SALADA has the finest flavour in the world and it costs only one-quarter of a cent a cup

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

083

The Affair at Flower Acres

by CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. Then Nancy, her brother, Orville Kent; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter the room. Detective Dobbins is official investigator. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Nurse Turner, arrested in New York, finally confesses to attempting to poison Douglas Raynor, before the shooting, out of revenge. Now Detective Dobbins in questioning the four people who stood at the four doors of the sun prior immediately after the murder.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"That's true," Finley said, "and I agree, Mr. Dobbins, that you have that south door accounted for, and you must take into consideration the possibility that the murderer of Mr. Raynor escaped that way."

"Granting that possibility, then," Dobbins continued, "I say that we have here present the three known to have been at the other three doors, and Mr Kent, who appeared at the south door a very little later. I would like a sworn statement from each of you as to what you saw and heard. Mr. Finley, will you speak first, and remember you are on oath."

"I heard the shot, I went from the east verandah to the east door of the sun room, I went in, and I saw Douglas Raynor on the oor, a revolver at his side. I picked it up—an involuntary act, for which I have no definite explanation, and at that moment Miss Turner snapped on the lights."

"Did you see Mrs. Raynor in the room? Recollect, you are on oath."

"I saw her at the west doorway."

"Coming in or going out?"

"As I was so amazed at the sight of Mr. Raynor, and a little blinded by the sudden light, I cannot positively answer your question. But to the best of my knowledge and belief she was coming in."

The quiet tones, the straightforward air did more to carry conviction than emphasis could have done. Nan looked at him gratefully, and Orry showed relief at the words.

"You think she was going out, Miss Turner?"

"I know she was," said the nurse. "I saw her even before I saw Mr. Raynor and I can swear she was hastening out of the room."

"Mrs. Raynor, do you care to testify?"

"No—I'd rather not"—said Nan, in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible.

Eva Turner said nothing, but the triumphant look on her face told of her conviction of Nan's guilt.

"I haven't spoken yet," Kent said, deliberately. "I suppose I have a right to be heard, Mr. Dobbins?"

"Certainly—I wish you would recount what you saw when you appeared on the scene."

"I came in at the south door," Orry began, "and I found the scene much as you have all described it. Douglas lay on the floor, Finley stood near him, revolver in hand, Miss Turner was at the north door, or just inside it, and Miss Mattie was close to her. But as I came in at the south door my sister was just entering the west door. She was not going out, she was not 'fleeing' or running away, she was coming in—I saw her—her face horror-stricken with surprise and fright."

Miss Turner gave a supercilious smile.

"Mr. Kent is quite right," she said, "but it must be remembered that he came a few moments later than the rest of us. That was Mrs. Raynor's return that he saw. I saw her leave the room, hastily, as I said, and I then saw her return, coming in at the door, as her brother also entered at the south door. This, I think, explains the seeming discrepancy in our accounts."

Kent looked baffled. More nervous than ever, he picked at his coat collar—pulled his handkerchief from his breast pocket and returned it there, drummed on his knees with his fingers and finally said:

"Mr. Dobbins, you have only Miss Turner's unsupported word for that and I hold that is not sufficient."

Poor Dobbins looked worried to death. He saw no loophole of explanation—it was all to him a deep inexplicable mystery. The only definite or illuminating testimony he had was that of Eva Turner, and if he must discount that, his case was hard indeed.

"I think," he said, at last, wiping his forehead, "that I must take some time to think this thing over. I must digest this new information that I have received from Miss Turner; I must report it to my superiors, and I must be guided by them in my next move."

"Am I under arrest?" Eva Turner asked, a little fearfully.

"No; no, Miss Turner, not yet. At least, not until I talk with the chief. But your case is grave—I cannot hold out much hope of leniency for you."

Eva Turner said nothing—her placid face seeming to conceal every thought or emotion of her brain.

"I am not sure Mrs. Raynor wishes me to stay here," she said, turning to Nan with an air half diffident, half insolent.

"I am not sure that I do," Nan returned calmly. "But I think it is proper that you should stay, and so I ask you to do so. . . You may take the room you had before—and I will ask you to respect my desire to be let alone."

The group broke up and Finley took Nan off for a walk in the grounds.

"Make no objections," he said, "you will be ill if you don't get out of doors more. Now you're going for a long walk all around the place, and if you say so, we won't mention the affair of the tragedy at all."

"Then I'll go," Nan said, and they started off.

CHAPTER XIV.

PENNINGTON WISE.

The newcomer at Flower Acres was a good-looking, well set-up man of thirty-five or so, with thick chestnut hair, brushed back from his forehead, keen, blue eyes and a manner that inspired confidence.

Pennington Wise was his name, and he was a justly celebrated private detective.

Ezra Goddard had engaged him, for Ezra Goddard had come to several very definite conclusions. One of these was that Detective Dobbins couldn't swing the Raynor case, and another was, that probably any other police detective would not do much better than Dobbins.

The arrival of the detective threw most of the household into consternation.

Malcolm Finley was, on the whole, glad, yet he felt a certain uneasiness as to what might transpire.

Nan Raynor and her brother looked aghast at the news of the arrival, yet tried to conceal their aprehensions.

Miss Turner was frightened; Lionel Raynor was angry, and Miss Mattie, though affronted at not having been consulted in the matter, was deeply interested and agog with curiosity as to what the new developments would be.

So she greeted Pennington Wise with cordiality and welcomed him to Flower Acres, while the others looked on with varying degrees of uncertainty.

"Wonderful place," Wise said, standing on the terrace. "Before beginning my work here I must beg for a few minutes to absorb this marvelous beauty!"

With him had come a strange little being, who, he said, carelessly, was his assistant. She was a small scrap of a girl, slender as a willow wand, inconspicuous, unnoticeable, almost invisible, so persistently did she keep in the background Yet she was always there, always at the beck or call of Pennington Wise, and her assistance was as valuable as it was unostentatious.

From a secluded alcove of the terrace, almost hidden by a tall palm, Zizi, for that was the girl's name, looked out, raptly, over the flowery acres No one noticed her.

At last Wise drew a long sigh, as of very surfeit of the beauty before him, and turned to the group, who awaited his questions, with widely different anticipations

It was teatime, always a pleasant function at the Raynor house, and Ezra Goddard had arranged that the first inquiries of the detective should be conducted under the guise of a social chat rather than an official grilling.

It transpired that the detective knew the history of the case.

"Be careful in your statements," he counseled "There is nothing so uncertain as human evidence. If I am to get at the facts of this case, I must have the most meticulous efforts on the part of you all to speak the truth. Let us take this point of Mrs. Raynor's position when Miss Turner put the lights on. Miss Turner, can you swear that Mrs Raynor was leaving the room?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Was she frightened-looking?"

"Yes, indeed she was!"

"Ah—how did you observe this when her back was toward you? How do you know that she did not wear an expression of triumph—"

(To be continued.)

"Before I begin my work, I must beg for a few minutes to absorb this beauty!"

Your Kids Need Sugar

It supplies body fuel for the energy that keeps them going and growing. No need to stuff or get fat and lazy.

Use WRIGLEY'S for sugar and flavor, and see how ruddily the boys and girls respond.

It's the new science of health-building. Try WRIGLEY'S yourself and stay thin.

3 Handy Packs for 5c

CJ44

ISSUE No. 37—'29

"Somewhere a Lad!"

Giants are slain as in the olden day,
For never giant shadowed camp with gloom
But moving in the sure and age-old way
Of fruit succeeding starry-petalled bloom,
Somewhere a lad, stirred by a strange new flame
Tosses aside the too-familiar crook,
And lifting eyes from routine's flock, takes aim
With stones worn smooth in truth's unsullied brook.
Thereafter days hold burning quests to share,
And more and more he seeks the pebbled stream;
Fearless he fells the lion and the bear
That prowl between a boy's heart and its dream.
Giants are slain, because while strong men cower
Somewhere a lad has trained for his high hour!

—Molly Anderson Haley, in The Churchman.

Indian Princes and Self-Government

Calcutta Statesman: The hief anxiety of the Indian Princes is to avoid coming into the power of a Government of India that may develop in ways distasteful to them. The Government that may come into being in the near future may be of the kind to which the Princes will be very reluctand to trust treir destinies. Many of the advanced politicians of India have made it clear that if they have their own way the Princes will have little of theirs.

Minard's Liniment—Used for 50 years

472—Surplice closing dress with scalloped shawl collar, long sleeves gathered to deep cuffs with turn back sections and perforated for short sleeves. Attached threepiece skirt with diagonal inserted plaited section front. For Ladies and Misses.

Years 16, 18, 20. Bust 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

J. H. Thomas' Task

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): It is hard to see what Mr. Thomas can do in Canada. He may find openings for British capital here, and he may be able to return home and induce British manufacturers to open branch factories here. That would make for more employment. But apart from that, and unless Premier King's Government decides to ask Parliament for a vote of ten millions to forward some great state-controlled scheme of immigration, we greatly fear that Mr. Thomas wil return home with little of accomplishment.

A DOZEN different things may cause a headache, but there's just one thing you need ever do to get immediate relief. Aspirin is an absolute antidote for such pain. Keep it at the office. Have it ready in the home. Those subject to frequent or sudden headaches should carry Aspirin in the handy pocket tin. Until you have used it for headaches, colds, neuralgia, etc., you've no idea how much Aspirin can help. It means quick, complete relief to millions of men and women who use it every year. And it does not depress the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is a Trademark Registered in Canada

Mr. Thomas' Mission

La Patrie (Ind.): The Federal Government alone can bring about the change which Mr. Thomas desires in our import trade. And it would not be too much to say that circumstances are now particularly opportune at this moment when the Canadian people have been disturbed by the threat of an increase in the American tariff. But however convincing Mr. Thomas' pleading may be, it needs more than his powers of persuasion to modify the current of our importations. There is only one way we can get Canada to buy fore from Britain than from the United States. That way is a change in our fiscal policy. And is it possible that Mr. Mackenzie King and his colleagues, who have hitherto showed themselves to be so friendly to the United States, could have roused Mr. Thomas' hopes in this matter?

The Reparations Deadlock

La Presse (Ind.): There doesn't seem anything else to be done but to declare the entente impossible and to adjourn the deliberations indefinitely, at least until Great Britain's representative shows himself more conciliating, which looks pretty doubtful after the practially unanimous approval displayed by the British people. . . . Does Mr. Snowden care less about ruining the work of the experts who does about getting the sums he demands? One can scarcely believe it and, surely, if the conference fails entirely, he wil have to shoulder the responsibility not only in the opinion of other countries, but of the British people themselves, who have lately been applauding him so generously.

She: "You know that I love you and wll be true to the last." He: "But how long shall I be the last?"

Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

Hope For Fat Man

Here is my advice to men who want to recover lost or preserve slipping figures, and who possess average hearts.

If you are between forty and sixty rise earlier, drink hot water on rising, move about more, cut the daily intake of food by one-third, and then half; drink plenty of cold water between meals, and don't drink with meals.

Under forty do the same, but add regular hard exercise, beginning with brisk walks, and rising to a five-mile run-and walk (say an hour and a half) every day.

And remember that the Irish priest who told his flock to "sweat once a day and be happy" knew more than the Harley-street specialists who charge fifty guineas for taking off 7 pounds in a month by diet, medicine and electrical vibrators.

Race Jealousy in S. Africa

Christchurch Press (N.B.): The truth is that the dying down of racial jealousies in South Africa is going to be such a gradual process that the result of one election is neither here nor there. The history of Canada has shown us that it is quite possible for two racial elements to exist side by side in one State without a serious upheaval, even though there may be friction.

In the "Talkie" World

Reporter—"What are your views on naval disarmament?"

Movie Director—"I'd prefer to give them on nasal disarmament."

"How was the scenery on your trip?" "Well, the toothpaste ads were rather better done than the tobacco, but there was more furniture than anything else."—Boston Transcript.

Your guests will praise your home-made mustard pickles

EVERY year, more and more women are making their own mustard pickles, and with Keen's Mustard. They know it's a mark of distinction and good taste to have home-made mustard pickles on their tables.

Decide now to make mustard pickles in your own kitchen this year. By doing this you can select the combination of vegetables you like best—assure high standards of quality, purity and flavour — practice true economy — and win praise from your guests and members of your own family.

FREE — Send for a copy of the booklet we have prepared, containing many recipes and full instructions on how to make all kinds of mustard pickles.

UXBRIDGE MUSTARD PICKLE

Slice 1 quart of large cucumbers. Halve 1 quart of tiny green tomatoes. Quarter 1 quart of large green tomatoes. Separate 2 large heads of cauliflowers into flowerets and cut 8 seeded green peppers into small dice. Place them all together in a large kettle. Pour a gallon of scalding hot vinegar over them and allow the mixture to come to a good boil. Mix ½ cup of salt with 3 cups of sugar, 1 ounce of turmeric, ½ pound of Keen's Mustard and 1½ cups of flour. Moisten with a little cold vinegar. Then stir into the hot mixture carefully so that it will not lump and add 1 quart of large cucumbers and 1 quart of tiny cucumbers. Let come to a boil, stirring constantly. Bottle hot in warm sterilized jars.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

Aids Digestion

Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, 1110 Amherst St., Montreal

584