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"Fresh from the Gardens"

Seeing New York

By ED. B. WARING.

I cannot leave Chinatown and the Bowery without telling of two exciting experiences I had while wandering around these places. Thinking some pictures would help me remember my sojourn in this interesting city I started out one day to take some snaps of Chinatown and the Bowery. However my hopes of getting any pictures of these two places were short lived because the first two attempts nearly cost me my camera and probably my well being.

Arriving in Chinatown I picked out the headquarters of one of the Tonges and was getting ready to take a snap of it when out dashed a shabby dressed Chinaman gesticulating wildly. Grabbing my camera, he asked me "why you take?" and when I answered meekly, "just for curiosity," he told me, none too politely, to "go way," and he emphasized his remarks with a push on the back. Nothing daunted I commenced along the Bowery looking for some other likely looking subject and I didn't have to walk far before I espied a typical Bowery saloon.

Standing right on the corner, the saloon was equipped with swinging doors, brass rails to rest the weary feet on and all the other essentials which go to make up the real old-time saloon. However, it seemed as if this was my unlucky day, and no sooner had I set myself to take this piece of artistic scenery when out dashed the barman. When I say barman I mean it. He was one of those things you hear about but seldom see. He was small and portly and had a well seasoned handle-bar moustache which looked as though it could stand a couple of swings, his nose was of a bright red and reminded one of a well seasoned tomato and with his checker vest and white apron he made a perfect picture for a beer advertisement.

Grabbing my arm which held the camera, he asked, in words which couldn't be printed, why I was taking a picture, and the ferocious look he gave me prompted me to reply, with an air of indifference, "oh, nothing," seemingly doubting my word, he gave me a push on the shoulder and warned me to clear off before he set some of his boys on me. Being only a local boy in a big city, and far away from home, I took his advice and moved away without much coaxing.

Union Square, of which you have all probably heard about, is located not far from the Bowery and is to New York what Allan Gardens and Queen's Park are to Toronto, and Hyde Park is to London. It is the meeting place for the soap-box orators and here one can get all kinds of advice, from the way to get rid of your mother-in-law to how to become a king or a president. The park in the centre of the square is usually packed with those orators and also is well filled with quack doctors and the like. The benches around the park are always taken up, particularly in the afternoon when the gentlemen of the Bowery partake of their afternoon nap. The orators, for the most part, are Communists, and they attack everything and everybody, and always have a large audience. I stopped to listen to one of these speakers who appeared to be giving the President and the N.R.A. a bit of abuse. After listening for some time I was just about to move on when a chap standing beside me asked my opinion on the N.R.A., and this was where I made a mistake, because in answering him I let myself become embroiled in a very heated argument, and before I knew it a crowd, all seemingly of the same faith, had gathered, so believing in the old adage that a shut mouth is better than a broken nose, I decided to agree with everything they said, despite the fact I was doing a bit of "strange interluding." I stopped at several other meetings and witnessed a few more innocent bystanders like myself become the centre of heated arguments. It seems as though there is a bunch of people who frequent this park for no other reasons than to incite arguments. After listening to the different speakers and agreeing with myself that their views were all the same, I started to walk out of the park only to be accosted by several rather communistic looking

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ISSUE No. 45-33

THE MURDER OF HAZELMOOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan rents his house in Sitford 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 Trevelyan, his fiancée, meets Charles Enderby, reporter, and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet Willett she heard Mrs. Willett mutter: "Will never come!" I can't bear it." Enderby, watching the Willett's house late at night, sees Violet secretly meet an unknown man in the garden. The man bears Enderby.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"What's that?" he said.
"He caught sight of Charles' retreating figure."
"He, you stop! What are you doing here?"
With a bound he sprang after Charles. Charles turned and tackled him adroitly. The next moment they were rolling over and over together locked in a tight embrace.

"The tussle was a short one, Charles' assailant was by far the heavier and stronger of the two. He rose to his feet, jerking his captive with him.
"Switch on that light, Violet," he said, "let's have a look at this fellow."
The girl, who had been standing terrified a few paces away came forward and switched on the light obediently.

"It must be the man who is staying in the village," she said, "a journalist."
"A journalist, eh?" exclaimed the other. "I don't like the breed. What are you doing, you skunk, nosing round private grounds at this time of night?"

The torch waved in Violet's hand. For the first time Charles was given a full view of his antagonist. For a few minutes he had entertained the wild idea that the visitor might have been the escaped convict. One look at the other dispelled any such fancy. This was a young man not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, tall, good-looking and determined, with none of the hunted criminal about him.

"Now, then," he said sharply, "what's your name?"
"My name is Charles Enderby," said Charles. "You haven't told me yours," he continued.
"Confound your cheek!"
A sudden flash of inspiration came to Charles. An inspired guess had saved him more than once. It was a long shot, but he believed he was right.
"I think, however," he said quietly, "that I can guess it."
"What?"
The other was clearly taken aback.
"I think," said Charles, "that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Brian Pearson from Australia. Is that so?"

There was a silence—rather a long silence. Charles had a feeling that the tables were turned.
"How the devil you knew that I can't think," said the other at last, "but you're right. My name is Brian Pearson."
"In that case," said Charles, "supposing we go to the house and talk things over!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Major Burnaby was doing his accounts or—to use a more Dickenslike phrase, he was looking into his affairs. The Major was an extremely methodical man. In a calf-bound book he kept a record of shares bought, shares sold and the accompanying loss or profit—usually a loss, for in common with most retired army men the major was attracted by a high rate of interest rather than a modest percentage coupled with safety.

"These oil wells looked all right," he was muttering. "Seems as though there ought to have been a fortune in it. Almost as bad as that diamond mine! Canadian land, that ought to be sound now."
His cogitations were interrupted by Mr. Ronald Garfield. He found young men extremely trying, and practically everything the unfortunate Ronnie said or did managed to rub the major the wrong way. Still, hospitality is hospitality.
"Have a drink?" asked the major, loyal to that tradition.
"No, thanks. As a matter of fact I just dropped into see if we couldn't get together. I wanted to go to Exhampton today and I hear Elmer is booked to take you in."
Burnaby nodded.
"Got to go over Trevelyan's things," he explained. "The police have done with the place now."
"Well, you see," said Ronnie rather awkwardly, "I particularly wanted to go into Exhampton today. I thought if we could get together and share and

share alike as it were. Eh? What about it?"
"Certainly," said the major. "I am agreeable. Do you a lot more good to walk," he added. "Exercise. None of you young chaps nowadays take any exercise."
"Oh, well," said Ronnie, "I don't believe in being strenuous myself. Elmer said you were starting at eleven o'clock. Is that right?"
"That's it."
"Good. I'll be there."
Ronnie was not quite so good as his word; his idea of being on the spot was to be ten minutes late. He found Major Burnaby fuming and fretting but he proceeded to enter into cheerful conversation.
"Sitford has become a pretty gay spot—what? Miss Trefusis and this chap Enderby and the lad from Australia—by the way, when did he blow in? There he was as large as life this morning and nobody knew where he had come from. It's been worrying my aunt blue in the face."
"He is staying with the Willetts," said Major Burnaby tartly.
"Yes, but where did he blow in from? Even the Willetts haven't got a private aerodrome. You know, I think there's something deuced mysterious about this lad Pearson. He's got what I call a nasty gleam in his eye—a very nasty gleam. It's my impression that he's the chap who did in poor old Trevelyan."
The major made no reply.
At Exhampton the car drew up outside the Three Crowns. Ronnie alighted and after arranging with the major that they would rendezvous there at half-past four for the return journey, he strode off in the direction of such shops as Exhampton offered.

The major went first to see Mr. Kirkwood. After a brief conversation with him, he took the keys and started off for Hazelmoor.
He had told Evans to meet him there at twelve o'clock and he found the faithful retainer waiting on the doorstep. With a rather grim face, Major Burnaby inserted the key into the front door and passed into the empty house, Evans at his heels. He had not been in it since the night of the tragedy, and in spite of his iron determination to show no weakness, he gave a slight shiver as he passed the drawing-room.
Evans was deft and efficient at his work. Everything was neatly sorted out and arranged and classified in heaps. At one o'clock they repaired to the Three Crowns for a short mid-day meal.
At half-past three their task was finished. The trunk of clothes and underclothes was allotted to Evans, and another was strapped up ready to be sent to the Seaman's Orphanage. Papers and bills were packed into an attache case and Evans was given instructions to see a local firm of removers about the storage of the various sporting trophies and heads, as there was no room for them in Major Burnaby's cottage. Since Hazelmoor was only rented furnished no other questions arose.
When all this was settled Evans cleared his throat nervously once or twice and then said:
"Beg pardon, sir, but—I'll be wanting a job to look after a gentleman, same as I did to look after the Capting."
"Yes, yes, you can tell anyone to apply to me for a recommendation. That will be quite all right."
"Begging your pardon, sir, that wasn't quite what I meant. Rebecca and me, sir, we've talked it over and we was wondering if, sir—if maybe you would give us a trial?"
"Oh! but—well—I look after myself as you know. That old what's-her-name comes in and cleans for me once a day and cooks a few things. That's—er—about all I can afford."
"It isn't the money that matters so much, sir," said Evans quickly. "You see, sir, I was very fond of the Capting and—well, if I could do for you, sir, the same as I did for him, well, it would be almost like the same thing, if you know what I mean."
The major cleared his throat and averted his eyes.
"Very decent of you, pon my word. I'll think about it." And escaping with alacrity he almost bolted down the road.
Evans stood looking after him, an understanding smile upon his face.
"Like as two peas, him and the Capting," he murmured.
And then a puzzled expression came over his face.
"Where can they have got to?" he murmured. "It's a bit queer that. I must ask Rebecca what she thinks."

"I am not entirely happy about it, sir," said Inspector Narracott.
The Chief Constable looked at him inquiringly.
"No," said Inspector Narracott. "I'm not nearly as happy about it as I was."
"You don't think we've got the right man?"
"I'm not satisfied. You see, to start with, everything pointed the one way, but now—it's different."
"The evidence against Pearson remains the same."
"Yes, but there's a good deal of other evidence come to light, sir.

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There's the other Pearson—Brian. Feeling that we had no further to look I accepted the statement that he was in Australia. Now, it turns out that he was in England all the time. It seems he arrived back in England two months ago—Traveled on the same boat as these Willets. On Thursday of last week he left the Ormsby Hotel in Russell Square and drove to Paddington, from there until Tuesday night, when Enderby ran across him. He refuses to account for his movements in any way."
(To be continued.)

London Register Offices Closed

Henrietta Street and Princess Row, Scenes of Romantic Marriages Locked up Tight

Two of London's famous register offices—Henrietta Street and Princess Row—the scenes of some of the most romantic marriages in recent years, closed their doors a week or so ago.

Royalty, the cream of Society, American millionaires, and members of foreign nobility made a special point of going to one of these register offices to be married. And, conversely, few Covent Garden porters would be married elsewhere than at Henrietta Street.

Probably the last fashionable society wedding to take place there was the marriage last month of Lord Claud Hamilton, Equestrian to the King, to Mrs. Violet Newall.

"Now there is only one register office for the City of Westminster, and that will be at Oxtan Hall. This is caused by provisions under the Local Government Act of 1925."

Henrietta Street, just off the Strand, has probably seen more colorful and romantic weddings than any other register office in the world.

Some of them and the strange incidents that accompanied many of them were recalled by one of the registrars.

"I have married people in evening dress, in full military kit complete with medals and order, in ordinary working clothes, and in fancy dress," the Registrar said.

"Millionaires' Thrill"
I have married actors and actresses still wearing their stage clothes and make-up, who have nipped out from the theatre between acts to be wedded.

The society marriages have been far too numerous to recall. Among the outstanding ones I remember the very popular wedding of Prince Henry of Pless, when throngs of people lined the streets outside and cheered him.

"American millionaires I have had in plenty. Many of them write from their homes to ask if they can come over and be married in Henrietta Street. They come over and apparently get a great thrill out of it."

"We also get a considerable number of people from the Continent, chiefly France. Henrietta Street seems to be well known in that country."

"The curious thing about French bridegrooms is that they insist on being married in evening dress, even if the ceremony takes place during the morning."

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Real ASPIRIN Starts Taking Hold in Few Minutes
Now comes amazingly quick relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia . . . the fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.
These results are due to a scientific discovery by which an Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.
The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. An Aspirin Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly as you swallow it. And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.
When you buy, though, be on guard against substitutes. To be sure you get **ASPIRIN'S quick relief**, be sure the name Bayer in the form of a cross is on every tablet of Aspirin.

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What it does in this time it does in your stomach. Hence its fast action.
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Charlottetown, P.E.I.—Entries of Guernsey cattle at the recent Provincial Fair at Charlottetown were three times as numerous as last year. I, a letter read at the opening of the fair, Lieutenant-Governor Daiton stated that it is gratifying to know that farm products, which have been selling on a low basis in recent years are now assured of better prices.

Digby, N.S.—The recently established Little River Fish Products Co. is now operating twenty-five miles from Digby and will specialize in the manufacture of fish meal and similar products.

Fredericton, N.B.—New Brunswick's mineral production during the first half of 1933 consisted entirely of non-metallics—coal, \$537,000; natural gas, \$182,300; crude petroleum, \$10,898; gypsum, \$32,194; making a total of \$762,491.

Montreal, Que.—According to estimates appearing in the new directory, Montreal's population increased by about 2,500 during the past year. In Montreal itself there were 1,650,520 persons resident during the census-taking period, compared with 1,160,183 persons the year before. The population of Greater Montreal, which includes a number of suburbs, is given as 1,333,396, compared with 1,330,980 in the previous year.

Toronto, Ont.—According to an announcement by the Toronto Industrial Commission, one of the foremost manufacturers of pet foods and medicines on the continent, the Justice Co. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., is opening a factory in Toronto to handle its Canadian and export business. A Canadian subsidiary has been formed and 8,000 square feet of floor space has been leased.

Winnipeg, Man.—A report issued by the Industrial Development Board of Manitoba shows Winnipeg to be the largest producer of jute and cotton burlap in Canada. The city is also ranked as the largest manufacturer of shirts and overalls, and has the largest individual plants in the Dominion manufacturing harness and saddlery and ladies' dresses and cloaks.

Regina, Sask.—Saskatchewan's output of creamy butter in the first eight months of the present year was over 1,300,000 pounds, or 5.5 per cent. greater than that of the corresponding period last year. This year the eight months' production amounted to 19,514,685 pounds, compared with 18,502,328 pounds, an increase of 1,012,357 lbs. The August production was 39.3 per cent. greater than that of August, 1932, the former amounting to 2,627,738 pounds against 1,885,708 pounds, a gain of 742,030 pounds.

Saskatoon, Sask.—In the interests of the Saskatchewan swine industry, the Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture have decided to sponsor a winter bacon litter competition open to all bona fide Saskatchewan farmers. The competition is expected to show that this province can produce for market during the winter months large, uniform litters of select bacon hogs, and that such production can be placed on a profitable basis.

Medicine Hat, Alta.—The directors of the Medicine Hat Chamber of Commerce have decided to hold another horse sale next spring. The success of the one held earlier this year convinced them that the city is a favorable centre for the bringing together of buyer and seller.

Edmonton, Alta.—According to the latest annual census figures for the year 1932, more than \$28,000,000 are invested in 159 Edmonton manufacturing concerns, which employ 4,084 persons and pay upwards of \$5,000,000 a year in wages. Expenditure by the city's industries for manufacturing materials amounted to \$10,348,760 while the output of factories and shops was estimated at \$20,128,405.

Invermere, B.C.—An official report concerning the growth and evolution of the Lincoln canning peas—which took first prize at the recent World's Grain Exhibition and Conference at Regina and which was grown at the Windermere Experimental Station—shows that the stock now available traces back to samples supplied in 1920 by Mr. T. H. Lincoln, Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Careful cultivation from this sample has resulted in some remarkable crops, including the 30-pound sample of hand-threshed peas that attracted so much attention at the Regina Exhibition.

Victoria, B.C.—With a large output of copper, gold, lead, silver and zinc, British Columbia's production of metallic minerals in the first half of 1933 reached a total of \$9,168,578. The addition of \$2,393,372 in coal and \$175,762 in other non-metallic minerals brought the total up to \$11,737,712. In the metallies group copper accounted for \$1,139,340; gold, \$2,240,682; lead, \$2,740,632; silver, \$1,145,333; zinc, \$1,807,655.

With twenty-one children, at least sixty-six grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren, Mr. Hendon, of Wimbledon, Surrey, has had the biggest family in Britain. Ten children, fifty-four grandchildren, and all the great-grandchildren are still living. The combined age of the family is 927 years.

When the devil wants to win recruits he never wastes his time among busy people.

During the past few years it has expressed itself in terms. It has a particularly vicious form which contains vitamin C. It has also vitiated the Dominion diet, and it is latest research has shown the utilization of this Prunes also contain phor and other minerals, the humble pruner, longer. It is inclined "upish."

And with its new prunes it contains vitamin C. It has also vitiated the Dominion diet, and it is latest research has shown the utilization of this Prunes also contain phor and other minerals, the humble pruner, longer. It is inclined "upish."

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