The 40th Anniversary of "SALADA" TEA

265

For 40 years SALADA has given the finest quality in tea. Present prices are the lowest in 15 years.

A Musical Typewriter

Not one that plays tunes, but one with which a musical score can be written, just as one prints words with an ordinary typewriter.

Attempts at something of the kind have been made, we learn from an article in La Nature (Paris), but none has been successful until the invention of the machine described below. We read:

Hitherto, little progress has been made in printing music and even in writing it. While the processes employed in printing and reproducing written languages have been continually improved, the reproduction of music, either y typography or by hand, has remained as it has been for years.

Attempts to construct a machine to write music have met with insurmountable difficulties, especially in effecting the necessary combination of the notes and musical signs, on the one hand, and the lines of the staff on the other.

It has been thought to solve the problem by using sheets of "music-paper" or by writing the lines of the staff at the outset, by a special machine, but this process was difficult and necessitated too great watchfulness. Machines based on this principle were therefore quickly abandoned.

A music-writing machine invented by Gustave Rundstatter, an engineer of Frankfort-on-the-Main, works on an entirely different principle. Outwardly, it exactly resembles an ordinary typewriter, except that the common keyboard is replaced by one of special design, and that the carriage, instead of advancing every time a key is touched, stays quiet until the assemblage of notes and signs is complete. The difficulty of adjusting the signs with reference to the staff is avoided by an organic connection of each note with the corresponding part of the staff. The latter is formed automatically by the junction of notes and signs on the blank paper, at such impression.

The notes are written as easily, as quickly, and as exactly as one would play them on the keyboard of a piano. The copyist is never fatigued, and the typewritten score is quite as neat and clear as a printed sheet.

LONG JOURNEY

A man who spends a good deal of time travelling is devoted to golf when at home. He is more celebrated for enthusiasm than for accuracy.

One day he got into a deep bunker, where he stayed for a long time.

His opponent strolled over to discover the globe-trotter had dug quite a sizable hole in his efforts to dislodge the ball."

"Well, Bill," he said, genially, "off to Australia again?"

Getting

Most people think of it in terms of getting, but success begins in terms of giving.—Henry Ford.

Try this Salad Dressing

Kraft Old - Fashioned Salad Dressing will keep for weeks. It stays good right down to the last tangy teaspoonful. There's never any waste and . . .

It sells for an amazingly low price. Get some to-day.

Made in Canada

KRAFT
Old Fashioned
Salad Dressing

ISSUE No. 24—'32

French Seek Word For English "Week End"

Paris.—Efforts are being made to find a French term for "week-end." A prize has been offered for the best suggestion.

The competitors are finding, however, that the term, like "cocktail" and "five o'clock tea," is borrowed from the English which has become rather firmly embedded in the French language. Many seekers after an alternative declare there is no hope of banishing "week-end," so they propose phonetic substitutes. One of the most promising is "auiquende," which has the merit of being fairly accurate French representation of the normal pronunciation.

More enterprising word-coiners seek a purely French equivalent and urge their fellow-countrymen to adopt "l'hebda," or "trevelabeur," or "la relache.' The last term is used by theatre managers to indicate that their houses are temporarily dark.

40th Anniversary of Salada Tea Company

Forty years ago this month in an unpretentious little building on Front Street, in Toronto, the Salada Tea Company packed its first pound of tea. Founded in 1892 by the late Honourable Peter Larkin, the business progressed very rapidly and by 1895 a branch had been opened in Montreal. Two years later the United States market was invaded and an office opened in Buffalo. To-day, three of the largest and finest warehouses in the world, devoted exclusively to the packing of tea, stand as a memorial to the founder—located in Toronto, Montreal, and in Boston (the scene of the memorable tea party which precipitated the Revolutionary War).

The Canadian market was then controlled by China and Japan teas—the largest sale being China tea of poor quality. These teas were being sold from chests, exposed to air, dust, dampness, foreign odours, and so forth, all detrimental to the quality of tea. In England, which was, and still is, the greatest tea-drinking country in the world, Ceylon and Indian teas of fine quality had practically displaced China teas, and it occurred to Larkin that Canadians also would prefer these finer teas. He, consequently, introduced a Ceylon and Indian blend to this Continent. He then conceived the idea of packing it in metal packages, in order that it would reach the consumer intact, with its flavour and quality unimpaired by dampness, store odours, etc. This step revolutionized the tea market on this Continent.

He sought a name for his product and decided on "SALADA," which was the name of an old Indian tea garden. All that was left now was to tell the public about it. He wisely decided that the quickest and cheapest way to do this was by means of the newspaper. The result was so gratifying that he continued to use the newspapers as his chief advertising vehicle from that day.

He strove always to give the public the finest quality tea he could at the price and then advertise it for all he was worth. His achievement is the largest selling package tea in North America.

On the Shelf

It is still customary in rural districts in Scotland for the minister to preach a series of sermons around one Scripture text. The parable of the Ten Virgins had been selected by a minister for a series of ten sermons, in which he took one Virgin at a time.

Many of the church folks were tired of the subject at the end of a week or two, but it was left to the beadle to tell the minister the truth.

Asked by the preacher as he was disrobing him in the vestry one evening how he was enjoying "my analysis of the characters of the Virgins," the beadle replied, brusquely: "The hale congregation's fair scunnert wi' them, sir. They maun be a lot o' tough auld maids by this time!"

A Welshman spending a holiday in London noticed on a door of a big house the words, "Please ring the bell." He rang the bell. In a minute a footman appeared and asked him what he wanted. "Nothing," said the Welshman. "Then why did you ring the bell'?' asked the footman. "Because it said so," replied the Welshman. "Oh," said the footman, with a smile, "I see you come from the country, where nanny-goats grow on gooseberry bushes!" "Yes," said the Welshman; "but in London there are some more wonderful sights. You have only to ring the bell and a monkey pops out."

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Old Mrs. Jupiter, wife of the millionaire automobile manufacturer, gives an engagement dinner and dance for her secretary and protege, Mary Harkness, who is to marry the socially elite Dirk Ruyther. Mary receives a telephone call from her scapegrace brother, Eddie, saying he is in trouble and must see her. Mary arranges for Eddie to be admitted secretly. When she goes upstairs to meet him she finds Mrs. Jupiter robbed and murdered in her room. Running to find her fiance, she finds him in the garden with Cornelia Tabor, his childhood sweetheart.

CHAPTER III.

Mary was too surprised to move for an instant. What could be the matter with Cornelia, that she should behave like that?

Dirk growled, "Don't make a damn fool of yourself, Con. And keep your voice down, will you? Do you want everybody to hear?"

"I don't care!" Cornelia subsided into childish sniffling. Just then she looked up and saw Mary watching them. Mary thought she had never seen anyone look so silly in her life. Cornelia hadn't expected interruption, that was sure, from the dumbfounded look on her face.

At Mary's call, Dirk wheeled about so abruptly that the clinging girl toppled and almost fell.

"Come quick, Dirk! Something terrible has happened!" Without a backward look, Dirk came running and took the steps to her side in a single bound.

"What's wrong? You look scared to death, honey," he asked worriedly. The terror in her eyes stabbed him with concern. His arm went about her protectingly. They drew away, out of Cornelia's hearing and lowered their voices somewhat.

Mary poured out her story in an excited jumble, almost crying with the joy of relief.

"Do you think it's anything to do with Eddie?" she asked anxiously.

"Listen," said Dirk, "who is this Eddie you're talking about? You don't mean the kid brother?"

Mary said yes, of course.

"But what has he to do with it?"

"I don't know—nothing, I suppose. But he may have been in the house—he was in trouble—"

Dirk laughed and patted her shoulder. In spite of herself, Mary felt reassured. Dirk seemed to wipe the whole nightmare away.

"That kid? Why, you're all mixed up. This is something else. That kid wouldn't hurt a fly!" He pressed her hand comfortingly and they started for the house.

Dirk called sharply, "Coming, Connie?"

Cornelia, still standing where he had left her, moved forward convulsively at his command.

They had reached the loggia when Teddy Doulton lumbered toward them out of the darkness, cursing earnestly, and seized upon them as an audience for his griefs.

"Damned idiot!" he exclaimed fervently, rubbing his drooping shoulder. "Ran into me down in the bushes and knocked the breath out of me. And not a word to excuse it—not a word!"

They did not listen. "Have you seen Mr. Jupiter?" Mary paused to ask.

"Have I seen him? No. Ask me if I've seen Jack Dempsey. Yes! Who was the fool, anyhow? Whaddaya ask such people for?"

"Who?" They could not wait for his answer. It was all meaningless chatter anyway—he was drunk enough to have collided with the side of the house.

"That fool I just met. Listen!" he called, plaintively, after them. "You know what—"

"Keep still about Eddie," Dirk said to Mary in a low voice as they entered the house, "till we see what's what. No use mixing him up in it unless we have to. He might have a bad time."

The ballroom was deserted now, except for the musicians, who were packing up their instruments. The subdued babble from the dining room indicated that supper was still going on.

In other parts of the house, however, activity was intense. Two men in uniform pounded up the staircase in the wake of the butler, creaking with leather and breathing as if they had run. Police, in the sacred precincts of the Jupiter mansion! One of them turned and called to a third who remained behind, "Don't let anybody leave the house!"

Dirk squeezed Mary's hand reassuringly. "They'll find whoever did it. Those boys work fast. Don't worry. It will be all right."

Mary had cause to be grateful for the steadiness that came to her magically at Dirk's touch, for there were bad moments ahead of her in which she needed all the composure she could muster.

It was all at once a topsy-turvy world. The Jupiter mansion no longer belonged to its owner, in effect, but to Inspector Kane, and the men who came with him from county police headquarters. The cream of Southampton's younger set found themselves herded into the ballroom for questioning along with a frightened huddle of servants. It was hours before the questioning, the running up and downstairs, the choking breath of flashlight powder, the hurrying to and fro, ceased.

The murderer, it seemed, had got clear away. Search of the grounds had failed to show any evidence of his coming or going; both the manner of his entrance and of his exit were unaccounted for. This much they gleaned from what they could overhear. Whoever the intruder was, he had done a clean-cut job of it. As the checking of evidence went on, it began to appear that no one except Mary had direct evidence of any sort.

And that was pitiably little and of no practical use.

"I can't," Mary was forced to admit, in reply to Inspector Kane's earnest urging to recall the man's voice she had heard in the murdered woman's room. "It wasn't a voice exactly—it was just a growl, a—ah, I can't explain it. It was just a sound anyone might have made in his throat if he were angry. You'd say if you heard it that he was mad enough to kill."

"It didn't remind you of any voice you'd ever heard before?"

"Why, no!" She was obviously startled.

The inspector frowned thoughtfully.

"What I am getting at," he was kind enough to explain to them both, in a lowered tone, "is the possibility of an inside job. The butler—do you trust him?"

"Absolutely!" It was a relief to be on safe ground.

The inspector sighed.

"Well, I do, too. I think he's on the level when he says he kept everybody out that hadn't been invited. He had a real argument with one man, he says—nearly threw him out. But Lord, there are a dozen loop-holes. Nobody checked on the cars that came and went, and there were plenty of windows open. Those doors over there," he indicated the french doors opening onto the loggia, "were open when I came in. What do we know about those black horn-tooters? Not a thing." He shook his head.

If he meant to throw Mary off guard by this confidential moment, he succeeded, for she changed color when he asked abruptly: "What were you doing upstairs, Miss Harkness? When you heard the sounds you speak of, and the shots?"

"Why, I—" Panic seized her.

"You had been dancing a moment before, hadn't you? Why did you leave the ballroom and go upstairs?"

"I—went up to see how Mrs. Jupiter was," Mary faltered. "Someone told me she was tired and had gone to her room to rest."

"You were—alone, up there?"

"Why, yes." What did he mean, Mary wondered fearfully What did he know?

But his question had a different meaning, she soon saw from its effect on Dirk. He turned first red, then white, and jumped to his feet. He drew a deep breath.

"She certainly was alone," he said angrily.

"All right, all right," the officer returned pacifically. "We've got to think of everything, you know."

"I see no reason nor excuse," Dirk said stiffly, "for your thinking of such a thing.

The detective was not riled. Mary was hiding something, he thought.

"Listen, buddy," he told the glowering Dirk firmly, "stranger things happen everp day. I'm just trying to find out what's what.

"Look at that mob," he tilted his head towards the milling mob of girls and men. "Unless we got fingerprints we got about as much chance of finding the guy who did this as if it never happened. The crook that pulled this was smart. Everything set to cover up for him.

"Any one of them smart kids could have pulled the trick, and hid the gun."

"But how about the jewels?" Mary asked.

"We'll find them," the officer aid gloomily. "But it's going to take time, waiting for them to turn up."

He looked like a man in the last throes of depression,

Detective Byrne came and reported that every car had been searched before leaving the grounds.

Inspector Kane prepared to move off. "Well, no offence, young lady."

When the rush for wraps and homeward-bound motors had cleared the room, all that remained were the group of officers, Mary and Dirk, the housekeeper, Mrs. Warren, and, busily speeding the parting guests, Spence.

Once Inspector Kane asked in a low voice, "Where's the old man? "Up there?" pointing to the ceiling. Byrne nodded. "Let him stay."

The servants, those who remained, were released and sent off to bed. The sight of their scurrying backs momentarily confounded Mary. She had forgotten all about Bessie. What had Bessie told, if anything?

As if he read her thought, Inspector Kane turned to one of his men, whose job had been quizzing the servants.

"They don't know nothing," was the other's disgusted report. "They're like a lot of sheep."

"Get 'em all? Sure you didn't miss anybody?" he asked sharply.

The detective retrieved a list from his hip pocket, where he had just stuffed it, and scanned it.

"Two," he said. "A maid named Bessie and a chauffeur. Nobody knows where they've gone."

(To be continued.)

Christie's Graham Wafers

The Graham Wafers you have always liked best, kept crisp and fresh in a new package

So crisp and crunchy . . . so nourishing . . . with milk . . . and other beverages . . . you'll like them better than ever.

Gems from Life's Scrap-book

CHARACTER

"Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed—of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty."—Anon.

* * *

"Human improvement is from within outward."—Froude.

* * *

"Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil we have made through life."—J. C. Geikie.

* * *

"We are all sculptors, working at various forms, moulding and chiselling thought."—Mary Baker Eddy.

* * *

"It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested."—Lowell.

* * *

Remember—Although his writings have gained wide acceptance, still it is the character of Robert Louis Stevenson that most arrests attention.

Children

There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to be of real use in the world, do something for children. If ever you yearn to be wise, study children. If the great army of philanthropists ever work out race salvation, it will be because a little child has led.—David Starr Jordan.

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EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

Top Prices For Lambs
Let Us Reason Together

From all the information we can gather there is a fairly heavy crop of lambs thsi year, and methods of marketing likely to be somewhat different due to the fact that Abattoir Companies have decided to place in cold storage only about 50% of what they have usually stored in previous years.

They realize from past experience that the consuming public seem to prefer fresh lamb rather than lamb from cold storage, and as an illustration we find that according to Government Statistics there was in storage on April 1st, 1932, some five million twenty two thousand pounds as against three million one hundred and fifty thousand pounds on April 1st, 1931, showing that conditions and requirements are changing.

During the last few years the quality of lambs have shown a decided improvement, and by doing so you have done much to stimulate greater consumption, hence demand for greater volume. This has been accomplished by better breeding, better feeding and castration of buck lambs. Light thin lambs do not produce good quality lamb meat. Heavy lambs are also undesirable for the market, but good fat lambs yielding a dressed carcass of thirty-five to forty-five pounds are desirable and will command top prices, or in other words well finished lambs weighing 70 to 90 pounds live weight at the market are desirable. Lambs weighing over 90 pounds at the market are likely to be discounted in price. With all these facts before us we feel disposed to recommend you to ship out your lambs as they get fat and hold unfinished lambs on the farm until fat, but the chief feature is to keep sending them out as they get ready, believing as we do that prices will be better during the early season of marketing rather than fall months when receipts are likely to be heavy.

We are anxious that farmers may receive the best possible returns for their lambs, and are asking our shippers to co-operate with you by maintaining a regular shipping service and assure our readers that we have a full staff of experienced salesmen, and in a position to handle all classes of live stock whether by rail or by truck.

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