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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 by 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 Gustavo Rundstadter, an engineer of Frankfurt-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.

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ISSUE No. 24—32

The Aztec Mystery

A Thrilling Story of the Old West

BY MURRAY LEINSTER

SYNOPSIS.

Sonny Holman, believing he rightfully owns the Aztec mine, holds up the mine payrolls. Janet Laurier, who holds legal title, offers a reward for his capture. She is kidnapped by Garcia's gang, but Sonny follows and escapes with her. She suspects him of being in league with Garcia in the kidnapping.

Tilford, manager of the mine, imports men to guard the payrolls. Two of them walk into a saloon, get into an argument with Jake Hornaby, a driver of the stage and a friend of Sonny's, and shoot him dead.

CHAPTER XII.

But instead of much dancing and hilarious merriment, in the saloon, the men were prone to talk to each other in low tones. Instead of laughter, there was a buzz of angry, uneasy talk. Three wandering cowpunchers, on their way to the Panhandle in search of a job, were jovially intoxicated and surrounded by shrilly giggling girls, but the rest of the men glowered and talked to one another instead of to their willing hostesses.

Gleason and his companion made for the bar, the scared man swaggering and Gleason following quietly, though his pale and blinking eyes gazed about him with a lack of expression that was more daunting than the most ferocious of frowns would have been.

The hum of talk wavered and broke as the pair ranged themselves before the bar. Eyes swept covertly to them and away.

Gleason tapped two fingers on the bar. The bartender hastily thrust out two glasses and a bottle.

"Charge it to Tilford," growled the scar-faced man.

"Yes, suh," said the bartender. He had turned pale when they came back into the place. He waited for further orders. No one would be waited on while these two required his services.

The scar-faced man grinned suddenly at him and murmured to Gleason. Gleason nodded and spoke tentatively. "My frien' was wonderin'," he said in his monotonous voice, "if the house wasn't plannin' to set up drinks for the crowd. He thought he heard yuh say so."

"Yes, suh," stammered the bartender. His hands shaking, he began to prepare for the general drink.

"Yuh'll all drink with us," announced the scar-faced man jovially to the watching, sullen crowd. "We'll propose a little toast. To hell with Sonny Holman an' his frien'."

There was a stirring, and outside the saloon the clattering of horses' hoofs. The bartender looked as if he were ready to drop behind the bar the instant bullets started flying. But the stirring died away once more. The swinging doors opened and two men came in, then two others.

The place became suddenly and dead still. Sonny Holman struck a match and lit a cigarette he had evidently just rolled. "I beg yore pardon," he drawled, "my hearin' ain't so good. But I thought I heard somebody sayin' to hell with Sonny Holman. Was I right?"

The pair at the bar swung around alertly. The faded blue eyes of Gleason regarded Sonny without expression. His companion sneered.

"Sure did," he agreed truculently. "What yuh got to say about it?"

"Nothin'," drawled Sonny, "but it kinda identifies you an' yuh pardner as the folks that killed Jake Hornaby today."

Gleason opened his mouth and spoke tentatively. "He went for his gun first," he observed.

"I rek'n," drawled Sonny gently, "yuh all don't realize what a law abidin' place this here Moleville is. Yuh came here to guard the Aztec. That's all right. But killin' folks is kinda frowned on here, even in the best holdup man society."

The stillness in the Roaring Zephyr was breathless. One of the painted girls giggled nervously. Men jumped. "Well," said the scared man truculently, "who are you, anyway? An' what yuh got to say about what we do?"

His hand dropped in an infinitely quick movement. But Sonny's own hand flicked to his holster in a flawless gesture that was sheer poetry in its perfection. His gun bellowed—and Gleason's hand closed over emptiness. Sonny's bullet had struck Gleason's holster, bored through it, and flung a broken six-gun backward to the floor.

Sonny's gun was bearing on the scar-faced man before the echo of the first shot had ceased. "An' you, my frien'?" he drawled politely. "I don't hunt coyotes as a rule, but I'll plug yuh if yuh ask for it."

The scar-faced man sullenly raised his hands shoulder high. Sonny took his gun and passed it to Thompson of the Circle Bar.

"Thompson," he drawled, "I wish yuh'd take these two fellers an' put 'em in jail. The sheriff, he give yuh the keys. Me, I rek'n I'll ride off to the hills again. I hope," he added, facing those in the Roaring Zephyr pleasantly, "that yuh all realize the benefits of law an' order, an' that yuh let the law take its course. Jake, he was a frien' of mine, an' this is the way I want t' handle it."

Sudden grins greeted him. Thompson and his two hands took charge of Gleason and the scar-faced man. They marched them out.

"Sonny, that was the darndest thing I ever saw!" said the bartender. "Beatin' his so far he hadn't touched his gun when yuh shot it off his hip!"

"Excuse me," drawled Sonny. "My name, folks, is Mistuh John Doe. The sheriff's done christened me. That Sonny Holman yuh all mistake me for, he's a most horrific outlaw. I hope nobody ain't goin' to make the same mistake again, especial as if Tilford gets many more guards in like those two, I'll have to be hangin' aroun' Moleville a lot."

There was a pause, and then a roar of laughter. It was not a wholly amused laughter, but a let-down from a tense moment. Sonny grinned and went out.

Business in the Roaring Zephyr was excellent for some time afterward. Other saloons and dance halls were deserted as the news spread, and the occupants of the other homes of festivity hastened to the Roaring Zephyr to hear from an eyewitness just how Sonny, himself an outlaw, had come in and formally arrested Tilford's guards for the killing of Jake Hornaby.

But the bartender was relieved and the place immediately closed when additional news came, two hours later, that Tilford, accompanied by Janet Laurier, had sought out a justice of the peace and insisted on an immediate hearing for the two guards, and that Janet had secured their release on bail.

Sonny read as he rode, the reins slack over his wrist. The weekly Moleville Times and Argus-Leader was full of news this week. Sonny chuckled as he went over the columns devoted to happenings in which he had taken part.

There was the holdup of the stage, wherein Janet had tried to capture him. The injury of the sheriff, when he and Sonny together tried to round up Garcia's gang of highgraders. Janet's abduction and her return by Sonny—mostly guess work, since she refused to talk about it. Sonny's raiding of the mine office and his appropriation of the second payroll, sent to take the place of the one he had first lifted from the stagecoach. Sonny did not smile as he read about the killing of Jake Hornaby, though. The arrest of the two mine guards by an admitted outlaw brought back the amused wrinkles about his eyes.

The Times and Argus-Leader, with exemplary discretion, referred to the arrest as having been made by "our well known and genial fellow townsman, Mr. John Doe," and let it go at that. Sonny rolled a cigarette as he rode and read, and he had stuck it in his mouth when he came to the final detail, that Janet Laurier had been

awakened and told of the arrest, that she had gone immediately to the jail with Tilford, and that she had bailed out the two killers. Then the cigarette dropped unnoticed from Sonny's lips.

"Lordy," murmured Sonny as the news sank in, "that lady sure hates one Sonny Holman an' all his works." (To be continued.)

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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.

A Chinese "Main Street"

No sidewalk, just a narrow, dusty street;

Small huddled shops irregular and low,

With "open face"; and strolling to and fro

The vendors calling with the tom-tom's beat.

And here are wondrous jades sold for a song,

And crimson lacquered vases, silk brocades,

Rich old embroideries of rarest shades,

Bronze incense burners and a dinner gong.

Above neat billowig clouds of green and blue,

Of red and yellow, silken banners—things

That advertise the little shop below.

My ricksha coolie, with his swinging queue,

Takes me to buy a treasure that the Ming's

Held sacred quite a thousand years ago.

—B. P. Williams. in "Apples of Gold."

Canadian fish products are prepared for market in accordance with the most approved practice. That's one reason why they are such excellent food.

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.

Discontent

It is curious when one stops to consider, how many discontented moods grow solely, not out of any tangible hardship in our own lot, but out of some comparison of ourselves with our neighbors. If another man's wife is handsomer, another man's children cleverer, or his business more prosperous, it really seems to affect us in a most unreasonable way. The truth is that his gains are not our losses, and, if all that he has were swept away from him tomorrow, it would add nothing to our store; and yet we indulge in an illogical envy which makes our own fate seem a hundred times harder by its contrast with his, as the black ox behind it brings out the clear lines of some camel.

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 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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