

There is a flavour here which entirely satisfies

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

LIMERICK CORNER

Joyous Jingles By Gifted Rhymsters.

In they come on every mail; piles of them. Young folks, old folks, gay folks, prim folks, all are taking a hand at this fascinating game of writing limericks.

Mrs. Ettie Eaton of Athens puts her ideas on the subject into rhyme in the following verse:—

I won a dollar with Gillett's Lye,
And now I think the tea I'll try.
To make a rhyme is plenty of fun,
But it doubles up when you win some mon'.

Some of our contributors are neglecting to give name and address and name of paper, a serious omission as it is, of course, impossible to send prizes if won. The first two published this week bore no names but if the writers will identify themselves the prizes will be forwarded.

It will facilitate handling if each limerick is submitted on a separate sheet of paper with name and address and name of paper given in each case.

Shredded Wheat
There is an old chap in Powassan,
I won't tell his name; its not Dawson,
When he couldn't eat
He tried Shredded Wheat
Which, 'tis said, proved a God-send
to Lawson.

Salada Tea
There was an old gal from Nevada,
Drank gallons of tea for Bravada,
She said to her friend
"It would please me no end
If you'd fetch me a ton of Salada."
Mrs. A. McNeil,
Norwood, Ont.

Gillett's Lye
There once was an old fashioned lady,
Whose housekeeping was a bit shady,
She bought Gillett's Lye
And made the dirt fly
Now she's clean as her neighbor,
Miss Grady.
Ettie Eaton,

Baby's Own
There was a young baby named Chummy,
Who had a bad pain in his tummy,
The Doctor did phone
"Give him Baby's Own"
Now he painlessly smiles at his mummy.
Wm. Geden,
South River, Ont.
R.R. No. 1.

Bayer's Aspirin
There was an old lady of Mayer,
Who always advised using Bayer,
Aspirin Tablets for cold
Nothing else she extolled
So you try this Aspirin named Bayer.
Ben Shendelman,
R.R. No. 1, Cedar Valley, Ont.

There is plenty of enjoyment for the whole family if all join in the fun of writing limericks.
Any nationally advertised article or service found in this or any previous issues of this paper may be made the subject of a limerick.

Empire Postage Stamps

Vancouver Province (Ind. Cons.): We are strongly inclined to believe that Canadians generally will heartily approve of the proposal for a common Empire stamp to celebrate the restoration of penny postage. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer can see his way to follow Canada's example in regard to postal rates it would be an excellent idea to adopt a stamp for common use throughout the King's



Dry mouth and parched throat are grateful for the refreshing coolness of Wrigley's Spearmint.

Wrigley's whitens teeth, sweetens the mouth, clears the throat and aids digestion, while the act of chewing calms and soothes the nerves.



ISSUE No. 7—'29

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. MILNE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

The body of the never-dwell brother, Robert Ablett, was found on the floor of the locked office of The Red House, and Mark Ablett, bachelor proprietor of the country estate, was nowhere to be found. In the eyes of Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark had shot Robert, particularly since everyone knew that Mark learned with disgust and annoyance of Robert's return from his 15-year stay in Australia.

But the circumstances were mysterious. The shot was heard two minutes after Robert's arrival, and when Anthony Gillingham, a gentleman adventurer, entered the house to visit Mark's guest, Bill Beverley, he found Matt Cayley, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the locked door and demanding admittance. The two men entered through a window and found the body. How could Mark have locked the door if the keys were on the outside? puzzled Anthony. He discusses some of the mysterious clues with Bill Beverley.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Anthony smoked thoughtfully for a little. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned to his friend. "Are you prepared to be the complete Watson?" he asked.

"Do you follow me, Watson; that one. Are you prepared to have quite obvious things explained to you, to ask futile questions, to give me chances of scoring off you. Because it all helps."

"My dear Tony," said Bill delightedly, "need you ask?" Anthony said nothing, and Bill went on happily to himself: "I perceive from the strawberry-mark on your shirt-front that you had strawberries for dessert. Holmes, you astonish me. Tut, tut, you know my methods. Where is the tobacco. The tobacco is in the Persian slipper. Can I leave my practice for a week? I can."

Anthony smiled and went on smoking. After waiting hopefully for a minute or two; Bill said in a firm voice:

"Well then, Holmes, I feel bound to ask you if you have deduced anything. Also whom do you suspect?"

Anthony began to talk. "Do you remember," he said, "one of Holmes' little scores over Watson about the number of steps up to the Baker Street lodging? Poor old Watson had been up and down them a thousand times, but he had never thought of counting them, whereas Holmes had counted them; a matter of course, and knew that there were seventeen. And that was supposed to be the difference between observation and non-observation. Watson was crushed again, and Holmes appeared to him more amazing than ever. Now, it always seemed to me that in that matter Holmes was the ass, and Watson the sensible person. What on earth is the sense of keeping in your head an unnecessary fact like that? If you really want to know at any time the number of steps to your lodging, you can ring up your landlady and ask her. I've been up and down the steps of the blub a thousand times, but if you asked me to tell you at this moment how many steps there are I couldn't do it. Could you?"

"I certainly couldn't," said Bill. "But if you really wanted to know," said Anthony casually, with a sudden change of voice, "I could find out for you without even bothering to ring up the hall-porter."

Bill was puzzled as to why they were talking about the club steps, but he felt it his duty to say that he did want to know how many there were. "Right," said Anthony. "I'll find out."

He closed his eyes. "I'm walking up St. James' Street," he said slowly. "Now I've come to the club and I'm going past the smoking-room windows—one—two—three—four. Now I'm at the steps. I turn left and begin going up them. One—two—three—four—five—six, then a broad step; six—seven—eight—nine, another broad step; nine—ten—eleven. Eleven I'm inside. Good morning, Rogers. Fine day again." With a little start he opened his eyes and came back to his present surroundings. He turned to Bill with a smile. "Eleven," he said. "Count them the next time you're there. Eleven—and now I hope I shall forget it again."

Bill was distinctly interested. "That's rather hot," he said. "Expounded."

"Well, I can't explain it, whether it's something in the actual eye, or something in the brain, or what, but I have got rather an uncanny habit of recording things unconsciously. You know that game where you look at a tray full of small objects for three minutes, and then turn away and try to make a list of them. It means a devil of a lot of concentration for the ordinary person, if he wants to get his list complete, but in some odd way I manage to do it without concentration at all."

"I should think that's rather a useful gift for an amateur detective. You ought to have gone into the profession before."

"Well, it is rather useful. It's rather surprising, you know, to a stranger. Let's surprise Cayley with it, shall we?"

"How?"

"Well, let's ask him—" Anthony stopped and looked at Bill comically—"let's ask him what he's going to do with the key of the office."

For a moment Bill did not understand.

"Key of the office?" he said vaguely. "You don't mean—Tony! What do you mean? Do you mean that Cayley—But what about Mark?"

"I don't know where Mark is—that's another thing I want to know—but I'm quite certain that he hasn't got the key of the office with him. Because Cayley's got it."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, I don't really know that he's got it, but I do know that he had it. I know that when I came on him this afternoon, he had just locked the door and put the key in his pocket."

"You mean you saw him at the time, but that you've only just remembered it—reconstructed it—in the way you were explaining just now?"

"No. I didn't see him. But I did see something. I saw the key of the billiard-room."

"Where?"

"Outside the billiard-room door."

"Outside? But it was inside when we looked just now."

"Exactly?"

"Who put it there?"

"Obviously—ayley."

"But—"

"Let's go back to this afternoon. I don't remember noticing the billiard-room key at the time; I must have done so without knowing. Probably when I saw Cayley banging at the door I may have wondered sub-consciously whether the key of the room next to it would fit. Well, when I was sitting out by myself on that seat just before you came along, I went over the whole scene in my mind, and I suddenly saw the billiard-room key there—outside."

"I began to wonder if the office key had been outside too. When Cayley came up, I told you my idea and you were both interested. But Cayley was just a shade too interested. I daresay you didn't notice it, but he was."

"By Jove!"

"Well, of course that proved nothing; and the key business didn't really prove anything, because whatever side of the door the other keys were, Mark might have locked his own private room from the inside sometimes. But I piled it on, and pretended that it was enormously important, and quite altered the case altogether, and having got Cayley thoroughly anxious about it, as I expected, he couldn't resist. He altered the keys and gave himself away entirely."

"But the library key was still outside. Why didn't he alter that?"

"Because he's a clever devil. For one thing, the inspector had been in the library, and might possibly have noticed it already. And for another—"

Anthony hesitated.

"What?" said Bill, after waiting for him to go on.

"It's only guesswork. But I fancy that Cayley was thoroughly upset about the key business. He didn't want to commit himself, definitely to the statement that the key was either outside or inside. He wanted to leave it vague. It was safest that way."

"I see," said Bill slowly.

But his mind was elsewhere. He was wondering suddenly about Cayley.

"Now then, Watson," said Anthony suddenly. "It's time you said something."

"I say, Tony, do you really mean I mean what I said, Bill. No more."

"Well, what does it amount to?"

"Simply that Robert Ablett died in the office this afternoon, and that Cayley knows exactly how he died. That's all. It doesn't follow that Cayley killed him."

"No. No, of course it doesn't." Bill gave a sigh of relief. "He's just shielding Mark, what?"

"That's the simplest explanation if you're a friend of Cayley, and want to let him down lightly. But then I'm not, you see."

"Why isn't it simple, anyhow?"

"Well, let's have the explanation then, and I'll undertake to give you a simpler one afterward. Only remember—the key is on the outside of the door to start with."

Twelve Ounces of Energy SHREDDED WHEAT

A perfect food, contains every needed element, easily digested—Fortifies you to meet wintry weather

Made by The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd.

"Yes; well, I don't mind that. Mark goes in to see his brother, and they quarrel and all the rest of it, just as Cayley was saying. Cayley hears the shot, and in order to give Mark time to get away, locks the door, and pretends that Mark has locked the door, and that he can't get in. How's that?"

"Hopeless, Watson, hopeless."

"How does Cayley know that it is Mark who has shot Robert, and not the other way round?"

"Oh!" said Bill, rather upset. "Yes." He thought for a moment. "All right. Say that Cayley has gone into the room first, and seen Robert on the ground."

"Well?"

"Well, there you are."

"And what does he say to Mark? That it's a fine afternoon, and could he lend him a pocket-handkerchief? Or does he ask him what's happened?"

"Well, of course, I suppose he asks what happened," said Bill reluctantly.

"And what does Mark say?"

"Explains that the revolver went off accidentally during a struggle."

"Whereupon Cayley shields him by—by doing what, Bill? Encouraging him to do the damn silliest thing that any man could possibly do—confess his guilt by running away!"

(To be continued.)

The common man is endowed with certain inalienable rights, all of which he must keep fighting for.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

President of the National Music Teachers' Association says the radio is killing jazz. The main trouble, however, is that it isn't removing the remains.

The great difference in rank was shown when only six lines were devoted to a fall from a horse by the brother of the Prince of Wales.

Now that the faces of some vaudeville singers have been lifted, is there any way to have their voices lowered?

FARMERS

Requiring British help—Single men, women or families, to assist with farm work, should write Rev. Alex. MacGregor, 43 Victoria St., Toronto. These people will be arriving after March 15.



ASPIRIN

You doubtless depend on Aspirin to make short work of headaches; but remember that it's just as dependable an antidote for many other pains! Neuralgia? Many have found real relief in an Aspirin tablet. Or for toothache; an effective way to relieve it, and the one thing doctors are willing you should give a child—of any age. Whether to break up a cold, or relieve the serious pain from neuritis or deep-seated rheumatism, there's nothing quite like Aspirin. Just make certain it's genuine; it must have Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitation, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer" trademark.

Christie's ARROWROOT BISCUITS

Proved Purity and Quality that no imitation can possibly improve upon.



Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality since 1853

Dominions. The familiar tiny sticker with corrugated edges and the King's effigy upon it might very well be made from practically identical dies. The King's head could be the same, the color could be the same, the words "one penny" would serve as well as "two cents," and unless some genius in the Postal Department discovers bureaucratic difficulties there is every reason for adopting the plan. A common stamp would exercise a continuous influence of undoubted psychological value as a symbol of imperial unity.

The Anvil

I wonder that the metal stands the test;
The hammering of dogs, and of
of creed.
The lifting ferment of a world's unrest,
The battering of ignorance and greed,
The dead-white fame of athletic scorn,
The ringing blows of ridicule and doubt;
The infidel's rough handling, and the worn
Deceits and prayers of the half-derout!
Yet still the anvil of God's mercy stands
Singing its answer to each heavy blow;
The stronger for humanity's demands—
And man bends on it, steadily and slow!
—Anna Hamilton Wood,
In The Churchman.

To preserve peace, we need guns of smaller and men of larger calibre.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds.