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**Winter Bulbs**  
 Success with bulbs depends more than anything else on proper root growth, and most of the failure and disappointment amongst those who have potted up a few bulbs and grown them on, with the only result a few leaves of stunted growth and no bloom can be traced to this cause. If the plants were turned out of the pot it would be found in many cases that there were very few roots. Some varieties of bulbs will not stand forcing at all, others will stand a certain amount and some can be forced to come into bloom several weeks ahead of time. The easiest grown and the ones that offer the most chance of success when grown in the house are the Paper White Narcissus and the Chinese Sacred Lily, which can be grown in pots in the usual manner or in flat bowls of water, the bulbs being kept in place by pebbles—these bowls or pots should be kept in a dark cool place until roots have been formed, and when brought to the light they should be placed where they can get the most sunshine, otherwise the leaves and flower stalks will grow very weak. These bulbs are for indoor use only, not being suitable for outdoor planting in Canada. If bulbs are planted in succession a week or two apart the period of bloom can be lengthened considerably.—T. K. in the Montreal Star.

**Toll**  
 Little prairie graveyards Neat and trim they stand Eloque of progress Through the virgin land.  
 Wide new fields in tillage Catted slope and knoll From each little village Nature taking toll;  
 Ere she yields her treasures Recompense for toll, Thus she holds the living Bonded to the soil.  
 —Lynette, in the Calgary Herald.

**AID**  
 If you are sure of omnipotent aid, what can be too heavy for you? Begin the day joyously, and let no shade of doubt come between thee and the eternal sunshine.

## The Bishop Murder Case

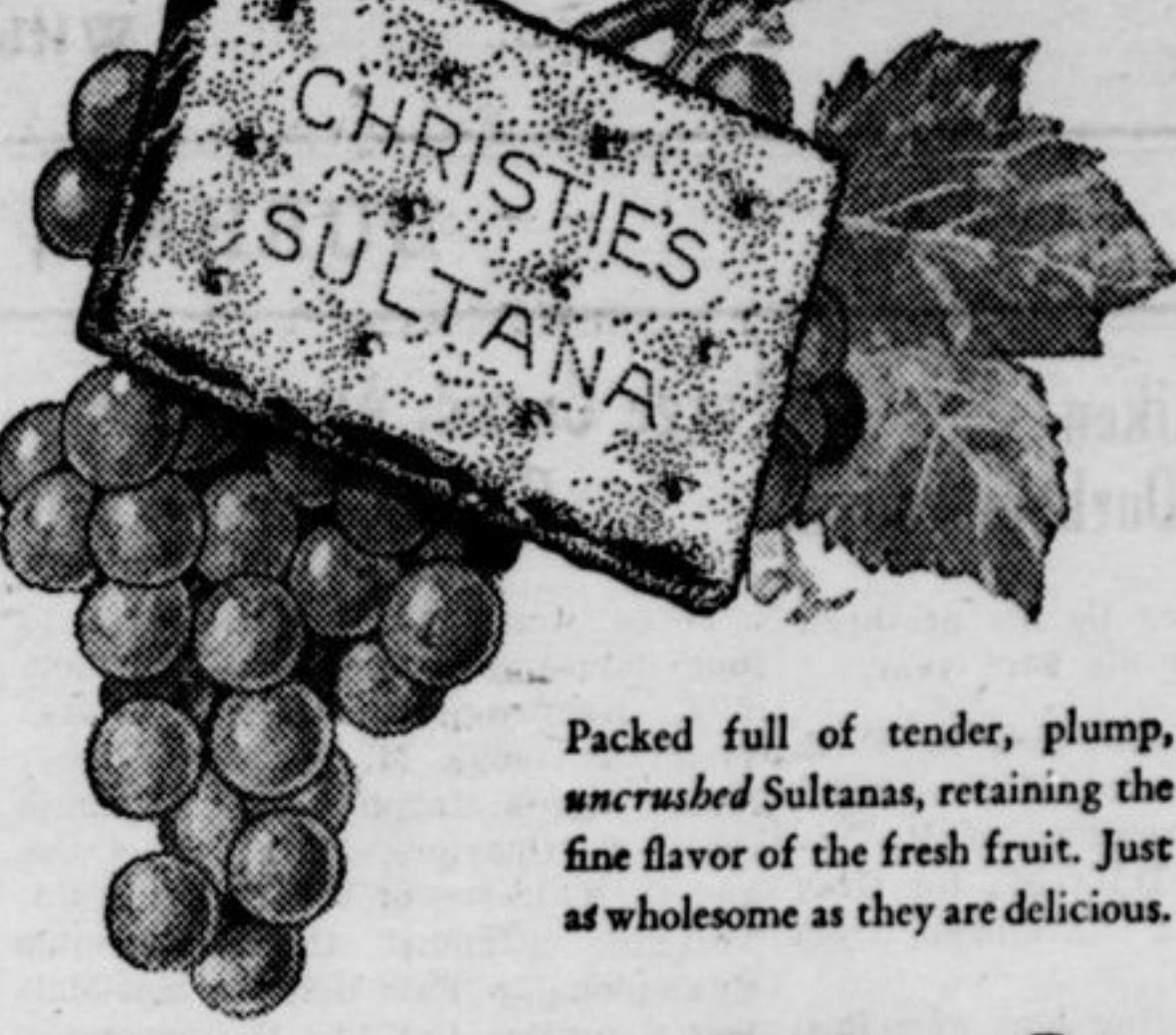
A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

CHAPTER XL.—(Cont'd.)  
 Markham was glaring at Vance with dazed comprehension.  
 "Oh, I've half suspected the truth ever since Pardee's death," Vance went on, in answer to the other's unspoken question. "But I wasn't sure of it until last night when he went out of his way to hang the guilt on Mr. Arnesson."  
 "Eh? What's that?" Arnesson turned from the telephone.  
 "Oh, yes," nodded Vance. "You were to pay the penalty. You'd been chosen from the first as the victim. He even suggested the possibility of your guilt to us."  
 Arnesson did not seem as surprised as one would have expected.  
 "I knew the professor hated me," he said. "He was intensely jealous of my interest in Belle. And he was looking his intellectual grudge—I've seen that for months. I've done all the work on his new book, and he's resented every academic honor paid me. I've had an idea he was hatching all this devilry; but I wasn't sure. I didn't think, though, he'd try to send me to the electric chair."  
 Vance got up and, going to Arnesson, held out his hand.  
 "There was no danger of that. And I want to apologize for the way I've treated you this past half hour. Merely a matter of tactics. You see, we hadn't any real evidence, and I was hoping to force his hand."  
 Arnesson grinned sardoniously.  
 "No apology necessary, old son. I knew you didn't have your eye on me. When you began riding me I saw it was only technique. Didn't know what you were after, but I followed your cues the best I could. Hope I didn't bungle the job."  
 "No, no. You turned the trick."  
 "Did I?" Arnesson frowned with deep perplexity. "But what I don't understand is why he should have taken the cyanide when he thought it was I you suspected."  
 "That particular point will never be clear," said Vance. "Maybe he feared the girl's identification. Or he may have seen through my deception. Perhaps he suddenly revolted at the idea of shouldering you with the onus. . . . As he himself said, no one knows what goes on in the human heart during the last dark hour."  
 Arnesson did not move. He was looking straight into Vance's eyes with penetrating shrewdness.  
 "Oh, well," he said at length; "we'll let it go at that. . . . Anyway, thanks!"

CHAPTER XLII.  
 When Markham and Vance and I departed from the Dillard house an hour later, I thought the Bishop affair was over. And it was over as far as the public was concerned. But there was another revelation to come; and it was, in a way, the most astounding of all the facts that had been brought to light that day.  
 Heath joined us at the District Attorney's office after lunch, for there were several delicate official matters to be discussed; and later that afternoon Vance reviewed the entire case, explaining many of its obscure points.  
 "Arnesson has already suggested the motive for these insane crimes," he began. "The professor knew that his position in the world of science was being usurped by the younger man. His mind had begun to lose its force and penetration; and he realized that his new book on atomic structure was being made possible only through Arnesson's help. A colossal hate grew up in him for his foster son; Arnesson became in his eyes a kind of monster whom he himself, like Frankenstein, had created, and who was now rising to destroy him. And this intellectual enmity was augmented by a primitive emotional jealousy. For ten years he had centred in Belle Dillard the accumulated affection of a life of solitary bachelorhood, and when he saw that Arnesson was likely to take her from him, his hatred and resentment were doubled in intensity.  
 "The motive is understandable," said Markham, "but it does not explain the crimes."  
 "The motive acted as a spark to the dry powder of his pent-up emotions. In looking about for a means to destroy Arnesson, he hit upon the diabolical jest of the Bishop murders. These murders gave relief to his repressions; they met his psychic need for violent expression; and at the same time they answered the dark question in his mind how he could dispose of Arnesson and keep Belle Dillard for himself."  
 "But why?" Markham asked, "didn't he merely murder Arnesson and have done with it?"  
 "You overlook the psychological aspects of the situation. The professor's mind had disintegrated through long intense repression. Nature was demanding an outlet. And it was his passionate hatred of Arnesson that brought the pressure to an explosion point. The two impulses were thus combined. In committing the murders he was not only relieving his inhibitions, but he was also venting his wrath against Arnesson, for Arnesson, if you see, was to pay the penalty. Such a revenge was more potent, and hence more satisfying than the mere killing of the man would have been—it was the great grim joke behind the lesser jokes of the murders themselves. . . .  
 "However, this fiendish scheme had one great disadvantage, though the professor did not see it. It laid the affair open to psychological analysis; and at the outset I was able to postulate a mathematician as the criminal agent. The difficulty of naming the murderer lay in the fact that nearly every possible suspect was a mathematician. The only one I knew to be innocent was Arnesson, for he was the only one who consistently maintained a psychic balance—that is, who constantly discharged the emotions arising from his protracted abstruse speculations. Giving full rein to one's cynicism as one goes along produces a normal outlet and maintains an emotional equilibrium. The man who represses his sadism and accumulates his cynicism beneath a grave and stoical exterior is always liable to dangerous fusions. This is why I knew Arnesson was incapable of the Bishop murders."  
 Markham smoked moodily for a time.  
 "You say you were convinced of Dillard's guilt last night when you remembered the character of Bishop Arnesson. . . . ?"  
 "Yes—oh, yes. That gave me the motive. At that moment I realized that the professor's object was to shoulder Arnesson with the guilt, and that the signature to the notes had been chosen for that purpose."  
 "He waited a long time before he called our attention to 'The Pretenders,'" commented Markham.  
 "The fact is, he didn't expect to have to do it at all. He thought we'd discover the name for ourselves."  
 Markham did not speak for several moments. He sat frowning reproachfully, his fingers tapping a tattoo on the blotter.  
 "Why," he asked at length, "did you not tell us last night that the professor and not Arnesson was the Bishop?" You let us think—"  
 "My dear Markham! What else could I do? In the first place, you wouldn't have believed me, and would most likely have suggested another ocean trip, what? Furthermore, it was essential to let the professor think we suspected Arnesson. Otherwise we'd have had no chance to force the issue as we did. Subterfuge was our only hope; and I knew that if you and the Sergeant suspected him you'd be sure to give the game away. As it was, you didn't have to dissemble; and lo! it all worked out beautifully."  
 The Sergeant shifted his position, uneasily, took his cigar slowly from his mouth, and asked a startling question.  
 "Why, when you hopped up and pointed at that plate on the mantle, did you switch Arnesson's and the old gent's glasses?"  
 Vance sighed deeply and gave a hopeless wag of the head.  
 "I might have known that nothing could escape your eagle eye, Sergeant."  
 Markham thrust himself forward over the desk and glared at Vance with angry bewilderment.  
 "What's this?" he spluttered, his usual self-restraint deserting him. "You changed the glasses? You deliberately—"  
 "Oh, I say!" pleaded Vance. "Let not your wrathful passions rise. He turned to Heath with mock reproach. "Behold what you've got me in for, Sergeant."  
 "This is no time for evasion." Markham's voice was cold and inexorable. "I want an explanation."  
 Vance made a resigned gesture.  
 "My idea, as I've explained, was to fall in with the professor's plan and appear to suspect Arnesson. This morning I purposely let him see that we had no evidence, and that, even if we arrested Arnesson, it was doubtful if we could hold him. I knew that in the circumstances he would take some action. Then the wine gave me an inspiration. Knowing he had eyes wide in his possession, I brought up the subject of suicide and thus planted the idea in his mind. He fell into the trap, and attempted to poison Arnesson and make it appear like suicide. I saw him surreptitiously empty a small phial of colourless fluid into Arnesson's glass at the ideboard when he poured the wine. My first intention was to halt the murder and have the wine analyzed. We could have searched him and found the phial, and I could have testified to the act that I saw him poison the wine. This evidence, in addition to the identification of the child, might have answered our purpose. But I decided on a simpler course—"  
 "You took the law in your own hands!"  
 "Do you bring a rattlesnake to the bar of justice? Do you give a mad

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deg his day in court! I felt no more compunction in aiding a monster like Dillard into the beyond that I would have in crushing out a poisonous reptile in the act of striking."  
 The "suicide" of Prof. Dillard terminated the famous Bishop murder case. The following year Arnesson and Belle Dillard were married quickly and sailed for Norway, where they made their home.  
 (The End.)  
**Good Start**  
 Dora was in the middle of her singing lesson when her mother came into the room, and then broke in: "Ah—er—how is my daughter getting on? D'you think she will make a great singer?"  
 The teacher coughed and seemed at a loss for a reply.  
 "It—it is very hard to say," he said at last.  
 "But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?"  
 "Well—er—she's got a mouth, certainly!"  
**Giants**  
 The world's largest grape vine has been found in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, according to an announcement from the Department of the Interior.  
 This giant, found by Dr. Herman S. Pepon, formerly of the University of Chicago, is described as ninety inches in circumference at a point twelve feet from the ground. It is supported by five large trees and is estimated to be least 150 years old.  
 Dr. Pepon are a chestnut tree more than thirty feet in circumference and a tulip tree which measures eighteen feet around. He also found a giant mushroom, weighing more than twelve pounds. It was not poisonous, but was too tough for the table.  
 "Even in motion pictures there should be a suggestion that marriage might be a lovely thing."—A. A. Milne

**Can and Cannot**  
 Astronomers can weigh a star, And tell a planet's girth, And bring the moon from skies afar Well nigh in touch with earth. But who can tune the throats of stars? Or match the streamlet's song, Or estimate the joyous note Upon the skylark's tongue?  
 By mathematics men can count The motions atoms make, And calculate the vast amount Of force when billows break. But love's equation cannot be By sign or figures given, For, boundless as eternity, It touches earth and heaven.  
 —A. B. Cooper, in the Methodist Magazine.  
 Truth  
 If anyone will tell me how truth may be spoken without offending some, I will spare no labor to learn the art of it.—Bishop Horne.

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## "Knock Him Down"

Lenora M. Bailey  
 "Knock him down, Mary! Turn around and give him a good one when he hits you like that. Just what he needs, if you ask me."  
 Mary Nyberg looked at her sister-in-law in surprise.  
 "Oh, no. You don't mean that, Tilly. Why, Raymond was only wanting to play, I'm sure."  
 Raymond had come into the living room as Mary stood before the piano and had hit her rather hard on the back.  
 "Play, nothing!" returned the mother. "He's just mean and rough. I can't do a thing with him and I should love to see some one else handle him and give him what he needs."  
 "I can't think that my little nephew is so bad," said Mary. "Come on, Raymond, let's have a swing on the porch while your mother takes a little rest before it is time for your father to come home."  
 Little Raymond followed his aunt to the porch, where they proceeded to get better acquainted.  
 Mary had but recently married into the Nyberg family so she had visited these new relatives only a few times. She was very much surprised and somewhat bewildered at the attitude taken toward five-year-old Raymond. To be sure the two older children were treated in much the same way, but they seemed to have learned to take it as a matter of course. They could understand that their mother did not mean just what she said. But Raymond, who had lived much with his grandmother, seemed more sensitive. He opened his large black eyes in wonder every time his mother raised her voice sternly and impatiently.  
 "Raymond, why don't you try to please your mother by doing just as she wants you to do, so she won't have to get so cross and impatient?" Mary finally asked.  
 "I don't know, Aunt Mary, but I don't think Mother ought to yell at me like she does. Grandmother doesn't—and Mrs. Wall doesn't and we mind Mrs. Wall all the time."  
 "Who is Mrs. Wall, dear?"  
 "She is our kindergarten teacher. She sure is nice to us. She talks nice and soft and never do yell or talk loud and ugly no matter what we do. She says, 'Raymond will you please set these chairs all in a nice circle for me?' and I do it just as fast as ever I can. I don't even say 'I don't want to like I do to Mother.'"  
 With that Raymond jumped down from the porch swing where he had been sitting beside his aunt. "There is Anna Lee," he said, and ran to meet a playmate who had just entered the yard with some gay balloons.  
 Mary was disturbed by what she had seen and heard.  
 "Raymond feels that his mother is unfair and is rude to him," she thought, "though of course he wouldn't express it that way and really does not know exactly what the trouble is. He is just irritated by her voice and manner. He knows she expects him to be disagreeable and so he very often is disagreeable. I wish I were intimate enough to advise her to deal differently with him—as Mrs. Wall does, for instance"—laughed by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 97th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.  
**Three Factors Stressed In Quick Stopping of Car**  
 If the motorist would avoid "driving too fast for conditions," he should bear in mind the three main factors involved in stopping a car, according to Motor Vehicle Commissioner Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey. The factors are the driver himself, the brakes and the road.  
 Much depends, Mr. Hoffman says, on the driver's alertness in seeing an obstacle for which he must stop, no less than on his "reaction time"—the interval between the moment he perceives the obstacle and the moment at which he brings the brakes into play. This is estimated normally at from three-fourths of a second to a second and a half.  
 Following application of the brakes, the stopping distances at various speeds, given well adjusted brakes and a level, dry road, are estimated by Mr. Hoffman as follows: at 10 miles an hour, 6 feet; at 15 miles an hour, 13 feet; at 20 miles, 24 feet; at 25 miles, 38 feet; at 30 miles, 54 feet; at 35 miles, 73 feet; at 40 miles, 86 feet; at 45 miles, 121 feet; at 50 miles, 159 feet; and at 60 miles, 216 feet.  
 The degree of levelness of the road is considered by Mr. Hoffman its chief influence upon stopping distance. A 6 per cent. grade, he says, increases the stopping distance at 10 miles an hour to 10 feet; at 30 miles an hour, to 95, and at 50 miles an hour, to 377 feet.  
**In Unison**  
 Said the club bore: "Do you know, fellows, I've received a threatening letter signed 'Jnanimous,' and it says that unless I send £50 to a certain address, I shall be murdered. What would you do about it?"  
 "Whatever you do, don't send the money," cried a number of voices in unison.  
 "It was terrible, Mrs. Murphy. There were seventeen Swedes and an Irishman killed in the wreck." "Indeed. The poor man!"

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