating, especially when ready-to-eat bran is used to give them a nutty taste.

For a festive touch, use cranberries as a filling for these tasty triangles.

Jelly Scones
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
3/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup ready-to-eat bran
1/4 cup shortening
1/2 cup light cream
1/4 cup cranberry sauce or your favorite jam or jelly.
Sift flour with baking powder, salt and sugar; add bran. Cut in shortening. Separate one egg; beat the egg white slightly, then measure

out 1 tablespoon and keep for glaze. Beat remaining egg and add to first mixture with cream. Stir until dough follows fork around bowl. Roll out on lightly floured board to 1/4-inch thickness; cut into 2 1/2-inch squares. Place 1 teaspoon cranberry sauce in centre of each square; fold diagonally and press points together. Melt butter, crisp with fork. Brush with reserved egg white; sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) about 12 minutes. Yield: 12 scones.

The King's Coaches
Neither of the two principal carriages used in the Royal wedding procession was originally intended for Royal use.

The Glass Coach was made in 1881 by John W. Peters, to the order of the Lord Mayor-elect of London, Sir Whitaker Ellis. It was bought by the Crown in 1911 for use at the Coronation of King George V, and since then it has been used by Royal brides. It is so called because there is rather less wood in its bodywork than in the other coaches of the Royal Mews.

It is rather less ornate than the Irish State Coach. This coach, once the property of a Lord Mayor of Dublin, was admitted and bought by Queen Victoria during a visit to Ireland in 1852. It is normally used by the King for the opening of Parliament.

The St. Regis Hotel
The St. Regis Hotel, New York City, is one of the most famous hotels in the world. It was built in 1892 and is known for its exceptional service and amenities.

Grand Relief FROM SHUFFLY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF Head Colds!

Instantly relief from head cold distress starts to come when you put a little Vicks VapoRub in each nostril. —It helps prevent colds from developing if used in time! Try It! Works! You'll like it!

VICKS VapoRub

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED because you suffer distress from periodic FEMALE COMPLAINTS

which makes you NEUROUS HIGH-STRUNG on such days? Are you troubled by distress of female functional monthly disturbance which makes you suffer, feel so nervous, cranky, swollen, weak—at such times? Then do Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! In a moment, test it, proved helpful to women troubled this way. Why don't you get started and try it yourself? Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a natural, reliable. It has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

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