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ORANGE PEKOE BLEND  
**TEA**  
"Fresh from the gardens"

**The Bishop Murder Case**

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

**SYNOPSIS**  
Two men have been murdered. One known as Cuck Robin, has been shot through the heart with an arrow, in the archery range of Prof. Dillard's home. The other, John E. Sprigg, was shot through the head with a bullet. The crimes seem to be a crazy distribution of the nursery rhymes, "Who killed the nursery rhyme," "Who killed the Cuck Robin," and "There was a little man and he had a little gun." District Attorney Markham is puzzled and calls Philo Vance, wealthy amateur criminologist. Those questioned by Vance are Sprigg, last seen with Robin and also Sprigg, who with Dillard, niece of the professor's, Sigurd Arnesson, and Drucker son Adolph, neighbors, Mrs. Believer has an unbalanced mind and believes Adolph is still a baby. Adolph is known as a cripple, but has an abnormal intelligence. Vance has just finished questioning the servants of Prof. Dillard's household. Markham has received a note from the murderer signed The Bishop.

**CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)**

Vance leaned suddenly toward the window.  
"Ah! Here comes Arnesson. Looks a bit excited."  
A few moments later there was the sound of a key in the front door, and Arnesson strode down the hall. When he saw us he came quickly into the drawing room and, without a word of greeting, burst forth:  
"What's this I hear about Sprigg being shot?" His eager eyes darted from one to the other of us. "I suppose you're here to ask me about him. Well, fire away." He threw a bulky brief-case on the centre table and sat down abruptly on the edge of a straight chair. "There was a detective up at college this morning asking fool questions and acting like a baroque sleuth in a comic opera. Very mysterious. . . Murder—horrible murder! What do we know about a certain John E. Sprigg? And so on. . . I scanned a couple of juniors out of an entire semester's mental growth, and sent a harmless young English instructor into incipient nervous collapse. I didn't see the Dogberry myself—was in a class at the time. But he had the cheek to ask what women Sprigg went around with. Sprigg and women! That boy didn't have a thought in his head but his work. Brightest man in senior math. Never missed a class. When he didn't answer roll call this morning I knew something serious was the matter. At the lunch hour every one was buzzing about murder. . . What's the answer?"  
"We haven't the answer, Mr. Arnesson," Vance had been watching him closely. "However, we have another determinant for your formula. Johnny Sprigg was shot this morning with a little gun through the middle of his



**FEEL MEAN?**

Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain. Take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Why postpone relief? There are many times when Aspirin tablets will "save the

day." They will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve nagging pains of neuralgia or neuritis. Or check a sudden cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.  
Gargle with Aspirin tablets at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Aspirin on the box and the word Genuine in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart.

**ASPIRIN**  
TRADE-MARK REG.  
MADE IN CANADA

"Pye mentioned the fact that good enough to take us to Mrs. Drucker had called here Thursday night," put in Vance.  
"Oh, he did, did he? . . . Thursday—Her tone was tragically appealing. "Lady Mae is very ill. After she's seen you and Mr. Markham she became very weak—something terrible seemed to be preying on her mind. She kept repeating in an awful whisper: 'Johnny Sprigg, Johnny Sprigg.' I phoned her doctor and he came right over. She has to be kept very quiet."  
"Who is her doctor, Miss Dillard?"  
"Whitney Barstead."  
"A good man," nodded Vance. "We'll do nothing without his permission."  
(To be continued.)

**What New York Is Wearing**

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson  
Furnished With Every Pattern



Here's one of the most popular little imports of the season. It's typically French with its brief yoke and beruffled trim. There's a pocket for the handy too. And accompanying bloomers that peep beneath the hem. It is not alone a smart outfit that is not alone practical but dressy enough for any little girl of pre-school age.  
It is fashioned of a sturdy cotton broadcloth printed in blue and white coloring. Crisp white organdy trim adds a dainty finish.  
Style No. 2809 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.  
Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards 32-inch with 3/4 yard 35-inch contracting.  
Nile green pique with white pique is very smart. The ruffling may be pieced-edged.  
Sprigged dimity, printed lawn, batiste, dotted swiss, gingham checks, linen and percale are other fabrics that give excellent service.  
**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.

**Moon on the Thorn**

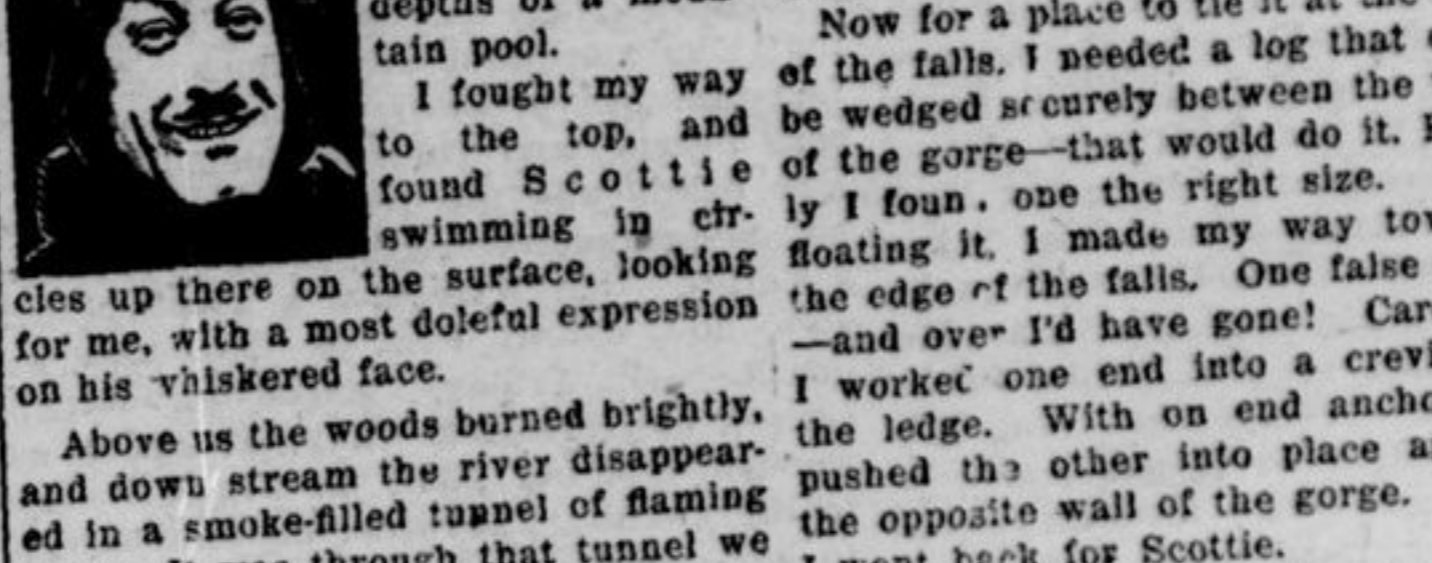
I hear the grey geese winging  
Between the stars and me,  
And little people singing  
Along the misty sea.  
A valley fox is crying,  
A mountain cat replying,  
A far off river sighing  
Upon her way to sea.  
The fairies flock and mingle,  
Till blows an elfin horn,  
And gallop from their dingle  
Two ring-straked unicorn.  
I hear the creatures neighing,  
"Come, monkeys, cease your playing;  
Be off! Be off a maying;  
The moon is on the thorn!"  
Then kobold, deev and pixie,  
Red troll and sprite and fay,  
Piddewagon, brownie, nixie  
Make haste to seek the may;  
And where they took their pleasure,  
At midnight hour of leisure,  
A white hare danced a measure  
Before he hopped away.  
—Eden Philipotts, in Country Life, London.

**Holding Doesn't Pay**

Holding eggs for a "rise in the market" doesn't pay, as a recent report from federal inspectors at Winnipeg clearly shows. It reads: "The majority of receipts are of good quality, although some held eggs are in evidence. These invariably grade seconds, showing the fallacy of holding perishable products for any length of time in anticipation of a higher market." At the time this report was received the spread of extras over seconds was five cents per dozen. The Egg Marketing Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture urges farmers to market their eggs in the very best of condition, which naturally is as soon after laying as possible so that they will get the benefit of official grading.

**The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE**

We had slipped down the burning slope, expecting every minute to be our last, then found ourselves falling into space. We shut our eyes, rather than see the fiercely burning furnace that we believed lay below—the suddenly I found myself choking for breath, deep down in the cool swirling depths of a mountain pool.  
I fought my way to the top, and found Scottie swimming in the air. I floated in the air, looking up there on the surface, looking for me, with a most dejected expression on his whiskered face.  
Above us the woods burned brightly, and down stream the river disappeared in a smoke-filled tunnel of flaming trees. It was through that tunnel we must go if we were ever to get out. The air was alive with hot cinders—and the light was so uncertain that we had no idea whether the sun was shining or not.  
When the water grew shallow I waded around ledges where the swift, white current pulled and tugged at my clothes and often swept me off my feet. It was painfully slow work for both of us. Scottie was clutched under my coat and I staggered along as fast as I could.  
The stream narrowed, and the rock ledges on either side rose to a height of twenty feet or more. It was a regular gorge. Up over us the woods were burning fiercely, but above the crackle and roar of the flames rose another sound—a sort of deep bass rumble like thunder that broke through a long drawn out note. Falling water, and not very far ahead!  
The current grew deeper and swifter, and the gorge continued to grow steeper and narrower. I clung to a ledge for support while I rested.  
Sure enough. Not a hundred feet along, the stream dropped over a ledge. I crept as closely as I dared. Apparently the water fell twenty-five or thirty feet into a round basin and the gorge was considerably wider at that point. It looked for all the world as if some giant with an auger had bored this hole in the rock, a porcupine. The crashing grew into which the water tumbled and hissed.  
(To be continued.)



Slowly, step by step, we retraced our way back through the gorge. On a flat rock in the stream we sat down to think—the bank was too cool for comfort and the rock was none too cool. Taking off my leather jacket, I carefully cut the heavy leather into strips, using the sleeves and all. When fastened together these strips made a strong rope about ten or twelve yards long.  
Now for a place to tie it at the head of the falls. I needed a log that could be wedged securely between the walls of the gorge—that would do it. Finally I found one the right size. Half floating it, I made my way towards the edge of the falls. One false move—and over I'd have gone! Carefully I worked one end into a crevice in the ledge. With one end anchored I pushed the other into place against the opposite wall of the gorge. Then I went back for Scottie.  
From my shirt I made a sling. With one end of the rope anchored around my waist, I braced myself against the tree and lowered Scottie down. The rope just reached, and he climbed out on the side of the basin. My turn came now. I straddled the log, took a tight hold of the leather rope, and slipped over. The force of the falls was tremendous. The rope slipped through my fingers, and I spun dizzily around, and with a thump I landed in the shallow water at the edge of the basin. I climbed wearily out and there was Scottie watching me on the bank.  
The water seemed to be getting lighter ahead. I pushed on faster—and soon we were on the edge of the nice little mountain lake you ever saw. Excuse to the right the fire was rapidly working down to the lake. To our left, the woods were burning in a most to the water's edge. We were hemmed in again.  
Suddenly there was a scrambling in the underbrush—some heavy animal scratching through. Scottie remembered the bears and stood still with every hair standing straight out like a porcupine. The crashing grew nearer.  
(To be continued.)

**Fixing the Ontario-Manitoba Boundary**

Engineers of Geodetic Survey of Canada, Department of the Interior, Had Difficult Task

During the summer of 1930, the Geodetic Survey of Canada, Department of the Interior, carried out the difficult task of establishing, astronomically, two points on the Ontario-Manitoba boundary between Island Lake and Hudson Bay. In addition, the terminal point of this line was located astronomically on the provisions of the Act of Parliament of 1912 dealing with this provincial boundary. According to statute commencing at the boundary between Canada and the United States, the boundary and the two provinces follows a straight line drawn due north through the northwest angle of Lake of the Woods, to the intersection of the centre of the road allowance at the 12th base line of the Dominion Land Surveys system. The longitude of this meridian section of boundary was officially determined to be 95 deg. 09' 11".61 west of Greenwich. At the 12th base line the boundary is deflected to the northeast and extends in a straight line to the east end of the Island Lake. From Island Lake the statutory boundary is defined as a straight line extending to the point where the 89th meridian of west longitude intersects the south coast of Hudson Bay.  
The section of the interprovincial boundary from Lake of the Woods northward to the 12th base line and thence northeasterly to Island Lake had already been surveyed and marked on the ground. The remaining section from Island Lake to Hudson Bay had not been of exploration or this section of country little or no knowledge was available of the territory through which this line would pass. As a preliminary to survey the line on the ground and erect the necessary boundary monuments, it was necessary to establish by precise observations, the boundary terminal on the Hudson Bay coast. When this was done the initial azimuth (true direction) at Island Lake of this 280 mile line could be computed and made available for the commencement of the work of demarcation. As a further aid to the surveyor engaged in running this line, it was decided to photograph from aircraft a strip of country from Island Lake Hudson Bay following as closely as possible the theoretical boundary. From the photographs it was planned to plot a provisional strip map showing the main water routes and topography of such great importance to the surveyor in planning his travel and field operations. Unfortunately at the present stage of development of aerial navigation it is impossible to navigate a machine in a straight line along an unmapped area. The Geodetic Survey of Canada was therefore asked to co-operate in this undertaking and to establish two intermediate points at intervals on the boundary terminal as well as to locate the precise, or as it is better known, geodetic astronomy. The surveyor conducting the subsequent aerial photographic operation would then have at his disposal at intervals along the line, known points on which to check his course.  
Geodetic engineers in establishing the boundary terminal proceeded down the Nelson river in canoes and made their way southeasterly along the coast a distance of 170 miles. At the point where the 89th meridian of longitude was found to intersect the coast, the boundary terminal was established and marked permanently on the ground by the erection of a substantial concrete monument. The position of this monument, marking the most northerly limit of Ontario was made more easily identifiable from the air by mapping the neighboring shore lines and other topographical features.  
In the location of the two intermediate points on the theoretical boundary between Island Lake and Hudson Bay, aircraft were used for transportation. Flying over this unmapped area, the aircraft were directed by the methods of aerial navigation until a lake was found approximately on the line of the theoretical boundary. Landing on the lake an astronomical observation for position then permitted a calculation to be made of the distance and direction from the observed station to the boundary. By repeated trials, using this method two points were established close to the theoretical line—one on Black Duck Lake about 90 miles east of Gods Lake and the other near Sturgeon Lake shown on the maps of northern Manitoba on the upper reaches of the Shamattawa river. These points when shown on sketch maps of the local areas will serve to guide the aviators on the subsequent aerial photographic operation, preparatory to the actual work of demarcation.  
It is foolish for us to lock up the debtor in a debtor's prison and expect him to pay his debt.—Henry Morganthau.

**Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk**  
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**The Spruces of Canada**  
The spruces of Canada play an important part in the industrial life of the country and are an asset not fully appreciated by the general public. There are five spruces of commercial importance in Canada, the white, black, and red spruces of the East and Prairie Provinces; and the Sitka and Engelmann spruces of British Columbia.  
London schoolchildren of today are, at eight years old, nearly an inch taller than those of 1913; while the 12-year-olds are both taller and heavier.

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