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# "SALADA"

## TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

*The Affair at Flower Acres*

**CAROLYN WELLS**

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

Douglas Rayner is found shot through the heart in the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Rayner's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Rayner's nurse, stands by the light switch. Then Nancy, her brother, Ezra, and the Goddard friend of Finley, Miss Mattie, Rayner's sister, and others, enter the room. Detective Dobbins is official investigator. Lionel Rayner, son of Douglas Rayner by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Nurse Turner, arrested in New York, finally confesses to the shooting, out of revenge. Now Detective Dobbins is questioning the four people who stood at the four doors of the sun room immediately after the murder.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

"That's true," Finley said, "and I agree, Mr. Dobbins, that you have that south door accounted for, and you must take into consideration the possibility that the murderer of Mr. Rayner escaped that way."

"Granting that possibility, then," Dobbins continued, "I say that we have here present the three known to have been at the other three doors, and Mr. Kent, who appeared at the south door a very little later. I would like a sworn statement from each of you as to what you saw and heard. Mr. Finley, will you speak first, and remember you are on oath."

"I heard the shot, I went from the east verandah to the east door of the sun room, I went in, and I saw Douglas Rayner on the floor, a revolver at his side. I picked it up—an involuntary act, for which I have no definite explanation, and at that moment Miss Turner snapped on the lights."

"Did you see Mrs. Rayner in the room? Recollect, you are on oath."

"I saw her at the west doorway."

"Coming in or going out?"

"As I was so amazed at the sight of Mr. Rayner, and a little blinded by the sudden light, I cannot positively answer your question. But to the best of my knowledge and belief she was coming in."

The quiet tones, the straightforward air did more to carry conviction than emphasis could have done. Nan looked at him gratefully, and Orry showed relief at his words.

"You think she was going out, Miss Turner?"

"I know she was," said the nurse. "I saw her even before I saw Mr. Rayner and I can swear she was hastening out of the room."

"Mrs. Rayner, do you care to testify?"

"No—I'd rather not"—said Nan, in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible.

Eva Turner said nothing, but the triumphant look on her face told of her conviction of Nan's guilt.

"I haven't spoken yet," Kent said, deliberately. "I suppose I have a right to be heard, Mr. Dobbins."

"Certainly—I wish you would recount what you saw when you appeared on the scene."

"I came in at the south door," Orry began, "and I found the scene much as you have all described it. Douglas lay on the floor, Finley stood near him, revolver in hand, Miss Turner was at the north door, or just inside it, and

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**CHAPTER XIV. PENNINGTON WISE.**

The newcomer at Flower Acres was a good-looking, well-set-up man of thirty-five or so, with thick chestnut hair, brushed back from his forehead, keen, blue eyes and a manner that inspired confidence.

Pennington Wise was his name, and he was a justly celebrated private detective.

Ezra Goddard had engaged him, for Ezra Goddard had come to several very definite conclusions. One of these was that Detective Dobbins couldn't swing the Rayner case, and another was, that probably any other police

Miss Mattie was close to her. But as I came in at the south door my sister was just entering the west door. She was not going out, she was not 'fleeing' or 'unwitting away,' she was coming in—I saw her—her face horrified with surprise and fright."

Miss Turner gave a supercilious smile.

"Mr. Kent is quite right," she said, "but it must be remembered that he came a few moments later than the rest of us. That was Mrs. Rayner's return that he saw. I saw her leave the room, hastily, as I said, and I then saw her return, coming in at the door, as her brother also entered at the south door. This, I think, explains the seeming discrepancy in our accounts."

Kent looked baffled. More nervous than ever, he picked at his coat collar—pulled his handkerchief from his breast pocket and returned it there, drummed on his knees with his fingers and finally said:

"Mr. Dobbins, you have only Miss Turner's unsupported word for that and I hold that is not sufficient."

Poor Dobbins looked worried to death. He saw no loophole of explanation—it was all to him a deep inexplicable mystery. The only definite



"Before I begin my work, I must beg for a few minutes to absorb this

nite or illuminating testimony he had heard of Eva Turner, and if he must dissent, his case was hard indeed.

"I think," he said, at last, wiping his forehead, "that I must take some time to think this thing over. I must digest this new information that I have received from Miss Turner; I must report it to my superiors, and I must be guided by them in my next move."

"Am I under arrest?" Eva Turner asked, a little fearfully.

"No; no, Miss Turner, not yet. At least, not until I talk with the chief. But your case is grave—I cannot hold out much hope of leniency for you."

Eva Turner said nothing—her placid face seeming to conceal every thought or emotion of her brain.

"I am not sure Mrs. Rayner wishes me to stay here," she said, turning to Nan with an air half diffident, half insolent.

"I am not sure that I do," Nan returned calmly. "But I think it is proper that you should stay, and so I ask you to do so. You may take the room you had before—and I will ask you to respect my desire to be left alone."

The group broke up and Finley took Nan off for a walk in the grounds.

"Make no objections," he said, "you will be ill if you don't get out of doors more. Now you're going for a long walk all around the place, and if you say so, we won't mention the affair of the tragedy at all."

"Then I'll go," Nan said, and they started off.

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detective would not do much better than Dobbins.

The arrival of the detective threw most of the household into consternation.

Malcolm Finley was, on the whole, glad, yet he felt a certain uneasiness as to what might transpire.

Nan Rayner and her brother looked aghast at the news of the arrival; yet tried to conceal their apprehensions.

Miss Turner was frightened; Lionel Rayner was angry, and Miss Mattie, though affronted at not having been consulted in the matter, was deeply interested and agog with curiosity as to what the new developments would be.

So she greeted Pennington Wise with cordiality and welcomed him to Flower Acres, while the others looked on with varying degrees of uncertainty.

"Wonderful place," Wise said, standing on the terrace. "Before beginning my work here I must beg for a few minutes to absorb this marvelous beauty!"

With him had come a strange little being, who, he said, carelessly, was his assistant. She was a small scrap of a girl, slender as a willow wand, inconspicuous, unnoticeable, almost invisible, so persistently did she keep in the background. Yet she was always there, always at the beck or call of Pennington Wise, and her assistance was as valuable as it was unostentatious.

From a secluded alcove of the terrace, almost hidden by a tall palm, Zizi, for that was the girl's name, looked out, raptly, over the flowery acres. No one noticed her.

At last Wise drew a long sigh, as of very surfeit of the beauty before him, and turned to the group, who awaited his questions, with widely different anticipations.

It was tea-time, always a pleasant function at the Rayner house, and Ezra Goddard had arranged that the first inquiries of the detective should be conducted under the guise of a social chat rather than an official grilling.

It transpired that the detective knew the history of the case.

"Be careful in your statements," he counseled. "There is nothing so uncertain as human evidence. If I am to get at the facts of this case, I must have the most meticulous efforts on the part of you all to speak the truth. Let us take this point of Mrs. Rayner's position when Miss Turner put

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**J. H. Thomas' Task**

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): It is hard to see what Mr. Thomas can do in Canada. He may find openings for British capital here, and he may be able to return home and induce British manufacturers to open branch factories here. That would make for more employment. But apart from that, and unless Premier King's Government decides to ask Parliament for a vote of ten millions to forward some great state-controlled scheme of immigration, we greatly fear that Mr. Thomas will return home with little of accomplishment.



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**Mr. Thomas Mission**

La Patrie (Ind.): The Federal Government alone can bring about the change which Mr. Thomas desires in our import trade. And it would not be too much to say that circumstances are now particularly opportune at this moment when the Canadian people have been disturbed by the threat of an increase in the American tariff. But however convincing Mr. Thomas' pleading may be, it needs more than his powers of persuasion to modify the current of our importations. There is only one way we can get Canada to buy more from Britain than from the United States. That way is a change in our fiscal policy. And it is possible that Mr. Mackenzie King and his colleagues, who have hitherto showed themselves to be so friendly to the United States, could have roused Mr. Thomas' hopes in this matter?

**The Reparations Deadlock**

La Presse (Ind.): There doesn't seem anything else to be done but to declare the estimate impossible and to adjourn the deliberations indefinitely, at least until Great Britain's representative shows himself more conciliating, which looks pretty doubtful after the practically unanimous approval displayed by the British people. Does Mr. Snowden care less about ruining the work of the experts who does about getting the sums he demands? One can scarcely believe it and, surely, if the conference fails entirely, he will have to shoulder the responsibility not only in the opinion of other countries, but of the British people themselves, who have lately been applauding him so generously.

She: "You know that I love you and will be true to the last." He: "But how long shall I be the last?"

Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

**Hope For Fat Man**

Here is my advice to men who want to recover lost or preserve slipping figures, and who possess average hearts.

If you are between forty and sixty rise earlier, drink hot water in rising, move about more, cut the daily intake of food by one-third, and then half, drink plenty of cold water between meals, and don't drink with meals.

Under forty do the same, but add regular hard exercise, beginning with brisk walks, and rising to a five-mile run-and-walk (say an hour and half) every day.

And remember that the Irish priest who told his flock to "sweat once a day and be happy" knew more than Harley-street specialists who charge fifty guineas for taking off 7 pounds in a month by diet, medicine and electrical vibrators.

**Race Jealousy in S. Africa**

Christchurch Press (N.Z.): The truth is that the dying down of racial jealousies in South Africa is going to be such a gradual process that the result of one election is neither here nor there. The history of Canada has shown us that it is quite possible for two racial elements to exist side by side in one State without a serious upheaval, even though there may be friction.

**In the "Talkie" World**

Reporter—"What are your views on naval disarmament?"

Movie Director—"I'd prefer to give them on nasal disarmament."

"How was the scenery on your trip?"

"Well, the toothpaste ads were rather better done than the tobacco, but there was more furniture than anything else."—Boston Transcript.

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**Autumn Styles**

White L. Prussing

While social activities are still largely in the open and entertaining is all fresco, evening dress is being shown in many original and artistic models from the well-known designers. The styles are distinctive and widely varied and expressed in the different fabrics and all the new colors. The brazier is lacking in all of these advance styles, and gowns are built on lines of the utmost sophistication with out over-elaboration, their charm depending on the beauty of material.

Types are sharply contrasted and the long slim silhouette and the wide sweeping bouffant gowns are equally fashionable. Shirts are long, in places, and the irregular hemline continues to be a matter of points and scallops, dipping at the back, at the sides, or both, and running up shorter in front. Black is popular at Paris, and some of the most chic evening gowns are made of all-black, usually chiffon or tulle. An intriguing example of this enduring favorite is shown by Drecoll-Deer, in which a black chiffon dinner gown is made with a soft slightly bloused, sleeveless bodice, the hips being fitted with a diagonal yoke, and circular floating panels of the chiffon hanging in deep points at the sides and back. Lucien Lelong makes an evening gown of lemon-yellow chiffon with a long bodice that fits tightly like a basque in the back and is shortened to an empire waistline in front. This gown has a skirt of three circular flounces in tiers that begin a few inches below the knees in front and ripple to the floor at the back.

Satin is exceedingly fashionable this season and is being used by all of the couturiers of authority to interpret their individual modes. Many brilliant costumes in all-white are shown. One, the epitome of elegance also from the revue of the Garment Retailers of America, was made of heavy white satin. The décolletage, moderating low in front, was drawn to the normal waistline at the back where were fastened two straps of diamonds and pearls that were passed over the shoulders. A circular flounce of the satin, piped on the edge, fitted about the front of the skirt like an apron, and was drawn up to the waist behind, and the skirt dropped to a pointed train. Premet makes a stunning and very formal evening gown of pale rose satin that sweeps in scalloping down to the floor at the back. The bodice is elongated, with wrinkling folds over the hips, a stiffened bow sash and satin shoulder straps. Callot Soeurs are making some sumptuous ensembles of evening of chiffon velvet and of satin, going in rather heavily for the mellow shades of gold, maize, ivory and capucine. Nothing is more distinguished than the evening gowns of plain black satin of exquisite quality which Philip at Gaston are making. None of these are trimmed with anything other than a beautiful flower or shoulder straps, for which there is raised-étire. Black net, both plain and dotted, makes chic, youthful dance frocks which are expected to be worn a great deal this season. These have either the long bodice accenting the hips, or a simple shorter one to the normal waistline, with many layers of flouncing to flare briskly out at the bottom.

Color has great dignity in the new styles. Neither the intense primary colors nor the very pale shades are considered smart. For day-time dress the "autumn-browns, reds and the wood tint" with beige, castor, green, and black and white will be worn. The light colors, known hitherto as evening shades are passed and, instead, the fashionable ones will be green, even very dark green—the dahlia and aster purples and pinks and all of the glowing capucine tines, Cyclamen, delphinium, violet and lilac are shown in taffetas, crepes and satins.

**Hay Sweetness**

Mowers with keen-edged scythes a-rov, The wide, nine-acre meadow mow;— (The scythes have a song of melody), And the sweet grass, its fragrance showers, In scattered swatches of a thousand flowers, The waves of a rainbow sea.

The winds that ripple through the grass, Over the flower heads softly pass;— (The wind has a voice of melody), And the setting sun sinks rapidly, down, Crowned with a ruby and golden crown, As night falls silently.

The moon a horn of silver shows, A shining stream her clear light flows;— (The moon has a light of radiance), And haycocks heaped on a lucent floor, Seem huge sand castles along a shore, Beside a luminous sea.

Mowers with burnished scythes a-rov, Have laid the flowers and grasses a-rov;— (The scythes have a song of melody), But all the scent, and the sweetness here, Flow out on the stillness of summer air, The waves of a perfumed sea.

—P. Mildred Rickman.

Lambeth Wife—"I want to take out a summons for peace in the house."