

Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS

"Bonnie" Dundee, former member of Hamilton's housewife squad, now attached to the district attorney's office, drives "Fanny" Crain, district attorney's secretary, to the Saturday bridge-lunch at the Forrester Alumnae Bridge Club, given by Juanita Selim.

Dundee learns from Fanny the story of her father's unfortunate attempt to start a subdivision in Trimrose Meadows. In addition, his future, and subsequent night. The house he had built is now owned by Nita Selim. When Dundee meets Nita she asks him in but is frightened on hearing he is a detective. Dundee is interrupted in his work late that afternoon at the office by Fanny, on the telephone, who informs him that Nita Selim has been murdered at bridge.

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

Pennie saw the dress now, a low-cut, sleeveless, fluffly affair, but really had eyes only for the brownish-red hole on the left side of the back of the bodice, about halfway between shoulder and waist—a waist so small he could have spanned it with his two hands, including the band of fuchsia velvet ribbon. There also had been a few of fuchsia velvet ribbon on the face and straw hat she had swung over her shoulder less than five hours ago.

"Shot through the heart, I guess," Strawn commented. "Took a good marksman to find her heart, shooting her through the back. . . . Fanny thing, too. Nobody heard a shot—leastways none of that crowd penning up in the living room will admit they did. They'll all keep together, and lie like sixty to help her from finding out anything that might point to one of their precious bunch. But if a gun with a Maxim silencer was used, as it must have been if that whole crew ain't lying, the gunman musta been good, because you can't sight with a Maxim screwed onto a rod, you know."

"Have your men found the gun?" Fennie asked.

"Of course not, or I'd know whether it had a Maxim on it or not," Strawn retorted. "My theory is," he added gravely, "that somebody with a grudge against this dame hired a gunman to hang around till he got her dead to rights, then—plop!" and he imitated the soft, thudding sound made by the discharge of a bullet from a gun equipped with a silencer.

"Doesn't it seem rather strange that a professional gunman should have chosen such a time—with even arriving in cars, and the house full of women who might wander into this room at any minute—to bump off his victim?" Dundee asked.

"Well, there ain't no other explanation," Captain Strawn contended, flushing. "Outside of the fact that my men have gone over the whole house and grounds without finding the gun, I've got other evidence it was an outside job. . . . Look!"

Dundee followed the chief of the homicide squad to one of the two windows that looked out upon the driveway. Both were open, since the May day was exceptionally warm, even for the Middle West. The window from which his obedient lieutenant was almost directly in line with the vanity dressing table across the room.

"Look! See how them vines have been torn," Strawn directed, pointing to a ramble vine which tugged the outside frame of the window. "And look hard enough at the flower bed down below and you'll see big footprints. . . . Of course we've measured them and Cain, as you see, is guarding them till my men comes to make plaster casts of 'em. . . . Yes, sir, he hoisted himself up to the window ledge, aimed as best he could, then slipped down and bent it across the meadow."

"Then," Dundee began slowly, "I wonder why Mrs. Selim didn't see that figure crouched in the window, since she must have been powdering her face and looking into the middle of the three mirrors—the one which reflects this very window?"

"How do you know she was powdering her face, not locking for something in a drawer?" Strawn demanded truculently.

"For three reasons," Dundee answered almost apologetically. "First: her powder puff, as I'm sure you noticed, is still clutched in her right hand; second, there is no drawer open, and no drawer was open, unless someone has closed it since the murder; whereas on the other hand her powder box is open; third, the left side of her face is heavily and unevenly coated with powder, while the other is heavily but evenly powdered. Therefore I can't see why she didn't scream, or turn around when she heard your gunman clambering up to her window, or even when he had crouched in it. I don't see how she could help seeing him!"

CHAPTER III.

Bonnie Dundee turned toward the tiny, bowed figure of the dead woman and stared at it long and thoughtfully before he answered:

"I'm afraid, Captain Strawn, that there are only two explanations possible. The first, of course, is that Nita Selim was quite deaf or very near-sighted. I happen to know from having met her today—"

"You met her today?" Strawn interrupted incredulously.

Dundee explained briefly, then went on: "As I was saying I have good reason to know she was not deaf, but I can't say as to her being near-sighted, except that it is my observation that people who are extremely near-sighted do not have very wide eyes and no creases between the brows. I am fairly sure she did not wear glasses at all, because glasses worn even a few hours a day leave a mark across the nose or show pinched red spots on each side of the base of the nose."

"You must have had a good, hard look at her," Strawn gibed, his eyes twinkling, and his harsh, thin-lipped mouth pulling down at one corner in what he thought was a genial smile.

"I did," Dundee retorted, grinning back at his former chief, who will never know the boy's weakness for a pretty girl. "Well, conceding that she was neither deaf nor half-blind, she would necessarily have heard and seen her assailant before he shot her."

"What's the explanation?" Strawn was becoming impatient.

"That the person who killed her was so well known to her, and his—or her presence in this room was so natural a thing that she paid no attention to his—or her—movements, and was concentrating on the job of powdering her very pretty face."

"You mean—one of that gang of society folks in there?" and Strawn jerked a thumb toward the left side of the house.

"Very probably," Dundee agreed. "But where's the gun?" Strawn asked. "I tell you my men—"

"This was a premeditated murder, of course," Dundee interrupted. "The Maxim silencer—unless they are all lying about not hearing a shot—proves that. Silencers are damned hard to get hold of, but people with plenty of money can manage most things. And since the murder was premeditated, it is better to count on the fact that the murderer—or murderers—had planned a pretty safe hiding place for the gun and the silencer. . . . Oh, not necessarily in the house or even near the house," he hesitated to assure Strawn, who was trying to break in. . . . By the way, how long after Mrs. Selim was killed was her death discovered? Or do you know?"

"I haven't been able to get much out of that bunch in there—not even out of Penelope Crain, who ought to be willing to help, seeing as how she works for the district attorney. But I guess she was waiting to spill it all to you, if she knows anything, so you and Sanderson will get all the credit."

"Now, look here, chief," Dundee protested, laying a hand on Strawn's shoulder as he reverted to the name by which he had addressed the head of the homicide squad for nearly a year, "we're going to be friends, aren't we? Same as always? We know pretty well how to work together, don't we? No use to begin pulling against each other."

"Guess so," Strawn growled, but he was obviously pleased and relieved. "Maybe you'd better have a crack at that crowd yourself. I hear Doc Price's car—always has a bum spark plug. I'll stick around with him until he gets going good on his job, then, if you'll excuse me for butting in, I'll join your party in the living room. . . . And good luck to you, Bonnie," he added, to take the sting out of the bit of thrown-in sarcasm.

Dundee took the door he knew must lead into the central hall, but found himself in an enclosed section of it—a small foyer between the main hall and Nita Selim's bedroom. There was room for a telephone table and its chair, as well as for a half-length sofa large enough for two to sit upon comfortably.

He paused to open the door across from the telephone table and found that it opened into a guests' closet, whose hangers and hat forms now held the outdoor clothing in which several women had arrived at the bridge-and-death party. Nice clothes—the smart but unostentatious hats and coats of moneyed people of good taste, he observed, a little enviously, before he opened the door which led into the main hall which bisected the main floor of the house, until it reached Nita's room.

Another door in the section behind the staircase leading to the gabled second storey next claimed his attention. Opening it he discovered a beautifully fitted guests' lavatory. There was even a fully appointed dressing table for women's use, so that none of her guests had had the slightest excuse to invade the privacy of Mrs. Selim's bedroom and bath, unless specifically invited to do so. Rather a well-planned house, this, Dundee concluded, as he closed the door upon the shining green porcelain fixtures, and walked slowly toward the wide archway that led from the hall into a large living room.

He had a curious reluctance to intrude upon that assembled and guarded company of Hamilton's "real society." They were all Penny's friends, and Penny was his friend. (To be continued.)

A New Era in Music

By John Erskine, head of Juilliard Foundation of Music, before Barvard College Alumnae Association.

A new movement in music is affecting the professional life. Five years before the depression the musician, were discovering that concert tours were wearing out. Paganini and Liszt had set a fashion for 100 years that every musician should have a concert career.

Today we are going back to the time of Bach, when a musician could play the organ, and frequently every instrument in the orchestra. A public is growing up who will go to hear, but also likes to play. They cannot so easily be dazzled. They are prepared to judge.

Man is creative in art and agriculture only. It is the only that all true progress is made. In the vast area between, of business and the learned professions, we only think we see progress. Each man must be his own standard. Each man must be his own expert. In the future a vast proportion of the American people will be as skilled in music as they are now in reading and writing.

The Light of the Blind

In these dark and gloomy times it is encouraging to come upon a ray of the bright spirit of optimism and cheer. It is particularly so when we find the origin of that fine spirit in surroundings which to most of us at least represent misfortune unalloyed. For those who have the blessing of sight a supreme affliction, to sustain which calls for the utmost fortitude that man possesses or can acquire.

It is for this reason that the review of the work of the Canadian Federation for the Blind by P. E. Layton makes such heartening reading just now. Even if it were not such a contrast to the glooming that so often accompanies annual reports these days, Mr. Layton's message is singularly cheering, since it shows the vast improvement in both the lot and the spirit of the blind themselves. A few years ago blindness was regarded as one of those terrible visitations which was to be accepted in the best possible spirit, but admitted of little or no alleviation. Its victims were shut off in a black and mysterious world, objects of commiseration and of what slight assistance our fragmentary knowledge afforded, but left largely to their pitifully limited devices. We have, thank Heaven, largely changed all that and the result of patient investigation, of the adaptation of modern methods of assistance and education to the distressing problems of the blind, has been a wonderful improvement. It is not only that in half a score of ways we now tend for them, but what is more important, a new spirit has been instilled into the minds of these afflicted ones. They are, as Mr. Layton says, beginning to wake up and "take an interest in their own salvation." Even the dread burden of blindness cannot crush such a spirit as this. The light that inspires it comes from within.—Montreal Daily Star.

Heart-Rest

Man's mind makes countless wheels revolve. Man's eye the secret stars can solve; He flies o'er oceans, deserts, streams, And still of further conquest dreams. Yet, howsoever he may roam, He turns for heart-rest to his home. And so, in every age and place, The record of the human race. Makes mention of this sacred spot Where cares and worries are forgot, Where little children play and sleep, Where lovers laugh and mourners weep.

And, though the world may travel far Through change and chance, through war and war, Though ever man's far-reaching mind May seek still vaster truths to find, Yet still, as in the days of old, He'll find at home his realm of gold. —A. B. C.

A Near Thing

"Well," said a farmer to an Irishman who was employed on his farm, "I heard you had a little encounter with my bull yesterday. Who came off best?" "Sure, your honor," said Pat, scratching his head, "it was a toss up!"

The Green Carpet

Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere; By the dusty roadside, On the sunny hillside, Close by the noisy brook, In every shady nook, I come creeping, creeping, everywhere. —Sarah Roberts.

Bravery

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life, nor temperate, who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

For Racers



While on a visit in Germany, Phil Shafer, American auto speedster, noticed this eye protection and promptly got one. It is made of cellophane.

The Public Health

Next to the weather, there is no topic of conversation more popular than public and individual health. Hence the meeting in Toronto of the Canadian Public Health and Ontario Health Officers' Associations is of widespread interest. The delegates are discussing their subjects in a large way, as intimated by Dr. Gordon Bates's suggestion that a Royal Commission should investigate on a Dominion-wide scale the whole question of public health. Undoubtedly the subject is of national concern, and if the findings of such a body would lead to greater co-ordination in preventive methods the expense would be worth while. There is force in the doctor's claim that if but a fraction of the financial loss caused by sickness and premature death were devoted to their prevention, a great deal could be accomplished.

A startling feature of the ills that afflict humanity to-day is the increase of neurotic and mental disorders, due, in large measure, to the high tension at which the affairs of the world are conducted. This was recognized in an address by Dr. C. M. Hincks, of Toronto, who stated that deviations from mental health are "much more frequent than previously supposed." And he continued:

"The time has come when the medical profession must bear a larger share of responsibility in regard to mental health than has been the case in the past. Many physicians have been prone to confine their attention to the physical factors connected with illness and have ignored, too largely, consideration of the human personality—the emotions and mental states that may be contributory to ill health. Unless physicians and public health officers assume leadership in this field, progress will be slow in stemming the rising tide of mental maladies. This, unfortunately, is an enlarging field for the specialist, and one in which early treatment is of the utmost importance. Undoubtedly many human ailments may be forestalled by preventive measures. In fact, basing his contention on Canadian statistics, Dr. Bates claims that "more than half of our disabling illnesses could be prevented." The difficulty in the way is that victims of disease in its incipient stages are prone to delay seeking aid, and one of the greatest benefits of public discussions such as are being conducted at this convention of health officers is that they attract attention and bring to man a realization that good health is a blessing to be guarded jealously. Those in sound mental and physical condition will not worry greatly over the troubles of this rather troublesome world. Consequently, there is food for thought in the suggestion that, to be really effective, measures looking toward the preservation of health should be given direction by Federal authority.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Summer Rain

Sweet summer rain, borne upon breezes light, How welcome is the murmur of your falling. Your rich refreshment—setting wild birds calling, And blossoms trembling with renewed delight!

A filmy veil, you float across the skies, Hiding their azure, yet, in tender care, Soft tears of gladness on the dreaming air. To fall and pass, as sometimes from our eyes, You turn to jewels the shingle on the beaches. You conjure diamonds on the leaves of trees, You gently sweep across the upland reaches, And drop as nectar on the thirsty leas; Like the cool breeze upon the heated brow At sunset, after following the plough. —Dudley Slough.

Duty Defined

The claims of the day.—Goethe. The great witness for our personality.—John Sterling. The necessity of an act, out of reverence felt for law.—Kant. The relation of the law to the individual subject.—Martensen. The generous and devoted side of justice. The shield of the weak.—Laocordaire.

A Smile or Two

English Galde (showing places of interest): "It was in this very room, sir, that Wellington received his first commission." American Tourist: "That so. How much did he get?" "Conversation doesn't exist in America."—Andre Maurois.

The Forgiveness of Little Children

Janet T. Van Osdel

A block away from home, returning from an errand, Mrs. Elliott saw her five-year-old Clyde hurrying into the house as quickly as he could, holding his fat little sister Eleanor by the hand.

"Mrs. Elliott thought, 'There! After forbidding Clyde to step out of the house while I was away he has been out playing and has taken Eleanor!'"

She noticed that Eleanor had her blue coat and beret on. For this she was glad, as it was a chilly spring day; but, too, it made her think that Clyde's leaving the house was not an impulsive, and so, a forgetful-order dash from the house and back again. It suggested deliberate disobedience. Eying his mother in the distance, he was now hurrying, with Eleanor, into the house.

When Mrs. Elliott entered the two children were on the floor of the sun-parlor with a box of building blocks. The only indication of their having been out of doors was the redness of their faces and the disorder of their red curls.

Mrs. Elliott did not question her children regarding the incident. Although she had never so phrased it, she wished them to attribute to her some act of omission—to ability to tell what they were about whether or not she were with them. So now she removed her new green spring coat, and hat that the children so admired and said, "Come here, Clyde."

Clyde ran to the door of her room, eagerly, for often when Mrs. Elliott had been obliged to leave the children alone she had brought home some little treat. But what he saw in his mother's hands was the punishing ruler. He stopped short and hid his face pucker.

"Come here and hold out your hands," commanded his mother.

The boy obeyed. Had the half dozen spots with the ruler been given in fun, Clyde would have laughed at them, but now he sobbed convulsively. He was a child who never needed physical punishment—how many children do? For Clyde it was something of a spiritual injury.

"Go now!" said his mother. "And the next time I tell you not to go out while I am away perhaps you will obey me!"

Clyde, sobbing, stumbled away, and Mrs. Elliott hurried to the kitchen to prepare supper. Then she remembered that there was no milk.

She glanced at the wee-begone Clyde. Really, after punishing him she disliked asking him to do this errand for her, especially since she knew he had a dread of going to the store. But when she asked him to go, he merely gulped down a big sob, and with two tears tracking down his freckled face, replied, "Yes, Mother."

At once he put on his jacket and cap, took the money and an empty bottle and went out. Then he put his head in to call, "Goodbye, Mother! Bye, Eleanor!"

Something suddenly stirred in Mrs. Elliott's heart. She was overwhelmed by the beauty of Clyde's forgiving spirit—no sulking, no attempt at retaliation, merely forgiveness! And then, more than anything else, more even than appearing omniscient in the eyes of her children, Mrs. Elliott wished that it might never be killed in him.

When Clyde returned with the milk, she thanked him and then stopped and kissed him. His face was irradiated with a glad smile.

"Why did you disobey Mother, Clyde?" she asked, her tone in keeping with her softened mood. "I didn't know just what to do, Mother," he answered, leaning against her as she peeled some boiled potatoes. "You know Scotty (Scotty was the dog belonging to the crippled woman next door) got out because some one left the gate open, and he ran down the street. Eleanor and me were playing on the porch and Mrs. Brown called over to know if I'd go after Scotty. He always will come for me, you know. And you said I mustn't leave Eleanor alone even for a second, so I put on her coat and cap and we went and got Scotty for Mrs. Brown. I was going to tell you—"

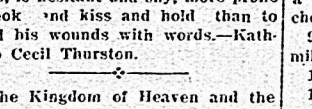
"Forgive me, Little Son! Forgive me!" whispered Mrs. Elliott, and now it was she who was crying.

"Sure, Mother! That's all right!" answered Clyde.—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, New York City. A series of these articles will appear weekly in our columns.

Sorrow

When hearts are overfull they seldom run to speech. When sorrow has broken in on love, love, left alone again, is hesitant and shy, more prone to look and kiss and hold than to mend his wounds with words.—Katherine Cecil Thurston.

"The Kingdom of Heaven and the Republic of Politics are a long way apart."—John J. Raskob.



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Effect of Sun Spots On Living Condition

Researches by Dominion Observatory of the Interior indicate Relationship

That profound fluctuations in living conditions and life accompanying fluctuations in sun spots is indicated by the study of these celestial phenomena carried on by the Dominion Observatory of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa.

Since 1750 the European records of sun spots are so complete that to each month has been assigned a relative sunspot number giving due regard to numbers and sizes of spots and groups of spots. From the monthly numbers a yearly average results. These yearly numbers increase from a minimum up to a maximum and down to a minimum in from about 9 to 14 years with an average duration for a cycle of a little over 11 years. The extent of the maximum also varies from cycle to cycle. The cause of the cycle in sun spots is not definitely known as yet. In recent years the minima of sun spots occurred in 1901, 1913 and 1923, with maxima in 1906, 1917, and 1928.

The fluctuation in the sunspot numbers is ordinarily spoken of as the eleven year sunspot cycle. These fluctuations in the physical elements which control living conditions are great enough in some regions to affect profoundly all forms of life, micro-organisms, insects, birds, animals, plants and even fish, and in consequence economic conditions.

Records kept in Manitoba since 1855 when examined in the light of the sunspot cycle show the relationship between the rise and fall in the number of sun spots and the maximum and minimum of grasshoppers, ruffed and sharp-tailed grouse, and rabbits. Records from other sources show similar effects for fish and fur-bearing animals.

The annual growth-rings of trees which grow in northern Europe, in western United States, and in many regions in Canada all record the influence of the sunspot cycle in the past, in some cases even farther back than the records of sun spots extend. The eleven-year cycle has been found in trees recently released by the retreating glacier in northern British Columbia, trees which grew perhaps many thousands of years ago.

Farm crops in Canada, the grains, hay and potatoes, show on the average greater yields at the sunspot minimum than at the maximum in accordance with the higher temperatures and the greater precipitation occurring on the average at sunspot minimum. Cotton yield in the United States also exhibits the influence of the sunspot cycle. These fluctuations and those in other forms of life exert a great influence on economic conditions and it is consequently not surprising to find the eleven-year cycle reflected in commodity prices, though at times the doings of man obscure the issue.

The Eleven Ages of Man

We have heard how "a man is as old as his arteries" or "a woman is as old as she looks." Now the Emmett, Iowa, "Index" suggests another measure of life such as "a man is as old as his appetite."

Under the heading "The Eleven Ages of Man" they picture the ascent and descent of man along gastronomic lines, like this:

1. Milk.
2. Milk and bread.
3. Milk, eggs, bread, and spinach.
4. Oatmeal, bread and butter, green apples, and all-day suckers.
5. Ice-cream soda and hot dogs.
6. Minute steak, fried potatoes, coffee, and apple pie.
7. Bouillon, roast duck, scalloped potatoes, creamed broccoli, fruit salad, divinely fudge, and demi-tasse.
8. Pate de foie gras, vealner schnitzel potatoes Parisienne, egg-plant a l'opera, demi-tasse Roquefort cheese.
9. Two soft-boiled eggs, toast and milk.
10. Crackers and milk.
11. Milk.

Shilling Bibles

The Bible still remains the world's best seller. Last year, indeed, English Bibles sold by the British and Foreign Bible Society totalled 633,046, the largest number ever disposed of in any one year.

A considerable part of this heavy sale was probably due to the fact that a shilling edition of the Bible was placed on the market during the year. In eight months 357,000 copies of this edition were issued, 232,000 of which were sold in the British Isles and the balance overseas.

Thanks to the work of the Society, the Bible—or some part of it—is now available in 655 different languages. This helps not only the missionaries, but also linguists. A translation of the Bible into any language is a great help in learning it.

Fate We cannot conquer fate and necessity; but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.—Hannah More.

News Oddities

Police Off at "Scarce" Streets On Parking Motorists

Minneapolis, Minn.—A card-board policeman with a menacing appearance has been placed on duty here to shoo off motorists who had grown into the habit of parking their automobiles in a "no-parking" area near the Nassau County Police Headquarters.

The scarcer policeman was made at the request of Inspector Frank McCahill in an effort to solve a problem beyond the jurisdiction of the county police. The parking area is within the village limits of Garden City, and the village police are kept busy elsewhere. Inspector McCahill said that the appearance of the dummy had been fierce enough to cause prospective parkers to move away from the area.

Crow Eggs for Bounty Become Little Crows

Emporia, Kas.—With two crow eggs in a pocket, E. E. Peet, farmer, drove toward the County Clerk's office.

It was a very warm day. "I'm sorry," said the deputy clerk, "but we don't pay bounty on crow's eggs—just on crow heads."

"Well, you can have the eggs anyway," Peet responded, and put a hand in his pocket. A look of astonishment crossed his face.

He collected 20 cent bounty — 10 cents on each crown.

Railway to Grow Mushrooms In Station

Boston.—The Boston Elevated Railroad is going in for such sidelines as the raising of mushrooms for revenue only. The road needs money, what with the times and the competition of automobiles, and it happens that the company has at least one site containing 34,000 square feet, which is eminently suitable for the purpose in view.

For years what is known as the Broadway Station in South Boston was a terminal. Now the road has been extended far beyond and much of the station is not required. An expert finds conditions there decidedly favorable to the growing of mushrooms. Nobody objects to the plan and the Department of Public Utilities, which has conducted solemn hearings in due form, is expected to act favorably on the petition. Thus does a verminiform appendix of a great transportation system turn out to be an asset of high value.

One-Legged Men Save Waste By Co-operative Shoe-Buying

Culpeper, Va.—Two one-legged men here who wear the same size shoes have entered into a compact whereby they will purchase footwear jointly, and thereby avoid wasting half of every pair of shoes they buy.

One of them, Deputy Sheriff Perry W. Hatcher, who lost his left leg some years ago in a railroad accident, and the other is D. D. Miller, who moved to town from Orange not long ago and is minus his right leg.

Happening to fall into conversation recently concerning the loss of their respective legs, they found that they both wore size 8 shoes on their respective feet. Miller thereupon presented Hatcher with two brand-new number 8's for the right foot, neither of which was of any use to him. Hatcher will buy the next pair and give the left shoe to Miller.

Schools Require Bobbed Hair

Angora.—The Ministry of Education has ruled that no long-haired girls may be admitted to any state school in Turkey. Hygiene and uniformity are the aims of the ruling.

"Discouragement pays no dividends."—Charles E. Hughes.



BABY'S OWN SOAP It's Best for You and Baby too.

Oil should clean and protect as well as lubricate—says household expert

The oiling of household devices presents a problem different from that of factory equipment, says a nationally known housekeeping expert. Household appliances are not used constantly and therefore collect dirt and rust when idle. Consequently, oil intended for general household use should clean and protect as well as lubricate.

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