

The 40th Anniversary of "SALADA" TEA

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

A Tropical Sunset

Last evening was one long to be remembered. We were favored with a panorama of celestial beauty that will not soon be forgotten, a sunset having a glory that would challenge the brush of the most skillful artist. All day we were in the "doldrums," close to the equator, with a sea smooth and oily, stirred only by a gentle swell, blowing from the influence of the trade winds, blowing farther to the south. During the afternoon the clouds were solidly banked at the horizon, like fantastic mountains of snow, leaving the dome of the heavens free and blue. Even at mid-afternoon the clouds appeared as flimsy as thin clouds of snowy white-ness, pink and blue, and at times shades of green, reflected from the fragments of rainbows that now and again grace the sky.

These colors were reflected on the surface of the sea in an opalescence, like the iridescence seen when oil is poured upon water. The water all about the ship was aglitter with this kaleidoscope of color, as luminous and radiant as an opal. As the sun neared its setting, the clouds in the east took on a rosy hue, which changed and deepened through various shades of purple until, after the sun sank below the horizon, they took on a deep, steel blue, a cloud effect I had never seen before. The west, too, was covered with clouds; but the sun, red as an

August moon, sank in an open space, its brilliancy reflected in flaming hues on the adjacent clouds. Presently great shafts of pale light, broadening toward the zenith, shot up from the place where the sun had disappeared across a field of deep blue. At the horizon, feecy clouds in fantastic shapes floated as on the surface of the sea, icebergs, ships under full sail and jagged mountains. The moon two days old, at first a thin thread, brightened as the twilight deepened, until its narrow pathway across the smooth waters was as shimmering with a trail of silvery light. Venus, the evening star, poised just above the silvery crescent, in all its traditional beauty. Presently the heavens were studded with twinkling stars, standing out with startling brightness. The light faded, twilight deepened, the colors disappeared and the night dropped down with truly tropical suddenness. Twilight in the tropics is of brief duration. Night follows close on the heels of day. We went to a late dinner with the sense of having witnessed one of nature's choicest exhibitions, the glory, the surprising radiance of which remain with me still. I have seen many gorgeous sunsets, in the great desert, on the plains, above the tundras of the north, in the mountains, on tropical seas, but never one comparable with this in its splendor and variety of its coloring.—Albert Field Gilmore.

In The Garden

Controlling Garden Pests

Garden pests control is not difficult where prompt measures are taken just as soon as the enemies make their presence known. Roughly speaking, insect pests are divided into two groups—those that bite and those that suck. The biters are soon discovered by holes in the leaves or parts of the foliage being cut off, while wilting or dying foliage is a sign of "suckers" being at work or else some fungus. For the eating insects spray with poison such as Paris Green, Arsenate of Lead, fresh Hellebore or some patent preparation specially prepared for destroying garden pests. The latter will probably be found most convenient as it is usually necessary only to add a specified amount of water. Then, too, these preparations often include something else besides the poison so that sucking insects and fungus diseases are also controlled. A sticker, that is, something to make the solution stick to the foliage, is also included. Paris Green is usually applied at the rate of one ounce dissolved in ten gallons of water, with a couple of ounces of freshly slacked lime to make the solution stick and prevent burning of the foliage. One ounce of Arsenate of Lead makes another good poison. Cut worms require special treatment. These grubs are about three-quarters of an inch long, gray in color, and plump. If your freshly-set-out Petunia, Zinnia, Aster, Tomato, Cabbage or just-sprouted Beans and Peas wither up and topple over you will usually find a cut worm busy just where the stem leaves the earth. Mix one quart of bran with one teaspoon of Paris Green and add one tablespoon of molasses and enough water to moisten the bran. Spread this sweet, sticky mixture around the plants in the evening and the cut worm menace will soon disappear. Thorough cultivation is also advisable where cut worms are serious and if the plants menaced are very valuable it is often a good idea to pro-

tect with a paper collar sunk half an inch into the earth around each plant. For sucking insects, chief of which are the aphids or plant lice, spray with white oil soap, four ounces of soap to a gallon and a half of water; Nicotine Sulphate or "Black Leaf 40" or any other repellent sold by the seed stores. Cold water from a fine nozzle under high pressure will sometimes wash off these pests. When fungus attacks the plant, the foliage rusts and turns yellow, or it may wither and a white powder like mildew cover the leaves, particularly on the under side. These diseases are usually most severe during the warm, murky weather. Spraying with Bordeaux Mixture or dusting with specially finely ground sulphur when the plants are moist will usually be found to be effective.

Give Plenty of Room

Most of us make the mistake of sowing seeds too thickly and also the more serious error of leaving the plants resulting from these seeds much too close together. Under such circumstances, growth does not develop properly. Flowers and vegetables, as soon as they have formed their second set of leaves so that they can be identified, should be thinned out rigidly. In later thinnings of these vegetables like lettuce, beets and carrots, the plants taken out can often be used on the table. The larger varieties of head lettuce give most satisfaction when the heads are almost one foot apart each way. Carrots should be thinned to about three inches apart, beets to four inches, parsnips to three inches, onions to two inches, spinach from four to six inches. Radish, if sown thinly, are further thinned as they are used. This also applies to the first beets and possibly carrots, although a light thinning of these vegetables just as soon as they develop their second set of leaves, is advisable. Five plants of corn, cucumbers and muskmelons are sufficient for one hill and three of watermelon, squash and pumpkin. Beans should be from two to four inches apart and peas about the same.

Grow Your Own Perennials

For the newcomer, or the person with a very large area to be planted, the simplest and cheapest way of securing perennial flowers is to grow them from seed sown now. In the writer's garden there is a special plot at the rear where a supply of perennials is produced in this manner every summer. Later on they are removed to a nursery bed where they are allowed to bloom and from which only the very best are taken and placed in permanent quarters. Very small seeds should be lightly sprinkled over the surface and gently firmed down, while larger seeds may receive a slight covering of soil.

Telephoning in Hamburg

Hamburg telephone users, if perchance they get wrong numbers, can blame their own index fingers. This city has just completed the 100 per cent. mechanization of its telephone service. The change to dial telephones has complications in Germany that are not encountered in the United States. In the first place, each exchange has a double designation. One may ask the operator for "Schmargendorf—7123," but on the automatics he must dial "719-7123." Moreover, when the Germans pronounce "7123" they say "one and seventy, three and twenty," and it is in this way that they give numbers to the operators. But in using the dial telephone they must learn to reverse the order and dial "seven one two three." The problem is particularly complicated in Berlin, where approximately 60 per cent. of the telephones have dials and both numbering systems are in use. It is estimated that the eleven central exchanges which still have to be changed over in Berlin will have their dial installations completed by 1935.

Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS.

"Heaven!" Dundee, former member of Hamilton's homicide squad, now attached to the district attorney's office, is surprised when he finds that Penny Crain, district attorney's secretary, is going to a luncheon at the Fuzette Luncheon Club given by Juanita Crain. He offers to drive her out to the club.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

"I know why you want to drive me out to the Inn," Penny told him suddenly, as the proud owner manoeuvred his car through Saturday noon traffic. "You want to see Nita Selim, Clank! Clank! I can hear the padlocks snapping on the slave chains right now."

"Mow!" Dundee retorted, then grinned down at her with as much comradely affection as if they had been friends for years instead of for a couple of hours. "Is Nita very small?"

"Little enough to tuck herself under the arm of a man a lot shorter than you," Penny assured him with curious vehemence. "And if Penelope Crain is no mean prophet, that's exactly what she'll do within five minutes after she meets you—just as she is wistfully inviting you to join the other men for the cocktail party which is scheduled to break up the bridge game at 5.30. Then, of course, you'll be urged to join us at the dinner-dance at the Country Club tonight."

"Will she?" Dundee pretended to be vastly intrigued, which caused the remainder of the drive to be a rather silent one, due to Penny's unresponsive.

Breakaway Inn was intensely Spanish in architecture and transplanted shrubbery, but its stucco walls were of a rather more violent raspberry color than is considered quite esthetic in Spain or Mexico.

"There's Lois Dunlap's car just driving up," Penny cried, her face softening with the adoration she had freely professed for her friend. But it clouded again almost instantly. "And Nita Selim."

As Dundee helped his new friend to alight his eyes were upon the two women being assisted by a uniformed chauffeur from Lois Dunlap's limousine.

In a moment the four were laughing, exclamatory group.

"Oh, what a tall man you've got yourself, Penny, darling!" the tiny, beautiful creature which could only be Mrs. Selim cried out happily. "May I meet him?"

"I shouldn't let you," Penny answered frankly, "but I will. . . Mrs. Selim, Mr. Dundee. . . And Mrs. Dunlap, Mr. Dundee. . . How are you, Lois? And Peter and the brats?"

"All well, Penny. Petey's off on a week-end fishing trip, and not one of the brats has measles, scarlet fever or hay fever," Dundee heard Mrs. Dunlap say in the comfortable, affectionate voice that went with her comfortable, pleasant face and body. "Nice woman!"

But his eyes were of necessity upon Nita Selim, for that miniature Venus was, as Penny had predicted, almost tucked under his arm by this time, her black-panny eyes wide and wistful, her fine, soft black curls falling forward as she coaxed:

"You'll come to the cocktail party at my house at 5.30, won't you, Mr. Dundee?"

"Afraid I can't make it," Dundee smiled down at her. "I'm a busy man, Mrs. Selim. . . You see, I'm special investigator attached to the District Attorney's office," he explained very deliberately.

"O-o-oh!" Nita Selim breathed. Then, step by step, she withdrew. And as she retreated, Dundee's keen eyes noted a hardening of the eyes, the sudden throbbing of a pulse in her very white neck. . .

"No, don't mind about calling for me," Penny protested a moment later. "Ralph has already volunteered. . . Thanks awfully!"

As Dundee backed out of the driveway his last glance was for a very small figure in a brown silk summer coat and palest yellow chiffon frock, slowly rejoining Penelope Crain and Lois Dunlap. What the devil had frightened her so? For she had been almost terrified. . . Of course she might be one of those silly women who shudder at the sight of a detective, because they've smuggled in a diamond from Paris or a bottle of Bacardi from Havana.

But long before the city Dundee had sprung off the ride and was concentrating on all the facts he knew regarding the Maginy case. It was his first real assignment from Sanderson, and he was determined to make good.

Four hours later he was interrupted in his careful reading of the trial of Rufus Maginy by the ringing of the telephone bell. That made four times he had had to snap out the fact that District Attorney Sanderson was playing some well-earned golf at the Country Club, Dundee reflected angrily, as he picked up the receiver.

But the call was for him. And the voice on the other end of the wire was Penny Crain's, although almost unrecognizable.

"Speak more slowly, Penny!" Dundee urged. "What's that again? . . . Good Lord! You say that Nita Selim—"

After a minute of listening, and a promise of instant obedience, Dundee hung up the receiver.

"My God!" he said slowly, blankly. "Of all things—murder at bridge!"

CHAPTER II.

As Special Investigator Dundee drove through the city of Hamilton at a speed of 60 miles an hour, his way

being cleared by traffic policemen warned by the shrill official siren which served him as a horn, he had little time to think connectedly of the fact that Nita Selim had been murdered during a bridge game in her rented home in Primrose Meadows.

Even after the broad sleekness of Sheridan Road stretched before him he could do little more than try to realize the shock which had numbed him. . . "Lovely Nita," as the society editor of The Morning News had called her, was—dead! How, why, he did not know. He had asked no details of Penny Crain. . . Funny, thorny little Penny!

"Judge Marshall has telephoned police headquarters," she had told him, breathlessly over the telephone, "but I made him let me call you as soon as he had hung up. I wanted our office to be in on this right from the first."

Beautiful, seductive Nita Selim, almost three minutes of meeting him—dead! A vision of her black eyes, so wide and luminous and wistful as they had looked—downward and upward at him, pleading for him to join her after-bridge cocktail party, nearly made him crash into a lumbering furniture van. Those eyes were luminous no longer, could never again snap the padlocks of slave chains upon any man as Penny had expressed it. . . Dead! And she had been so warmly alive, even as she had retreated from him at his mention of the fact that he was attached to the office of the district attorney as a special investigator.

What had she feared then? Was her death a payment for some recent or long-standing crime? Or was she simply withdrawing from the contamination of a "fat-foot"? . . . No! She had been afraid—horribly afraid of some ulterior purpose behind his innocent courtesy in driving Penelope Crain to Breakaway Inn.

Well, speculation now was idle. He speeded again, but was soon forced to stop and ask his way into Primrose Meadows. The vague directions of a farmer's overalls son lost him nearly eight precious minutes, during which his friend, Captain Strawn, of the homicide squad, might be bungling things rather badly. But at last he found the ornate pair of pillars spanned by the painted legend, "Primrose Meadows," and drove through them into what soon became a rutted lane. Almost a quarter of a mile from the entrance he found the isolated house, unmistakable because of the lineup of private cars parked before the short stretch of paved sidewalk, and the added presence of grinning police cars and motorcycles.

So Captain Strawn was out in full force! Dundee turned his own car into the driveway leading from the street along the right side of the house toward the two-car garage in the rear. Ahead of his roadster were two other cars, and a glance toward the open garage showed that a small coupe was housed there.

As he was descending, Captain Strawn's voice hailed him from an open window of the room nearest the garage.

"Hello, Bonnie! Been expecting you. . . Damndest business you ever saw. . . There's a door from this room onto the porch. Hop up and come on in."

Dundee obeyed. In driving in he had noted that a wide porch, upheld by round white pillars, stretched across the front of the gabled brick house and extended half way along its right side, past a room which was obviously a solarium, with its continuous windows, gay awning, invisible through the glittering panes—range-and-tan wicker furniture.

It was easy to swing himself up to the floor of the porch, Strawn flung open the door which led into the back room, remarking with a grin:

"Don't be afraid I'm gumming up any fingerprints. Carraway has already been over the room. . . The Selim woman's bedroom," he explained. "The room she was killed in."

"You have been on the job," Dundee complimented his former chief, and shook hands heartily. It was very necessary that a well-grounded friendship should not be marred by any undue officiousness on the part of the district attorney's special investigator.

"Sure!" Strawn acknowledged proudly. "Can't be too quick on our stumps when it's one of these 'high society' murders. Dr. Price will be here any minute now, and my men have been all over the premises, basement to attic. Of course it was an outside job—plain as the nose on your face—and we haven't found a trace of the murderer."

Bonnie Dundee advanced into the room.

Although Mrs. Selim had taken the house furnished, it was obvious that this big bedroom of hers was not exactly as the Crain family had left it. A little too pretty, a little too aggressively feminine, with its chaise longue heaped with silk and lace pillows, its superfluity of big and little lamps, its bed draped with golden-yellow taffeta, its dressing table—

But he could not let critical eyes linger on the triple-mirrored vanity dresser, or on the bench before it—at a tiny figure, the head bowed so low upon the lace-and-gold-silk covered top that some of the black curls had fallen into a large open bowl of powder. She was no longer wearing the short brown silk coat whose open front had given him a glimpse of pale yellow chiffon.

(To be continued.)

He who tries to live most for himself, lives least for himself.

Gleanings

One London railway porter can wear boots sized fourteen if they are a broad make.

The shortest man employed by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway is 4 ft. 3 ins. in height, and the tallest is 6 ft. 8 ins.

Knee are becoming such a pest in parts of Victoria, Australia, that they even attack cats and run over the beds of sleeping people at night.

Playing-cards are said to have originated in India, probably being brought into Europe by wandering tribes of gypsies about 700 years ago.

It costs nearly \$15,000,000 a year to supply London with its water, which comes from the Rivers Thames and Lea, with a few springs in addition.

Londoners buy something like 12,000 tons of cut flowers every year. Twenty-six special trains carrying spring flowers arrive in the various termini every day.

Artificial silk has been made in America from sugar-cane waste; the sugar-cane mills in the U.S.A. produce nearly 500,000 tons of this substance every year.

In order to preserve the secrecy of their medicines, some London specialists have been prescribing by using numbers, the meaning of these being understood by one chemist only.

Precious stones are subject to fashion whims. Rubies, which were fifth in the popularity list last year, have now advanced to first place, followed by emeralds, diamonds, pearls, and sapphires.

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.

The Thames

A living thing beneath my window flows;
It is both broad and deep, profound and calm;
It passes mighty town and country farm
And rural hamlets where the willow grows.
Full many a valley green and rich bestows
Its English waters on that widening arm;
Substance and shadow joined in married charm,
Motion and station it together knows.
See how the borrowed sky inverted low
On stilted nights her patterned carpet spreads,
When water-wrinkling winds no longer blow,
Whereon the moon in stealthy silence treads,
And looks about with measured motion slow,
And our struck eyes with twofold moonshine weds.
—Romilly John, "Poems."

Duty

Nothing which a man hath reason to think is likely to do more harm than good.—Baxter.

The shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—W. E. Gladstone.

Harmony with the decrees of the Author of this world; co-operating with them, not vainly withstanding them.—Carlyle.

The de-terminate moral requirement made upon a given individual at a given moment of time; the individualized requirement of the law.—J. Muller.

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.

Christie's Graham Wafers

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



A DELICIOUS RECIPE IN EVERY PACKAGE

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

Morning Sounds

How I do love the twenty thousand noises
That weave into our peace of nine o'clock:
Sparrows that shout above the crowning cock;
The small still-mothered calves with lowing voices;
Thrush-notes that ride with brilliant juggling polses
The steady thunder of the mill; the flock
Of game starlings, mountebanks
Some truant lad who whistles and rejoices.
But clear from all, right at the very core,
Distinct from clock that ticks, and fire that purrs,
What draws my heart up in a sudden tide
To the break of ecstasy?—Your hand that stirs,
Turning a page and falling still once more,
Soft as the sigh of one beatified,
—Geoffrey Johnson, in the Glasgow Herald.

WASTED

It was near the end of a long story. The hard-faced man was giving them gems of wisdom picked from the ample experiences of his own beetle life.

"Free yourself," he said, "from the vile clutches of the tobacco habit. It is easily done. Well I remember the day I gave up smoking. I was standing at a street corner, just about to light a shining cigar, when I said to myself, 'Robinson, you're a fool to smoke; throw away that cigar!' And I did, and I've never smoked since."

"Say, mister," interrupted a man who had just come in, "you haven't a mind to tell a fellow where you threw that cigar, have you?"

"Did you notice the situation in Manchuria?" "No; is it worth applying for?"

"Skyscraper" for Amsterdam

Amsterdam.—The Dutch have built their first "skyscraper" in one of the new residential quarters here. It is an apartment house, twelve stories high, which towers some six stories above the highest apartment dwellings previously built in this country. Because of the swampy in which the whole city of Amsterdam is built, the Dutch "skyscraper" caused the builders more trouble than the Empire State Building in New York. Hollanders are telling each other how on a clear day one can see as far as Utrecht, a distance of some fifteen miles from the top of the building.

Slow Walter: "Your coffee, sir? It's special from South America, sir." Diner (sarcastically): "Oh, so that's where you've been?"

All with the four seas are brethren.—Confucius.



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Top Prices For Lambs Let Us Reason Together

From all the information we can gather there is a fairly heavy crop of lambs this 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 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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