Salada tea is gathered from the world's finest gardens

"SALADA" TEA

164

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS.

Two men have been murdered, one, known as Cock Robin, has been shot with an arrow on the archery range adjoining Prof. Dillard's house; the second, John E. Sprigg, shot through the head with a bullet. These crimes seem to be the dramatization of the nursery rhymes: "Who killed Cock Robin?" and "There was a little man and he had a little gun." A note is received from the murdered, signed The Bishop. District Attorney Markham calls in the aid of Philo Vance, wealthy bachelor, whose hobby is the solving of unusual crimes.

Vance is questioning Mrs. Drukker, who is mentally unbalanced, and who believes her grown-up, crippled son is still a baby.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"It's a rather diabolical game, don't you think, Mrs. Drukker?"

"And why not? Isn't life itself diabolical?"

"For some of us—yes." A curious sympathy informed Vance's words as he gazed at this strange tragic creature before us. "Tell me," he went on quickly, in an altered tone, "do you know who the Bishop is?"

"The Bishop?" She frowned perplexedly. "No, I don't know him. Is that another child's game?"

"Something of that kind, I imagine. At any rate, the Bishop is interested in Cock Robin and Johnny Sprigg. In fact, he may be the person who is making up these fantastic games. And we're looking for him, Mrs. Drukker. We hope to learn the truth from him."

The woman shook her head vaguely. "I don't know him." Then she glared vindictively at Markham. "But it's not going to do you any good to try to find out who killed Cock Robin and shot Johnny Sprigg through the middle of his wig. You'll never learn never—never. . . . ." Her voice had risen excitedly, and a fit of trembling seized her.

At this moment Belle Dillard reentered the room, and going quickly to Mrs. Drukker, put her arm about her.

"Come," she said soothingly; "we'll have a long drive in the country, Lady Mae." Reproachfully she turned to Markham and said coldly: 'Uncle wishes you to come to the library." With that she led Mrs. Drukker from the room and down the hall.

"Now that's a queer one, sir," commented Heath, who had stood looking on with bewildered amazement. "She had the dope on this Johnny Sprigg stuff all the time!"

Vance nodded.

"And our appearance here frightened her. Still, her mind is morbid and sensitive, Sergeant; and dwelling as she does constantly on her son's deformity and the early days when he was like other children, it's quite possible she merely hit accidentally upon the Mother-Goose significance of Robin's and Sprigg's death . . . . . I wonder." He looked toward Markham. "There are strange under-currents in this case—incredible and terrifying implications." He shrugged his shoulders, though I knew he had not wholly escaped the pall of horror cast on us by Mrs. Drukker's words. "Perhaps we can find a little solid footing with Professor Dillard."

The professor received us without enthusiasm and with but scant cordiality. His desk was littered with papers, and it was obvious that we had disturbed him in the midst of his labors.

"Why this unexpected visit, Markham?" he asked, after we had seated ourselves. "Have you something to report on Robin's death?" He marked a page in Weyl's "Space, Time and Matter" and, settling back reluctantly, regarded us with impatience. "I'm very busy working on a problem of Mach's mechanics. . . ."

"I regret," said Markham, "I have nothing to report on the Robin case. But there has been another murder in this neighborhood today, and we have reason to believe that it may be connected with Robin's death. What I wanted particularly to ask you, sir, is whether or not the name of John E. Sprigg is familiar to you."

Professor Dillard's expression of annoyance changed quickly.

"Is that the name of the man who was killed?" There was no longer any lack of interest in his attitude.

"Yes. A man named John E. Sprigg was shot in Riverside Park, near 84th Street, this morning shortly after half past seven."

CHAPTER XVI.

There was a note of anxiety—of fear almost, I thought—in the professor's voice when he next spoke.

"Even so, what can that fact have to do with us? And how can you possibly connect his death with Robin's?"

"I admit we have nothing definite to go on," Markham told him. "But the purposelessness of both crimes—the total lack of any motive in either case—seems to give them a curious unity of aspect."

"You mean, of course, that you have found no motive. But if all crimes without apparent motive were assumed to be connected—"

"Also there are the elements of time and proximity in these two cases," Markham amplified.

"Is that the basis of your assumption?" The professor's manner was benevolently contemptuous. "You never were a good mathematician, Markham, but at least you should know that no hypothesis can be built on such a flimsy premise."

"Both names," interposed Vance, "—Cock Robin and Johnny Sprigg—are the subjects of well-known nursery rhymes."

The old man stared at him with undisguised astonishment; and gradually an angry flush mounted to his face.

"Your humor sir, is out of place."

"It is not my humor, alas!" replied Vance sadly. "The jest is the Bishop's."

"The Bishop?" Professor Dillon strove to curb his irritation. "Look here, Markham; I won't be played with. That's the second mention of a mysterious Bishop that's been made in this room; and I want to know the meaning of it. Even if a crank did write an insane letter to the papers in connection with Robin's death, what has this Bishop to do with Sprigg?"

"A paper was found beneath Sprigg's body bearing a mathematical formula typed on the same machine as the Bishop notes."

"What!" The professor bent forward. "The same machine, you say? And a mathematical formula? . . . . What was the formula?"

Markham opened his pocketbook, and held out the triangular scrap of paper that Pitts had given him.

"The Riemann-Christoffel tensor. ." Professor Dillard sat for a long time gazing at the paper; then he handed it back to Markham. He seemed suddenly to have grown older; and there was a weary look in his eyes as he lifted them to us. "I don't see any light in this matter." His tone was one of hopeless resignation. "But perhaps you are right in following your present course. What do you want of me?"

Markham was plainly puzzled by the other's altered attitude.

"I came to you primarily to ascertain if there was any link between Sprigg and this house; but, to be quite candid, I don't see how that link, now that I have it, fits into the chain. I would, however, like your permission to question Pyne and Beedle in whatever way I think advisable."

"Ask them anything you like, Markham. You shall never be able to accuse me of having stood in your way." He glanced up appealingly. "But you will, I hope, advise me before you take any drastic steps."

"That I can promise you, sir." Markham rose. "But I fear we are a long way from any drastic measures at present." He held out his hand, and from his manner it was evident he had sensed some hidden anxiety in the old man and wanted to express his sympathy without voicing his feelings.

The professor walked with us to the door.

"I can't understand that typed tensor," he murmured, shaking his head. "But if there's anything I can do. . ."

"There is something you can do for us, Professor Dillard," said Vance, pausing at the door. "On the morning Robin was killed we interviewed Mrs. Drukker——"

"Ah!"

"And though she denied having sat at her window during the forenoon there is a possibility she saw something happen on the archery range between eleven and twelve."

"She gave you that impression?" There was an undertone of suppressed interest in the professor's question.

"Only in a remote way. It was Drukker's statement that he had heard his mother scream, and her denial of having screamed, that led me to believe that she might have seen something she preferred to keep from us. And it occurred to me that you would probably have more influence with her than any one else, and that, if she did indeed witness anything, you might prevail upon her to speak."

"No!" Professor Dillard spoke almost harshly; but he immediately placed his hand on Markham's arm, and his tone changed. "There are some things you must not ask me to do for you. If that poor harassed woman saw anything from her window that morning, you must find it out for yourself. I'll have no hand in torturing her; and I sincerely hope you'll not worry her either. There are other ways of finding out what you want to know." He looked straight into Markham's eyes. "She must not be the one to tell you. You yourself would be sorry afterwards."

"We must find out what we can," Markham answered resolutely but with kindliness. "There's a fiend loose in this city, and I cannot stay my hand to save any one from suffering—however tragic that suffering may be. But I assure you I shall not unnecessarily torture any one."

"Have you thought," asked Professor Dillard quietly, "that the truth you seek may be more frightful even than the crimes themselves?"

"That I shall have to risk. But even if I knew it to be a fact, it would not deter me in any degree."

"Certainly not. But, Markham, the estimates we once placed on things lose their meaning. That's why the old are more forgiving; they know that no man-made values are of any importance."

(To be continued.)

A Shepherd's Cottage

In the half light between afternoon and evening the little village looks as though it had gone to sleep for the winter—not a sign of activity disturbs its peaceful serenity. The fir trees, covering the hilled background, show up softly ridged and strangely beautiful, and look down with a hint of dignity on the brown waters of the broad river flowing at the foot. Smoky gray clouds, light as feathers, scurry across the sky.

After leaving the coziness of the village, the moorland road is faced and mounted. Knolls of brown and green patched grass are passed; while the miniature ponds, hard and glistening, and the softly singing icy burnlets add silvery touches to the dun-colored expanse. Up and up toward the lightness of sky in the west, and a keen stinging wind which exhilarates and urges and coaxes all in one breath! not a sound in all the vastness of moor and hill but the occasional crit, crit of a wayward pheasant, and the low-flying hurried chick, chick, chick of a blackbird, and the singing of the wind as it carries all before it.

The height of the moor is reached, and the song and scurry of the wind waxes louder and louder, until its roar and whistle fill the hollows and pound along the plain. The trees are bent and tempest scarred, their branches struggle with the fierceness of the wind, and there is no peace to be found on the moorland.

And then, a corner is turned! And lo, peace for man and beast! And in this quiet corner, defended by the hills, cuddles the shepherd's tiny home. The door of the cottage is open, and a bright, red glow invites. The shepherd's dogs bark tumultuously, at any of the wind's dishevelled victims which are flung into their haven from without.—The Christian Science Monitor.

At the 48th annual meeting of the Canadian Holstein-Friesian Association in Toronto, the other day, president P. H. Moore reported membership now at 4,248 and assets in excess of $10,000. The extension service report showed that shipments of 3,038 head of cattle to Jamaica, China, South America, British Guiana and the United States returned over $500,000 to the association.

Turning the face away when speaking into a telephone receiver has same effect as adding many miles distance between the speaker and listener.

ISSUE No. 11—'31

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

Yes Sir, that bear just poked his face out from among the bushes and looked at us. We had no gun—not even a knife. It was a great brute of a grizzly, and with her came a half-grown cub. Probably you have never seen a grizzly loose in the mountains. If you haven't, you have no idea how big one looks. This one seemed to be as big as an elephant, and she looked as mean as poison. It was growing darker every moment and in that narrow valley, shut in by the mountains, almost anything might have happened. Mrs. Grizzly is a bad one to meet at any time, but when she has a cub with her, she is not the company one would choose to meet in a lonely spot.

Meanwhile the old bear was getting nervous—sort of sniffed around a bit—and then—well, she and her cub started down to look us over.

Very likely we should have shouted and waved our arms and yelled "Shoot! Shoot!" but I never saw a grizzly that one could talk out of an idea. No siree! We did no such thing—we cut and ran pell mell for the plane. It was less than a hundred feet away but it seemed as if we would never make it. And all the time the bear and her cub were ambling briskly toward us. I reached for the potcock of the gas tank, turned it on and held my helmet under it until it was full and soused it over the wings and body of the plane. Time and time I emptied the helmet of gasoline on the plane—and every time I looked up, there were those bears coming closer and closer.

As I threw the last helmet of gasoline over the plane, I looked up, and there—just across the plane—were the bears. Believe me, girls and boys, those bears weren't sight-seeing—they were out hunting trouble—and that particular trouble was us. I tried to light a match, and did you ever try to strike a match in a hurry? The first one didn't light at all—the second broke—but the third one lighted.

I held it to the edge of the wing—and it seemed as if it would never catch fire. As it caught, the old bear was scarcely a couple of jumps back of me. Suddenly the flame flared up. Scottie and I started to run—to get away from those bears and the plane, which I knew would shortly explode.

We had hardly gone a hundred feet, when Scottie got between my feet, and down we went in a heap. Scarcely had we struck the ground when the flames reached the gas tank, and WHAM!—it blew up. For a minute the air was full of burning debris. What a sight!

It seemed like as if those bears hadn't started to run until they heard all that noise. Then it was a case of every bear for himself and never mind your neighbor. They fairly flew. The cub's legs were short and stubby, and he had to take two jumps for his Ma's one—but—as they went out of sight, they were so close together that they looked like one big bear.

Meanwhile the wreck of the old plane was burning brightly. Scottie and I hustled over to the edge of the wood and gathered up the driest wood we could find.

All night long we kept the fire blazing brightly, for a good camp fire is mighty friendly and comfortable on a bleak, chilly night when you are out in the open; but we didn't hear of those bears from the time the gas tank exploded. Each time the red blaze began to die down, Scottie would whine and pull my coat until I awakened and put on some more wood. Probably Scotties thought he saw more bears in the black shadows. Certainly he kept watch during the first part of the night. Later on he must have fallen into a deep sleep, for something began to take place which might easily have ended all our adventures there and there.

Over at the edge of the clearing a little crimson tongue of flame gradually curled up and grew larger—crept forward and spread more little curling flames like an advancing army of red-coats. But we were sound asleep and saw nothing of it. Meanwhile the dangerous little flames grew larger and spread back of us through the woods, threatening to ring us around with a wall of fire.

(To be continued)

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. - - Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

Miniature Golf Opens For Brazilian Putters

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. — Miniature golf courses are making their debut in Brazil.

One course is being built in the heart of Rio's commercial district in order to attract the busy business man during lunch hour, and another is in course of construction in another quarter of the city. An American company, incorporated in Brazil with a capital exceeding $100,000, is installing the courses.

Christie's

Pure, crisp, light, flaky and always FRESH

SODA WAFERS

FREQUENT PAINS?

NEVER let a throbbing head interrupt your shopping! Or other pain that Aspirin ends so quickly. These harmless tablets are an antidote for the most acute pain. Relief is almost instantaneous. Taken in time, they will break up a cold and head off discomfort. They'll relieve your suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, or the like, at *any* time. Thousands of women depend upon Aspirin tablets every month to spare them from those pains peculiar to women. These tablets do not depress the heart; they may be used as frequently as there is need of their quick comfort. So, it's folly to endure any pain that Aspirin tablets could relieve so promptly. Get the genuine, which is always to be had at any drugstore.

BAYER **ASPIRIN**

TRADE-MARK REG.

Made in Canada

KRAFT CHEESE

an economical, healthful food . . . Rich in vitamins . . . Energy-producing . . . An economical source of highest quality protein . . . fully matured . . . Kraft cheese is a healthful, body-building food. Serve it with every meal.

Made in Canada

Made by the makers of Kraft Salad Dressing and Velveeta

if you like a thicker and sweeter syrup buy BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP

You can get GREATER NOURISHMENT for LESS MONEY by serving

EDWARDSBURG

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited MONTREAL

A8