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ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'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 sunroom 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. In a moment Nancy appears, white-faced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins heads the police investigation. An autopsy reveals that Raynor also was being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Finley accuses Grimshaw Gannon, a hired man, of hiding the original will which favors Nancy.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"The copy was found in your house."

"That doesn't prove the original is there."

"It proves that it may be," and Finley watched closely the changing countenance of the man.

"Maybe's a long way off," Gannon said.

He puzzled Finley; and Goddard, too, was at a loss just how to take him.

But as if by an inspiration, Finley said, suddenly, "Oh, of course you don't know anything about it. But we can get all necessary information from Peters—the other witness."

"Peters!" Gannon's face fell. "You don't know where he is."

"Oh, don't we!"

"Say—do you know where Peters is?" Gannon was whining now.

"We do. Now, here's your last chance, Gannon." This from Goddard. "Do you want to come clean about the will—or take your chances on getting into trouble over the thing?"

Gannon considered. He looked from one to the other, and shrewdly concluded they were—partly, at least—bluffing.

"I'll take my chances," he said, and resumed his pipe.

And no amount of further cajolery, threatening or argument could gain any more information from him.

* * * * *

Detective Dobbins had a long session with Doctor Saxton.

The family physician admitted that there had been occasions when he had felt a slight suspicion that Douglas Raynor indulged in morphine, but he had never seen sufficient definite symptoms to prove it to his own satisfaction. Dobbins' story of the morphine Nan threw away made him very thoughtful.

"I do wish I could prove up her yarn," he said. "No, I've never suspected her of touching morphine herself—and I'm sure she wasn't an addict—but when a woman suffers as she has, it is not surprising if they turn to narcotics for relief.

"Never mind your opinions, Doc, get down to facts. Was there any trace of morphine found in the stomach of Douglas Raynor at the autopsy?"

"Not a trace," and Doctor Saxton looked carefully at the report he held.

"What would be the cure?"

"Why, atropine, of course."

"Was any trace of atropine mentioned in the report?"

"No;" and again the doctor scrutinized the typewritten statement.

"But there was plenty of evidence of cumulative arsenical poisoning?"

"Plenty."

"Then the yarn falls to the ground. It was clever, but she is a clever woman. I believe, as you suggested, that her troubles forced her to the use of morphine. That she destroyed it rather than have it known to be in her possession. That she pretended it was her husband who took it, to save her own reputation. And then, it came in handy to say the tablets she gave him secretly were to cure him of a drug habit—there are such things, aren't there—?"

"Oh, yes. There are such remedies advertised, and many foolish, hopeful wives have secretly tried to cure their unsuspecting husbands of the drink or drug habit by such means."

"Why foolish wives?"

"Because it never succeeds, and usually worse trouble ensues."

"Well, the kind of morphine she threw away—white powder—is the kind that is taken internally, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And would be found in the stomach after death?"

"If taken recently enough."

"Well, as neither of these things are shown and as arsenic is shown

"Married him at your father's orders, eh?"

I'm betting that those tablets were arsenic—and I'm going to work on that belief."

"You're a detective, and I'm only a doctor. But I've known Mrs. Raynor pretty well, and I can't bring myself to believe that she would poison her husband."

"Have you ever known of a woman who did kill her husband?"

The doctor thought a moment. "Yes—I have known of two cases."

"And in either case would you have believed that that woman would kill her husband?"

"No, I would not! I could scarcely believe it after I knew it was the truth."

"That's the answer," said Dobbins. "Now, you knew that the Raynors were not happy together, didn't you?"

"Nobody could be happy with that man. I dont see why she ever married him."

"Probably for his money."

"It must have been."

"Now, here's another point, Doctor. That nurse he had. Why did he have her?"

"Oh, Raynor was a diet crank—there are lots of them nowadays. She was a dietician, and she pandered to his fads and fancies."

"Is that all there was to it?"

"So far as I know. What do you mean?"

"I didn't altogether like the doings of that nurse. I didn't like the way she looked at Mrs. Raynor—"

"Jealous?"

"Vindictive, rather. She bore Mrs. Raynor no good will—of that I'm sure. And she was a sly one. Moreover, she left hurriedly, and took with her a big sum of money."

"Whose?"

"Oh, her own—at least, they say it was. But it's strange for a man to give such a lot of money to a nurse—unless he's in love with her. And I've found no hint that such was the case."

"Oh, no, Miss Turner was not a young woman—nor in any way a fascinating woman. Also, Raynor wasn't that sort of a man. He had faults, he was a brute to his wife, he was a cold-blooded fish, but he wasn't a woman fancier—not at all."

"Well, then the nurse had some sort of a hold over him—"

"No; Raynor wouldn't be in thrall of any sort to any woman."

"She might have known something about him—"

"Not likely—though possible. Well, Mr. Detective, if you suspect Miss Turner of any wrong-doing, why did you let her get away?"

"I don't exactly suspect her of wrong-doing—but I'd like to question her about Raynor. And I'm going to do it."

CHAPTER XII.

AS TO MISS TURNER.

"Mrs. Raynor," Dobbins said, speaking gravely and very respectfully, "I wonder if you can tell me anything about your husband's young life—before you married him."

"Only in a general way," Nan answered. "He was married before, you know, and had one child, Lionel. I never knew his first wife; I think she died before they had been married many years."

"It was a love match?" ventured the detective.

"Are these questions necessary, Mr. Dobbins?"

"Perhaps not absolutely necessary, but advisable."

"Then I will say that while Mr. Raynor had my esteem and respect, I was not what may be called in love with him."

"But married him at your father's orders, eh?"

"In accordance with my father's wishes, certainly."

"And have had no reason to regret the step?"

"I protest, Mr. Dobbins."

"Well, Mrs. Raynor, to tell you the truth, I am trying to get at something, and I don't know just how to put it. But, if I must say it bluntly, was your husband ever interested in any other woman during his married life with you?"

"No," she said, "I am sure I can affirm that he was not. It may be I am mistaken, but I knew my husband's ways and character very well, and I am positive that there was no attachment of the sort you suggest."

"How about before he married you?"

"Of that I cannot speak with authority. I was acquainted with Mr. Raynor for less than a year before we were married."

"I don't mean casual affairs, or slight attachments, but do you know of no episode in his life so serious as to cause any one—any woman—to wish to bring about his death?"

"No;" but Nan looked troubled.

"I am sure, Mrs. Raynor, you have some one in mind."

"Mr. Dobbins, have you any one in mind? If so, name her, and I will tell you if I can corroborate your suspicions."

'Very well, then"—Dobbins glanced around—"the nurse, Miss Turner."

Nancy Raynor looked startled.

"I hate to breathe suspicion with no real evidence to go upon," she said, slowly, "but I have had doubts of Miss Turner's sincerity. Yet my reasons are so slight—merely a glance of hers at my husband, when she thought no one saw her, or a stern set of her lips as she turned away from him. This may have been only in my imagination, but from many such instances I somehow gathered that she hated him."

"If so, Mrs. Raynor, that would presuppose a pevious acquaintance, would it not?"

"It would seem so," Nan meditated. "It's queer—I can't mention any definite occurrence, but I feel sure she hated Mr. Raynor strongly, vindictively, and—oh, do you think she shot him?"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Summer Colds

Truth

True worth is in being not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by,
For whatever men say in blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothin so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—A. Cary.

Mother: "Do you want to hear a story about a good little girl?" Daughter: "What was she good at?"

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ISSUE No. 33—'29

576

DARLING OF MODE.

The darling peplum frock the little folk of 2, 4 and 6 are wearing is typically French in every detail. The long-waisted bodice has cap sleeves, Peter Pan collar with a peplum attached at lower edge, just like older sister wears. The brief box-plaited skirt that sways so prettily at each move of small wearer, is stitched to the bodice. It combines plain jonquil yellow linen with yellow and white polka-dotted linen, with piping in soft brown linen. Style No. 576 is made at a remarkably small cost. It is too cute for words fashioned of orchid organdie with white organdie collar and piping. Sprigged dimity, cross-barred dimity, printed lawn, chambray, cotton broadcloth in polka-dots, pastel voile and checked gingham also appropriate. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you wan. 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.

Significant Changes In Necklines

Necklines have changed; there is obvious proof of that on each of the season's new frocks, but there is evidence, too, that they will change much more. Except for the sleeveless sports dresses of the summer fashion, which necessarily had plain necklines, the necklines of other dresses had many points to make them interesting. Pert bows placed everywhere but mostly at the V of the neck and down the front of the dress, were an outstanding style note. Handkerchief scarfs, capes, unusual lingerie touches, and novel collars all helped to dress the neck attractively.

The lingerie touch is still the most obvious phase of the mode for the feminine neckline, and nowhere is it more apparent than on the new Paris frocks of printed silk or plain woolen designed for cool summer afternoons and evenings, or the coming fall season.

On printed silk dresses the lingerie touch is most daintily added by crisp organdie in white or one of the pastel colors of the print design. One feminine afternoon dress which was a mist of soft pastel shades had a narrow ruffling of organdie at the throat, a ruffling which tier at the base in modified kerchief style, and wide cuffs with double ruffles.

A more tailored type of dress in black and white was relieved from severity by a gilet of white organdie forming a narrow upstanding collar, tying on one side. The split cuffs had inserts of organdie which also tied in perky white bows.

Other fabrics which may be used with equal attractiveness for such touches are linen, taffeta, crepe and silk faille. Armand introduces embroidered lingerie on his distinctive frocks.

Eyelet embroidery, revived after being long out of style, appears on frocks which are unusual for their costly simplicity. Sometimes is it worked on batiste; sometimes on organdie. A very beautiful dress of crepe-de-chine trimmed with eyelet embroidery was designed for an actress. The frock assumed a quaint Old World air by its long organdie collar reaching to the knee and caught in at the waistline by a narrow belt. The collar itself was of fine, crisp organdie bordered with a printed design of eyelet embroidery in two shades of blue.

Not only will lingerie touches make the neckline significant but interest is enhanced also by the intricacy of cut which balances in elaboration the fitted bodice and flaring skirts of many of the new models. Costumes from Paris show that attention is being given to the neckline at the back. Ruffles, pleating, jabots, petal effects, ties bows are all being utilized to smart effect. Autumn dresses of dark woolens have tiny military collars of pique, bengaline and line linen. Then, too, necklines are made colorful by gay guimpes and vestees.

Another new note in necklines is displayed in necklaces. Formerly chokers were the most fashionable form of jewelry, but now the new necklaces extend to the bust, and long chains of every sort are much more in evidence, even with sports clothes, than are chokers.

Color Effects In Vases

Flowers' appeal to us through their lovely colors and add a touch of charm to our homes. Often the color is just the tuch which is needed to complete a color scheme in the room. Just how a happy result may be obtained is explained by Miss Gladys Gallup, extension home management specialist for the Washington State College.

In selecting flowers, the room in which they are to be placed is the first thing to do considered. We could not use orange California poppies in a rose-colored room, for instance, although they would be most beautiful in a room done in tans and bronze. Nature is our best guide and is the ideal which we should imitate. If we would just study them as they grow, we would not so readily spoil them by putting them in wrong colored bowls or in wrong colored rooms, nor would we put together flowers which clash.

The use of a single color is always most effective, such as pink roses in a dull green vase. Our problem onyl becomes a complicated one when we try to combine several colors of flowers in one bouquet or to place flowers in a different colored vase.

We may obtain harmony by contrast of complimentary colors. This is always pleasing. For instance, a room done in soft tans and browns with a bit of orange, can be made more attractive with contrasting blue flowers. We might combine orange marigolds and blue forget-me nots in a bowl. Of course, we would use more forget-me-nots than orange marigolds, as we always use a cooler color in greater quantity. The California poppy with the nasturtium in a neutral colored vase might be used. The California poppy is always pretty with bachelor buttons.

A single color can be used in beautiful variations. We might use the California poppy with the nasturtium in a neutral color vase. The bittersweet berries are lovely with the orange and brown seed pods.

A mixed color scheme is sometimes used effectively. That is, flowers of many colors are used together. This is successful if equal amounts of each color are used, with the exception of red orange. Only a little of the latter two colors should be used. We should remember that flowers should not be crowded into a vase and that most flowers look better if used with their own foliage.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

Initiative

Initiative is the surest sign of leadership. The best definition I know for initiative is the ability to do the right thing without being told. There are problems in every business that call for initiative. The man who sits and waits for someone else to solve his problems pays a terrific price for his dullness and inertia; he virtually surrenders his right to lead. But, the man who solves his problems and then looks for more is like Alexander, who looked for new worlds, to conquer; this man will find his place in the sun.

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Rich Men's Gifts

Edmonton Journal (Ind. Cons.): (John D. Rockefeller, sr., has already given away in charities more than $600,000,000.) While gifts in Canada are not as large, for the wealth of this country is only beginning to be developed, there is in the Dominion a clear indication that men of great wealth are realizing more and more that their riches should be used in large measure to advance the interests of the community. The purely selfish millionaire is getting rarer than was once the case.

BELIEF

All great ages have been ages of belief. I mean, when there was any extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest.—Emerson.

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Chinese Women

In China new ways are challenging the old, and in the consciousness of Chinese womanhood there is a shaping of new ideals partaking of the Western influence that is entering into the making of China of today," asserted Mrs. William Hung, speaking before the Women's City Club in Boston. Mrs. Hung was educated at Wheaton College and Columbia University, in the Lnited States, and speaks English excellently. She is a leader among women in China and is the wife of Professor Hung, dean of Yenching University at Peiping, who is now in America spending his sabbatical year as professor of Chinese history at Harvard University, and who also is a member of the Institute of Pacific Relations and of the Harvard-Yenching Institute of Chinese Studies.

"In the revolutionary changes that are taking place in China," Mrs. Hung continued, "feminism is a factor possessing immeasurable potentialities. By reason of tradition and long usage there has been a wide difference between the social status of man and woman, a difference which is due chiefly to the inequality of education; but the national government now advocates equality in education, and the younger generation is taking as a matter of course the new position achieved by women. Women may now hold property in their own right and enter into contracts."

"A great many women cannot read," she stated, "but the progressive women are interested both in social conditions and the practical problems of the home. We have in China the Ladies' Magazine, similar to the women's periodicals in America, which is very popular with women readers. It publishes articles about the political problems of China, and about international problems, and about women holding office, and about those who are otherwise prominent, as well as information and advice dealing with all departments of the home."

In a recent survey made in Peiping, which is one of the centres of Chinese culture, to learn which were the 20 most popular books, the Bible was named as one of those most read and studied, Mrs. Hung explained.

China, too, has great stores of literature that have come down the centuries, and which have shaped the thought and culture, despite the Western influences, which are seeping into the new China. Numbers of European classics have been translated into the Chinese language and are widely read. Shakespeare, for instance, is quite as familiar to college students of China as he is to English and German speaking students in every land. The writings of Scott open to the Chinese a fascinating period of courageous men and charming women. Dickens' odd characters are vivid even in the Oriental Republic. Tolstoy's works and those by other European masters may be had in translation, beside many books on scientific and social questions.

"Then we have a few contemporary Chinese novels," explained Mrs. Hung. "One of these, 'Such a Family,' is written very much in the style of a Western novel and is now in its fifteenth edition. These stories either criticie the present life of China or challenge the new methods it has adopted. The trend in our modern literature is realistic as opposed to romanticism, and its pages discuss freely the things formerly wrapped in mysticism and beautiful allegories.

"Other books deal with the revolt of youth, a subect that is agitating all countries, and there is also introduced into the nation's reading a certain amount of matter treating of internationalism, due to the large quantity of translations and the more intimate contact with the West. In our most thoughtful literature we do not find antagonism to the West. Added to this huge mass of material we have works of the great Chinese geniuses of the past, classical literature in essays and novels that are perhaps as popular now as at any time. China has many legends and myths which are woven into its writings, and much poetry. 'Moonlight' is a poem that is sung and recited and loved by millions of Chinese. It was written in the year 1036."

J. S. J.

British Columbian Documents Sought

Victoria, B.C.—Students of the University of British Columbia will scour this province during their summer vacation in search of historical documents relating to early days here. They will visit old-timers in remote districts and endeavor to secure from them newspapers published in the earliest days of settlement, personal letters of interest and other relics which will be valuable to historians.

The university and the Government feel that no time should be lost in collecting all other documents available. While the university had intended to make a collection of its own, the Government has decided that all original documents shall remain in the provincial library in Victoria.

The teacher has been talking about famous proverbs. "Now," she said, "can any child tell me what this one means: 'Out of sight, out of mind'?" "Yes," Johnny promptly volunteered, "Invisible and insane."

A man who was given up by the doctors when he was fifty has just died at the age of ninety-six. Doctors are usually right in the end.—"London Passing Show."

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