

"SALADA" TEA

The Tea that comes to you,
"Fresh from the Gardens"

The Bishop Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

SYNOPSIS

A man known as Cook Robin is found with an arrow in his heart; another, Johnny Sprigg, is found with a bullet through the top of his head. District Attorney Markham calls in Philo Vance, who claims the murders are founded on nursery rhymes and are the work of a maniac.

Those associated with the case are: Prof. Dillard, his niece Bell, and his protégé, Sigurd Arnesson, also a professor of mathematics. John Pardee, a selector with a passion for chess; Mrs. Drukker and her son Adolph. Mrs. Drukker is mentally unbalanced and Adolph is a crack-brain with a super-brain.

Mrs. Drukker tells how the murderer paid her a terrifying visit the previous night. Vance learns that Adolph Drukker lived as to his whereabouts on the morning of Robin's death. Vance questions Prof. Dillard again.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

Vance leaned slowly forward and crushed out his cigarette with that taut deliberation which I had long since come to recognize as a sign of repressed excitement. Then he rose carelessly and moved to the chess table in the corner. He stood there, one hand resting on the exquisite marquetry of the alternating squares. "You say that Mr. Pardee was analyzing his position on this board when Drukker came over to him?"

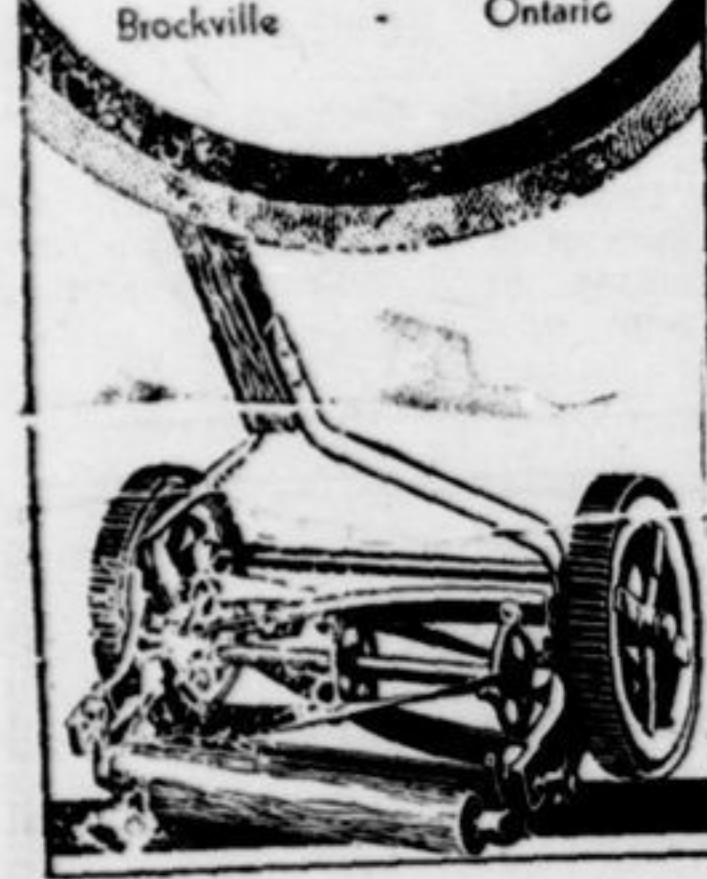
"Yes, that is right," Professor Dillard spoke with forced politeness. "Drukker sat down facing him and studied the layout. He started to make some remark, and Pardee re-

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chess. We have other things to do besides gossip."
"A hate of gossip parlance also erownd' Tennyson's Isabel thro' all her placid life," Vance returned piously. "But—my word, Markham!—our life is not like Isabel's. Speakin' seriously, there was method in my gossip. I prattled—and I learned."
"You learned what?" Markham demanded sharply.

With a cautious glance into the hall Vance leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"I learned, my dear Lycurgus, that a black bishop is missing from that set in the library, and that the chessman left at Mrs. Drukker's door matches the other pieces upstairs!"

This piece of news had a profound effect on Markham. As was his habit when agitated, he rose and began pacing back and forth, his hands clasped behind him. Heath, too, though slower to grasp the significance of Vance's revelation, puffed vigorously on his cigar—an indication that his mind was busy with a difficult adjustment of facts.

Before either had formulated any comment, the rear door of the hall opened and light footsteps approached the drawing room. Belle Dillard, returning from Mrs. Drukker's, appeared in the archway. Her face was troubled and, letting her eyes rest on Markham, she asked:

"What did you say to Adolph this morning? He's in an awful state of funk. He's going about testing all the door-locks and window-catches as if he feared burglars; and he has frightened poor Grete by telling her to be sure to bolt herself in at night."

"Ah! he heard Mrs. Menzel, has he?" mused Vance. "Very interesting!"

The girl's gaze turned swiftly to him.

"Yes; but he will give me no explanation. He's excited and mysterious. And the strangest thing about his attitude is that he refuses to go near his mother. . . . What does it mean, Mr. Vance? I feel as though something terrible were impending."

"I don't know just what it does mean," Vance spoke in a low, distressed voice. "And I'm afraid even to try to interpret it. If I should be wrong. . . ." He became silent for a moment. "We must wait and see. Tonight, perhaps, we'll know. But there's no cause for alarm on your part, Miss Dillard!" He smiled comfortingly. "How did you find Mrs. Drukker?"

"She seemed much better. But there's still something worrying her; and I think it has to do with Adolph, for she talked about him the whole time I was there, and kept asking me if I'd noticed anything unusual in his manner lately."

"That's quite natural in the circumstances," Vance returned. "But you mustn't let her morbid attitude affect you. And now, to change the subject: I understand that you were in the library for half an hour or so last night just before you went to the theatre. Tell me, Miss Dillard: where was your hand-bag during that time?"

The question startled her; but after a momentary hesitation she answered: "When I came into the library I placed it with my wrap on the little table by the door."

"It was the lizard-skin bag containing the key?"

"Yes. Sigurd hates evening dress, and when we go out together I always wear my day clothes."

"So you left the bag on the table during that half-hour and then kept it with you the rest of the evening. And what about this morning?"

"I went out for a walk before breakfast and carried it with me. Later I put it on the hat-rack in the hall for an hour or so; but when I started for Lady Mae's at about ten I took it with me. It was then that I discovered that the little pistol had been returned, and I postponed my call. I left the bag downstairs in the archway-room until you and Mr. Markham came; and I've had it with me ever since."

Vance thanked her whimsically. "And now that the peregrinations of the bag have been thoroughly traced, please try to forget all about it." She was on the point of asking a question, but he anticipated her curiosity and said quickly: "You went to the Plaza for supper last night, your uncle told us. You must have been late in getting home."

was just half-past twelve? I notice you don't wear a watch."
"Sigurd told me," she explained. "I was rather mean to him for bringing me home so early, and as we entered the hall here I asked him spitefully what time it was. He looked at his watch and said it was half-past twelve. . . ."

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

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"The white moth to the closing vine;
The bee to the opened clover.
And the mashie pitch to the ghostly ditch
Ever the wide world over.
Ever the wide world over, lad;
Clear to the Arctic Zone;
From the glacial ice you can see the silice
And hear the duffer moan.
There are greens by the Guad-alquivir;
Fairways in Old Cathay;
And a tough tenth hole that will rend your soul
On the road to Mandalay.

"The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp;
The red crane to her reed."
And an easy par at Kandahar
To lure the golfing breed.
There's a nine-hole course at Quito
With greens that fringe the sky.
And they cut the grass in the Khyber Pass
To furnish a brassie lie.

By the wash of the Parramatta
Is the golfing flag unfurled;
And the crack of the club in the hands of the dub
Is the shot heard 'round the world.

Canadian Agricultural Implement Industry
According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, 39 of the 62 firms in Canada engaged in the agricultural implement industry in 1929 were located in Ontario; 12 in Quebec; 5 in Manitoba; 4 in Alberta, and one each in Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan.

"Better times are on the way, but they will not come all at once."
Arthur Capper.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before? Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie got lost in the darkness, while flying over the Chinese War Zone. They are captured by bandits and separated. Captain Jimmy makes his escape and plans to search for the faithful Scottie.

Yes, sir. Just as I crowded the old Chinese interpreter into the freight car to hide from those pursuing bandits, a black object came hurtling in and struck me square in the belt.

"Scottie!" We untangled ourselves, and there was a grand reunion. But there wasn't any time to waste. The bandits were following closely on our trail. Some place must be found to hide.

In the corner of the car were piled a number of tea chests. These I shoved out so the three of us could hide in behind. Over the top I spread some old straw matting.

If only the train would move along before the bandits caught up, we would be all right, but it seemed to be waiting on the switch until a train coming the other way had passed.

Suddenly the sound of hoofs rang on the rocky railway siding, and a score of bandits began running up and down the train peering into the cars. Things looked pretty serious, especially when a big Chinaman began rummaging around among the tea chests. Luckily he did not notice our hiding place.

Something had to be done quickly, however, or the outlaws would return and find us. Quietly I signaled Fu Hsu and Scottie to follow me. We dropped out of the car and crept softly along the side of the train away from the bandits, and groped our way in the dim early morning light toward the engine.

The engineer and fireman leaned out of their cab anxiously, wondering what was happening down along the track. I slipped in behind them and gave them a good shove. Off they went—end over end into the ditch.

Promptly I threw the reverse lever and opened the throttle. There was a violent spinning of drive wheels. The cars bumped and crashed against one another noisily, and at the same time I pulled the whistle valve wide open. The whistle fairly shrieked. It was a perfect bedlam let loose.

Panic stricken, the bandits rushed to the doors to escape. Some jumped out, some were pushed out, others simply fell out. But in less time than it takes to tell it, there was not a bandit on board.

Away we roared, gathering speed as we backed down the track for we dared not go forward in the face of the signals. The engine rocked and swayed. I took up the shovel to feed the boiler fire, when suddenly a heavy boot stuck out from under the coal and someone hollered.

What next. Even the coal was alive with Chinese bandits. "Maybe I'm a bandit, Captain," said the owner of the boot. "But not Chinese anyway!"

Where had I heard that familiar voice before? I shoved him into the light. His face was like a black mask from the coal dust.

"By Golly! Jed Stone," I yelled. "And so it was. My old friend Jed Stone who I had not seen for many years. Our meeting was one of those odd co-incidences that you couldn't make happen in a lifetime if you tried to plan it."

Jed told me a startling story. He had a brother Guy, engaged in Chinese famine relief work. A bandit gang had passed through the country raiding and plundering the pitifully scant food supplies of the people. Guy followed the bandits for days, and tried to reason with the chief. Making no impression he finally lost control of himself, and before anyone could interfere, soundly thrashed the villain.



Note: Young readers wishing photo of Captain Jimmy may have same by writing "Capt. Jimmy", 2610 Star Bldg., Toronto.

reporting 10,000,000 accounts. The total savings deposits in 1930 was \$960,000,000.

The per capita savings in France represent about \$24 a person, not counting the investment in French rentes and government bonds, whose total value represents many times the savings deposits.

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It is estimated that every fourth person in France has a savings account, the public banks and postoffices alone

Difference in Force of Gravity
A body weighing one pound at the earth's surface would weigh 27 pounds at the surface of the sun.

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Old Roman London Revealed By Spade

New Building On Large Scale Going Ahead in Britain Now

London—Rarely has the City of London known so much new building on a large scale as in the past year. The spade goes down for foundations from twelve to eighteen feet into what was Roman London. On occasion some fragment of the city built by our first conquerors is revealed, more often utensils and ornaments which serve to illustrate their life and culture.

All excavations are watched by representatives of the Guildhall Museum and the Society of Antiquaries working together. Every relic found has value, for it is recognized that the strata which contain Roman London will soon have been fully explored and exhausted; nothing will be left to be turned up.

The biggest material discovery of the year has been that upon the first Thames Embankment—for the Romans had the idea of some eighteen centuries before it entered the mind of Bazalgette. London was a chief port of their great trade to and from the Continent. For accommodation of the ships which came up on the Thames tides wharves were a necessity, and a river wall. These the Romans made.

Where on the water front the firm gravel bank merged into the silty mud, they laid down a vast framework of oak beams. Portions of this engineering work were discovered in 1920-21 between King William Street and Miles Lane, and five years later this wooden wharfage was further traced, extending up to Arthur Street—all west of London Bridge. The timbers used, which when found were blackened by age and immersion in the wet soil, were great logs, roughly squared by the adze, sometimes over 2 ft. in square section, and seldom less than 18 in.

In the 1926 excavations the wall parallel to the river front in one place consisted of six such beams lying one on top of the other, giving a height of over 9 ft. Kept to this wall were others at right angles, running back into the bank or communicating with a second, and, in places, even with a third wall, parallel with the front. The whole structure rested on river gravel.

This year's researches have revealed that the wall extended eastwards beyond London Bridge to Fish Street Hill. A thick deposit of oyster shells used in filling in the timber construction gave striking confirmation of the tradition that the Romans in Britain held oyster crushers in high estimation. In Paris the oyster shell deposit was set deep. From fragments of pottery found, which can be dated, it would seem that the embankment had been raised in the days of the Emperor Vespasian—at say, about A.D. 75.

How much of the river front was so embanked we do not know; probably shall never know. The length so far disclosed is about 150 yards—enough for a considerable carrying trade in the little craft of the day. It is likely that over the wooden structure buildings of masonry were erected for storage of goods, with pens for slaves awaiting exportation, but the stone builders seeking material, while the Roman city as it was then standing. One result of the year's digging in the fruitful soil has been to show that this early city was of considerably larger extent than once had been imagined; for it had been mapped as confined to the east side of the Walbrook, with one outlying settlement west. Now on both sides of Cheapside, at the corners of King Street and Queen Street, and again at Blossoms Inn-yard, on the west side of Lawrence Lane, have been found broken crockery bearing the name-stamps of early form. All these must have been lying about as potshards when the borders of the loam were swept through Londonium with sword and flame.

Old Men Equal Young In Test of Capacities
Cleveland—Under a grant from the Carnegie Foundation, Leland Stanford Junior University set to work recently making a comparison between the working capacities of young and old persons. Keith Sward, Assistant Professor of Psychology at Western Reserve University, participating in this research, made a comparison between professors at two of the leading Pacific Coast colleges, using intelligence tests.

The young and old scored in the tests just about equally, he said to-day. The young were a little more speedy. Age, however, did not impair quality and accuracy.

Professor Sward examined two groups, forty-five men in each. In one group, ages ranged from 25 to 45 and in the other from 60 to 80.

"The older men were slower down," Professor Sward said, "but their age did not greatly impair the quality and accuracy of their work. We found greater difference between members of each group than between the two groups."

"Now that I am retired, I am building buildings in the morning, running banks in the afternoon and making speeches at night."—Alfred E. Smith.