Over fifty million packages are sold each year.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

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. Pennington Wise, a celebrated detective, and Zizi, his girl assistant, are called to take the case out of the hands of Detective Dobbins. Overshoes, the print of which was left on the floor of the sun room, are found in the house of Grimshaw Gannon, a servant. Nancy, attempting to shield someone, "confesses" to the crime.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"The mystery is a mystery no longer," Wise said slowly. "I know who wore this rubber and who shot Douglas Raynor—but it was not Mrs. Raynor."

"It wasn't Orry" Nan cried out. "I asked Dolly Fay if he was wearing rubbers that night and she said no. She was on the bridge with him—"

A great light broke upon Zizi. So Nan had been trying to shield her brother? How had she come to suspect him?

But Wise was speaking.

"I will tell you—I must tell you all I know," he said. "But I have given my word to your brother, Mrs. Raynor, that when I learned the identity of the murderer, I would tell him first of all. You may as well be told now, that Mr. Kent also confessed to the crime in order to save you, as Mr. Finley did. But since you didn't do it, these two gentlement have no necessity for such heroism."

"Orry confessed," said Nan, her eyes wide with wonder, "to save me! Bless him!"

"Yes, he said if you were not to be accused, he had no confession to make—but if you were, then he would shoulder the crime himself. And I promised to tell him when I found out the truth."

"And you have?" Nan spoke in an owed whisper.

"And I have. Zizi, go yourself to Mr. Kent. Ask him to come here."

Zizi went and returned quickly with Orville Kent.

He entered the room, white-faced and agitated, but walking with a firm step. He glanced first at his sister, and seemed glad to see her in the protecting arm of Malcom Finley.

"You found the rubbers?" he said, as he saw them on a small table.

"Yes," Wise said, "and they tell the story of the crime. I promised you, Kent, I'd tell you first of all. Need I do so?"

"No," Orville Kent returned. "I'll tell myself. I shot Douglas Raynor. You knew it, Nan—I think you have known it all along. I think you saw me that night. But you don't know why. Not to rid the worl dof a beast and a brute—although he was those. Not to save my sister from a life of terror and agony with a drug fiend, though he was that. Not to set my sister free to marry the man she loves and who loves her—though I rejoice to know that will some day be possible. But here is the true reason why I shot Douglas Raynor. I saw Nan putting tablets into his tea or coffee. Time and again I saw her do this. And always furtively, stealthily, with a glance around to see if any one noticed. Then I saw Raynor begin to show symptoms of poisoning—or arsenical poisoning. I went to a strange doctor in the city, and learned that they were the symptoms of arsenical poisoning beyond all doubt. I knew what Nan suffered, I saw the brute treating her more and more shamefully, and I was forced to the conclusion that my dear sister, unable to stand it any longer, had succumbed to temptation to rid herself of him. I did not blame her—not for a minute—but I wanted to save her from being a murderer—so I shot him for her. That is all."

Kent sat quietly, not twitching his fingers or moving his hands now, but like a thoughtful, determined actor who had finished his part.

"There is no more," he said, after a pause. "I'm not sorry—I rather hated to own up—and shouldn't have done so except in case of suspicion of an innocent person. Had there been more talk of an intruder, had the household been exonerated and the matter left unsolved, I should have kept silence, for what I did was not murder—one cannot murder a beast. It was just retribution for that man's awful fraud on my sister—I only learned of that lately. But, as I said, my motive was not murder—it was to save my sister—as I thought—from being a murderer. Imagine my feelings when I learned that she had not given him poison at all—but helpful medicine. However, the deed is done. Now, Nancy, darling, don't feel bad about it—forget it all when you can. Marry Finley, and let the years to come make up for all you have suffered. I made a mistake—and for that mistake I atone."

A quick motion of his hand, so quick that it even eluded Wise, who had been watching for it, and Kent had conveyed to his mouth a capsule of deadly and instantaneous poison.

After all, it was better so. He must have been convicted—his motive, though born of his affection for his sister, would have seemed quixotic in the eyes of the law, and even if he had escaped capital punishment, long imprisonment would have been a worse fate for Orry Kent.

Finley led Nan away at once, and Wise called the household servants to assist him in the necessary procedures.

"How did you size up the rubbers so quick?" Zizi asked him. "I half thought they were Gannon's."

"I knew from the very first it had to be Kent," Wise said, slowly. "But I didn't know his real reason. I thought, of course, he just removed Raynor to save his sister from further unhappiness. I see now how that really high-minded man could bring himself to do it. It as partly brotherly devotion and partly a slight twist in his not quite normal mind, that gave him the heroism needed. As to the rubbers, when I found a tiny speck of green paint on the print on the floor, and when I learned that the little ridge had been painted not so very long ago, I couldn't help linking that up with Kent. Then, we had no proof that he was on the ridge at seven o'clock. As a matter of fact he wasn't. Dolly Fay's watch was fast and Kent knew it. He'd been watching his chance, he took advantage of Dolly's statement about the time, and utilized it for his own alibi. He came up to the house fully five or ten minutes before seven, entered the sun room and shot Raynor and dropped the pistol and went out again. Then he removed the overshoes—"

"Dolly said he didn't wear any when he was with her," Zizi objected.

"He did, though. Those slip-on affairs show so little that she didn't notice them. He removed them after the shot was fired, and hid them, probably in the shrubbery. Later, he hid them in Gannon's closet, which was a capital place—if my little Zizi hadn't been clever enough to look there. Ever since, Kent has been waiting to see if his sister should be really accused, and as soon as she was, he was ready.

"When he did confess, I knew he was really telling the truth, but I pretended to think he was making up in order to test him out. He said at once that if Mrs. Raynor was freed from suspicion he would not confess, but if she were accused he was ready to avow the crime. A strange being, Kent."

"What made you first think of Kent?" asked Zizi thoughtfully.

"First, I think, when he said he walked up from the bridge admiring the sunset. There was no sunset at the time he pretended to come up—at seven. I looked up the weather records most carefully. I knew he lied about the sunset, or else he had come about 10 minutes earlier. At seven every vestige of sunset after-effects had faded from the sky. Then next, Miss Turner said positively that when Kent came in, a little after seven, he didn't look toward Raynor at all, but only at his sister. Now, however solicitous for Mrs. Raynor he may have been, he would most certainly have glanced toward the dead man—except that he had seen him before. So I knew that the sight of the body on the floor was not a surprise to him. From then on, I've only been trying to prove it up—or prove myself mistaken."

"Which you were not—which you never are," said Zizi, with an affectionate smile for the chief she so adored.

* * * * *

Kent's hopes were fulfilled. A year or so later, far from the beautiful but no longer desirable estate of Flower Acres, Nancy Finley put her hand in that of her husband and set forth on a happy and tranquil life journey with him.

"Dear Orry," she said, softly, "his martyrdom made possible my present happiness."

"As your martyrdom was for the happiness of him and your father."

"Yes, dear, and now it is all past, and we owe it to their memory as well as to our own two happy selves to forget the past and live only in the radiant present and the rosy future."

"Together—always together," said Finley, his voice frought with a happiness to great for further words.

(THE END.)

"WHAT MADE YOU FIRST THINK OF KENT?" ASKED ZIZI THOUGHTFULLY.

Illiteracy in India

Times of India: The condition of strike-fomented agitation, extending from the mills to the workers in the oil-deposits at Budge-Budge, and to the tin-plate workers at Golmuri, is precisely what these political leaders desire. In the illiterate laborers, inclined to turbulence and readily moved by mass suggestion, they have precisely the weapon which they want for making the task of Government as difficult as possible. They have at command a type of man with far more physical courage than the average Bengali. If they can harness the million or so of operatives round Calcutta to the political movement, then they can make a really impressive demonstration in January by bringing about something approaching a general strike. The talk is still of "non-violent non-cooperation," but the men who use the words with their tongues in their cheeks know well that "non-violence"is not in the dictionary of the men whom they are endeavoring to sway.

Good Loser

Strayed or Stolen—Sometime between bedtime and sunrise — one rooster chicken, one pullet and three hens

I think they must have been tolen for they haven't ever done that way before.

In to whosoever hands they fall care for them for they will pay you as they are good stock of the Buff Orpington breed.

The pullet was laying every day and one of the hens layed an extra large egg and the rooster was all I had of that gender and there isn't anything left to crow for getting up on time.

So I will miss them. Have a few more hens left but they got the best ones. Whoever got them was a good judge of chickens.

MRS. NANCY SANDERS,
East Main Street.

GOOD QUALITIES

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

LABOR

We can find more happiness in our work if we try to forsee how our labor will add to the happiness of others.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs.

We Want Poultry
TOP PRICES PAID
Write For Quotations
The Harris Abattoir Co., Limited
St. Lawrence Market - Toronto (2), Ont.

HAPPINESS

"Many people marvel when I tell them that I am happy," says Helen Keller, the woman who has triumphed so wonderfully over blindness and deafness. "They imagine that my limitations weigh heavily upon my spirit and chain me to the rock of despair. Yet, it seems to me, happiness has very little to do with the senses."

Happiness is mainly a matter of the mind and heart. If we make up our minds that this is a drab and purposeless universe, it will be that, and nothing else, as Miss Keller points out. But if we believe that the world is ours, we shall have joy. If we believe that we are born into this world for noble ends, life takes on a new dignity for us.

KNOWLEDGE

The pleasure and delight of knowledge far surpasseth all other in nature. We see in all other pleasures there is satiety; and after they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, not the quality; and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety—but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable.—Lord Bacon.

O.A.C. Winter Short Courses – 1930

Livestock and Field Crops	Jan. 6th to Feb. 1st.
Farm Meats	Feb. 10th to 15th
Poultry Raising	Jan. 7th to Feb. 1st.
Beekeeping	Jan. 7th to 18th.
Drainage and Drainage Surveying	Jan. 7th to 18th.
Fruit and Vegetable Growing	Feb. 3rd to 14th.
Floriculture and Landscape Gardening	Feb. 17th to 28th.
Factory Cheese and Buttermaking	Jan. 2nd to Mar. 28th.
Cow Testing	Feb. 3rd to 8th.
Ice Cream and Mechanical Refrigeration	Mar. 31st to Apr. 9th.
Creamery and Cream Grading	Apr. 1st to 3rd.
Farm Power	Jan. 21st to Feb. 1st.
Farm Mechanics	Feb. 3rd to 14th.

For brief, helpful change of surroundings; for the making of new acquaintances and for an exchange of ideas and experiences with live-wire young men like yourself from many parts of the Province; as well as for very practical instruction by men of wide experience, nothing can beat one of these short courses.

Pick the course that meets your needs; take a few days or a few weeks off and come on over to Guelph to get acquainted with your own Agricultural College and its practical, friendly staff of teachers. It will give you a new interest in life and greater inspiration for your work. You will find a hearty welcome and a helpful hand. We are expecting you.

Send for Circular Giving Full Information.

Ontario Agricultural College
GUELPH — ONTARIO

as Cold as Charity

Charity is humiliating! You need never be compelled to accept it. Start now and protect your old age. Take advantage of the Canadian Government Annuities System and at 65 you'll have an income to last your life. Make your old age what it should be—peaceful and free from financial worries.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
ANNUITIES
Department of Labour, Ottawa
HON. PETER HEENAN, Minister
BACKED BY THE WHOLE DOMINION

Mail this Coupon today POSTAGE FREE
Annuities Branch, Dept. TWL-1
Department of Labour, Ottawa
Please send me COMPLETE INFORMATION about Canadian Government Annuities.
Name .....
Print Clearly
Address .....

Needless Pain!

The man who wouldn't drive his motorcar half a mile when it's out of order, will often drive his brain all day with a head that's throbbing.

Such punishment isn't very good for one's nerves! It's unwise, and it's unnecessary. For a tablet or two of Aspirin will relieve a headache every time. So, remember this accepted antidote for pain, and spare yourself a lot of needless suffering. Read the proven directions and you'll discover many valuable uses for these tablets. For headaches; to check colds. To ease a sore throat and reduce the infection. For relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic pain.

People used to wonder if Aspirin might be harmful. The doctors answered that question years ago. It is *not*. Some folks still wonder if it really does relieve pain. That's settled! For millions of men and women have found it *does*. To cure the cause of any pain you must consult your doctor; but you may always turn to Aspirin for immediate *relief*.

BAYER ASPIRIN
TRADE MARK REG.

"NAVY"
A full weight Roll of quality Tissue—700 sheets of soft, safe, sanitary paper. - -

Ask for one of these Eddy rolls

—That's the safe way to buy Tissue.

The paper you buy for bathroom use should be a chemically pure paper, made from fresh, clean material. - - - -

That is exactly the kind of paper you get in a roll of Eddy Toilet Tissue. -

Buy your Toilet Tissue by name. When you ask for "Cottage" or "White Swan" or "Dreadnought" or "Navy" you are certain of getting better paper and better value.

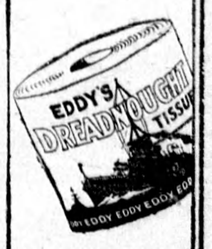
"COTTAGE"
The aristocrat of Toilet Tissues. Completely wrapped Rolls. 3,000 sheets, full count. - - -

"WHITE SWAN"
A snowy white Tissue. In wrapped, dustproof Rolls of 750 sheets. - - -

EDDY'S Toilet TISSUES

ONLIWON
Highest grade Toilet Tissue. Served from handsome, compact fixture—a sanitary, dust proof Cabinet available in nickel or porcelain finish. - - - -

THE E. B. EDDY CO. LTD., HULL, CANADA



"DREADNOUGHT"
A big value Eddy line, seven ounces of quality creped Tissue in every Roll. - - - -

44

12¢ *Per Year*

Sixteen interesting pages showing 100 new and attractive Embroidery designs for Hot-Iron transfer patterns and stamped goods.

The most valuable paper of its kind for all the latest ideas on Embroidery and other kinds of Fancy Work, Embroidery lessons, Cooking recipes and other instructive information most interesting to the practical housewife.

There are many valuable things for the gift season.

75,000 women all over Canada are receiving their copies regularly, why not you?

Remember it costs only 12c per year to get your copy each month.

Cut your coupon and send in your 12c to-day!

GORCY EMBROIDERY JOURNAL
672-H St. Catherine St., E., Montreal
I enclose 12 cents for one year's subscription.
Name .....
Address .....
Province 1

Use Minard's Liniment in the Stables.