

WRIGLEYS

Chew it after every meal



It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and it's the goody that lasts.



Farewell to Summer.

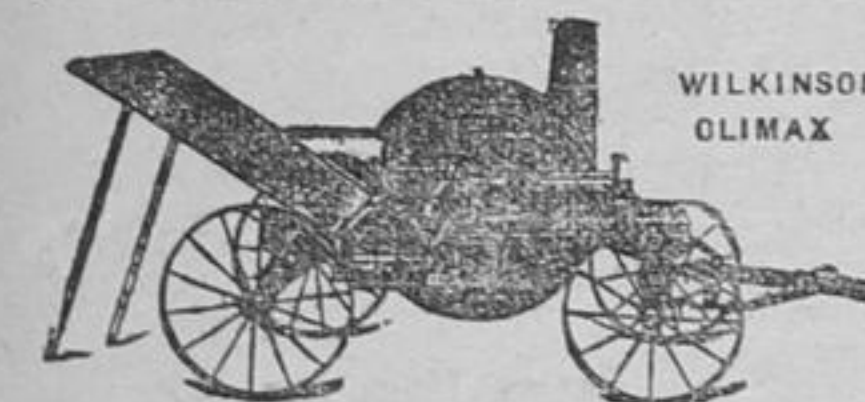
Warm is the sun on the high pasture-lands
Whereon rests the sweet lissome clover;
There's laughter and song where the farm-house stands,
There richest peace and contentment still hover,
Rays of the noon-sun fall burning and glowing
Upon the long hill, near the wild-wood and dell.
A lonely bird sits where the toilers are going—
It carols, "Sweet Summer, sweet Summer, farewell!"

Shrined in my heart are memories tender
Of all-perfect Summer, now folding her wings;
Across the worn threshold, there, falls the old splendor
Of Summer's calm close in the great soul of things,
Nay—but she will not mourn long for cesses—
Nor stay for the thrush-song far down in the dell,—
Her spirit is hiding, she feels no distress—
The lonely bird carols, "Sweet Summer, farewell!"
—Charlotte Carson-Talcott.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.
Courtesy Means Safety.
Courtesy is the essence of safety on the highway. Courtesy is usually the display of good judgment at exacting times.

CREAM

We Make Payments Daily.
We Pay Express Charges.
We Supply Cans.
Highest Ruling Prices Paid.
BOWES CO., Limited
Toronto



Increase the feeding value of all fodders by cutting them with the Climax Cutter.
The Climax cuts dry straw or hay just as well as green corn. It is cheaper to run, requiring less power. Is built extra strong, costs least for repairs. Tell us what power you have and let us send you catalogue and prices. Save money by buying one of these machines now.
The BATEMAN-WILKINSON CO., Ltd.
TORONTO ONT.

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Kelsey Heating is Right Heating

The Kelsey warm air generator will heat every room in your house. It is easy to operate and costs less for fuel than any other heating method.
Heats both small and large houses with equal satisfaction.
WRITE FOR PARTICULARS
CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED
JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

By Process of Exclusion

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

PART I.

One of the pet theories of Frances Baird, detective, was involved in what she called the Law of Logical Exclusion. When she worked on a case under that rule, she concerned herself not at all with questions as to the personality or motive of the guilty man. She simply went down the list of all the persons in any way connected with the affair, checking off each one as soon as she encountered a fact which made it impossible for that one to have been guilty, and then, when but one remained uninvestigated, promptly accused that one without bothering to investigate him at all. In other words, her process worked in exactly the opposite direction from that of the law; she considered every man guilty until he was proved innocent, and the last man, as I often laughingly told her, "guilty whether he was proved innocent or not."

"Nonsense," she used to reply. "We have, say, only ten persons who, conceivably, could have committed a certain breach of the law. One by one, we find that nine of them could not have committed it. Obviously, the tenth one must have committed it—so where's the use of investigating him at all? There are some cases so delicate that you have to put yourself in the place of the murderer and work forward. There are others so mysterious that you have to start with the personality of the victim and work backward. In both sorts of cases, you'll have, of course, to get at the motive before you can start moving. But in the ordinary rough-and-tumble case, what's the use of bothering about why a crime was committed? The real question is, who did it? And if you've any curiosity left after discovering that, you'll get at the whys and the wherefores easily enough. Any other method only befogs your vision and impedes your action. The more obscure the motive, the less you want to look for it!"

Although she demonstrated the value of this practical advice in at least a score of cases with which I, too, was connected in a more or less professional capacity, its bold contradiction of all the methods advanced by the mere writers upon such subjects—its flat denial of all the systems propagated by the plausible detectives of fiction—was, to my mind, never so conclusive as during the month of July, 1904.

I refer to the curious affair at Mount Hebron, N.J.—the murder of Emerson Pardoe.

I was at that time employed upon the Philadelphia Globe Express—the same paper, in fact, for which I had been working when Miss Baird rendered me such valuable aid in the affair of Mail-Pouch No. 27—and had been three days in my native town in Pennsylvania, enjoying the start of a sorely needed vacation, when I picked up my paper one morning and read of the crime. Stripped to its barest details, the affair, as reported by a non-too-competent man was as follows:

Emerson Pardoe was a man of wealth, a bachelor, aged about forty, and living, at the time of his death, and for all his life preceding it, in the old Pardoe house just outside the limits of Mount Hebron, one of the pleasant New Jersey suburbs of New York. With him dwelt only his younger brother, George, aged thirty, and three servants—one woman, who acted also as a sort of housekeeper; another who was both cook and maid, and a man who combined the duties of butler with those of coachman. The elder Pardoe had never engaged in active business, having, it seemed, been content to spend the interest of the fortune he had inherited in a quiet life devoted to the pleasures of good books and better pictures, whereas George, being of a more energetic disposition, was devotedly interested in a company for the manufacture of glassware at Newark, which he had founded himself, and whither he went every day.

On the wet and stormy evening of the 5th of July the household went about its accustomed way, though the maid was spending the night with a sister in East Orange. The butler-coachman retired to his quarters, attached to the stable in the rear of the house, at 10 o'clock. The housekeeper repaired to her room on the fourth floor an hour later. George, as was his custom, had turned in at 10.30, his bedroom being in the rear extension on the second floor at the end of a long hall from the first landing of the main staircase. Each one of the trio had last seen Emerson Pardoe seated in the library at the front of the house reading, as he nightly did, beside a student's lamp on a table in

the centre of the apartment with his back to the door.

At precisely 6 o'clock in the morning George was aroused by loud cries from the library. He jumped into his clothes and ran downstairs, to find the housekeeper, Miss Packer, in hysterics, and Emerson dead on the floor with his throat cut.

Miss Packer declared that she had come down to open up the house—the maid being absent—at the accustomed hour, when she came upon the body, which, George was certain, was cold when he got there. About the place there was every sign that a severe struggle had taken place, but, though a desk in the library had been rifled, nothing else was missing, and all the doors and windows throughout the house were found to have been properly secured, just as they had been left when the storm came up at 10.15 on the previous evening.

The local police, the correspondent added, were utterly at sea because, though it seemed that the murder must have been committed by some one within the house—or, at any rate, by some one with a key to it—there was absolutely no motive discoverable on the part of any such person. The two brothers, though of such divergent tastes, had always got along pleasantly; Miss Packer, a good-looking woman of twenty-five, was highly esteemed in the community as a pious person and a zealous worker in the church; the coachman had never possessed a key to the premises, and the maid, of course, had a complete alibi in the person of her sister in East Orange, whose room she had shared on the fatal night. In short, the affair was so obscure that three of the best detectives in New York had been sent for, and George Pardoe had offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of the murderer.

The mystery was too much for me to stand; I flung my vacation to the winds at once and wired the office:

Fealy, Globe-Express, Philadelphia.
Can leave in thirty minutes and reach Mount Hebron by evening to cover Pardoe case. Shall I go?
Burton.

And after twenty minutes—which I devoted to the packing of my suitcase—I received one of those answers so eloquent of the newspaperman's disregard for length when the company pays the tolls:

Samuel Burton,
113 South Second St., Columbia, Pa.
Your good friend Ledyard was sent out on the Pardoe case last night, and seems to me to have scored heavily with his story in to-day's paper. However, he's just sent word that they'll probably pinch the woman, so there'll be the sympathy game to play, and as that's not Ledyard's long suit, you can go and help him out if you want to.
Fealy.

So Ledyard was on the scent. What luck! That settled me. In ten minutes I had put my needed vacation behind me, and by evening I was standing before the Pardoe house just outside the little town of Mount Hebron.

"Hello, Sam!"
It was Ledyard himself who greeted me, coming forward from among a group of other reporters from New York and Philadelphia, who were lounging under the trees before the gate of the long driveway.

"What news?" I asked—the newspaperman's greeting the world over.
"Why, it's about all over but the shouting. Hallam has come over with two of his men from the New York force, and they're going to pinch the housekeeper. The only thing that's worrying me is whether I can get 'em to do it in time for us, instead of holding over till to-morrow morning and giving the evening paper men the first chance at the news. We're asking 'em to act at once so as to give us a show, for, so far, it's been an evening paper story all along."

"But have they got the evidence to arrest Miss Packer?"
"Sure. It's a cinch. I'd tell you, only I've promised Hallam not to say a word before I write my stuff. Oh, you needn't worry: I've got the whole stuff."

Ledyard generally thought he had the whole story, and his attitude of "run along and play, little boy," would not ordinarily have bothered me, but in this case it really did seem that I was an eleventh-hour man without the ghost of a show at the eleventh-hour man's proverbial reward. However, I resolved to work right ahead on my own hook, and so I said:

"Well, I guess about the only thing for me to do is to run up and take a look at the dramatic personae."
I strode up the walk, convinced the Doubting Thomas of a policeman who stood before the door on the big verandah that I was a bona-fide newspaper man, and rang the bell.
(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Very often the man who complains of hard luck has been having too soft a time.

Delicious!

"SALADA" TEA

B520

Pure, Fresh and Satisfying.
Sold in aluminum packets. — Try it.



Has Nothing to do With the Age.
"She says she is still very young."
"She's had thirty birthdays, I know."
"What's that got to do with her age?"

FLAVORS FROM THE FLOWERS.

In our grandmothers' day many dainty dishes were prepared, the special attraction of which came from her flower garden. Of late years this seems to be a lost art. Seldom indeed do we find a modern housewife who knows the secret of making rose conserve, or a rose geranium cake. The girls of to-day have a fad of making anything popular which found favor in their grandmother's time, so I am giving below some of the recipes and secrets that were used by the quaint maidens of long ago.

Rose Geranium Cake—Do not attempt to flavor a dark cake—either fruit or spice—in this way, but choose some delicate white cake, which is very light and feathery. When you butter the pan in which the cake is to be baked, lay three or four rose geranium leaves in the bottom. Pour the batter directly on these, and bake as usual. Let stand for twenty-four hours after baking, and with the leaves still laying on the bottom of the

cake, before using, and you will be delighted with the dainty flavor from the leaves, which will have permeated through the whole cake.

Nasturtiums—Nasturtium petals, leaves and stems may be used in salads. They are fine in mint salads, and when used in this way, it is preferable to use the leaves and stems in the salad proper, and to use the petals or blossoms as garnishing.

The green seeds are fine to use in mixed pickles, as they give a deliciously spicy taste to the pickles. They may also be chopped and put in salads. When used in cooking of any sort, they should be picked while green, and before they reach maturity.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Who Made the First Paper?

The credit for making the first paper is due to a Chinese named Ts'ai-lun.

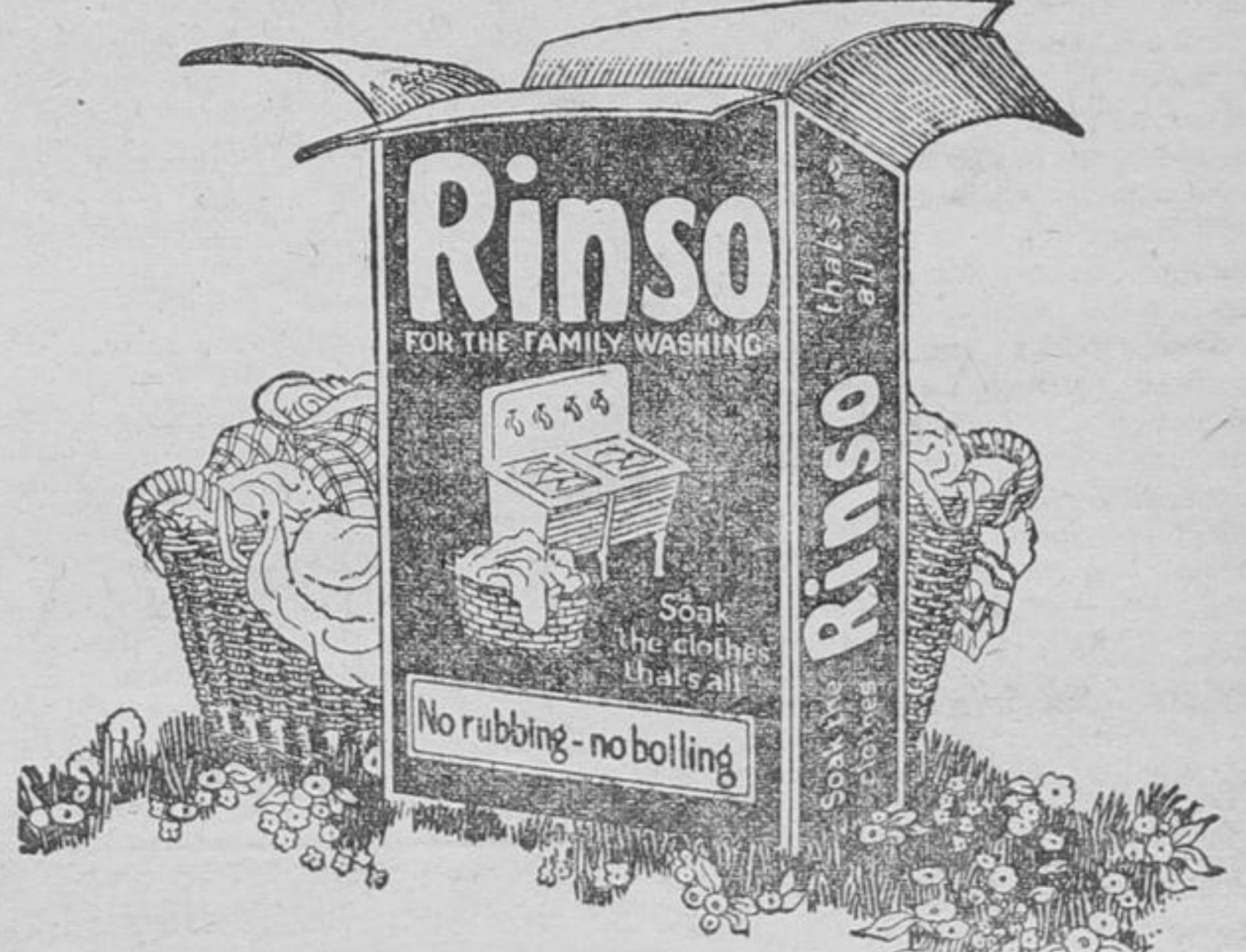
In A.D. 75 he made the first hand sheet of paper from the bark of a mulberry tree.

Before this leaves of trees and various barks used in crude form had been good enough for the Egyptians, Romans, and other nations. The Chinese, however, did not use the crude inner bark of the tree as the final material on which to make his records. He used the bark merely as a raw material from which he produced a finished sheet of paper by a series of processes which, primitive as they may seem to us now, were the forbears of paper manufacture to-day.

China monopolized the art of paper-making for about 800 years, until the secret was learned from her by the Arabs, who improved upon the Chinese process by using linen or cotton rags instead of mulberry bark.

Soon after 1800 the first paper to be made with wood pulp came into the market.

Nowadays, to meet the enormous demands of the press and commerce generally, over 400 varieties of wood and grasses have been called into requisition. Linen and cotton rags are used only in the making of the finest paper.



For every wash-day method

RINSO is ideal for any wash-day method you use. You do not have to change any of your usual steps—just use Rinso where you used to use ordinary soap.

If you like to boil your white cottons, Rinso will give you just the safe cleansing suds you need in the boiler. If you use a washing machine, follow the advice of the big washing machine manufacturers—use Rinso.

Just soaking with this new kind of soap loosens all the dirt until a single rinsing leaves the clothes clean and spotless.

However you do your wash, make it easy by using Rinso.

If you use a Washing Machine, soak your clothes in the Rinso suds as usual. In the morning add more Rinso solution and work the machine. Then rinse and dry—you will have a clean sweet snow-white wash.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO