SYNOPSIS.

Captain Trevelyan had rented his large house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and taken a smaller one in the nearest town, Exhampton. While his friend, Major Burnaby, and three neighbors were playing at table tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message was received that Trevelyan had been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead, his skull fractured by a blow. The police suspect Trevelyan's sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of Mrs. Pearson, another sister, now dead, as these four shared equally in Trevelyan's estate of 90,000 pounds. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder, called on his uncle, and taken the first train back the net morning. He was arrested by Inspector Narracott. The day after the murder Burnaby received a cheque for 5,000 pounds from Charles Enderby, reporter for the Daily Wire, for the correct solution of the newspaper's competition. Emily Trefusis, Jim Pearson's fiancee, made the acquaintance of Enderby, asked him to help her clear Pearson, and went with him to Sittaford. When Narracott went to question Mrs. Willett and mentioned Pearson's name, Violet fainted. Emily is approached by Capt. Wyatt, who is inquisitive.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

INSTALLMENT 16.

"I don't know about well," said Captain Wyatt. "He sold me this cottage."

"Yes," said Emily encouragingly.

"A skinflint, that's what he was," said Captain Wyatt. "The arrangement was that he was to do the place up to suit the purchaser's taste, and just because I had the window sashes in chocolate picked out in lemon, he wanted me to pay half. Said the arrangement was for a uniform color."

"You didn't like him," said Emily.

"I was always having rows with him," said Captain Wyatt. "But I always have rows with everyone," he added as an afterthought. "In a place like this you have to teach people to leave a man alone. Always knocking at the door and dropping in and chattering. I don't mind seeing people when I am in the mood—but it has got to be my mood, not theirs. No good Trevelyan giving me his Lord of the Manor airs and dropping in whenever he felt like it. There's not a soul in the place comes near me now," he added with satisfaction.

"Oh!" said Emily.

"That's the best of having a native servant," said Captain Wyatt. "They understand orders. Abdul," he roared.

A tall Indian in a turban came out of the cottage and waited attentively.

"Come in and have something," said Captain Wyatt. "And see my little cottage."

"I'm sorry," said Emily, "but I have to hurry on."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Captain Wyatt.

"Yes, I have," said Emily. "I've got an appointment."

"Nobody understands the art of living nowadays," said Captain Wyatt. "Catching trains, making appointments, fixing times for everything—all nonsense. Get up with the sun, I say, have your meals when you feel like it, and never tie yourself to a time or a date. I could teach people how to live if they would listen to me."

The results of this exalted idea of living were not too hopeful, Emily reflected. Anything more like a battered wreck of a man than Captain Wyatt she had never seen. Her curiosity sufficiently satisfied, she mentioned her appointment again and went on her way.

Sittaford House had a solid oak front door, a neat bell pull, an immense wire mat, and a brilliantly polished brass letter box. It represented, as Emily could not fail to see, comfort and decorum. A neat and conventional parlormaid answered the bell.

Emily deduced the journalist evil had been before her as the parlormaid said at once in a distant tone, "Mrs. Willett is not seeing anyone this morning."

"I have brought a note from Miss Percehouse," said Emily.

This clearly altered matters. Emily was ushered into what house agents describe as "a well-appointed hall," and from there into a large drawing room. A fire was burning brightly and there were traces of feminine occupation in the room. Some glass tulips, an elaborate workbag, a girl's hat, and a pierrot doll with very long legs, were lying about. There was, she noticed, no photographs.

Having taken in all there was to see, Emily was warming her hands in front of the fire when the door opened and a girl about her own age came in. She was a very pretty girl, Emily noticed, smartly and expensively dressed, and she also thought she had never seen a girl in a greater state of nervous apprehension. Not that this was apparent on the surface, however. Miss Willett was making a gallant appearance of being entirely at her ease.

"Good morning," she said advancing and shaking hands. "I'm so sorry mother isn't coming down, but she's spending the morning in bed."

"Oh, I am so sorry, I'm afraid I have come at an unfortunate time."

"No, of course not. The cook is writing out the recipe for that cake now. We are only too delighted for Miss Percehouse to have it. Are you staying with her?"

"I am not exactly staying with her," said Emily. "In fact, I'm at Mrs. Curtis's."

"Of course the cottage is terribly small and she has her nephew, Ronnie, with her, hasn't she? She's a wonderful person, isn't she? So much character, I always think, but I am rather afraid of her really."

"She's a bully, isn't she?" agreed Emily cheerfully. "But it's an awful temptation to be a bully, especially if people won't stand up to you."

Miss Willett sighed.

"I wish I could stand up to people," she said. "We've had the most awful morning absolutely pestered by reporters."

"Oh, of course," said Emily. "This is Captain Trevelyan's house really, isn't it?—the man who was murdered at Exhampton."

She was trying to determine the exact cause of Violet Willett's nervousness. The girl was clearly on the jump. Something was frightening her—and frightening her badly. She mentioned Captain's name bluntly on purpose. The girl didn't noticeably react to it in any way, but then she was probably expecting some such reference.

"Yes, wasn't it dreadful?"

"Do tell me—that's im you don't mind talking about it?"

"No — no — of course not — why should I?"

"There's something very wrong with this girl," thought Emily. "She hardly knows what she's saying."

"About that table turning," went on Emily. "I heard about it in a casual sort of way and it seemed to me so frightfully interesting—I mean so absolutely gruesome."

"Girlish thrills," she thought to herself, "that's my line."

"Oh, it was horrid," said Violet. "That evening—I shall never forget it! We thought, of course, that it was somebody just fooling—only it seemed a very nasty joke."

"Yes?"

"I shall never forget when we turned the lights on—everybody looked so queer. Not Mr. Duke and Major Burnaby—they are the stolid kind. But you could see that Major Burnaby was really rattled by it. I think that actually he believed in it more than anybody else. But I thought poor little Mr. Rycroft was going to have a heart attack or something, and as for Ronnie, Ronnie Garfield you know—he looked as though he had seen a ghost—actually seen one. Even mother was awfully upset—more than I have ever seen her before."

"It must have been most spooky," said Emily. "I wish I had been there to see."

"It was rather horrid really. We all pretended it was—just fun, you know, but it didn't seem like that. And then Major Burnaby suddenly made up his mind to go over to Exhampton and we all tried to stop him, and said he would be buried in a snowdrift, but he would go. And there we sat, after he had gone, all feeling dreadful and worried. And then, last night—no, yesterday morning we got the news."

"You think it was Captain Trevelyan's spirit?" said Emily in an awed voice. "Or do you think it was clairvoyance or telepathy?"

"Oh, I don't know. But I shall never, never laugh at these things again."

The parlormaid entered with a folded piece of paper on a salver which she handed to Violet. Violet unfolded the paper, glanced over it and handed it to Emily.

"There you are," she said. "As a matter of fact you are just in time. This murder business has upset the servants. They think it's dangerous to live in this out of the way part. Mother lost her temper with them yesterday and has sent them all packing. They are going after lunch. We are going to get two men instead. I think it will answer much better."

"Servants are silly, aren't they?" said Emily.

"It isn't even as if Captain Trevelyan had been killed in this house."

"What made you think of coming to live here?" asked Emily, trying to make the question sound artless and girlishly natural.

"Oh, we thought it would be rather fun," said Violet.

"Don't you find it rather dull?"

"Oh, no, I love the country."

But her eyes avoided Emily's. Just for a moment she looked suspicious and afraid.

She stirred uneasily in her chair and Emily rose rather reluctantly to her feet.

"I must be going now," she said. "Thank you so much, Miss Willett. I do hope your mother will be all right."

"Oh, she's quite well really. It's only the servants—and all the worry."

Adroitly, unperceived by the other, Emily managed to discard her gloves on a small table. The parlormaid who had opened the door to Emily had unlocked it, but as Violet Willett closed it behind her retreating guest Emily caught no sound of the key being turned. When she reached the gate, therefore, she retraced her steps slowly.

Her visit had more than confirmed the theories she held about Sittaford House. There was something queer going on here. She didn't think Violet Willett was directly implicated—that is unless she was a very clever actress indeed. But there was something wrong, and that something must have a connection with the tragedy. There must be some link between the Willetts and Captain Trevelyan, and in that link there might lie the clue to the whole mystery.

She came up to the front door, turned the handle very gently and passed across the threshold. The hall was deserted. Emily had her excuse—the gloves left thoughtfully behind in the drawing-room. She stood stock still listening. There was no sound anywhere except a very faint murmur of voices from upstairs. As quietly as possible Emily crept to the foot of the sairs and stood looking up. Then, very gingerly she ascended a step at a time. This was rather more risky. She could hardly pretend that her gloves had walked of their own accord to the first floor, but she had a burning desire to overhear something of the conversation that was going on upstairs. Modern builders never made their doors fit well, in Emily's opinion. You could hear a murmur of voices down here. Therefore, if you reached the door itself you would hear plainly the conversation that was going on inside the room. Another step—one more again. . . . Two women's voices—Violet and her mother without doubt.

(To Be Continued.)

DRAPERIES MADE NEW

"When we resumed housekeeping a month ago I found my draperies had become creased from packing. I hung them out on the line, hoping to remove the creases. Then I forgot them. The result was they became badly faded and sun-spotted.

"I was heartsick until the happy thought struck me to dye them. I just dyed them a deeper green, and as I used Diamond Dyes they look gorgeous and new. I have never seen easier dyes to use than Diamond Dyes. They give the most beautiful colors—when used either for tinting or dyeing—and never take the life out of cloth as other dyes do."

Mrs. J. F. T., Montreal.

Young Englishwoman Recommends Hitch Hiking

Calcutta.—"Hitch-hiking" on a grand scale has been carried out by a young Englishwoman, Miss Emily H. Cooper.

Miss Cooper is probably the only white woman who has traveled the wilds of the Shan States in India alone—and did so, she says, strictly against the advice of all her best friends.

"Hitch-hiking," or "lorry-hopping," as the British say, is an excellent mode of transport if you want to see the heart of the country, and see it cheaply, Miss Cooper informed the members of the Rotary Club in Calcutta when she told them of her adventures, and she did not hesitate to make use of it.

Starting from Singapore, she reached Bangkok by train, and then, taking to the roads (or the lack of them) she pushed north through the borders of Siam and then through the Shan States and Burma, making use of the front seat of a motorbus when one was handy, and, when one was not, perching herself up beside the driver of a truck, in this way reaching Rangoon in seven days.

Cooper, is apt to take the traveler in its grip. Rangoon does not represent the goal of her ambitions. She says that she wants to go all round the world in order to study conditions, and means to charter the next available seat in a bus for a trek across Persia to Europe and London.

Belgium Fights Pests In the Congo and at Home

Brussels.—The Congo administration is very severe with people who keep mosquito nests in their gardens. Some years ago an inhabitant of the colony was condemned to one day in prison and a fine of $40 for having two vases of stagnant water in his garden, breeding places for mosquitos, bearers of fevers.

Public opinion approved this severe measure; but no action is taken against big companies and the government for owning swampy land in inhabited areas, say the papers.

The fight against mosquitos is carried on wth great ruthlessness not only in the Congo but in Antwerp, Belgium, because the fruit-laden ships bring tropical mosquitoes to the port.

A newly patented indicator dial for automobile steering posts indicates at a glance whether the car's ignition is working properly or not.

OPPORTUNITY!

FOR 500 PEOPLE ONLY AT 40c PER SHARE

The shares of this Company present an unusual opportunity to participate in a Property which is rapidly reaching the producing stage. For full particulars write or wire at once.

Northern Quebec Gold Mines, Limited

242 BAY STREET, TORONTO 2

WAverley 5402

Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

Speaking of the keen business methods of the French people Major-General Sir Ernest D. Swinton, (Inventor of the Tanks) says there was no lack of examples during the World War, and he tells an amusing story by way of illustration. When it became necessary to move the British Machine Gun School in France from St. Omer to a site which permitted of expansion, a suitable spot for it was found near Etaples.

"It is related that when this decision was made known to the inhabitants of the latter place," reminisces General Swinton (in "Eyewitness and the Origin of the Tanks"), "immense opposition was shown to the proposal—presumably with a view to swelling the amount of compensation which could be demanded.

* * *

"After various objections had been met and disposed of, including that of the disturbance that would be caused to the rabbits, the last protest to be brought forward was one from the local Shrimpers' Union."

And whatever do you think it was? The Union insisted that the noise would prevent lady shrimps from producing their progeny without mishap!

"History is silent as to how this objection was overcome," chuckles the General.

* * *

The manner in which the secret of the Tanks was kept during their building was "one of the most remarkable exhibitions of patriotic restraint during the whole course of the War," says General Swinton. Although thousands of men knew about them only two cases of a breach of confidence came to his personal knowledge. Both implicated ladies—and gentlemen.

"On one occasion a charming lady, my neighbor at a luncheon-party," he relates, "on hearing my name began artlessly to ply me with questions, which showed that someone had been talking unwisely. I remembered that a certain young officer in the Heavy Section (Tanks) bore her name, and made a shrewd guess as to their relationship.

* * *

'Very seriously, and in a low tone, I told her that there was only one person from whom she could have learned what she knew; that if it got out it would not only mean his death, but the death of many others, and passibly the loss of the War; that unless she promised to maintain silence, except to contradict anything she had already divulged, I would order that individual's arrest by telephone and have him tried by court-martial for treachery—the penalty for which was death. Greatly upset, the lady vowed that she would carry out my instructions. She had not thought of doing any harm, but like many others, did not realize the danger of chattering.

* * *

"The other case was similar. We heard that a certain actress at one of the London theatres had got wind of something from an officer and was talking indiscreetly. Accordingly Stern (Colonel Sir Albert Stern) and I visited her in her dressing-room one night after the play, with much the same result as I have just described. In this case I am afraid I bluffed in threatening her informant with death, for we had no idea of his identity, but she was sufficiently frightened to promise to do all that I demanded"

* * *

Pepys was a scholar of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and it was to Magdelene that he bequeathed his library of 3,000 volumes, which included the original of the famous diary. His career at college is very obscure. The only factor distinctly known about him, according to the late Sir Edmund Gosse, was that on one occasion he was "admonished for being scandalously over-served with drink the previous night."

* * *

Beatrice Harraden, who wrote that fine story "Ships That Pass in the Night," ran the library at a military hospital during the World War. She had an amusing experience with a wounded soldier who had been out on leave for the afternoon and who had taken enough refreshment to create frankness in his speech:

"Is it a fact, miss," he asked, "that you write some of these books that are stacked away here?"

Miss Harraden answered that she was responsible for two or three.

'I want you to understand," he went on heavily, "'tis all very well for you people to sit down and write books; but it's pretty blooming hard on those of us that have to read 'em!"

* * *

Another of her stories had a nurse urging on a wounded "Tommy" the advisability of sending a few cheerful words to his home. He declared that he and his missus had never written to each other and a communication was altogether unnecessary.

"We'll make a start," said the nurse resolutely, taking writing pad and pencil. 'Just a line or two to cheer her up. There, I have begun it: "My darling wife'."

"Ah," said the soldier, that'll make her laugh if anything can!"

A new type of crankcase plug contains two magnetized poles which abstract foreign particles of metal from the oil; when the oil is drained the permanently magnetized poles of the plug can be brushed free of the metal.

It is better tea

Farmers' Notes

Notification of Animal Disease

Horses, mules and asses of all ages and classes are liable to contract any of the serious contagious diseases of the skin known as mange, scabies or itch. Mange is scheduled under the Animals Contagious Diseases Act, which requires that every owner, breeder, dealer or veterinary surgeon suspecting the existence of this disease shall immediately notify the nearest veterinary inspector. Treatment is carried out under quarantine, the following mixture being used officially for hand treatment under the supervision of an inspector: Sulphur, 2 lbs.; oil of tar, 8 ounces; raw linseed oil, 1 gallon.

Although there are several methods of preparing meal mixtures for feeding pigs, the following rules are recomended as safe practices in producing hogs of the desired type: (1) Grind all grain. Fine grinding is recommended especially for young pigs. (2) Soak meal mixture between feeds; do not use too much water, but feed as fairly thick slop. (3) Hand feeding is the best method for securing hogs of a desirable type. (4) If necessary, a self-feeder may be used after pigs have reached the growing stage of development. (5) Keep pails, troughs and other feeding equipment clean. Mouldy or decaying matter will cause feeding troubles, and (6) Supply clean drinking water.

Indigestible Poultry Feeds.

Of the slaughter house by-products for the feeding of poultry, meat meals or meat scraps are by far the most commonly used and are the standard animal protein supplements to poultry rations. They vary greatly in analysis according to the amount of bone material they contain, but are usually purchased on a guaranteed analysis. The poorer grades containing quantities of hoof or horn should not be tolerated as poultry feed as these products (hoof and horn) are practically indigestible to poultry. With a little experience, it is possible to tell at a glance whether the brand is suitable for feed or not, but, if in doubt, pour a little boiling water on a sample, and the smell arising should settle the matter even with the inexperienced. If the odour is foetid the sample is unfit for food.

Graded Beef Popular

That Canadian consumers are beginning to appreciate the advantages of government graded beef is borne out by the fact that monthly sales, in the Dominion, are now approximately three million pounds. It is also reported that the demand is increasing steadily.

Cooking Schools

The cooking schools held at Strathroy, Exeter, St. Mary's and Aylmer recently under auspices of the Department of Agriculture, proved very successful. For instance, at Aylmer, more than 200 women attended each day. Mr. Geo. A. Putnam, superintendent of Women's Institutes for Ontario, was in charge and his assistants were Miss Edith Hopkins and Miss M. E. McDiarmid. The idea was to demonstrate how to make the best use of Ontario's bountiful foodstuffs; new ideas for preparing economical menus; new ways to get the best out of meats; new thoughts on preparing dainty salads and desert and enjoyable beverages; new suggestions for canning fruits and vegetables; and new methods for making the table allowance go farther and still keep the family well-fed. Printed recipes were also furnished. It is likely that the cooking school plan will be extended to other centres in the future.

Value of Cooling Milk

It is a simple matter to control bacterial growth in milk. At 40 degrees F. there is practically no change in the number of bacteria at the end of 24 hours; at 50 degrees the number increases four fold and at 60 degrees nearly a hundred times as many as at the start. Milk should be cooled as promptly as possible. Freshly drawn milk contains a substance known as lactenin which is able to restrain bacteria for a certain period. If the cooling is delayed the effect soon passes off; by prompt cooling the lactenic effect may be extended even to 24 hours or longer.

Separate Sexes Early

Pullets will develop with greater uniformity if separated from the cockerels when they are eight to twelve weeks of age. The males are domineering and tend to claim the feed hopper space that has been allotted to the females. Furthermore it is good economy to sell the males before they become staggy.

Pig Feeding Methods

Although there are several methods of preparing meal mixtures for feeding pigs, the following rules are recommended as safe practices in producing hogs of the desired type: (1) Grind all grain. Fine grinding is recommended, especially for young pigs. (2) Soak meal mixture between feeds; do not use too much water but feed as a fairly thick slop. (3) Hand feeding is the best method for securing hogs of a desirable type. (4) If necessary, a self-feeder may be used after pigs have reached the growing stage of development. (5) Keep pails, troughs and other feeding equipment clean. Mouldy or decaying matter will cause feeding troubles, and (6) Supply clean drinking water.

Cinemas to Assist London Shoe Fitters

London. — Movies and customers walking are to aid shoe fitters in London stores. To increase the comforts of walking, arrangements are being made by the research association of the British boot and shoe trades to film feet in motion, both bare and clad.

For this purpose a moving platform is to be set up, so that the walker can go through all the usual movements and yet remain in one spot. It is believed that by this means considerable improvement in the structure of boots and shoes may be made.

Another machine, which accurately measures the shape of a foot, makes its records on small clocks, which, in turn, tell the shoemaker all he needs to know in order to build a perfectly fitting shoe.

China's Policewomen

Nanking now has thirty-two police women, though the first Chinese city to employ women as officers of the law was not Nanking but Shanghai. Now Peiping has several. They wear uniforms, and some of them carry arms. According to The Policewoman's Review, a girl enlisting with Peiping's 'Finest" must be nineteen or there abouts. She must be single, and she 'must not have served a prison sentence of more than one year."

Mrs. Henpeck: I'm not like some women. I'm not given to small talk.

Mr. Henpeck: But the long talk—Oh, my?

Dig for Character, Says Woman Gardener

New York.—If you wish to fortify your child against a future depression let him dig to his heart's content in a garden of his own. Even a window box or a tin can garden on a tenement roof, if carefully tended and cherished by a small gardener, may stimulate an interest at growing things that will serve him well in adult life.

So says Mrs. John McAllister of Scarsdale, N.Y., who has had the experience of enlisting 200 lusty young gardeners from the tender age of five years upward in a junior garden show and judging their entries.

Gardening—coming in contact with mother earth—is a great character builder, says Mrs. McAllister.

ISSUE No. 39—'33