ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Air Routes Must Be Held

Declares Toronto Daily — Decries Present Nationalistic Tendencies

"Freedom of the air," advocated by Great Britain and France just after the war, seems to be becoming little more than empty phrase," laments the Toronto Mail and Empire in this editorial:

"Aviation, unmindful of the lesson to be drawn from sea experience, is turning more and more toward nationalism. Closing of national areas already has thrust serious difficulty in the way of the development of British air highways, notably on the India route. Conditions imposed by Persia have made necessary important changes in organization. Italy, too, has interposed obstacles, which have resulted in the revising of the arrangements for the carrying of the air mails to Cairo.

Up to the present, Britain has not laid down obstructive regulations, and Italy retains permission to use ports of call in several parts of the Empire, while French and Dutch lines continue to operate across India.

With the possibility that the developing of air routes will become, in some parts of the world, at least, a matter of little nationalistic bargaining, it is manifest that close attention must be given to the "blazing of trails"—especially those of the important Atlantic passage.

The exploratory flight of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh is significant in many respects. Leaving North Haven, Maine, on July 10, the "Lone Eagle" and his wife proceeded, by way of Halifax, and St. John's, Newfoundland, to Labrador and Greenland. Thence the flight carried them to Scandinavian points, and on to the Gulf of Finland. Visiting Moscow, the fliers, on their return trip, have reached England, where Mrs. Lindbergh has visited her invalid sister.

On the departure of the Lindberghs, unofficial statements indicated that their purpose was to study the possibilities of the Greenland route—one of the two northern air lines deemed most favorable. A report being prepared by Colonel Lindbergh undoubtedly will convey important data relating to the northern lands he visited and the facilities they offer in the development of air routes and airports.

The North Atlantic is the shortest but most difficult of the Empire routes. Service over it is expected to develop by stages, and Newfoundland, which was the scene of a conference attended by British, United States and Canadian representatives, may become the key-point of the route.

Under license from the Danish Government, Pan-American Airways holds exclusive rights to carry on commercial service across Greenland.

As the London Times has pointed out, "the example set by the granting of exclusive rights to certain companies at other ports on the Atlantic routes is presumably one which Newfoundland, and therefore the British Empire, will be unable to ignore."

It is clear that the safeguarding of British flying interests will call for energy and foresight on the part of the best Empire experts. The future of Newfoundland, as a strategic point, presents an especially interesting problem. Whether or not development there will take the form of an oceanic airport in which several nations will be interested presents a question demanding an early decision.

Similar problems attach to the Azores route, which, it will be remembered, was chosen by General Balbo and his armada at the last moment for his return trip to Italy. France holds exclusive rights in the Azores; but Britain here also possesses a strategic point of first importance in Bermuda. If bargaining for the right to fly over the Atlantic becomes necessary, it is certain that the reservation of rights on the British island would become an important factor in the situation. Happily, however, a joint arrangement arrived at by Britain, France and the United States regarding the Bermuda-Azores route promises to work out satisfactorily.

Fresh evidence of the importance of the Lindbergh quest is to be seen in the current discussion of its possible relationship to the future development of Russia's Arctic coastline. Since large-scale mining development in Siberia has been predicted, as well as the rise of diversified industry in China and Manchuria, the problems of long-distance air transportation press increasingly for solution.

There must be no lagging by Empire countries in the safeguarding and developing of key-points on the world's chief lanes of air travel."

Balanced Diets Prevent "Nerves"

Interesting Remarks About Dietitics By Doctors at Chicago Convention

Chicago. — The average woman of today is three inches taller than the average back in 1893, dieticians meeting in conjunction with the American College of Surgeons, were told by Dr. Charles F. Read of Elgin, Ill.

Dr, Read, who is superintendent of the Elgin State Hospital, said he attributed the growth in women to a better knowledge of balanced diets and a subsequent lessening of nervous ailments. Balanced diets, he said, act to prevent nervous disorders.

It is bad business, the surgeons were informed by Dr. Alfred W. Adson of the Mayo Foundation of Rochester, Minn., to correct children at meal time, because it destroys their digestion, and acts upon their nervous systems. It has a like effect upon the parents.

"Fear," the doctor said, "is the chief cause of all nervous troubles, and it must be avoided. Take your time about everything, eat plenty of good food, get the proper amount of sleep, have a bit of recreation each day, and you won't be bothered with nerves."

The "worrying doctor" found support among the surgeons. Dr. J. Bentley Squier of New York, president of the college, said:

"The day when the doctor loses the human touch and his patients become just so many numbers to him in a hospital, is the day when medical science will begin to lose ground."

Childbirth, said Dr. C. Jeff Miller of New Orleans, is no longer a natural process, and should be supervised by a physician as closely as a serious disease.

The Song of the Auto

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't, or cant. Through town and countryside you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires, so new, but now you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattle box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice; now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why. Thy motor has the grippe, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now; no more 'twould choke the cow, as once before. Yet, if I had the mon, so help me John amen, I'd buy a car again, and speed some more.

Glamis Castle Rich in Associations and Legends

Glamis Castle, immortalized in Shakespeare's "MacBeth," is one of the most interesting places in Scotland. It was the girlhood home of the Duchess of York.

The castle, as seen nowadays, dates mostly from the seventeenth century, but the walls of the tower, 15 feet thick, were built when MacBeth was Thane of Cawdor. Shakespeare took a dramatic liberty when he had MacBeth murder Duncan within these walls, but nevertheless Glamis is rich in romantic associations.

On the authority of Sir Walter Scott, we are told that the castle contains "a secret chamber, the entrance to which, by the law or the custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, namely, the Earl, his heir apparent and any third person they may take into their confidence.

Weird stories have been told of some ghastly creature being imprisoned in the secret chamber for centuries, but the mystery has never been cleared up to appease the curiosity of the public.

Quinine says the schoolboy, is the bark of a tree; canine is the bark of a dog.

ISSUE No. 43—'33

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan rents his house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and takes a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors play at table tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message is received that Trevelyan has been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead. Trevelyan's estate is willed to four relatives, his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He is arrested. Emily Trefusis, his fiancee, meets Charles Enderby, reporter, and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet Willett she heard Mrs. Willett mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it." Emily next meets Jim's Aunt Jennifer.

CHAPTER XX.

When Jennifer Gardner returned she had taken off her hat. Emily admired the smooth sweep of the hair back from her forehead.

"Do you want to talk about things, Emily, or don't you? If you don't I shall quite understand."

"It isn't much good talking about them, is it?"

"We can only hope," said Mrs. Gardner, "that they will find the real murderer quickly. Just press the bell, will you, Emily? I'll send the nurse's tea up to her. I don't want her chattering down here. How I hate hospital nurses!"

"Is she a good one?"

"I suppose she is. Robert says she is, anyway. I dislike her intensely and always have. But Robert says she's far and away the best nurse we've had."

"She's rather good looking," said Emily.

"Nonsense. With her ugly beefy hands?"

Emily watched her aunt's long white fingers as they touched the milk jug and sugar tongs.

Beatrice came, took the cup of tea and a plate of eatables and left the room.

"Robert has been very upset over all this," said Mrs. Gardner. "He works himself into such curious states. I suppose it's all part of his illness really."

"He didn't know Captain Trevelyan well, did he?"

Jennifer Gardner shook her head.

"He neither knew him nor cared about him. To be honest, I, myself can't pretend any great sorrow over his death. He was a cruel, grasping man, Emily. He knew the struggle we have had. The poverty! He knew that a loan of money at the right time might have given Robert special treatment that would have made all the difference. Well, retribution has overtaken him."

"What a strange woman she is," thought Emily.

"It may still not be too late," said Mrs. Gardner. "I wrote to the lawyers at Exhampton today, to ask them if I could have a certain sum of money in advance. Emily—how wonderful it will be if Robert is able to walk again." Her face was glowing.

Emily was tired. She had had a long day, little or nothing to eat, and she was worn out by suppressed emotion. The room kept going away and coming back again.

"Aren't you feeling well, dear?"

"It's all right," gasped Emily, and to her own surprise, annoyance and humiliation, burst into tears.

Mrs. Gardner did not attempt to console her; she just sat silently until Emily's tears should subside.

"Poor child. I wish something could be done about it," she murmured.

* * * *

Left to his own devices Charles Enderby did not relax his efforts. He went out for a stroll, his intention being to cultivate the acquaintance of Miss Percehouse's nephew more closely. By a stroke of good fortune he ran into that young man just as he was emerging disconsolately from the gates of Sittaford House.

"Hello," said Charles. "I say, isn't that Captain Trevelyan's house?"

"That's right," said Ronnie.

"I was hoping to get a snapshot of it for my paper, you know. But this weather is hopeless for photography."

Ronnie accepted this statement in all good faith. "It must be a very interesting job—yours," he said.

"A dog's life," said Charles. He looked over his shoulder at Sittaford House. "Rather a gloomy place I should imagine."

"No end of a difference there since the Willetts moved in," said Ronnie. "It's been a godsend to me, their being here, I can tell you."

"Can't be a very jolly spot as a rule, I suppose," said Charles.

"Jolly? If I lived here a fortnight I should pass out altogether. How my aunt manages to cling on to life in the way she does beats me. I say, are you doing any sleuthing? If so, can I help?"

"Any clues in Sittaford House?" inquired Charles casually. "I mean did Captain Trevelyan leave any of his things there?"

"I don't think so. My aunt was saying he moved lock, stock and barrel. Looks as if he had had a premonition though," Ronnie's face brightened. "Look here, what about this? Enemies on his track, he knows they're coming, so he clears out and passes the buck, as it were, to the Willetts."

"The Willetts were a bit of a miracle by themselves," said Charles.

"Yes, I can't make it out. Fancy planting yourself down here in the country like this. Violet doesn't seem to mind. I don't know what's the matter with her today. I suppose it's the domestic trouble. I can't think why women worry so about servants. If they cut up nasty, just push 'em out."

"That's just what they have done, isn't it?" said Charles.

"Yes, I know. But they are in a great stew about it all. Mother lying down with screaming hysterics, and daughter snapping like a turtle. Fairly pushed me out just now."

Charles sent telegrams, and bought a packet of cigarettes. He then returned to the cottage, threw himself on his bed, and slept peacefully, blissfully unaware that he and his affairs, particularly Miss Emily Trefusis, were being discussed in various places all around him.

There were only three main topics of conversation at present in Sittaford. One was the murder, one was the escape of the convict, and the other was Miss Emily Trefusis and her cousin. Indeed, at a certain moment, four separate conversations were going on with her as their main theme.

Conversation No 1, was between Violet Willett and her mother.

"It was Mrs. Curtis who told me," said Violet.

"It's almost a disease the way that woman talks," said her mother.

"I know. It seems the girl is actually stopping there with a cousin or something. I thought that that was simply because Miss Percehouse hadn't room for her. And now it seems that she'd never even seen Miss Percehouse till this morning!"

"I dislike that Percehouse woman," said Mrs. Willett. "That kind of woman is dangerous. They live for what they can find out about other people.. Sending that girl along here for a recipe for coffee cake! I'd like to have sent her a poisoned cake. That would have stopped her interfering for good and all!"

"I suppose I ought to have realized—" began Violet. But her mother interrupted her.

"How could you, my dear? And anyway, what harm is done?"

"Why do you think she came here?"

"I don't suppose she had anything definite in mind. She was just spying out the land. Is Mrs. Curtis sure about her being engaged to Jim Pearson?"

"The girl told Mr. Rycroft so, I believe."

"Well, then the whole things' natural enough. She's just looking about aimlessly for something that might help."

"You didn't see her, mother," said Violet. "She isn't aimless."

"I wish I had seen her," said Mrs. Willett. "But my nerves were all to pieces this morning. Reaction, I suppose, after that interview with the police inspector yesterday."

"You were wonderful, mother. If only I hadn't been such an utter fool—to go and faint. And there were you, perfectly calm and collected—not turning a hair."

"I'm in pretty good training," said Mrs. Willett in a hard, dry voice. "If you'd been through what I've been through—but there, I hope you never will, my child. I trust and believe that you've got a happy, peaceful life ahead of you."

Violet shook her head.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid—"

"Nonsense—and as for saying you gave the show away by fainting—nothing of the kind. Don't worry."

"But that inspector—he's bound to think—"

"That it was the mention of Jim Pearson made you faint? Yes—he'll think that all right. He's no fool. But what if he does? He'll suspect a connection—and he'll look for it—and he won't find it."

"You think not?"

"Of course not! How can he? Trust me, Violet dear. In a way, perhaps, that faint of yours was a lucky happening. We'll think so, anyway."

Conversation No. 2 was in Major Burnaby's cottage. It was a somewhat one-sided one, the brunt of it being borne by Mrs. Curtis, who had been poised for departures for the last half hour, having dropped in to collect Major Burnaby's laundry.

"Like my Great Aunt Sarah Belinda, that's what I said to Curtis this morning," said Mrs. Curtis. "A deep one—and one that can twist all the men round her little finger. Engaged to one young man and carrying on with another. That's my Great Aunt Sarah's Belinda all over. And not for the fun of it mark you. It's not just flightiness—she's a deep one. And now young Mr. Garfield—she'll have him roped in before you can say knife. Never have I seen a young gentleman look more like a sheep than he did this morning—and that's a sure sign."

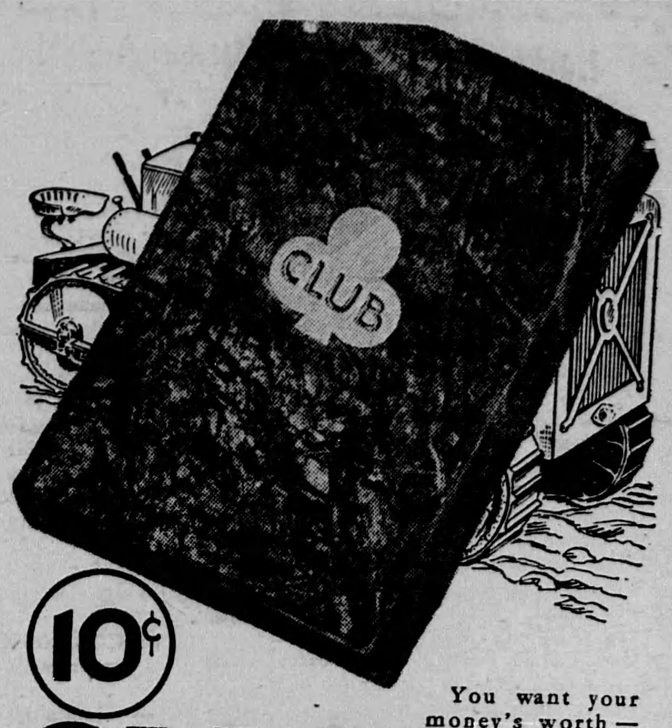
She paused for breath.

"Well well" said Major Burnaby. "Don't let me keep you, Mrs. Curtis." He hardly dared breathe for fear he might distract her from her purpose. But the door closed behind her.

With a sight of relief the major drew forth a pipe and began to peruse a prospectus of a certain mine which was couched in terms so blatantly optimistic that it would have aroused suspicion in any heart but that of a widow or a retired soldier.

"Twelve per cent.," murmured Major Burnaby. "That sounds pretty good . . . ."

(To be continued.)



You want your money's worth — whether it's a tractor or chewing tobacco you're buying. Ask for Club and get the richer flavour and extra satisfaction this famous plug always gives.

YOU MIGHT AS WELL CHEW THE BEST

The Fall Fair

The remarkable attendance of 9,000 persons at the Burford Fair has led the Woodstock Sentinel-Review to comment on the significance of these local exhibitions and their value to the community. Motor transportation has undoubtedly contributed to the extension of the sphere of influence of the fall fairs. Exhibits are brought from considerable distances. Cattle, horses and other live stock were brought from as far as the vicinity of London and Toronto to Burford to compete with the local products. Thus the competition was made keener. It is said that some of the stock shown was not placed in as high a rank at Burford as at the Western Fair in London.

Perhaps it is better that local producers should be subjected to outside competition as it is likely to improve the quality of the exhibits. The object of these fairs is to provide competition and encouragement for the farmers within reach of them. Now that motor transportation is available the range of the fair is extended. The success attending some of the local fairs shows that the smaller ones have their places as well as the larger exhibitions at Toronto and London. Anything that is calculated to promote excellency in agriculture is worthy of the greatest support and commendation.

The directors of the Burford fair deserve hearty congratulations on the splendid success achieved this year. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of the prolonged dry spell, the exhibits were of a remarkably high order, and they showed what can be done even under unfavorable circumstances. The Burford fair has achieved a notable place among the fall fairs of Western Ontario because of its real merits.—Brantford Expositor.

Egypt, New Market For Maritime Apples

Saint John, N.B.—A new market for New Brunswick apples has been opened up in Egypt, and the first shipment has just left this port for Alexandria. Shippers expect larger consignments to follow during the fall and winter months.

Canadian apples, grown chiefly in British Columbia, have found a market in Egypt for years, but it was not until recently that New Brunswick exporters became alive to the possibilities of this trade. The first shipment is being sponsored by the provincial government.

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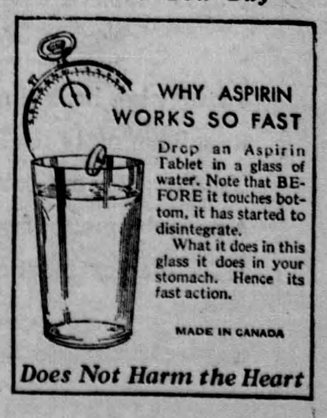

Does Not Harm the Heart