This finest Orange Pekoe tea costs less than others

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE

TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

THE STORY THUS FAR:

Sheila O'Shay, formerly a popular actress, and now the wife of the young multi-millionaire, Don Ellsworth, disappears, leaving no trace behind her. Don visits Dr. Cavanaugh, the famous criminologist, and confesses that his married life has been very unhappy.

CHAPTER II.

"I wish to heaven the police could have been kept out of it altogether!" Don's heavy black brows drew together in a frown. He frowned like a baffled and sulky boy.

"Indeed?" The doctor's voice barely rose to make the non-committal word a question. He learned more from his patients by letting them talk than by quizzing them, and by applying the same technique to the normal, or even the criminal mind, he had listened to some remarkable confessions unattainable by "third degree" methods.

He waited, in a silence which lapped the room.

"I should have come to you in the first place!" Don burst out at last, tapping his cigar nervously against the ash tray. "Only—well, it's all been such a mess. I hoped it could be covered up. I might have known! It's rather a difficult matter to discuss."

"Take your time," Dr. Cavanaugh settled back in his chair with the air of a man who does not even have to be patient.

The effect of this advice was to plunge his visitor into hurried speech.

"It was a week ago—a week ago last night, to be exact. Dinner was as usual. We always kept up a rather good front, you know. And Sheila rather enjoyed playing the young matron. It was a new role for her—her other marriages, she said, had lacked the brownstone atmosphere. She was in high spirits, as usual. Even when we were alone she never admitted by word or manner that—oh, well!" Ellsworth hesitated, and then went on, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"Anyway, I'm sure that she wasn't worried or apprehensive or particularly excited about anything. Sheila isn't the worrying type, and as for apprehension—if she thought there was anything for her to be afraid of, she'd clap her hands together in that way she has and go after it as an added thrill. But there was absolutely no sign of anything in the wind. I remarked when we had had our coffee that I was going around to the club—though as a matter of fact I didn't go after all. I just took a long drive all by myself into the country, thinking about—things. When I left the house she was on her way upstairs; she said she was going to bed early and get a good night's sleep.

"That is the last I've seen of her. She left all the lights burning in her boudoir—they were still burning next morning. She didn't take anything with her, not even a suit-case. In the morning she just—wasn't there. You know Sheila?"

The doctor had listened without interrupting Don's recital by so much as a nod or a gesture.

"Not very well, unfortunately," he answered easily. "We haven't seen much of you since your marriage, you know."

"No," Don said abruptly and stopped.

"It was a mistake to be ashamed of your marriage," Dr. Cavanaugh observed impersonally. "It is always a mistake to be ashamed. It creates unnecessary difficulties. What you do, you do. Either don't do it, or stand by it. You always go on from where you are, you know—not back."

"I did stand by it, didn't I? God knows—" The young man's voice was harsh with emotion.

"Mrs. Ellsworth left, and you want me to find her?" the older man prompted imperturbably.

"I want anything rather than all this blare—the very thing I'd give my eye teeth to avoid."

"You did not report that your wife was missing, then?"

"I certainly didn't. If you knew Sheila—"

"I saw her several times before she left the stage—and of course, as you know, we met casually once or twice since. But that's an insufficient basis for determining what she would do."

"She's charming, of course—terribly charming." The savage tone took all compliment from the words. "She's—vital. When she wants a thing, she simply gets it. And scandal means absolutely nothing to her. It isn't in her world. She wouldn't go much as laugh at it—she'd ignore it. It's even an asset to her, not a liability. She might go like that simply because she knows there's nothing I could—or would be willing to—do about it. She might do anything!"

"Oh, no," the doctor protested mildly. "The number of things a given person might do are strictly limited—by the person. But in this case there's another person involved. If you didn't report her disappearance, who did?"

"Mrs. Kane." Don's animosity toward Mrs. Kane was patent.

"Mrs Kane?"

"She was Sheila's 'dresser,' I think they call it. A hard-boiled old customer. When Sheila left the stage—when we were married"—his lips twisted wryly on the word—"she brought Mrs. Kane with her as a personal maid. She doesn't fit in with the rest of the staff, of course. Her manners are atrocious. She's always resented me."

"Doubtless your manner to her was not exactly placating."

Don swept the comment aside with an impatient wave of his cigar.

"I don't know why Sheila kept her. She's not the devoted old retainer type at all. I've heard her speak to Sheila in a way that would cost any proper servant her place at once. Impudent and surly. It was she who found the lights burning in Sheila's boudoir the next morning. She had the nerve to come and ask me where 'Miss O'Shay' was. Nothing on earth can keep her from calling Sheila Miss O'Shay. She knows I don't like it." Despite the anxiety which wrinkled his forehead, Don's injured tone was comically that of a spoiled child who is not used to having people do what he doesn't like.

The briefest of smiles hovered at the corners of Dr. Cavanaugh's lips, and was gone.

"And then?" The calm voice was like a guiding hand, leading Don back from his disgruntled consideration of the failings of Mrs. Kane.

"Of course, when I found she was gone like that, I was upset. And she kept after me. I—I'm afraid I lost my temper." Don flushed uneasily. All who knew him at all well knew of the futile rages which seize him, often over trivial matters, and seemed so childish in retrospect.

Dr. Cavanaugh glanced at him obliquely under cover of applying a match to a fresh cigar. The child who destroys his toys—and afterwards cries to have them restored to him. The worst thing that could have happened to the "millionaire baby" was that they always had been restored, or replaced.

"Were you angry with Mrs. Ellsworth for leaving—or with Mrs. Kane for breaking the news to you, let us say, untactfully?"

"I don't know—both, I guess," Don floundered. "To tell the truth, I Mc Cardie. thought she might have done it just to create a sensation—loved to be the center of a fuss—it had been her life, for so long. I might have been a special idiot to have the idea that she could disguise herself in making a search for her. Then she came up, laughing, with some fresh newspaper clippings to add to her collection. I wouldn't even be surprised if this Kane woman knew a good deal more than she is telling to me or to anyone!"

CHAPTER III.

"You must remember that your distrust of Mrs. Kane may be founded on nothing more objective than your personal dislike of her," the doctor suggested. "You are not particularly given to discounting your judgments in the light of your emotions, are you?"

Don accepted the mildly voiced criticism with sullen dignity.

"I should hardly say that my wife's personal maid was important enough for personal dislike," he said.

"She may be very important indeed, for all we know. At any rate, if her object was to rouse you to a display of wrath, she evidently succeeded. Can you recall exactly what you said? I don't mean to be hard on you—your reaction was doubtless quite normal." This time the doctor's smile was definite, even genial. "Whatever it was I've in all probability heard a good many worse things. And I don't regard it as my job to indulge in moral judgment on my fellows. The most I'm lik-ly to say to you is that you were unwise."

"Well—I—I finally told her I didn't know and didn't give a damn! She turned her back and left—and the next thing I knew the police were ringing the front doorbell and asking impertinent questions. I told them as little as I could." There was a certain satisfaction under Don's harassment.

"And did you?" the doctor asked.

Don looked up from a moody contemplation of his shoe.

"Did I what?"

"Give a damn?"

The young man leaped to his feet, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides.

"Look here, you can't—" he began chokingly.

Dr. Cavanaugh did not move a muscle from his relaxed position in the big chair.

"Never mind," he said quietly. "I apologize. It was your own statement, you know. Now what, precisely, do you want me to do in the matter?"

"I want you to get me out of it with a minimum of publicity. Everything I've ever done—and it hasn't been much—has been raced by the papers. If I got lit after a football game at college, or took a chorus girl to dinner, it was spread all over the country. I can't stand any more of it. I can't, and I won't. Just because I happen to have money, my wife can't even leave me without their getting out extras about it."

(To be continued.)

The Lilac Bush

O see that lilac bush! The North wind blows—
She shivers and she turns herself away—
And, to his wooing, answers "Nay", and "Nay,
Too rough thou art, and clumsy in thy play!"

Then gentle South-West Wind comes courting, soft,
With hint of tears behind his laughter gay.
The lilac bush waves graceful arms aloft
And decks with tender green each tiny spray,
Swaying now this, now that, now every way.

But when the golden sun dries up the showers,
Piercing the mists with bright and glorious ray,
With purple pyramids of scented flowers
She crowns herself, her beauty to display.
And turns her face to him, and whispers "Stay!"

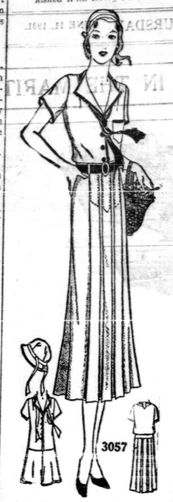
—Janet Reade,
in John O'Londen's Weekly

"I never met a judge yet who did not, if he could, somewhat incline toward the poor man."—Sir Henry

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



A darling rig is offered today for the busy modern housewife.

It has dual smartness—practicality too. It may be worn for morning home wear and for active sports.

It is peach-pink linen with brown trim. In the miniature view, the long-waisted bodice is shown with the attached shorts. Imagine how quickly one may slip into this in the morning! It is topped by a matching skirt held at the normal waistline by a brown leather belt. The plaited arrangement is smart, sportive and provides necessary fulness.

Style No. 3057 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Cotton mesh with angora finish, pique, cotton broadcloth in dots or stripes, shantung and rayon novelties are suitable.

Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 35-inch with ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting.

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.

Veranda Serenaders

In the sultry stillness of evening a cricket trio of wans
settles stealthily on the lawn. The leader mops his flushed brow, waves the bow of his 'cello, then begins carelessly to weave the rich tone of his instrument in with the gentle strumming of his companions. Softly at first, and then the strains of "Old Black Joe" smother the steady droning of the locusts. One by one figures glide from the old house into the lace patterned moonlight on the veranda. A slight pause, and the lively notes of "Money Musk" start grandfather's foot to patting and grandmother's head to nodding over memories of her first Virginia reel. A wilted straw hat is passed from hand to hand; and if the coins chink reassuringly, the leader signals for "My Old Kentucky Home" before they steal away.

High-flying records stand at 43,162 feet for men, held by Lieut. Soucek, of the American Navy, and 32,500 for women, held by Miss Eleanor Smith, another American aviator.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before—After many adventures flying over China, Captain Jimmy is captured by bandits. He escapes by a freight train and meets an old friend Lieut. Stone, on board, seeking a brother who has also been captured by bandits.

After we had cut the freight engine free from the cars, we roared along the track at a great rate. Now and then we rushed by little groups of soldiers in the fields. Soon

we would be near the enemy's headquarters.

"We're getting close up to the lines," I yelled above the infernal racket and clattering our engine was making.

"Before long we must abandon ship and set out on foot. Otherwise some stupid Chinese General may have ties put on the track and stop us. And it's going to be just the least bit difficult to make him believe we didn't steal this old wagon. So I think we'd better swap this thing while we still own it."

"Too late. Here he is," Stone replied.

There, on the track, not half a mile away was piled an immense number of wooden ties. Around about were perhaps a hundred soldiers with eight or ten officers on horseback.

"Jump before we're hit, Jed," I hollered.

"Get a horse somehow and ride for those woods. There will be plenty of vacant ponies when they hear us go into action with our brakes and whistle. You understand, Pu?" I added.

"Uh Huh — me savvy," Pu answered.

The group of soldiers stood near the obstruction on the track and waited for us to arrive. Quite apparently they expected us to set the brakes and come to a stop. But they didn't know our brakes.

Down we bore on them—not at any great speed—but I could see we were going to hit with a thump.

Suddenly we jammed the brakes, pulled the whistle wide open and skated in amidst like a shrieking dragon.

"Jump!"

And jump we all did. Scottie went into action with the rest of us, having the advantage of being on top of the tender, he quite easily jumped higher and went more.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw him sail thru the air. The officer was striving to quiet his horse. Straight as a arrow landed Scottie landing right on top of that Chinaman's neck.

Off the horse they both went, and all the blood curdling howl—that officer just thought the old dragon had got him or something.

Meanwhile I was doing a sailing on my own account. I jumped for a man on foot but I miscalculated my leap and missed him entirely. Just

and palaver and argue about it. I had to get a horse and get out and so I did. It was a regular jet loose. Our old locomotive slid into those ties, kicked a hole in the track and then rolled over on its back, wheels in the air, like a dead old horse.

(To be continued)

Note:—Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive a signed photo free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers

When Poets Were a Race Apart

Occasion took me the other day to the British Museum Reading Room and to while away the rather long interval of waiting for books to be brought to me, I took down an old volume of the Annual Register out of an idle curiosity to see what was happening in the world of letters in the year of my nativity. . . . In poetry, Tennyson reigned in kingly loneliness, with Browning gravely respected but quite a small star to the mass of Tennyson's glory. It was mentioned that "Enoch Arden" had been received that year with immense enthusiasm, and, the recorder added, such was its vogue that it was not easy to go into a drawing-room where you would not find a copy of "Enoch Arden" lying on the table, and if you went on a railway journey you were almost sure to notice that at least one passenger in your carriage would bring the book out of his pocket and become absorbed in reading it.

Tennyson, in fact, shared the popularity of Dickens; he was as supreme in one art as Dickens was in another; but we have no poet nowadays who so towers above his fellows, none who has so subdued the public with his magic that the reading world, roused to excitement by the news that he has finished a new book, hurries out in thousands to spend money in buying it as soon as it is printed. This does not happen now; none of our poets has been able to take such miraculous hold on a vast multitude either by the power of his verse or the picturesque charm of his personality. There are several reasons for this. For one thing all our poets now cut their hair short, are clean shaven, dress like stockbrokers or city clerks, and mix with the crowd as if there were no difference between them and the next man. They are no longer wrapped in mystery as a race apart, like the Levites; they look commonplace and ordinary, and this discourages the public from believing they or their works are otherwise; and the portraits of them scattered freely through the press give them away even to people who have not seen them. I suppose it is difficult to go hero-worshipping unless the hero either looks the part or holds impressively aloof and keeps out of sight.

Another reason for the apathy of the general reader is, perhaps, that the poetry written to-day is not so great, or does not seem so great to him as the poetry of Tennyson seemed to our grandfathers. The only poet of our time who waken a such enthusiasm that his name was in the mouths of everybody, whether they had read him or not, so that the publication of a new poem or book of poems by him became an event of national interest, was Kipling. But with the passing of years this glow of eager enthusiasm even for him has cooled and dwindled, until now the influence of his name merely warms the system of the general reader to a respectable mildness.

Probably the Victorians were emotional, more generously impulsive, less hypercritical and sophisticated than we are; they still believed, we are inspired, but we have learned over-fed with all manner of wisdom in these latter years that our have lost that halo, and we rank indifferently with practitioners of other ingeniously mechanical vocational crafts.—St. John Adcock, "The Glory That Was Grub Street."

The Chemist

Life is a chemist who distills
The fluids of the brain;
His rarest Ecstasy is made
From Centuries of Pain.

And when you pass his amber
Wonder awhile on this—
How many agonies compose
One molecule of bliss.

—Eliot Bliss, in the Observer.

A woman entered a library and asked for "Kegs and Nails." She turned out that the book she really was "Cakes and Ale." The case is historical and relates how a request for "Milk and Apples Lost" was sent to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson's friend. The best lady could make of it was Mrs. "Paradise Lost," which volume she sent.

Tear-gas and laughing-gas are part of the equipment of a cultural history expedition on its way to Venezuela. The effect of the weapons of it an hour.

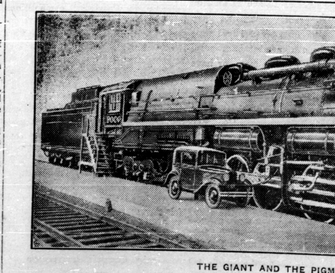
ACHES

There's scarcely an ache or pain that Aspirin will not relieve promptly. It can't remove the cause but it *will* relieve the pain! Headaches. Backaches. Neuritis. Neuralgia. Yes, and even rheumatism. Read proven directions for many important uses. Genuine Aspirin can't depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross:

BAYER

Made in Canada

ISSUE No. 23—'31



THE GIANT AND THE PIGMY

Although it has the advantage of the height of the platform above rail-level, when lined up [illegible] the Canadian Pacific Railway's new "5000" multiple-pressure locomotive, the Bantam Austin coupe, shown in the above picture cannot measure up to the top of the huge cylinders of the great engine, which is the largest and most powerful of its kind in the world, and unique on the American Continent.

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

[illegible] week comes from West-[illegible] where Lone Scout Boost-[illegible] at work in Lucan and [illegible] the result that several [illegible] Camp at Ranelom [illegible] the Lones have been [illegible] leadership of Scout [illegible] Warren. Now we hear [illegible] to accommodate more [illegible] the Beaver Patrol [illegible] [illegible] making a new Patrol [illegible] Patrol Leader [illegible] Camp which [illegible] [illegible] Camp [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]