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### Modern Decorative Art Reaches Tapestry Trade

Modern decorative art, writes the Paris correspondent of "The London Daily Telegraph," is to play a much more important part than hitherto at the great national tapestry-making establishments. Beauvais of the Gobelin establishment, has announced his intention of bringing its designs up to date.

It is not sufficient, he holds, to continue copying classical works. Artists of our own time must be encouraged to contribute by their ideas and their new technique to the world-wide fame of this three-centuries-old tapestry factory. "We shall not attempt to go ahead too quickly," he said in an interview, "but we do not intend to lag too far behind the times. We shall closely follow the great artistic movements of our own time."

A similar policy has been adopted by the state tapestry factory at Beauvais. It has produced a suite of drawing-room furniture ornamented with tapestry after the designs of Raoul Dufy, including representations of the Eiffel Tower, the Pantheon, the Arc de Triomphe and domestic scenes in crowded quarters.

### For Baby's Bath

More than that of any other member of the family, baby's tender delicate skin needs the greatest care and attention. The soft soothing oils in Baby's Own Soap make it specially suitable for babies, and its clinging fragrance reminds one of the roses of France which help to inspire it.

"It's best for you and Baby too"

### Only one oil is good enough for household equipment, says chemist

Chemists, mechanics and lubrication experts say only one kind of oil is good enough for your expensive mechanical devices—the best. To get best results from your sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, lawn mower, washer, electric fan, refrigerator and other household appliances, you should use an oil that not only lubricates, but also cleans and protects.

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Naturally such oil costs more to make, but it really costs less to use. Play safe; insist on 3-in-One Oil. At good stores everywhere. For your protection, look for the trade mark "3-in-One" printed in Red on every package.

ISSUE No. 22—'32

# The Aztec Mystery

A Thrilling Story of the Old West

BY MURRAY LEINSTER

#### SYNOPSIS.

Sonny Holman, believing he has been cheated out of ownership of the Aztec mine, holds up the mine payrolls. Janet Laurier, who holds legal title to the Aztec, offers a reward for his capture. She is kidnapped by Garcia's gang, a band of desperadoes. Sonny follows and prevents Garcia from harming the girl, then escapes with her. To his surprise, he finds that the girl suspects him of being in league with Garcia and a confederate in the kidnapping.

#### CHAPTER TEN.

"You had me kidnapped, too," she said bitterly. "I've got your pistol in your back, with my finger on the trigger! Don't move! You came to my house and spied out the ground. You were ready to keep me from summoning help until your confederates came."

Sonny shifted his looted repeating rifle to his other arm and began to roll a cigaret as he rode. "I'm listenin'," he drawled. "This is right interestin'."

For the first time her tone was less than positive. "I know that much is true," she said, "because almost the first words you said to Garcia were that you had ridden back with him as you didn't trust him. I don't know whether he intended—"

"He did, ma'am," said Sonny softly, "an' for that I am goin' to kill him."

"And so," she said coldly, "as a thief, and as the betrayer of a man who was fool enough to believe in you, and because you had me kidnapped, I'm going to take you into Moleville." Sonny made a sudden movement. She gasped. His hand had snapped up behind him and held the revolver firmly. He pulled decisively on it, working her finger out of the trigger guard with his other hand.

"You're goin' to make me mad one o' these days," he drawled. "I'm goin' to be the one that does the takin' into Moleville, ma'am."

He put the revolver in his belt again, but before him this time. The gait of Gunpowder had not changed, nor did he cease to trot steadily toward the distant flaring lights of the little town. Sonny rode cheerfully onward, smoking the cigaret he had manufactured in the dark. When he flung it away in a trailing arc of sparks, he spoke again. "This business of bein' outside the law has its disadvantages. I got me a idea right now where bein' respectable would be right useful. I rek'n I'm goin' to reform."

There was a long pause. She seemed to be looking for a verbal trap. But he seemed to be musing not unpleasantly.

"If you do take me into Moleville safe," she offered at last, "and you promise to leave the mine alone; because of your helping me at Garcia's place I'll—"

Sonny's head tilted as he gazed meditatively up at an especially bright star. "Ma'am?"

"I'll withdraw the reward I've offered for you."

"Shucks," said Sonny easily. "That's a compliment. The last steers the Circle Bar sold was only eight cents on the hoof. You' gone an' made me, weight for weight, about the most valuable critter on the range."

She did not seem to understand. "And I won't prosecute you if you really didn't plan to have me carried off."

"Ma'am," said Sonny dryly, "if I ever figure on carryin' you or anybody else off, I'll arrange it a whole lot better than Garcia did."

The town lights had disappeared now, and she had lost all sense of direction. Something like panic struck her. "Well," she cried desperately, "what do you want?"

"I'd kinda like, ma'am, to have my mine back."

"You shan't," she cried fiercely. "It's mine! You don't know—"

Sonny waited. Gunpowder topped a little rise and Moleville was again visible, not more than a quarter of a mile away. Janet gave a little gasp of astonishment and relief.

"I'll tell yuh," said Sonny thoughtfully. "I kinda like you, ma'am. Yuh got nerve, an' yuh got spunk an' there's other matters about yuh that I kinda admire. But I always said I wasn't goin' to marry any woman that had more money than me. An' as near as I can figure it, I got to get back the Aztec if I ever figure on proposin' to you."

Janet gasped again, but it was distinctly not with pleasure. "You— you—"

"Yes'm," said Sonny pleasantly.

"I hate you!" she raged. "You're

a thief! You're a murderer! And you dare!"

"Just so, ma'am," drawled Sonny. "I rek'n Gunpowder we're ridin' on, he'd ha' called me things like that when he first met me. But Gunpowder an' me, we get along right good now."

"You're saying," she panted, "that you'll break me like a horse?"

"No, ma'am," Sonny chuckled. "Jus' to kinda domesticate yuh, ma'am. The whole process bein' one o' kindness."

The first of the adobe houses of the town appeared. Sonny spoke to Gunpowder in the private language they seemed to share. Gunpowder mended his pace a little. The bungalow appeared a little distance before them. Sonny halted Gunpowder by a word. The stallion was without either saddle or bridle.

"Our last stop, ma'am," said Sonny gravely. "This here train don't go no further. I hope you enjoyed your ride, ma'am."

He helped her to the ground. She was raging. "If you told the truth," she told him, choking with her wrath, "about not having planned this affair tonight, I thank you for helping me."

"Delighted, ma'am," drawled Sonny. "And being foolish about gratitude," she went on biting, "I shan't raise an alarm to have you captured at once."

"Mighty grateful, ma'am," said Sonny politely.

"But," she cried fiercely, "I'm going to fight you from now on in every way I can! There's going to be an election for sheriff. I've made Mr. Tilford promise to run, to be sure of getting on honest man in office. You won't have a chance to use him as you did your friend! And I've sent for armed guards to travel with my ore wagons! You and your friend Garcia, if you make up after tonight's disagreement, won't have the same opportunity to rob me again! And I'm going to see that you are hunted down and sent to prison for the crimes you have committ'd!"

Sonny, mounted on Gunpowder once more, looked down at her and grinned. "If you knew, ma'am," he drawled, "how daw-goned pretty you look when you're mad, you'd sure cultivate a irascible disposition."

She stamped her foot. "You understand," she panted angrily, "I thank you for helping me tonight, and I'm going to see you put in jail!"

"Yes, ma'am," drawled Sonny. "And you're right welcome, ma'am, an' I'm goin' down to the mine an' steal the new payroll that you had come in yesterday to make up for the one I took. Good night, ma'am, an' pleasant dreams."

He wheeled Gunpowder about and started at a breakneck gallop for the mine. Day was just breaking, but there was already a light in the mine offices, which he had seen as he rode in with Janet. And inside of two minutes he was grinning joyously at Tilford as that worthy backed away from the mine safe before the menace of a gun in Sonny Holman's hands.

Two of Tilford's guards arrived the next day. They rode into town with alkali dust thick upon them and stopped at the Roaring Zephyr, Moleville's largest and most prominent saloon, to ask for directions.

"The mine's down thataway an' right across," the bartender assured them. "Name yuh poison."

They drank, refilled their glasses and drank again. Then they turned with a clattering of spurs to go out of the place.

"Uh, gents," said the bartender, "yuh forgot somethin'."

He tapped the cash register in a manner politely suggestive. The two men paused. One was a scar-faced, sullen man who had not spoken. The other was short and very fair, with sun bleached hair and faded blue eyes of a blank expressionlessness. The faded eyes fixed themselves upon the bartender—who remembered something suddenly. He knew the falsity of the tradition that killers are men of piercing dark eyes and menacing frowns.

"What'd we forgit?" asked the man with the faded blue eyes. His voice was mild and curiously without intonation. There was no trace of expression in it.

"Why, uh, yuh didn't pay for yuh drinks," said the bartender very politely indeed. He was remembering suddenly where he had seen this man before and hoping fervently that the man would not remember.

(To be continued.)

# ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

### The Would-Be Journalist

My mother used to think I was a genius. It is a belief commonly entertained by mothers concerning their sons. My mother clung to the idea with extraordinary tenacity, and in the face of the most convincing evidence. I fear she rendered herself not a little unpopular by proclaiming her conviction to the other mothers of her acquaintance. But this was not the worst of the business. The serious thing was that she impressed her belief on me.

One day I did write something I thought no editor could withstand. My piece was entitled "A Morning Reverie." It was a meditation on an old estate on the outskirts of London which was soon to fall a prey to the speculative builder. Into my composition, which I thought very beautiful, and which I wrote with very genuine, and perhaps excessive, emotion, I contrived to drag a passage from Ausonius. Not that I knew anything much about Ausonius, but it was a piece I remembered out of my Fox and Bromley's Passages for Unseen Translation, and I hoped that, Ausonius not being a hackneyed author, the editor might be impressed. He was. He returned my effusion in the stamped, addressed envelope I enclose. I sent it elsewhere. I kept on sending it. It returned every time with the regularity of a homing pigeon. Everybody in the

house could identify the thud of it as it fell on the floor when the postman shoved it through the letter-box, and didn't trouble to go and pick it up.

My prestige was at a terribly low ebb, for I had told everyone about it. However, I was destined to regain my position at a bound. I went on writing, but I had learnt prudence. I said nothing about it. At last, under the rubric of "Nature Notes," a very touching, but exceedingly mendacious, description of how I used to go hunting the blackberry in Epping Forest, appeared in a halfpenny evening newspaper called The Echo. Going home that evening in the train, I looked round to see how many Echoes there were in the carriage. There was one. I scrutinized the owner. He did not look very intelligent. "Little does that fellow sitting there guess that the author of the blackberry article is here right opposite to him," said I to myself.

I did not contribute any more articles to The Echo. But it was an honest Echo; it paid me fifteen shillings.

Some few months ago, I was rummaging among some old papers, when my eye lighted upon a long envelope addressed to me in my own handwriting. I picked it up and looked inside. It was the "Morning Reverie." Do you know, I can almost understand why those editors. . . —J. Lewis May, in "The Path Through the Wood."

### For Lewis Carroll

You gave the world the gift of gentle laughter,  
Of magic touched with a prismatic gleam;  
You taught us that life holds frail romance after  
First youth is past and hearts scarce dare to dream.  
Your people saunter by, a long processions  
As mad as April and as sweet as May,  
They are so real (and this is a confession!)  
That I can see them, though my hair is gray!

There's Alice and the Rabbit, walking primly,  
The sobbing turtle, and the child that sneezed;  
The croquet-playing Queen who shouted grimly,  
The drowsy Dormouse, and the Hare that teased . . .  
Your dear illusions never, quite, can pass,  
Though you have wandered through the Looking Glass!

—Margaret E. Sangster.



"I saved twenty dollars this afternoon."

"How was that?"

"Jones wanted to borrow twenty-five and I lent him only five."

Bowling enthusiasts in Florida have discovered that grapefruit make an excellent substitute on the greens for wooden bowling balls, and several tournaments have been held. Well, many a breakfaster will testify to the uncanny aim of the grapefruit.—The Christian Science Monitor.

### Worst Insect Enemies Of Orchards Controlled

Geneva, N.Y.—The nature and habits of the codling moth, the apple maggot, the plum and apple curculios and the white apple leaf-hopper have been revealed and the weakness which make them vulnerable to attack by the fruit grower set forth in investigations by experts of the state agricultural experiment station here.

Many of the experiments having to do with these most formidable enemies of the fruit grower were conducted in the Hudson Valley and Lake Champlain fruit districts, principally by Dr. P. J. Chapman and O. H. Hammer. They found that "efficient control of orchard pests is gained through thorough and timely treatments applied during certain critical points in the development of these insects."

For practical reasons, they found, no more sprays should be used than are necessary to give reasonable protection, and whenever possible each treatment should be directed against one or more pests.

While an insect may increase its numbers to an abnormal degree over a wide area, they say, because of exceptionally favorable conditions, failures in controlling orchard pests or uneconomical control measures can usually be attributed to lack of information on pest conditions in the individual orchard.

One frequently hears the expression that a certain object "moves at a snail's pace." It is only recently, however, that this pace has been charted. The average snail travels about three inches a minute—a mile in fifteen days.

The fishmonger was doing his best to sell his stock.

"That's a nice bit o' fish," he said. "Best 'ome cured."

The thin-lipped woman sniffed.

"Will that suit you, madam?" put in the fish monger.

"No, it will not," she snapped. "Just you put that away and give me something what ain't been ill."

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