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The Affair at Flower Acres

CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is alcohol inky, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy, Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. Then Nancy; her brother, Orville Kent; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter the room. Pennington Wise, a celebrated detective, and Zizi, his girl assistant, are called to see the case out of the hands of Detective Dobbins. The print of an overshoe on the floor of the sun room heightens the mystery. Now Zizi and Dolly Fay, a neighbor's girl, go to the house of Grim Gannon, a servant, on the pretense of looking at his collection of butterflies.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

But Zizi was after something other than butterflies. After a cautionary glance outside at the old man, she shook a warning forefinger at Dolly and began to look around among the litter that was piled in corners or on tables and settees.

Then she opened the cupboard door, and with a look of disgust on her face, grabbed an umbrella and poked among the shoes and slippers that were hung in there in an untidy heap.

With her umbrella she dragged out one old shoe after another, and, at

"Oh, my!" Dolly said, clasping her little hands in dismay. "Then old Gannon is the murderer after all! I'm so sorry"—and the child broke into tears.

"Hush up," said Zizi, shaking her, "don't let him hear. We must take these to Mr. Wise at once. Come along."

She didn't especially want Dolly's company, but still less did she dare leave her there when she might divulge the secret of Zizi's find, and which Zizi was determined should remain a secret until she could tell Wise about it.

The finding of the rubbers was merely the last resort of a long hunt. Zizi had looked everywhere. They must be proved up by the print on the sun room floor—and then—

Zizi easily concealed the rubbers in her capacious coat pockets, and beckoning Dolly they left the room.

She paused on the porch to speak to Gannon, with intent to learn if he had any suspicion of her real errand to his room.

Apparently he had not, for he only said: "Well, girls, see the butterflies?" "Yes," Zizi returned, "and they're wonderful. Shall you collect more, or is your stock complete?"

"I'll get more from South America when I go down there. I'm going to



"THEN OLD GANNON IS THE MURDERER AFTER ALL. I'M SO SORRY!"

last, with a suppressed cry of triumph, she pulled out a shiny overshoe.

It was a man's rubber, and a new one—of the type called slip-ons. That is, it had almost no upper, it was little more than a sole, with a narrow rim of rubber to hold it on the foot.

A little more poking brought forth its mate, and Zizi kicked the other rubbish back into the closet, and picked up her find with eagerness.

"The rubbers," she whispered, "they're the very ones!"

get off as soon as I can get my money from those lawyers."

Dolly looked at him, open mouthed. How could this man, who had killed his benefactor, speak so casually of getting away with the money he had so fearfully come by?

"You must miss Mr. Raynor," Zizi said.

"I do," Gannon returned, and his glance at her was equally sharp. "He was a life-long friend; almost—"

"Uncertain is the word, ma'am," and Gannon looked reminiscent. "Now, Raynor'd be as nice and friendly as one could wish, and then again he'd be the very dickens and all—yes, ma'am, the very dickens and all!"

"Was he ugly to you—as well as to his wife?" Zizi went on.

"Was he? Well, he was! Why, the things Douglas Raynor has said to me and done to me, I wouldn't stand from any other mortal man! That I wouldn't! He was a bad man—it's all very well to say speak only good of the dead—but that man don't deserve a good word even in death!"

"You're not sorry he's gone, then?" Zizi said.

"Not! He was my benefactor, some say. Well, he gave me this house, he gave me a sum of money in his will—but what did I do for him?"

"What did you?" Zizi prompted him.

"I kept his secrets for him—that's what I did! When he married that lovely lady—when he persuaded her to marry him, he did it by a lie! He made her think her father a blackguard, when he was that blackguard himself—"

"And what were you?" cried Zizi, her eyes blazing. "What do you call yourself to stand by and see the lovely lady sold—and sold by fraud to a blackguard and a brute! What excuse do you give for your conduct?"

"Only that Raynor made me."

"Ah, he had a hold on you, then?"

"That he did! A strange hold—as he had on many others. And when he lied to the lady, when he pretended that she must marry him, or disgrace her father, her brother and herself—my hands were tied—I could do nothing."

WHAT New York IS WEARING

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

By Annebelle Worthington



2969

The jacket suit for the little sub is one of the most popular ideas of the mode for classroom.

It is sketched in wool jersey in brown and beige. The brown is used for the jacket with tailored notched collar of the beige shade, which is repeated in cuffs of pocket flaps.

The skirt that is kilted at either side employs the brown shade. It is attached to rather long-waisted bodice of beige jersey, with trimming in the brown shade.

Style No. 2969 comes in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It is equally smart worn without the jacket.

Plaid woolen in both green tones with bodice of dress of lighter green shade trimmed with the darker tone is fetching worn with matching shade green felt hat.

Beige and brown checked woolen with bodice of beige jersey is jaunty fashion for junior.

Another interesting choice is to select tomato red wool crepe for dress with coat of plain light navy shade wool jersey which appears again in trimming on dress.

Printed wool jersey, a lovely French line with white polka-dots with bodice of plain matching blue shade is ever so smart.

Checked and plain gingham, sportswear linen with batiste, printed and plain pique, and printed crepe de chine with plain also appropriate.

Pattern price 15 cents. Be sure to fill in size of pattern. Address Pattern Department, The New Fall and Winter Fashion Magazine is 15 cents, but only 10 cents when ordered with a pattern.

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HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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

"When did Mrs. Raynor learn of her husband's deceit?"

"Only a few weeks before she shot him."

Zizi looked at him curiously. Dolly stood staring, her face the picture of perplexity. She wanted to speak, but Zizi's warning looks restrained her.

"Yes," Gannon retorted, "she never knew about it till a month or so ago. Her brother now, he never knew of it—I should say, until after Raynor was dead. You see, Mrs. Raynor she'd suffer anything and everything rather than any sorrow or trouble should touch her brother. They're a devoted pair."

"And you think Mrs. Raynor killed her husband?" Zizi said.

Gannon shifted uneasily.

"I ain't got no opinion—for publication, miss," he said. "I'd rather not tell what I think."

"I should say you wouldn't!" exclaimed Dolly, unable to keep silent another instant.

Whereupon Zizi dragged her away. "You go home, Dolly," she said, "and don't you mention one word of all this to a single soul. If you do you'll make more trouble than even Pennington Wise can clear up. Do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise, Zizi. Oh, whoever thought that old curmudgeon did it? Just to get his money to go to South America!"

"Never mind all that now, Dolly. You just run home, and go about your own affairs. And if you love Mrs. Raynor, you keep still—for her sake."

"I will, oh, Zizi, I will," and Dolly obeyed orders.

Zizi went slowly on to the Raynor house.

She found Pennington Wise with Mrs. Raynor and Finley, all in Nan's sitting room.

Very grave talk was in progress and as Zizi entered Nan was saying: "I must stand by my confession, Mr. Wise. I must insist that I shot my husband. I hope a jury will not deal with me too severely, for I assure you I was tortured beyond the lot of most women. I never loved Mr. Raynor; I was tricked into marriage with him; I consented to it to save my father's honor and reputation and, too, to save my brother from knowledge of our father's guilt—as I supposed. Then, when I learned that my father had never been guilty at all, but that my husband had lied to me—can you wonder at my hatred of him? Also, remember that he was a drug addict—and that when denied the morphine he craved, he became a veritable fiend. I felt I must try to save him from the inevitable fate of such indulgence, so I honestly tried. But it was all too much for me. I almost lost my mind—perhaps I did lose my mind." The sad face looked suddenly brighter, as if in hope that a mental unbalance would help to exonerate her.

"No, Mrs. Raynor, you haven't lost your mind," and Zizi came in and slipped into a seat next to Nan, and took her white hand in her own two little brown ones. "You're all right, mentally, morally and physically. Penny, here are the overshoes."

one, "this is the overshoe that made the footprint on the floor of the sun room."

"Yes"—Nan almost choked—"I wore them—I put them on—"

(To be continued.)

Madam Curie Visits America

Presented With Another Gram of Valuable Radium

America is again host to the greatest woman scientist the world has ever known. Mme. Marie Curie, co-discoverer of radium, has come to accept a second gift of a gram of the precious substance from her friends and admirers in this country, says Science Service's Daily Science News Bulletin (Washington). We read:

"When the first gram was presented to her in 1921, she turned it over to the Curie Institute of the University of Paris. The second gram will be given to the Warsaw Cancer Hospital, which, since 1921, has rented a gram, Madame Curie herself paying the rental with the income of a money gift she received with the first gram of radium. Warsaw is Madame Curie's native city, although she has worked and lived most of her life in Paris. Madame Curie and her husband, Pierre Curie, discovered this rare and valuable element, but they scorned to make any personal profit from their discovery. They gave it to the public, together with the methods they evolved for producing radium. These same methods are in use to-day in the radium industry. For years these great and generous scientists struggled with a meager income, and without even an adequate laboratory. Pierre Curie, struck by a truck, died in 1906, without ever having a proper laboratory in which to use his great talents. Madame Curie finally acquired the laboratory, planned to late for her husband to enjoy, in the Curie Institute. However, the small supply of radium in her laboratory was needed by the Government during the war, and after the Armistice she found herself without any of the precious substance. Then her admirers and friends in America came to the rescue with the gram of radium and the money, which was meant to

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make living conditions easier for this great woman who had been in most straitened circumstances. Characteristically, she used it to rent radium for the Warsaw Cancer Hospital."

The gram of radium she is to receive on the trip represents an outlay of over \$60,000.

Women Senators

Detroit News: We understand why Canadian women wanted to gain the right to sit in the Senate of their country; but now that they have acquired the right, we cannot understand why any of them should want to take advantage of it, as long as there is another legislative house where they can go and accomplish something.

Minard's Liniment relieves stiffness.

One of the fastest known birds is the spine-tailed swift, which reaches the speed of 220 miles an hour over the mountains of Asia.

No stocking is yet advertised as best in the long run.

Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course." They wait for their headaches to "wear off." If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning. Meantime, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Aspirin tablets always offer immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had as to its cause. Save yourself a lot of pain and discomfort through the many proven uses of Aspirin. Aspirin is safe. Always the same. All drug-stores with complete directions.

Christie's WATER ICE WAFERS please EVERYBODY

With a cup of tea — as a dessert — or just by themselves.

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Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality Since 1853

Novel Tunnel To Take Water To Ford Plant

Engineers Driving Tube 2 1/4 Miles at Detroit for Adequate Supply

Detroit.—Digging from 45 to 80 feet under city streets, trolley lines, and railroad tracks, engineers are driving toward the completion of a novel water tunnel 2 1/4 miles long and costing between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. It is intended to supply the enormous River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company with an adequate source of water. The tube will be about 15 feet in diameter, built of brick and concrete, with a lead shell.

The chain of events that led to the need for this engineering work started five years ago. Ford's Highland Park plant was then considered the largest automobile plant in the world in production. When the company moved more than 7,000 machines and thousands of employees from the Highland Park plant to the River Rouge plant without interrupting production of the new model A car it comprised one of the most fascinating chapters of Ford history.

But due to this expansion a greatly increased volume of water had to be obtained and it is this problem that the tunnel leading to the plant from the Detroit River through an inlet near Zug Island, at the mouth of the River Rouge, is to solve. Some idea of its enormity may be discerned by the engineers' figures, which show it will divert 500,000 gallons of fresh water a minute, or 750,000,000 gallons a day.

Under the old system, the water flowed from an intake in the Ford Canal slip directly into the plant and emptied into the River Rouge below the intake. But the tremendous volume used reversed the flow of the river, and it was found that the same water was being pumped back into the plant. This water was of only too hot to be used for cooling purposes, but could be cleaned only with difficulty.

The only solution was to procure a new water supply. Engineers went to work on the problem, and finally decided that a gravity tunnel from the Detroit River was the only step that would prove satisfactory. When this tunnel is completed, enough water will be available to the Ford plant to meet all existing needs and to take care of a large expansion program—Christian Science Monitor.

In a Guatemalan Forest

In this remote part of the bush the birds are extraordinarily tame. In the great trees within fifty yards of the house a number of beautiful orioles had started a colony, and clusters of their wonderful hanging nests were to be seen in every stage, from the first few straws to the completed structure—rainproof, snakeproof, and lizard-proof. Their exquisite, clear, flute-like notes awoke one at daybreak, and their comical antics and nest-building architecture were a constant source of interest and amusement at any period of the day.

In a hole about half-way up the trunk of the same tree a brace of small green parrots had started housekeeping, and apparently resented very much, with loud squawks, the near approach of their neighbors in the top flat. Pairs of great whooping parrots perched fearlessly in the great trees all around, though usually it is impossible to get within gunshot of these wary birds. I passed a conveyance of bush hens feeding in the ruins, and they let me come within a few feet before scuttling off into the bush, not even taking wing.

The beautiful ocellated native American turkey can frequently be heard here in the early morning. . . . These magnificent birds are becoming rarer and rarer every year in Central America, and these vast, uninhabited forests of the Peten district of Guatemala are probably their last stronghold. We owe this generous bird a debt of gratitude, for he is the ancestor of our domestic turkey, an unworthy descendant who has lost in flavor and aesthetic qualities more than he has gained in weight and size. They are, I fear, like the Maya themselves, unfitted to cope with modern conditions, and are consequently on the road to rapid extinction.

Curiously enough, one comes across hardly any of the larger mammals; deer, wild hog, tapir, jaguar, and anaconda are conspicuous by their absence, even the big and the armadillo are rare, the reason probably being that during the dry season they are compelled to migrate to other regions where water is more plentiful, as the few scattered waterholes, many miles apart, are now surrounded by the huts of chicleos.

Little birds, living chiefly on pulpy fruits, require but a small amount of water, and this they can always obtain from the reservoirs between the leaves of the gigantic caec, found in almost every tree, a source inaccessible, as a rule, to animals.—Thomas Gann, in "Maya Cities."

For Foreign Missions

Houston Post Dispatch: Eighteen million pairs of cotton stockings were reported manufactured in this country last year. From all we hear see they were made for export.

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ISSUE No. 46—29