On a bleak English winter's afternoon neighbors, gathered at the Viclet, in the village of Sittaford near to Captain Trevelyan. . . Supposing! As the tree-climbing urchin breaks. Dartmoor, turn to table tipping for amusement and receive a message that Captain Trevelyan has been murdered.

CHAPTER 1 .- (Cont d.)

"Look here," said Ronnie. He took his hands from the table. "I call this a rotten joke." His voice trembled. "Turn up the lights," said Mr. Ry-

Major Burnaby rose and did so. The sudden glare revealed a company of pale uneasy faces. Everyone looked at each other.

Somehow-nobody quite knew what to "Silly nonsense," said Mrs. Willett. "Nobody ought -to make jokes like

"I wasn't shoving," said Ronnie, feeling unspoken criticism leveled at

him. "I swear ! wasn't." "I can say the same," said Mr. Duke. "And you, Mr. Rycroft?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Rycroft warmly. "You don't think I'd make a joke of that kind, do you?" growled Major

Burnaby. "Rotten bad taste." "Violet, dear-" "I didn't, Mother. Indeed I didn't. I wouldn't do such a thing." The girl

was almost tearful. Everyone was embarrassed. A sud-

ing out with his back to the room. "Twenty-five minutes past five," said Mr. Rycroft glancing up at the made up his mind and entered.

rlock. He compared it with his own watch and somehow everyone felt that the action was significant in some way. "Let me see." said Mrs. Willett with forced cheerfulness. "I tnink we'd!

better have cocktails." The situation grew a little easier. "Well," said Ronnie, raising his glass. "Here's how."

The others responded-all but pilent figure by the window. "Major Burnay. Here's your cock

start. He turned slowly.

"Thank you, Mrs. Willett. Not for me." He looked once more out the night then came slowly back to rung and knocked and nobody anthe group by the fire. "Many thanks | swers." for a very pleasant time. Good night." "You're not going?"

"Sorry, Mrs. Willett-but it's got to be done. If there were only to telephone."
A telephone?"

"Yes-to tell you the truth-I'mrelyan's all right. Silly superstition and all that-but there it is. Naturally, I don't believe in this tommy rot

"But you can't telephone from anywhere. There's not such a thing in "That's fust it. As I can't tale-

phone. I'll have to go." "Go-but you couldn't get a car down that road! Elmer wouldn't take his car out on such a night."

sole car in the place, an aged Ford, hired at a handsome price by those falling. who wished to go into Exhampton. "No, no-car's out of the question. My two legs will take me there, Mrs.

Willett." There was a chorus of protest. "Oh! Major Burnaby-it's impossible. You said yourself it was going

o snow." "Not for an hour-perhaps longer. I'll get there, never fear."

Argument and entreaty had no more effect on Major Burnaby. He was an obstinate ntan. Once his mind was made up on any point, no power on earth could move him.

He had determined to walk to Exhampton and see for himself that all was well with his old friend. He wrapped himself up in his overcoat, highted the hurricane lantern, and stepped out into the night.

"I'll just drop into my place for a me up for the night when I get there. Mrs. Willett. Snow or no snow, I'll band. get there in a couple of hours. Good He strode away. The others return-

d to the fire, Rycroft had looked up at the sky.

"It is going to snow," he murmured to Mr. Duke. "And it will begin long before he gets to Exhampton. I-I hope he gets there all right." Duke frowned.

"I know. I feel I ought to have gone with him. One of us ought to ave done so."

"Most distressing," Mrs. Willett pers lying about the floor. The window saying. "Most distressing. Viowill probably plunge into a snowdrift or if he doesn't he'll die of the cold and exposure. At his age, too. Very foolish of him to go off like that. Of course, Captain Trevelyan is perfectly all right."

Skims the green level of the lawn, his Dispetals roses; here the house is Of kneaded brick and the plumed

Here all is sunny, and when the truant

Such clay as artists fashion and such

mountain pine.

sweep of winds,

other members.

who buys old jewelry.

At each meeting one type of col-

It has just been discovered that in

lection is chosen as the subject and

Immovable, immortal, eminent,

Robert Louis Stevenson."

But there

But even now they did not feel realv too comfortable. Supposing something had happened wood CHAPTER II.

Two and a half hours later, just before eight o'clock, Major Burnaby hurricane lantern in hand, his head dropped forward so as not to meet the blinding drive of the snow, stumbled up the path to the door of Hazelmoor, the small house tenanted by Captain

The snow had begun to fall about an hour ago-great blinding flakes of t. Major Burnaby was gasping, emitting the loud sighing gasps of an Collecting Fad Proves utterly exhausted man. He was numbed with cold. He stamped his feet blew, puffed, snorted and applied a numbed finger to the bell push.

The bell trilled shrilly. Burnaby waited. After a pause of few minutes, as nothing happened pushed the bell again.

Once more there was no stir of life Burnaby rang a third time. This time he kept his finger on the bell. It trilled on and on-but there was still no sign of life in the house. There was a knocker on the door.

Major Burnaby seized it and worked it vigorously, producing a noise like And still the little house remained silent as the dead.

The Major desisted. He stood for den blight had some over the cheerful a moment as though perplexed-then he slowly went down the path and out Major Burnaby pushed back his at the gate, continuing on the road chair, went to the window and pulled he had come towards Exhampton. A aside the curtain. He stood there look- hundred yards brought him to the small police station.

> He hesitated again, then finally Constable Graves, who knew Major well, rose in astonishment. "Well, I never, sir, fancy you being

out on a night like this." "Look here," said Burnaby curtly "I've been ringing and knocking at the captain's house and I can't get any answer."

"Why, of course, it's Friday," said the Graves who knew the habits of the a playwright whose interest is in lace and old jewelry, a librarian who two pretty well. "But you don't mean te say you've actually come down from gist who is just interested in collec-Sittaford on a night like this? Surely tions but doesn't have one herself, a The Major roused himself with a the captain would never expect you." teacher who owns pewter, furniture, and Chinese textiles, and a whiter

"Whether he's expected me or not, I've come," said Burnaby testily. "And into as I'm telling you, I can't get in. I've Some of his uneasiness seemed to

owners bring what they have to communicate itself to the policeman. "That's odd," he said, frowning. "Of course it's odd," said Burnaby. New Rail Coach Streamlined "Think he might have been taken

bad?" The policeman's face brightened. "I'll try the telephone." It stood well, I'd like to be sure that Joe Tre- at his elbow. He took it up and gave

But to the telephone, as to the front deerbell, Captain Trevelyan gave no

"La as though he had been taken London Baby Clinic in 1816 bad." said Graves as he replaced the receiver. "And all alone in the house, too. We'd best get hold of Dr. Warren and take him along with us." receive advice. Dr. Warren's house was almost next door to the police station. The doctor was just sitting down to dinner with the summons. The snow was still gard in deed .- Sir Walter Raleigh, War and First in Peace."

"Damnable night," murmured the doctor. "Hope you haven't brought me out on a wild goose chase. Trevelyan's as strong as a horse. Never has anything the matter with him." Burnaby did not reply.

Arriving at Hazelmoor once mole, they again rang and knocked, but elicited no response.

The doctor then suggested going round the house to one of the back

Easier to force than the door. There was a side door which they tried on the way, but it too was locked, and presently they emerged on the snow-covered lawn that led up to the back windows. Suddenly Warren uttered an exclamation. "The window of the study-it's

True enough, the window, a French mask," he said cheerily, "and then one, was standing ajar. They quickenpush straight on. Trevelyan will put ed their steps. On a night like this, ne one in his sense would open a win-Ridiculous fuss, I know. Everything dow. There was a light in the room wore to be all right. Don't worry, that streamed out in a thin yellow

> The three men arrived simultaneously at the window-Burnaby was the first man to enter, the constable hard on his heels.

They both stopped dead inside and something like a muffled cry came from the ex-soldier. In another moment Warren was beside them, and saw what they had seen.

Captain Trelevyan lay on the floor, fast downwards. His arms sprawled widely. The room was in confusiondrawers of the bureau pulled out, paet, I will not have that silly game it had been forced near the lock. Beplayed again. Poor Major Burnaby side Captain Trevelyan was a dark greex baize tube about two inches indiameter.

Warren sprang forward. He knelt down by the prostrate figure. Cale minute sufficed. He rose to his feet, Tis face pale.

Skerrymore: The Parallel Romance of Eighties Revived Again

Wedding Bells Ring Out for Lord St. Leven and Dowager Countess of Dartney

A 75-year-old peer and a 72-yearold peeress are honeymooning in Europe this month, after a secret Eternal granite hewn from the living wedding at the parish church of Newhaven, Sussex, a couple of weeks And dowelled with brute iron, rears a ago climaxed their half-century of romance, interrupted for 40 years That from its wet foundation to its when each married another person

The wedding brought together Of glittering glass, stands, in the Brigadier-General Lord St. Levan, owner of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, island estate on which a castle -From "The Poems and Ballads of

ing inherited their possessions so Earl of Dartrey.

In the group there are women who Lord Dartney had died in 1920.

their collections as hobbies for their Michael's Mount. Uniformed oars never a traveller. few hours of recreation. There are men rowed her from the mainland. tony of routine tasks by collecting London. From reminiscences of their then there are women of independent. They were married by special liincome who can add to their collec- cense of the Archbishop of Cantertextiles, shells, and Chinese costumes, the appropriate moment.

owns priceless family lace, a genelo- Trousered Marlene Dietrich

Lazaire station.

a chocolate polo coat, beret, and shoes, and a man's lounge suit, of pearl grey. She wore huge goggles. Miss Dietrich attracted the biggest Turn, now, tired mind unto your rest, A new sixty-foot streamlined rail- battery of photographers since Col. Within your secret chamber lie, of a standard coach and seating forty- tic. She was tired from the voyage two persons is being tried out. A low over, she said, and proceeded to Ver. Footfall or moonbeams stealing by, gravity center adds safety and the sailles, a suburb.

Unearth Old Medal

Gananoque, Ont .- Workmen repair- Against its walls wells out again ing pathways in the town park here That rapture in the empty dark; 1816 London had a baby clinic where dug up an old American medallion Where, softly beaming, spark by spark. mothers could take their children and dated 1863. One side bore the inscription "The Union Must and Shall Be The glow-worms stud the leaves with Preserved .- Jackson." On the reverse Speaking much is a sign of vanity; was the date, a statue of a man on And unseen flowers, refreshed with Elmer was the proprietor of the his wife and was not best pleased at for he that is lavish in words is a nig- horseback and the words "First in

Garbo Is Back!



The camera-man caught the exotic Garbo, as she waved farewell to passengers on the S.S. Annie Johnson from which she disembarked

Enjoy This Finer Quality

"Fresh from the Gardens"

The Joys of Exploration

The German actress was garbed in which, when successful, brings to us (New York: Harcourt Brace.)

Forests

The house is silent, except that-

And sweeten night for me and you. Be mute all speech; and not of love Talk we, nor call on hope, but be-Calm as the constant stars above-The friends of fragile memory, Shared only now by you and me,

beat on.

Nay-in the forests of the mind Lurk beasts as fierce as those that the normal climbing schedule. Tibe- such villainous toggery. Clydeside in Earth's rock-strown wilds to night them to await the most favorable him to Parliament in such rags and

There stars of heaven no radiance mountain gods are watching every

will go-Though One at watch will still remain. Till knells the sunset hour, and lo! The listening soul once more will

-Walter De La Mare in the London Spectator.

Only 12 close relatives of the eld- the explorers themselves, and the joys | aving been permitted somewhat to from the walls. erly couple were present at the wed- change during the lifetime of each enter into the very life feelings and The arrangement of the pictures proding and a woman relative "gave person. I can remember the time intimate habits of wilderness folk. Not For Wealthy Alone away" the bride who is a grand- when my greatest ambition was to A vocal bond is an unforgettable Maxton, Socialist member of Parlia New York.—It is possible to be- mother. Even servants of the count- be the first to step upon some tropi- relationship. It is probably that ment, who has hitherto fought the come a collector and assemble a col- ess were surprised, they told a re- cal desert island, or to penetrate to every creature which has ears and of sitting for his portraits, frowns lection without spending one penny, porter who discovered, two days late, where no white man's foot had ever can become audible has some sound across at the Prince of Wales in the according to members of the collecthat the marriage had taken place. trod. Then came the period of peri- to which it will react at once, and robes of the Chancellor of Cape Town tors' group at the American Woman's The romance started when Lord patetic journeys, of covering as toward which it will immediately fly University, with two golden taccols Association. Ever since September a St. Levan, then a Guards officer in much ground as possible in a given or run or creep or hop. With the hanging over his head. A notable group of about 30 collectors have his early 20's met Miss Julia Womb- time. But I soon found that the isl- miserable range of whistled or ut- modern treatment of 'The Birth of been meeting once each month at the well, daughter of the late Sir George and might be "desert" in very truth, tered tones which is our degenerate Venus" and "Bank Holiday, Brighton," association to compare their treas- Wombwell. For a considerable time with no return in scientific loot, and heritage we can rarely command or are in close proximity. Mr. Neville ures and to relate the experiences the two were seen together at most the thrill soon passed of encircling a put this into practice. One of my Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exthey have had in gathering them. smart functions and society wagged sandy pit and seeing none but one's first successes was the master sound chequer; Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and And while one of them has price- its head, prophesying wedding bells. own footprints. I came to learn that of the chickadee. One could whistle Abe Mitchell, professional golf chamless old lace and another has old fur- They parted, however, and soon worthwhile observations of birds and chicka-dee-dee-dee until Parus- pion, look indifferent to their niture, both of them confess to hav- pretty Julia Wombwell married the animals and insects were great in perfect and be rewarded by hardly roundings. proportion to the smallness of terri- a turn of the head. But in an unthey have spent nothing. Another of For 10 years Lord St. Levan re- tory covered. One might shoot a seasonable February thaw, when one the group has picked up shells at the mained a bachelor. He went to large parrot or catch a brilliant but- felt spring and dreamed spring, but seaside on various vacation trips. The Egypt and had a distinguished mili- terfly as one travelled, but to go knew better than to say Spring, if art to attract the attention of the Lonmounted shells shown interested her tary career. Then he married Lady slowly or to sit quietly was to invite we wetted our lips very carefully and don man in the street. There is, for fellow collectors quite as much as Edith Edgecumbe, a daughter of the the acquaintanceship of many rare holed down the finest whistle dia- example, the statue of Rospero and some of the costly articles owned by Earl of Mount Edgecumbe. They had and interesting creatures. To be a phragm, the resulting high, two- Ariel that Mr. Eric Gill has recently two daughters. She died in 1931, go. I naturalist one must be a strol- toned phoe-be! might bring a black- erected over the porch of Broadcast le or a creeper, or better still a cap to our very face. My happiest ing House. This statue has already spend all day in offices and utilize | The Dowager Countess visited St. squatter in every : 1se of the word— refinement of this was when I learn- received what some people consider to ed to bring a jungle wren of the gen- be the highest compliment that can be Then came joys within joys. For us Leucolpia to my feet from a quar- paid to a work of art in England; a housewives who brighten the mono- Later Lord St. Levan visited her in to be a squatter alone is only the beginning. We can divide our observa- swamp, by a single, almost inhuman- has asked for it to be removed. The Chinese textiles or old rings. And former association romance reformed. tions into static and dynamic. We ly high tone: and this is one of the degree of public interest that sculp can wait for hours and days for the wariest of wrens, most difficult to ture arouses is really astonishing. One cense of the Archbishop of Canter-bury. Lord St. Levan's daughter, ship of a spider, or spend a whole from the knowledge that if today I younger British novelists told me not tions of old rings, Chinese prints, man." She handed over the ring at from the point of view of a man, but on exactly E flat above middle C, does not even hear of plays until from that of another jaguar or an- every sloth within hearing will either about a fortnight after they have been other water opossum. This method is answer or slowly and painfully begin taken off. But a new piece of sculp-

road coach only a quarter the weight | Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlan- Door shut, and windows curtained,

Now, Self, we are at peace-we twain;

Jasmine, convolvulus, glimmering The air with their still life endue,

Thus hidden, thus silent, while the From gloom to gloom their wings infuriated at the recent airplane casion.

resigned.

Bleak-eyed Remorse, Despair becowl- vengeance on anyone available for the ed in lead. With dawn these ravening shapes =

Death and his pack are hot afield

Trucks Cross Africa After 3500-Mile Trek Luxor, Egypt.-The broadest part of

the African continent has been cross-

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Glover, Captain R.B. Andrew and Mr. S. Morgan have arrived here from Khartum after trekking two years with three trucks. During explorations in the northern half of the "Dark Continent," they negotiated the 3,500 miles from Dakkar, the farthest point west, to Ras

Jimmy: Ma's telin' all de neigh-

bors you're going to buy a car in a few months. Pop: Your Ma knows we are going to move in the Spring and the neighbors'll never see us again.

their third camp last week.

flights over their domain, four of the "Why," asked the representative of Shall not a moment's peace be ours, climbers at once set out to plot a the tailoring journal, "should James be Till, faint with day, the east is wan, | route half way to the summit, ready sent down the corridors of time in And terrors of the dark are gone? for a final effort to scale the 29,000- such gear? We know him as fearless. foot peak.

tans friendly to the climbers urge loyal to him, but never would it send conditions possible, believing that the tatters." move and are ready now to wreak affront of the airplane expedition.



London Tit-P

(By Dick Whittington in Three

tian Science Mon" -2, Adelphia Terrace, Longav. Fewer top hats than nenal marked the 165th Private View of ... Surmer Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, Piccadilly. This popular social function, which heralds the opening of the London season. is thus conforming with a growing tendency to dispense with traditional British ceremonial attire. P. from room to room trying to digest as many as possible of the 1753 paintings, water colors, etching, engravings and sculptures, I rubbed shoulders with bearded artists, hatless models, men with blue shirts and yes low ties, women with short velvet The joys of exploration are as var- a great feeling, never of conceit or coats and long earrings, and people Julia, Dowager Countess of Dartrey, ied as the numbers and characters of egotism, but of gratitude, of awe, at whose portraits stared down at them

duced some striking results. Mr. James

Paintings are not the only works of

of vital importance, and probably to turn in my direction. A half-tone ture is an event. If it is by Jacob Ep-Jeered by Paris Crowd four-fifths of creative study of life above or below will be the same as stein, shares tar and feathers show a histories must be gleaned in this silence to these creatures, and I feel most remarkable rise; if by Mr. Hardi star, followed by her husband and 17 manner. But there remains a residue mentally the richer for knowing the man or Mr. Gill, the correspondence trunks, arrived here from Hollywood of technique which excels all. utterly useless fact of the exact masand was jeered by a large crowd at St. It is the supreme achievement, the ter sound of the sloths.—William burst with angry letters from retired essence of intelligent deduction, Beebe, in "Nonsuch: Land of Water." colonels in Cheltenham and North Ox possessed this faculty of exciting people. When Benvenuto Cellini was finishing his statue of Perseus in the great square of Florence the public came and gave him sonnets in honor of his work. For, says Cellini, "the University of Pisa was then in vaca tion, and all the doctors and scholars kept vying with each other who could produce the best." What professor, doctor, or scholar will be first in the field with a sonnet to Mr. Eric Gill?

Prince's Cuffs Please Tailor The sartorial success of this year's

Royal Academy is a portrait of Prince George, in the opinion of a representative of "The Tailor and Cutter." Each year this most exacting of an critics scrutinizes the attire of the portrait subjects, and his comments are often poignant. He expressed himself well pleased with Prince George's reefer, with trim sleeve cuffs of the cor-Mt. Everest Climbers Camp rect width. "An object lesson in 21,000 Feet Above Sea painting clothes correctly, naturally, and agreeably," he contended. Mr. Calcutta, India. - Twenty-one Maxton, on the other hand, he conthousand feet above sea level at a sidered to have been treated rather temperature of 20 degrees below zero, shabbily by Sir John Lavery. The exmembers of this year's Mount Ever- treme left wing Socialist certainly est climbing expedition established could not be accused by his political supporters of "toffing himself up" for Braving the warnings of Tibetans his sittings. Nor had his torn coat that the gods of the mountains were pocket even been mended for the oc

but he has never affronted 'St. Steps This year's expedition is ahead of ens' (the House of Commons) with

Sidewalk Art in Springtime

London does not confine its art to the Royal Academy or to its other picure galleries. As I walked away down Piccadilly I noticed four pavement artists within a stone's throw of one another, while an enterprising and ambitious painter had chalked cut for himself a thirtyfoot pitch at Hyde Park Corner. Below each of the ple tures was inscribed a short biography of the atist, usually finishing up with the ominous information that the painter had ended his career "ir poverty."

One would imagine that the nonstor sunshine which London has enjoyed during the early spring would be high ly favorable to pavement artists, since it brings out great crowds of people and puts them into a good and gener ous humor. But, though the sun may be a financial friend to the stree painter, it appears to be an aesthetic enemy. At any rate, a certain pale ness in the tints of the Hyde Park Cor ner exhibition was accounted for in legend boldly written underneat? "These pictures are fading in the hea

bining them. Macaroni

cooked eggs. tablespoons sl dressing, shred You may use you may choose

Chop eggs an ing to make mo of shredded with halves plives stuffed w Macaroni This salud is

with French dr One cup cor thinly sliced an luice, 1 cup wi pineapple fuice 1-3 cup sugar, starch, 1/4 teasy Mix sugar an

ly and stir into Cook in double stirring occasio and let cool. In cream whipp Add macaroni, dressing and s with a garnish If strawberries of bright jelly tive garnish.

For somethin flavorsome try Take a cucum one would make people-cut it utes. Treat in small onions cu

> pour in clear to have a "mai usual for redu pepper, very lit! of cayenne pep and let it simm At the last m egg dfluted in soup with crout

Nasturtiums in sunny gard es to wear in t tium colors, a used for color make smart c ers at the walst Ombre (or sh

negligee and he When Bu popular.

surement is app

ONTAKIU AKCHIVES TORONTO