It is better tea

'SALADA' TEA

Scots Fisherfolk Flock to Yarmouth

For Herring Season — Make Gay Despite Poor Market

By PETER LYNE.

Yarmouth, Eng.—Somber harbor wharves here have suddenly assumed a carnival air with the arrival of a roving host of gayly-clad Scottish fisherfolk for the autumn herring season, writes Peter Lyne in The Christian Science Monitor.

Across the wide dockside red and orange jerseys trace a colorful pattern. North Sea winds play pranks with fanciful blue, green and purple headscarves. Shiny black overalls gleam in the sun and rubber topboots beat a dull tattoo on the cobblestones as Highland lassies prepare kippers and pickled herrings for dinner tables in four continents.

More than 2,000 of these picturesque girls and 551 trawlers and crew left their rugged coasts and congregated at Yarmouth this year to handle probably the biggest herring catch in the world—numbering nearly 90,000,000 fish in two months in a specially good season.

DANCES ON THE WHARF.

Appearances of men along the wharves seem to have changed little since the day when David Copperfield paid his first visit to Yarmouth and pictured Peggotty's nephew, Ham . . . "And you couldn't so properly have said that he wore a hat, as that he was covered in a 'top, like an old building—with something pitchy."

At the pickling plots, agile fingers of the girls flash to the accompaniment of merry laughter. The laughter is intelligible to an Englishman, but not the jests in broad Scottish brogue. "Eightsome Reels" danced among the barrels of fish and songs scented with heather and spiced with Highland lore enliven lunch-hour respites.

There is talk of the fish run. There is talk of salty things that only sailormen understand. But there is strangely enough also talk of politics and diplomacy. Discourse on international trade relations has been rivaling songs and dances as spare time diversions. The fisher-folk have found Anglo-Soviet relations a vital issue to their livelihood.

Nearly 80 per cent. of the catch is exported and there has been a marked drop in sales with the tendency in recent years of countries to raise tariff barriers and build their own drifters.

Deputations and appeals to the Government and threats of strikes by the curers have reflected the seriousness of the situation, whic has been aggravated this season by a glut of herrings. There has been discussion as to how the Government can help by giving credit to Russian buyers, who have been the largest importers of fish in the past.

In the first 10 months of 1932, when the commercial agreement was in force, the Soviet Union imported more than 400,000 cwt. of cured herrings from Britain. In the corresponding period of this year, in which the agreement was ended and has not yet been renewed, the Soviet Union has imported only 5,283 cwts., valued at £3,607, compared with £179,724 in the previous period. The industry was deeply disappointed that a new agreement was not reached in time to insure disposal of a big autumn catch.

Failure to find new markets means early closure of the season, with a result that many boats and girls have to return to Scotland with little or no profit and sometimes without even earning their expenses. This is doubly hard for them as they regard the Yarmouth season as a means of setting aside enough money for the winter when fishing around their native coasts is on a small scale,

IN CRITICAL STATE.

With their industry in such a critical state these folks might be excused for revealing signs of discontent. Yet they display a remarkably brave and cheerful philosophy. It seems that in their constant contact with the greatness of nature, with the salty tang of the wild north winds, with the apparent dangers of the oceans they have learned the art of living with least possible concern for the problems of civilization.

Thus it was that a prominent harbor official could say "there never was a more happy and law-abiding lot than the Scottish fisherfolk"—fisherfolk for whom the present season is one of tremendous activity.

Returning up the river from the open sea the drifters jockey for mooring positions. Stretching away from the harbor is the flat landscape of which David Copperfield said—" . . . that a mound or two might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and tide had not been quite so mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer."

Eager eyes strain for the first glimpse of the boats as they round the bend of the river. Some are low in the water, indicating a heavy catch. Others ride high and will have to wait for the next outing for a better fishing.

Soon several hundred drifters have made the wharfside a maze of masts. The catches are swung ashore from the bows to come under the salesmen's bell and hammer, while coal is taken on amidships ready for a speedy return to the open sea. "Crans" of fish are whisked away to the curing and pickling yards near-by. Bigger steamers are busy taking on board barrels of herring for continental ports.

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Facts About Fish

There are about 10,000 fish known, from those that reach a maximum length of one-half inch to those which have a minimum adult length of fifty feet.

The surface-swimming fish of Brazil and the guianas have eyes which are divided in the center, horizontally. The upper half is used when swimming on the surface, the lower half used when swimming below the surface!

Although fish are commonly thought to be silent, many make vocal sounds. The gurnards grunt like pigs; the maigre bellows, purrs and whistles; the American sunfish emits sounds similar to the grinding of teeth and the South American catfish growls much like a dog!

The salmon, the most productive of all fish, has been known to lay over twenty million eggs at one time!

Many fish are able to walk about on land, and many can even climb trees! The mud-skipper and gurnard are able to flop about on land, and are often found forty and fifty feet from the shore. The climbing perch, an inhabitant of Ceylon, Burma, India, and the Malay Archipelago, can climb trees of a goodly height by means of its extra powerful fins.

The eel is the most famous of the electric shock artists among the fish colony. However, there are about fifty different species of fish capable of giving electric shocks. A few are the electric cat-fish of the Nile; the torpedo or electric ray of our own shores; and the star-gazer of the Indian Ocean; and many others belonging to the catfish tribe.

In the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the fish are all blind!

As the age of a tree can be told by its rings, so can the age of a salmon be told by the concentric ridges on its scales. Also, to an expert, these ridges which are of light and dark shades, tell its complete life history.

Wooden Soldiers Declared Harmful

Toy Tin Guns Also Assailed by Council of Women

Toronto.—Wooden soldiers and tin guns are harmful and dangerous to the peace of the world and should be abolished, the Ontario Council of Women decided in passing a resolution undertaking warfare against war toys and games.

"This is one of the most ridiculous resolutions which make us women a laughing stock among men," one delegate objected.

"We needn't be afraid of that; men are already a laughing stock among us for many of the things they do," another retorted.

"You can take military toys away from children," commented Mrs. J. Cullen, Niagara Falls, "but a boy will make a paper hat out of a newspaper, put a stick at his side for a sword, and play soldier just the same."

The resolution urged the council to "undertake a campaign of education against the sale and display of soldiers and other toys of a military nature, and particularly at the Christmas season urge everyone to refrain from buying such toys for any children, and also ask parents and teachers to discourage all games and mimic warfare."

Apple-sauce will appeal to the kiddies if used as a spread on raisin bread. A whole wealth of health in that combination.

The MURDER at HAZELMOOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

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 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 she heard Mrs. Willett mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it." Enderby, watching the Willett's house, sees Violet secretly meet Brian Pearson, one of the heirs, who was supposed to be in Australia. Emily learns that a pair of Trevelyan's boots are missing. She starts a search.

CHAPTER 27.

Emily stared at the boots. She turned them over. She examined them outside and inside and the same question beat monotonously in her brain. Why?

Granted that someone had removed Captain Trevelyan's boots and hidden them up the chimney. Why had they done so?

"Oh!" cried Emily desperately, "I shall go mad!"

She put the boots carefully in the middle of the floor and drawing up a chair opposite them she sat down. And then deliberately she set herself to think out things from the beginning, going over every detail that she knew herself or had learned by hearsay from other people. She considered every actor in the drama and outside the drama.

And suddenly, a queer nebulous idea began to take shape—an idea suggested by that pair of innocent boots that stood there dumbly on the floor.

"But if so," said Emily—"if so—"

She picked up the boots in her hand and hurried downstairs. She pushed open the dining-room door and went to the cupboard in the corner. Here was Captain Trevelyan's motley array of sporting trophies and sporting outfits, all the things he had not trusted within reach of the female tenants. The skis, the sculls, the elephant's foot, the tusks, the fishing rods—everything still waiting for Messrs. Young and Peabody to pack them expertly for store.

Emily bent down, boots in hand.

In a minute or two she stood upright, flushed, incredulous.

"So that as it," said Emily. "So that was it."

She sank into a chair. There was still much that she did not understand.

After some minutes she rose to her feet. She spoke aloud.

"I know who killed Captain Trevelyan," she said. 'But I don't know *why*. I still can't think *why*. But I mustn't lose time."

She hurried out of Hazelmoor. To find a car to drive her to Sittaford was the work of a few minutes. She ordered it to take her to Mr. Duke's bungalow. Here she paid the man and then walked up the path as the car, drove away.

She lifted the knocker and gave a loud rat-tat.

After a moment or two's interval the door was opened by a big burly man with a rather impressive face.

For the first time, Emily met Mr. Duke face to face.

"Mr. Duke?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I am Miss Trefusis. May I come in, please?"

There as a momentary hesitation. Then he stood aside to let her pass. Emily walked into the living-room. He closed the front door and followed her.

"I want to see Inspector Narracott," said Emily. "Is he here?"

Again there was a pause. Mr. Duke seemed uncertain how to answer. At last he appeared to make up his mind. He smiled—a rather curious smile.

"Inspector Narracott is here," he said. "What do you want to see him about?"

Emily took the parcel she was carrying and unwrapped it. She took out a pair of boots and placed them on the table in front of him.

"I want," she said "to see him about those boots."

* * * * * * *

"Hullo, hullo, hullo," said Ronnie Garfield.

Mr. Rycroft slowly ascending the steep slope of the lane from the post office, paused, till Ronnie overtook him.

"Very delightful weather to-day," said Mr. Rycroft.

Ronnie looked up at the blue sky.

"Yes, a bit of a difference from last week. By the way, you're going to the Willetts, I suppose?"

"I am. You also?"

"Yes. Our bright spot in Sittaford—the Willetts. Mustn't let yourself get downhearted, that's their motto. Carry on as usual. My aunt says it is unfeeling of them to ask people to tea so soon after the funeral and all that, but that's all bunkum. She just says that because she's feeling rattled about the Emperor of Peru."

"The Emperor of Peru?" said Mr. Rycroft, surprised.

"One of the blinking cats. It's turned out to be an Empress, instead and Aunt Caroline's naturally annoyed about it. She doesn't like these sex problems—so, as I say, she got her feelings off her chest by making catty remarks about the Willetts. Why shouldn't they ask people to tea? Trevelyan wasn't a relation, or anything like that."

"Very true," said Mr. Rycroft turning his head and examining a bird which flew past and in which he thought he recognized a rare species.

"How annoying," he murmured. "I haven't got my glasses with me."

"Eh! I say, talking of Trevelyan, do you think Mrs. Willett can have known the old boy better than she says?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because of the change in her. Have you ever seen anything like it? She's aged about twenty years in the last week. You must have noticed it."

"Yes," said Mr. Rycroft. "I have noticed it."

"Well, there you are. Trevelyan's death must have been the most frightful shock to her in some way or other. Queer if she turned out to be the old man's long lost wife whom he deserted in his youth and didn't recognize."

"I hardly think that likely, Mr. Garfield."

"Bit too much of a movie stunt, eh? All the same, very odd things happen. I've read some really amazing things in the *Daily Wire* — things you wouldn't credit if a newspaper didn't print them."

"Are they any more to be credited on that account?" inquired Mr. Rycroft acidly.

"You have got a down on young Enderby, haven't you?" said Ronnie.

"I dislike ill-bred nosing into affairs that do not concern you," said Mr. Rycroft.

"Yes, but then they do concern him," Ronnie persisted. "I mean nosing about is the poor chap's job. He seems to have tamed old Burnaby all right. Funny, the old boy can hardly bear the sight of me. I'm like a red rag to a bull to him."

Mr. Rycroft did not reply.

"By Jove," said Ronnie again glancing up at the sky. "Do you realize it's Friday? Just a week ago to-day at about this time we were trudging up to the Willetts just as we are now. But a bit of a change in the weather."

"A week ago," said Mr. Rycroft. "It seems infinitely longer."

"More like a bally year, doesn't it? Hullo, Abdul."

They were passing Captain Wyatt's gate over which the melancholy Indian was leaning.

"Good afternoon, Abdul," said Mr. Rycroft. "How's your master?"

The native shook his head.

"Master bad to-day, Sahib. Not see anyone. Not see anyone for long time."

"You know," said Ronnie as they passed on, "That chap could murder Wyatt quite easily and no one would know. He could go on for weeks shaking his head and saying the master wouldn't see anyone and no one would think it the least odd."

Mr. Rycroft admitted the truth of the statement.

"But there would still be the problem of the disposal of the body," he pointed out.

"Yes, that's always the snag, isn't it? Inconvenient thing, a human body."

They passed Major Burnaby's cottage. The Major was in his garden looking sternly at a weed which was growing where no weed should be.

"Good afternoon, Major," said Mr. Rycroft. "Are you also coming to Sittaford House?"

Burnaby rubbed his nose.

"Don't think so. They sent a note asking me. But—well—I don't feel like it. Expect you'll understand."

Mr. Rycroft bowed his head in token of understanding.

"All the same," he said, "I wish you'd come. I've got a reason."

"A reason. What sort of reason?"

Mr. Rycroft hesitated. It was clear that the presence of Ronnie Garfield constrained him. But Ronnie, completely oblivious of the fact, stood his ground listening with ingenuous interest.

"I'd like to try an experiment," he said at last slowly.

"What sort of experiment?" demanded Burnaby.

Mr. Rycroft hesitated.

"I'd rather not tell you beforehand. But if you come, I'll ask you to back me up in anything I suggest."

Burnaby's curiosity was aroused.

"All right," he said. "I'll come. You can count on me. Where's my hat?"

He rejoined them in a minute, hat on head and all three turned in at the gates of Sittaford House.

"Hear you are expecting company, Rycroft," said Burnaby conversationally.

A shade of vexation passed over the older man's face.

"Who told you that?"

"That chattering magpie of a woman, Mrs. Curtis. She's clean and she's honest, but her tongue never stops, and she pays no attention to whether you listen or whether you don't."

"It's quite true," admitted Mr. Rycroft. "I am expecting my niece Mrs. Dering, and her husband, to-morrow."

(To be continued)

Good For What?

California, the land where they do everything but swim in bathing suits. This is the finals in something or other at Venice.

Definite Improvement in Trade of Canada

BANK OF MONTREAL ANNUAL MEETING

Striking indications of the improvement that has occurred in world wide trade, as well as of the steady gain in many industries in Canada, were among the outstanding features of the addresses submitted at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal.

Sir Charles Gordon, the president, in the address to shareholders, stated that practically the world over trade was better than a year ago, and that in Canada, for the better part of the year, definite improvement in business had been going on. Canadas external commerce had also grown in volume.

Sir Charles also had a cheerful word regarding improved conditions in Great Britain. The country's faith in simple, well proved methods had once more been justified, with the result that Britain's credit stood as high as ever, and London had regained her position as the financial centre of the world.

Royal Commission on Banking

In regard to the question of establishing a central bank in Canada, Sir Charles pointed out that two members of the Royal Commission were Canadians thoroughly versed in the banking and economic conditions of this country. These two members are not in accord with the rest of the Commission in their findings. He drew attention to the cost of operating such an institution and the probability that the bank would always be under the control of a political party and therefore subject to political influence. The history of the Federal Reserve and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the United States shows how little the elimination of political influence can be relied upon, he said.

Bank in Strong Position.

Mr. Jackson Dodds, Joint General Manager, reviewing the annual statement of the bank, pointed out that of the total assets of $768,500,000 the liquid assets aggregated $492,500,000, or 71.15% of the liabilities to the public.

Of special interest was the announcement that the bank now has over one million deposit accounts in Canada.

In summing up, Mr. Dodds said:

"Natural correctives are working toward world recovery, but many artificial barriers still impede progress. Economic and financial disruption have been brought about to no small extent by the operations of Central Banks under political influence, by excessive tariffs and quotas, by exaggerated nationalism bordering on ancient tribalism, the stoppage of free migration of peoples, distrust and selfishness, by impatience, a loss of individualism on the part of citizens and their surrender of independence in many former democratic countries.

"In contrast, Canada is fortunately circumstanced in that it is a young country, with an abundance of nature's gifts, with a hardy people, self-reliant and free of traditional hatreds, and with an inspiring past and a boundless future."

The Happy Valley

An apple festival has been held in Canada in celebration of a very important anniversary. Precisely three hundred years ago, according to the ancient chronicles, Pierre Martin, a French settler in Nova Scotia, inspired perhaps by homesickness, planted a number of apple-trees, and found both solace and satisfaction in watching them mature and fruitify. Others followed his example and, in course of time, the valley where he and his friends had settled—the famous Annapolis—became one of the finest fruit-producing districts in the world. So rich has been the Annapolis yield over the intervening centuries, and so bountifully has it bestowed its pecuniary blessings on the people of the province, that the apple festival was devised for the first time this year to mark their mindfulness of these mercies and their recognition of their responsibilities as growers.

The Annapolis Valley may well claim to be the very cradle of Canada itself. Nova Scotia is the oldest part of the Dominion from the point of view of European settlement, John Cabot having planted the flag of Britain there in 1497. It was not until 1604 that a permanent post was established by the French, but even then their little town—Port Royal—was the first European settlement north of Mexico. Four years later a church was built there and from it the torch of Christianity was passed from hand to hand throughout Canada. Annapolis Valley itself lies to the west of Nova Scotia, or Acadie as it was called by the French. It is roughly one hundred miles long, and its beauties, notably in apple-blossom time, inspired Longfellow to write his great poem, "Evangeline". The village of Grand Pre, which he immortalizes there, lies near the flourishing town of Windsor. The poem tells of the tragedy of the expulsion of the Acadians. They certainly lost a rich heritage and British settlers won a great country. Today the province yields over 2,000,000 barrels of apples every year.

Pierre Martin's bout of homesickness was a blessing for the Empire. Its significance will, moreover, become greater with the years, for Britain is eating more and more fruit in its search for greater and greater health, and the silk-cheeked apple with the sweet crisp flesh is one of the most potent factors in the genial art of keeping fit. Long may the apples blossom in the Land of Evangeline—The Empire Review.

Removes Stomach to Stop Stomach Ache

Newark, N.J.—Vilhaljmur Stefansson, noted Arctic explorer, predicts that before 1945 one of the busiest routes to Europe will be across the Arctic wastes. Addressing University of Delaware students, he said the safest places for aeroplanes are the Tropics and the Arctic and that the Arctic has the advantage of being the shortest air route across the Atlantic.

Because the air is heaviest in the Arctic it will also be possible to carry aloft bigger pay loads with less fuel, he said.

A Chuckle

A Cass County Sunday school teacher asked a little girl "where do bad little girls go?" and the reply was "most everywhere." — Cass County Missourian.