

And when millions like it better it must be so.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



BEGIN HERE TODAY

The body of Douglas Raynor is found in the early evening on the floor of the sun room at Flower Acres, his long Island home. Raynor has been shot through the heart. 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 door with her hand on the light switch. In a moment Nancy appears, whitefaced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother, comes in from the south side of the room, and then Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley, with others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins investigates. Now an autopsy reveals that Raynor, before meeting death by a bullet, was being systematically dosed with arsenic.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"She did it!" Miss Mattie broke out, between her sobs. "Nan did it—I saw her slip a tablet—"

"Hush!" Orville Kent fairly thundered at her. "I insist that Miss Raynor shall not be allowed to talk. She is beside herself with nervous excitement and is not responsible for what she says."

Kent was whitefaced and stern. "Mr. Kent," Fraser said, "you must not defeat the ends of justice—"

"I don't want to," Kent stormed back; "but I refuse to sit here and



most people rely on Aspirin to make short work of their headaches, but did you know it's just as effective in the worse pains from neuralgia or neuritis? Rheumatic pains, too. Don't suffer when Aspirin can bring such complete comfort without delay, and without harm; it does not affect the heart. In every package of Aspirin you will find proven directions with which everyone should be familiar, for they can spare much needless suffering.



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"And the reason for the expedience?"

"That I cannot tell you. If you can persuade me that it is necessary I may do so—but otherwise, I shall not answer that question."

Fraser paid no attention to the anger of her brother, but continued to question Mrs. Raynor.

"Had you noticed the symptoms I described as being those of poison?"

"I had noticed that my husband did not seem very well, but I ascribed it to the changing diet he was eternally trying."

"Meaning that Miss Turner experimented on him?" said Fraser quickly.

"Only in the pursuit of her duty. I know that my husband was a faddist as to his diet, and I know that Miss Turner, as well as other dieticians he has employed, did her best to please him."

Instead of seeming gratified at this vindication of herself, Eva Turner looked curiously at the speaker.

"I thank you," she said, at last, nodding her head in Nan's direction, "but I am in no need of your championship, Mrs. Raynor. Nor am I especially interested in the matter of poisoning."

I should say, Doctor Fraser, that the shot that killed Mr. Raynor was far more important than poison that didn't kill him! And I will ask you to remember that I was the one who turned on the lights just in time to see two people in the room with the dead man—either of whom she paused, and then went on firmly, "both of whom are secretly glad of the poor man's death."

Orville Kent turned over her in a fury of passion, but Ezra Goddard laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Keep quiet, Kent," he said, "Miss Turner, you are making a grave statement."

"I am," she responded, her face white and set, "but you can determine the truth of it for yourself. As the principal witness, as the one who first turned the light on a deed done in the dark, I hold that my testimony is of utmost importance and should be considered first of all."

"You are right, Miss Turner," Dobbins said; "if you saw the dead man and those two people in the room, there can be no doubt but that one of them fired the fatal shot. The question is, which one?"

"That ought to be easy for a detective to discover," Miss Turner said, carelessly.

The woman's face was almost distorted by fury.

Goddard looked at her curiously. Why should she be so wrought up over the matter? Why so bitter toward Nancy Raynor, and inferentially, toward Finley? Was she in love with the dead man? Or with Finley?

And then Miss Mattie broke in again.

"Oh, Nan," she cried in a wailing tone, "oh, Nancy, why did you do it? I saw you—I saw you drop pellets in Douglas's teacup—twice I saw you—"

"Did you do that, Mrs. Raynor?" Fraser fired at her, suddenly.

"Yes," faltered Nan, "yes, I did."

CHAPTER VII

THE SOLE CLEW.

The afternoon sun shone brightly on the great beds of blossoms at Flower Acres.

The funeral of Douglas Raynor had taken place, and the family had gathered again on the western terrace for the tea that was daily served there.

The law had stayed the investigation of the tragedy until after the last rites were held for the victim, but even now the sinister figure of the detective was seen coming toward them.

"I say," declared Kent, "that's too bad. Nan-mustn't be interviewed now. She's all in with nervous excitement and fatigue. That detestable Dobbins person can surely wait till tomorrow—"

"I'll tell him so," said Ezra Goddard, quietly, and he rose and went to meet Dobbins.

"Come and talk to me first," Goddard said, leading the detective into the library. "Surely you don't want to intrude upon Mrs. Raynor just now. You're on the wrong track, Dobbins. Mrs. Raynor never shot her husband."

"Then Finley did it. It rests between the two. And at any rate, she was poisoning him. Why, it's an open and shut case. Here's the lady, with an elderly husband, who is unkind—positively cruel to her, and here's a younger man, in love with her and she with him—"

"Hold on there, Dobbins."

"You can't deny it. I find that Finley was a rejected suitor when she married old Raynor—for his wealth, of course. Now, she's stood two years or thereabouts of the old man, and she just gave out. She couldn't put up with him any longer. So, she being a deep sort, takes to a slow poisoning process. Three different people have told me they have seen her slipping little white tablets into the tea cup or wine glass of her husband."

"I can't believe it!"

"They said it anyway. The sister is one—and two other credible witnesses say the same. Now, you must admit that looks bad. Ugly—that's what it is—the whole case is ugly."

"It is—I grant you that. But you must remember, Miss Raynor is no friend of her brother's wife—they have never been congenial."

"That's neither here nor there. Say they couldn't hit it off together, that's no reason for Miss Mattie to make up a falsehood about the poison."

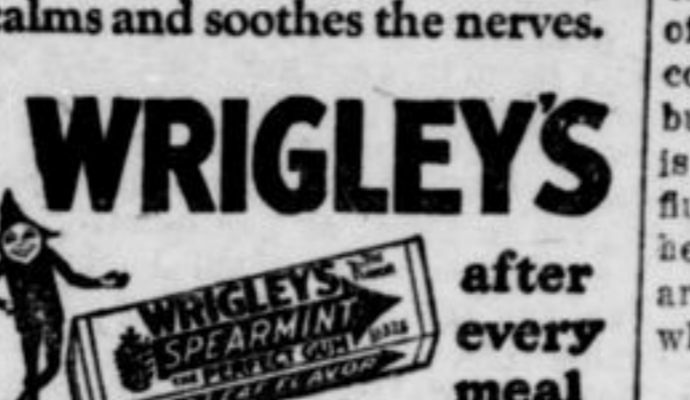
"They may have been harmless tablets—bicarbonate of soda—"

"No, no. The man had a suspect



Dry mouth and parched throat are grateful for the refreshing coolness of Wrigley's Spearmint.

Wrigley's whitens teeth, sweetens the mouth, clears the throat and aids digestion, while the act of chewing calms and soothes the nerves.



WRIGLEY'S after every meal

looking after him—why would the wife administer medicine—and why secretly?"

"That secrecy business may be a mistake. Or merely a secret from Mr. Raynor, who would have been angry if he had thought his wife was poisoning him."

"All right, Mr. Goddard, if that is the true version of the tablets, then surely Mrs. Raynor can't object to explaining it as such. She will have every chance to vindicate herself, and

LUXO FOR THE HAIR

Ask Your Barber—He Knows

Lord knows, I hope she can do it. But my duty is plain, and I think the sooner I get at a serious inquiry, the better."

(To be continued.)

Buy Imperially

Saint John Telegraph-Journal (N.S.): Canada's products are all those of the north temperate zone. Canada has no tropical products, and modern conditions make economic interdependence between tropical and temperate producing countries essential. This is the foundation of the growing trade activity between Canada and the West Indies. The Empire produces within its confines everything needed. If there be a choice, therefore, between a product of the Empire and that of another country it is obvious self-interest to buy in the Empire. The consumer is not always aware how great an influence he may exert in this. When he inquires at a store for a specific article he should first ask himself whether it is an Imperial product.

Mother: "What is this drawing supposed to be, Tom?" Tom: "A train, Mother." Mother: "But there are no carriages." Tom: "Oh, the engine draws them!"

For sunburn, apply Minard's Liniment

Joan was at her friend's party, and had received from Mother strict instructions not to say "Yes" when asked if she would like a second piece of birthday cake. "Will you have another piece of cake, Joan?" asked her hostess. "Thank you very much," said Joan. "The idea is not repugnant to me."

"The Duke of Wellington once slept in that bed," volunteered the landlady. "Um." "And sat in that very chair you are now sitting in." "And refused to eat this ham sandwich, I s'pose," interposed the tourist. "Well, I don't think I want it, either."

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Mussolini holds eight Cabinet jobs now. But he hasn't charged King Victor Emeritus r ynetes EESTH Victor Emeritus rent yet.—Dallas News.

The proposed tariff on imported antique furniture is doubtless necessary for the purpose of protecting our American manufacturers of antiques.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

NURSES WANTED

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 traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

BOOK NEWS

by Arthur Kent

"Dodsworth" by Sinclair Lewis, published by McLeod, price \$2.50.

Somebody must have told Mr. Lewis that his scathing critical novels about American life, are unfair, that they give the United States a black eye abroad, and that they do not give a complete picture of the American branch of the human family.

For in Dodsworth, this most significant and influential novelist does something that he has never done before—he obviously tries to be "fair"—to construct characters that are admirable as well as pathetic.

And he succeeds, to some extent at least. So that "Dodsworth" may decidedly be classed amongst his good books. It is better than the bitter "Elmer Gantry"—though less vigorous—and decidedly better than "Mantrap."

Dodsworth is an American gentleman—a businessman who is an artist. He would despise George Babbitt at least, but not quite, as much as Mr. Lewis does. His automobile company is bought out by a huge syndicate, and his pretty wife, forty-one years old to his fifty-two, persuades him to go abroad for six months, so that they may live the larger life. Their work is done, she points out, their children married. They are rich. Now they can devote themselves to merely living.

And then the struggle between man and woman develops. The struggle of two people who lives have been held parallel only through circumstance, and each of whom now seeks to go his own way without relinquishing the partner who has become a habit.

The unfolding story is absorbingly interesting, and its conclusion satisfying. One admires and loves the staunch, slightly bewildered but always manly Mr. Dodsworth. If anything, he is a little too fine. His selfish wife is admirably characterized. And throughout, there is a strong feeling of two people up against life.

And so Mr. Lewis begins to mellow, and the basic idealism of his nature, that hitherto showed only perversely in bitter criticism, holds up its head unashamedly. If he isn't careful, he'll become a prophet like Mr. Wells, and then what will become of him?

"Double Live," by Sinclair Murray, published by MacMillan, price \$2.00.

A marriage is nearly wrecked, two lives nearly ruined, by loving deception. Thousands of people will read and enjoy this simple moving tale of loving hearts and hard luck, of heroic devotion and ugly suspicion.

A crippled husband, a stout-hearted wife who supports him till he fights his way back to health, and an altruistic admirer who helps the lady and still, in his own words, "behaves himself" weave the story. The lady affixes to tell her jealous husband about the honorable admirer, and there are times when the husband fears the worst. He has his own secret too, and contributes his share to rocking the boat that tips perilously but somehow doesn't spill.

"Wing Po," by Hin Me Geong (John Armitage), published by the MacMillan in Canada, price \$2.00.

Chinese current history, woven into a romance and written from the viewpoint of the Chinese Nationalists, by a newspaper man who was correspondent in China, Korea and Japan during the period covered.

The style is vigorous, and the work competent and interesting. Armitage appears to have a thorough grasp of his subject, and to those who are interested in the puzzling and stormy development of modern China, the book can be of considerable value.

To the Soldier

Sleep! Soldier, Sleep! The dawn of morn has broken.

No more the trumpet calls you from repose.

Upon thy grave with heart-felt words unspoken

We strew the lily and the southern rose.

'Twas thou who held our country's flag in glory,

Who proudly bore our banner in the strife;

And we alone are left to tell the story,

The story of a sacrificed life.

Hero! who tolled amid the din of fighting,

Who struggled on the blood-stained, shot-riven fields;

For thee the lamp of after-life was lighting,

To thee a Nation grateful tribute yields.

We cannot deck thee with a cross of valour,

For thou hast risen above the heights of fame;

Thy deeds will live when age decays death's pallor,

And we will speak, with reverence, thy name.

And so to-day we place these flowers in memory,

That blossom may remembrance ever keep;

We go our way into the daily turmoil,

And leave thee, soldier, to thy well-earned sleep.

Betty Chabot.

(By special request of Last Post Fund, Commemoration Day, May 24.)

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