"SALADA" TEA

707

Outstanding Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan ren 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 and finds them hidden in a chimney. A week after the murder the same group meet, their object being to repeat the table-tipping experiment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"That is correct, I think," said Mr. Rycroft. "We are about to repeat the experiment of last Friday under precisely similar conditions."

"Not precisely similar," objected Mrs. Willett. "Mr. Duke is missing."

"True," said Mr. Rycroft. "A pity he is not here. A great pity. Well—er—we must consider him as replaced by Mr. Pearson."

"Don't take part in it, Brian. I beg of you. Please don't," cried Violet.

"What does it matter. It's all nonsense anyway."

"That is quite the wrong spirit," said Mr. Rycroft severely.

Brian Pearson did not reply, but took his place beside Violet.

"Mr. Enderby," began Mr. Rycroft, but Charles interrupted him.

"I was not in on this. I'm a journalist and you mistrust me. I'll take notes in shorthand of any phenomena—that's the word isn't it?—that occurs."

Matters were settled like that. The other six took their places round the table. Charles turned off the lights and sat down on the fender.

"One minute," he said. "What's the time?" He peered at his wrist watch in the firelight.

"That's odd," he said.

"What's odd?"

"It's just twenty-five minutes past five...."

Violet uttered a little cry.

Mr. Rycroft said severely:

"Silence."

The minutes passed. A very different atmosphere this to the one a week ago. There was no muffled laughter, no whispered comments—only silence, broken at last by a slight crack from the table.

Mr. Rycroft's voice rose.

"Is there anyone there?"

Another faint crack—somehow an eerie sound in that darkened room.

"Is there anyone there?"

Not a crack this time, but a deafening tremendous rap.

Violet screamed and Mrs. Willett gave a cry.

Brian Pearson's voice rose reassuringly. "It's all right. That's a knock at the front door. I'll go and open it."

He strode from the room.

Still nobody spoke.

Suddenly the door flew open the lights were switched on.

In the doorway stood Inspector Narracott. Behind him were Emily Trefusis and Mr. Duke.

Narracott took a step into the room and spoke.

"John Burnaby I charge you with the murder of Joseph Trevelyan on Friday the 14th instant, and I hereby warn you that anything you may say will be taken down and may be used in evidence."

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a crowd of people almost too surprised for words that crowded around Emily Trefusis.

Inspector Narracott had led his prisoner from the room.

Charles Enderby found his voice first.

"For heaven's sake, cough it up, Emily," he said. "I want to get to the telegraph office. Every moment's vital."

"It was Major Burnaby who killed Captain Trevelyan."

"Well, I saw Narracott arrest him. And I suppose Narracott's sane—hasn't gone off his nut suddenly. But how can Burnaby have killed Trevelyan? I mean how is it humanly possible. If Trevelyan was killed at five and twenty past five—"

"He wasn't. He was killed at about a quarter to six."

"Well, but even then—"

"I know. You'd never guess unless you just happened to think of it. Skis—that's the explanation—skis."

"Skis?" repeated everyone.

Emily nodded.

"Yes. He deliberately engineered that table turning. It wasn't accident and done unconsciously as we thought, Charles. It was the second alternative that we repected—done on purpose. He saw it was going to snow before very long. That would make it perfectly safe and wipe out all tracks. He created the impression that Captain Trevelyan was dead—got everyone all worked up. Then he pretended to be very upset and insisted on starting off for Exhampton.

"He went home, buckled on his skis (they were kept in a shed in the garden with a lot of other tackle) and started. He was an expert on skis. It's all down hill to Exhampton—a wonderful run. It would only take about ten minutes.

"He arrived at the window and rapped. Captain Trevelyan let him in, all unsuspecting. Then, when Captain Trevelyan's back was turned he seized his opportunity, picked up that sandbag thing and—and killed him. Ugh! It makes me sick to think of it."

She shuddered.

"It was all quite easy. He had plenty of time. He must have wiped and cleaned the skis and then put them into the cupboard in the dining room, pushed in among all the other things. Then, I suppose he forced the window and pulled out all the drawers and things—to make it look as though someone had broken in.

"Then just before eight o'clock, all he had to do was to go out, make a detour on to the road higher up and come puffing and panting into Exhampton as though he'd walked all the way from Sittaford. So long as no one suspected about the skis, he'd be perfectly safe. The doctor couldn't fail to say that Captain Trevelyan had been dead at least two hours. And, as I say, so long as no one thought of skis, Major Burnaby would have a perfect alibi."

"But they were friends—Burnaby and Trevelyan," said Mr. Rycroft. "Old friends— they've always been friends. It's incredible."

"I know," said Emily. "That's what I thought. I couldn't see why. I puzzled and I puzzled and at last I had to come to Inspector Narracott and Mr. Duke."

She paused and looked at the impassive Mr. Duke.

"May I tell them?" she said.

Mr. Duke smiled.

"If you like, Miss Trefusis."

"Anyway—no, perhaps you'd rather I didn't. I went to them and we got the thing clear. Do you remember telling me, Charles, that Evans mentioned that Captain Trevelyan used to send in solutions of competitions in his name? He thought Sittaford House was too grand an address. Well—that's what he did in that football competition that you gave Major Burnaby five thousand pounds for. It was Captain Trevelyan's solution really, and he sent it in in Burnaby's name. No. 1, The Cottages, Sittaford, sounded much better, he thought. Well, you see what happened? On Friday morning Major Burnaby got the letter saying he'd won five thousand pounds (and by the way, that ought to have made us suspicious. He told you he never got the letter—that nothing had come through on Friday owing to the weather. That was a lie. Friday morning was the last day things did come through). Where was I? Oh, Major Burnaby getting the letter. He wanted that five thousand—wanted it badly. He'd been investing in some rotten shares or other and had lost a terrible lot of money.

"The idea must have come into his head quite suddenly, I should think. Perhaps when he realized it was going to know that evening. If Trevelyan were dead—he could keep the money and no one would ever know."

"Amazing," murmured Mr. Rycroft. "Quite amazing. I never dreamed—But my dear young lady, how did you learn all this? What put you on the right track?"

For answer, Emily explained Mrs. Belling's letter, and told how she had discovered the boots in the chimney.

"It was looking at them that put it into my mind. They were ski boots, you see, and it made me think of skis. And suddenly I wondered if perhaps—I rushed down stairs to the cupboard, and sure enough there were two pairs of skis there. One pair was longer than the other. And the boots fitted the long pair—but they didn't fit the other. The toe clip things were adjusted for a much smaller pair of boots. The shorter pair of skis belonged to a different person.

"He ought have hidden the skis somewhere else," said Mr. Rycroft with artistic disapproval.

"No—no," said Emily. "Where else could he hide them? It was a very good place really. In a day or two the whole collection would have been stored, and in the meantime it wasn't likely that the police would bother whether Captain Trevelyan had had one or two pairs of skis."

"But why did he hide the boots?"

"I suppose," said Emily, "that he was afraid the police might do exactly what I did— The sight of ski boots might have suggested skis to them. So he stuffed them up the chimney. And that's really, of course, where he made his mistake, because Evans noticed that they'd gone and I got to know of it."

"Did he deliberately mean to fasten the crime on Jim?" demanded Brian Pearson angrily.

"Oh, no! That was just Jim's usual idiotic luck. He was an idiot, poor lamb."

"He's all right now," said Charles. "You needn't worry about him. Have you told me everything, Emily, because if so, I want to rush to the telegraph office. You'll excuse me, everybody."

He dashed out of the room.

"The livewire," said Emily.

Mr. Duke spoke in his deep voice.

"You've been rather a livewire yourself, Miss Trefusis."

"You have," said Ronnie admiringly.

(To be continued.)

WHEN YOU FEEL GROGGY

take a bracing, sparkling glass of

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

TO PICK YOU UP

ISSUE No. 1—'34

It is only in a crowded tram or bus that the standing of a well-bred man is never questioned.

Matrimony makes a man awfully restless a little before and for ever after.

The Call of the Sea

F. Dryden Moore in the San Francisco Argonaut.

There's a trade wind down on the singing sands,
And its spell is calling me
To the spume that springs from the thunderings
As the surf comes in from sea.

There's a smell of salt and a taste of brine,
And they lure me to the beach,
Where the shining shells are like silver bells
And the starfish dry and bleach.

So I'm going down to the blowing spray,
For I hear the seagull's cry;
And the ocean's hue is the heaven's blue,
For it flows into the sky.

And I'm going out through the beds of kelp
With the gulls and flying fish,
Where a man can float in an open boat
With never another wish.

And I'll make a flag of a patch of sky,
With a row or two of stars;
And I'll sail all night by the polestar's light
With the moonlight on my spars.

So it's ho! for the sea, and ho! for a breeze,
And ho! for a bit of sail;
With the cracking beat of a dripping sheet
As she runs before the gale!

Wife Dies Before New Home is Completed

Behind the sale of a large estate in Cumberland, England, which is to take place next week, lies the story of a former shipowner's grief for his wife who died soon after their marriage.

The estate—Woodside, near Wigton—is more than 3,000 acres in extent and belongs to Mr. Andrew Gibson. The house contains valuable antiques, paintings, furniture, and books, and in the collection of jewellery is a diamond tiara containing about 300 diamonds.

Mr. Gibson bought the estate soon after his marriage and spent thousands of pounds in renovating the mansion, but before the work was completed his wife died. Overcome by grief he ordered the work to stop, and he went to live in a house half a mile away.

The extensive gardens are now thick with weeds.

The house stands in solitude amid this desolate scene, and those who peer through its windows get a glimpse of rooms in a half-completed state of repair.

Reclaiming Engine Oil

It has been found that oils used in internal combustion engines can be reclaimed and used again, as a result of investigations on tractor engine lubrication conducted at the University of Saskatchewan. The method of reclaiming may vary from straining the oils through canton cotton, blotting paper, or felt strainers, to the use of filters consisting four layers of soil and sand, or leaving the oil in barrels for long periods of time so that the heavy particles will settle to the bottom. The function of reclaiming the oil is to remove the dirt and water from the oils.

Winter Joys!

A scene that is being duplicated every where that King Winter has visited this year. Betty Russell of Larchmont, N.Y., is enjoying a jaunt up at Lake Placid.

The Royal Bank of Canada

General Statement — 30th November, 1933

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up		$35,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	$20,000,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	1,383,604.18	
	$21,383,604.18	
Dividends Unclaimed	12,745.75	
Dividend No. 185 (at 8% per annum), payable 1st December, 1933	700,000.00	
		22,096,349.93
		$57,096,349.93
Deposits not bearing interest	$128,829,694.46	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement	450,463,265.41	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	841,498.81	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	20,313,902.13	
		600,448,360.81
Notes of the Bank in circulation		29,349,801.14
Advances under the Finance Act		20,000,000.00
Bills Payable		255,089.91
Liabilities not included in the foregoing		57,985.74
Letters of Credit Outstanding		22,052,888.91
		$729,260,476.44

ASSETS

Gold and Subsidiary Coin on hand	$14,117,860.37	
Dominion Notes on hand	48,922,334.75	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	3,000,000.00	
United States and other Foreign Currencies	21,713,830.99	
		$87,754,026.11
Notes of other Canadian Banks	$1,811,091.42	
Cheques on other Banks	18,384,822.80	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	2,814.09	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	49,746,460.79	
		69,945,189.10
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities (not exceeding market value)		106,850,615.53
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian (not exceeding market value)		24,198,073.90
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value)		11,970,905.82
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		28,771,273.71
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover		32,981,561.27
		$362,471,645.44
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	$216,849,534.86	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	95,237,013.78	
Non-Current Loans, after providing for estimated loss	4,032,843.75	
		316,119,392.39
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off		17,015,987.02
Real Estate other than Bank Premises		2,424,277.85
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank		883,009.27
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra		22,052,888.91
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies		6,328,639.58
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund		1,500,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing		464,635.98
		$729,260,476.44

NOTE—The Royal Bank of Canada (France) has been incorporated under the laws of France to conduct the business of the Bank in Paris, and the assets and liabilities of The Royal Bank of Canada (France) are included in the above General Statement.

H. S. HOLT, President — M. W. WILSON, General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

To the Shareholders, The Royal Bank of Canada:

We have examined the above Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1933, with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the important branches.

We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1933, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank after giving effect to the transfer by the Directors of $15,000,000 from Reserve Fund to reimburse the inner reserves of the Bank and to provide reserves which they consider adequate for future contingencies.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A., of Price, Waterhouse & Co.
JAS. G. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. ROSS & SONS.
} Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 23rd December, 1933.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1932	$1,166,954.95	
Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1933	3,901,649.23	
		$5,068,604.18

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:

Dividend No. 182 at 10% per annum	$875,000.00	
Dividend No. 183 at 8% per annum	700,000.00	
Dividend No. 184 at 8% per annum	700,000.00	
Dividend No. 185 at 8% per annum	700,000.00	
	$2,975,000.00	
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	200,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises	200,000.00	
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes	310,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	1,383,604.18	
		$5,068,604.18

H. S. HOLT, President — M. W. WILSON, General Manager

Montreal, 23rd December, 1933.

Claims Newsprint Production Had Origin at Phelpston

That the first newsprint manufactured from pulpwood had its origin at Phelpston, Simcoe County, is the claim of a correspondent writing on the Homemakers' Page of a recent issue of The Globe.

"You all know that newsprint is manufactured from pulpwood (spruce), but this is not an old process. In the early part of 1875, A. J. Phelps of the N. & A. J. Phelps Lumber Company, operating a large mill at Phelpston, Flos Township, County of Simcoe, received from John Riordan, who owned and operated the Lincoln Paper Mills at Merritton, an order for one carload (8,000 feet) of spruce for experimental purposes. The late Matthew Lawson Jr. and William J. Patton, who now resides in Hamilton, felled the trees and cut them into logs. As the G.T.R. would not carry round timber, the logs were taken to the mill, where slabs were sawed off, after which they were hauled to Barrie, loaded and shipped on the old Northern Railway to Toronto and transhipped from there to Merritton on the Grand Trunk.

"Experiments proved that spruce could be bleached and manufactured into newsprint, and that was the first carload of spruce (or any wood) used for the purpose. Since then it has been found that poplar, basswood and other woods can also be used. Prior to 1875, pine (sawdust and shavings) were used with rags, felt, rope, etc., in the manufacture of wrapping paper, which was not like the fine quality papers used for this purpose nowadays.

"In the book", "Pioneers of Simcoe County", "you may read of A. J. Phelps, but you'll not read of the carload of spruce, I got the story from my father, W. J. Patton, who is still hale and hearty, although November 20 marked the seventy-eighth milestone of his life's journey."

SHYNESS IS EXCUSABLE.

Lost: Female, black head, long black ears, bluish body; speckled legs; very shy. Name Helen.—Spokane (Wash.) paper.

Heating Plant

Mad summers of a million years ago
Are bringing me the mildness of this room;
I tend the radiator as a groom
Might watch a dinosaur, immense and slow,
At work. In flame-lit chambers far below
Black oil and coal from some earth-hidden tomb
Are giving up the sun-strength locked in gloom,
From lost and splendid summers none may know.

The wind and rain are battering outside
While here I sit, securely walled and glassed,
And warmed by long-gone summers golden-skied
And dead. The buried years are dim and vast,
And though I hunt the future in my pride
Both brain and body feed upon the past.

—Gerald Raftery in the New York Sun.

Gems from Life's Scrap-book

Doubt

"Never do anything concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt."—Pliny, Junior.

"Human knowledge is the parent of doubt."—Lord Grenville.

"When you doubt, abstain."—Zoroaster.

"Does your dog ever growl?"
"No. He knows that my husband has him hopelessly outclassed."