

And its flavour is the finest in the world.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

LIMERICK CORNER

Joyous Jingles By Gifted Rhymsters

The Contest is closed. For the time being at any rate, the Limerick Contest will be discontinued. There is no question, however, about its popularity with readers as we are literally swamped with letters and there are hours of work ahead to get through with those at present on hand. While we are catching up we will be glad to hear from those who have taken part in the contest, or who have found pleasure in following it in the papers. Let us know what you think of the Limerick Corner and whether or not you would like to see this feature continued.

On the other hand, if you have any ideas for a feature to take the place of Limerick Corner, let us have them. Editor, Limerick Corner, Associated Publishers, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Following are the selections for this week:

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

Nova Scotia's Salt Industry

Salt mining is the third most important and youngest mining industry in Nova Scotia. Commencing with small shipments in 1919 the value of the annual output is now well over \$100,000.

Area Under Pasture

The total acreage under pasture in Canada in 1928 was 9,528,043 acres.

WHEN IN TORONTO

Eat and Sleep at

SCHOLES HOTEL

46c Lunch or Supper a Specialty.

YONGE ST., Opposite Eaton's

Hotel Rates: \$1 Per Day and Up.

"You seem very much impressed by all these explanations I have been giving you about banking and currency." "Yes, Charlie dear," replied Mrs. Torkins. "It seems perfectly wonderful that anybody could know as much as you do about money without having any."

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

Magistrate: "You say defendant struck you three times and knocked you down?" Witness: "He did, sir."

"And what did you do then?" "I asked him if he'd finished."

"One woman," remarked the maverick man, "is just as good as another—if not better. "And one man," rejoined the widow, "is just as bad as another—if not worse."



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. 13—'29



CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

Antony tried to put himself in Cayley's place. Cayley, when Antony had first discovered him, hammering at the door and crying, "Let me in!" Whatever had happened inside the office, whoever had killed Robert, Cayley knew all about it, and knew that Mark was not inside, and had not escaped by the window. But it was necessary to Cayley's plans—to Mark's plans if he were acting in concert—that he should be thought so to have escaped. At some time, then, while he was hammering (the key in his pocket) at the locked door, he must suddenly have remembered—with what a shock!—that a mistake had been made. A window had not been left open!

And then Antony's sudden appearance! Here was a complication. And Antony suggesting that they should try the window! Why, the window was just what he wanted to avoid. No wonder he had seemed dazed at first.

Ah, and here at last was the explanation why they had gone the long way round—and yet run. It was Cayley's only chance of getting a start on Antony, of getting to the windows first, of working them open somehow before Antony caught him up. Even if that were impossible, he must get there first, just to make sure.

So he had run. But Antony had kept up with him. They had broken in the window together, and gone into the office. But Cayley was not done yet. There was the dressing-room window! But quietly, quietly, Antony mustn't hear.

And Antony didn't hear. Indeed, he had played up to Cayley splendidly. Not only had he called attention to the open window, but he had carefully explained to Cayley why Mark had chosen this particular window—Cayley had agreed that probably that was the reason. How he must have chuckled to himself!

They were outside on the lawn again now, Bill and Antony, and Bill was listening open-mouthed to his friend's theory of yesterday's happenings. It only gave them another mystery to solve.

"What's that?" said Antony.

"Mark. Where's Mark? If he never went into the office at all, then where is he now?"

"I don't say that he never went into the office. In fact, he must have gone. Elsie heard him." He stopped and repeated slowly, "She heard him—at least she says she did. But if he were there, he came out again by the door."

"Well, but where does that lead you?"

"Where it led Mark. The passage."

"Do you mean that he's been hiding there all the time?"

Antony was silent until Bill had repeated his question, and then with an effort he came out of his thoughts and answered him.

"We'd better make certain. Could you be a sleuth-hound, Bill—one of those that travel on their stomachs very noisily? I mean, could you get near enough to the pond to make sure that Cayley is still there, without letting him see you?"

"Rather!" He got up eagerly.

"You wait."

Antony's head shot up suddenly.

"Why, that was what Mark said," he cried.

"Mark?"

"Yes. What Elsie heard him say."

"Oh, that."

"Yes. . . . I suppose she couldn't have made a mistake, Bill? She did hear him?"

"She couldn't have mistaken his voice, if that's what you mean."

"Oh?"

"Mark had an extraordinary characteristic voice."

"Oh!"

"Rather high-pitched, you know, or even more so if anything." He

rattled these words off in Mark's rather monotonous, high-pitched voice, and then laughed, and added in his natural voice, "I say, that was really rather good."

Antony nodded quickly. "That was like it," he said.

"Exactly."

"Yes." He got up and squeezed Bill's arm. "Well, just go and see about Cayley, and then we'll get moving. I shall be in the library."

"Right."

Bill nodded and walked off in the direction of the pond. This was glorious fun, this was life. The immediate program could hardly be bettered. To Antony, who was older and who were getting, it did not seem fun. But it was amazingly interesting. It was like looking at an opal, and discovering with every movement of it some new color, some new gleam of light reflected, and yet never really seeing the opal as a whole. His brain could not get hold of it.

But there were moments when he almost had it. . . . and then turned away from it. He had seen more of life than Bill, but he had never seen a murder before, and this which was in his mind now, and to which he was afraid to listen, was not just the horrible killing which any man may come to if he loses control. It was something much more horrible. Too horrible to be true. Then let him look again for the truth. He looked again—but it was all out of focus.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bill had come back, and had reported, rather breathless, that Cayley was still at the pond. They stood in front of the row of shelves. Antony took down the Reverend Theodore Ussher's famous volume, and felt for the spring. Bill pulled. The shelves swung open toward them.

"By jove!" said Bill, "it is a narrow way."

There was an opening about a yard square in front of them, which had



"Good Lord!" said Bill, turning round with a start, "Cayley!"

something the look of a brick fireplace, a fireplace raised about two feet from the ground. But, save for one row of bricks in front, the floor of it was emptiness. Antony took a torch from his pocket and flashed it down into the blackness.

"Look," he whispered to the eager Bill. "The steps begin down there."

He flashed his torch up again. There was a handhold of iron, a sort of large iron staple, in the bricks in front of them.

"You swing off from there," said Bill. "At least, I suppose you do. I wonder how Ruth Norris liked doing it."

"Cayley helped her, I should think. . . . It's funny."

"Shall I go first?" asked Bill, obviously longing to do so.

Antony shook his head with a smile. "I think I will, if you don't mind very much, Bill."

"Right," he said. "Go on."

"Well, we'll just make sure we can get back again, first. It really wouldn't be fair on the Inspector if we got stuck down here for the rest of our lives. He's got enough to do trying to find Mark, but if he has to find you and me as well—"

Antony swung down on the ledge of bricks, swung his feet over, and sat there for a moment, his legs dangling. He flashed his torch into the darkness again, so as to make sure where the steps began; then returned to his pocket, seized the staple in front of him and swung himself down. His feet touched the steps beneath him, and he let go.

"Is it all right?" said Bill anxiously.

"All right. I'll just go down to the bottom of the steps and back. Stay there."

The light shone down by his feet. His head began to disappear. For a little while Bill, craning down the opening, could still see faint splashes of light, and could hear slow uncertain footsteps; for a little longer he could fancy that he saw and heard them; then he was alone. . . .

Well, not quite alone. There was a sudden voice in the hall outside.

"Good Lord!" said Bill, turning round with a start, "Cayley!"

If he were not so quick in thought as Antony, he was quick enough in action. Thought was not demanded

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nov. To close the secret door safely but noiselessly, to make sure that the books were in the right places, to move away to another row of shelves—the difficulty was not to decide what to do, but to do all this in five seconds rather than in six.

"Ah, there you are," said Cayley from the doorway.

"Hallo!" said Bill, in surprise, looking up from the fourth volume of "The Life and Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." "Have they finished?"

"Finished what?"

"The pond," said Bill, wondering why he was reading Coleridge on such a fine afternoon. Desperately he tried to think of a good reason. . . . verifying a quotation—an argument with Antony—that would do. But what quotation?

"Oh, no. They're still at it. Where's Gillingham?"

"The Ancient Mariner"—water, water, everywhere—or was that something else? Water, water everywhere—

"Tony? Oh, he's about somewhere. They aren't finding anything at the pond, are they?"

"No. But they like doing it. Something off their minds when they can say they've done it."

Bill, deep in his book, looked up and said "Yes," and went back to it again. He was just getting to the place.

"What's the book?" said Cayley, coming up to him. Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at the shelf of sermons as he came. Bill saw that glance and wondered. Was there anything there to give away the secret?

"I was just looking up a quotation," he drawled. "Tony and I had a bet about it. You know that thing—about—er—water, water everywhere, and—er—not a drop to drink." (But what on earth, he wondered to himself, were they betting about?)

"Nor any drop to drink," to be accurate."

Bill looked at him in surprise. Then a happy smile came on his face.

"Quite sure?" he said.

"Of course."

"Then you've saved me a lot of trouble. That's what the bet was about." He closed the book with a slam, but it back in its shelf, and began to feel for his pipe and tobacco.

"I was a fool to bet with Tony," he added. "He always knows that sort of thing."

So far, so good. But here was Cayley still in the library, and there was Antony, all unsuspecting, in the passage. When Antony came back he would not be surprised to find the door closed, because he had seen if he could open it easily from the inside. At any moment, then, the bookshelf might swing back and show Antony's head in the gap. A nice surprise for Cayley!

(To be continued.)

Strict Treatment

Venezuela Moves Rebel Students to New Prison in Secret Trip

Caracas.—After the conflict between the government and the university students at Caracas last October the rebellious students were kept under arrest and at work on the highways some thirty miles east of Caracas. They were housed under canvas and guarded by soldiers so as to prevent escape or communication with their families.

Recently, however, in the midst of the night, the easterly quarter of this city was aroused by the rumble of a procession of criminals loaded with students. The rumor of what was about to happen had already spread through the town, and a thousand or more persons, for the most part relatives of the young men, were awaiting their arrival in the neighborhood of the Carabobo plaza.

The government, it was learned, had decided to transfer the students, some 200 in number, to another scene of action. They were brought to the city in sixteen lorries, under a guard of armed soldiers, and in charge of the Governor of the Federal District, General Velasco, and of the prefect of police.

No communication was permitted with them during the journey and they were speedily transferred to a line of buses and departed from the city by a side route, so as to avoid notice. They took the road for the interior.

Telephonic information that the procession had passed through the City of Valencia about 10 o'clock the next morning, apparently en route for Puerto Cabello, was soon reported. In the fortress of San Carlos at that post the students had been imprisoned at the time of the uprising last fall. Nothing is known concerning the further purpose of the government respecting the prisoners, but uneasiness prevails among their friends.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds.

Circus Man (hunting runaway elephant): "Have you seen a strange animal round about here?" Farmer Giles: "Oh have. There's been a injur-rubber bull eating my carrots with his tail."

Prohibition was adopted in 1920 and the U.S. has been treating it like a foster-child ever since.

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