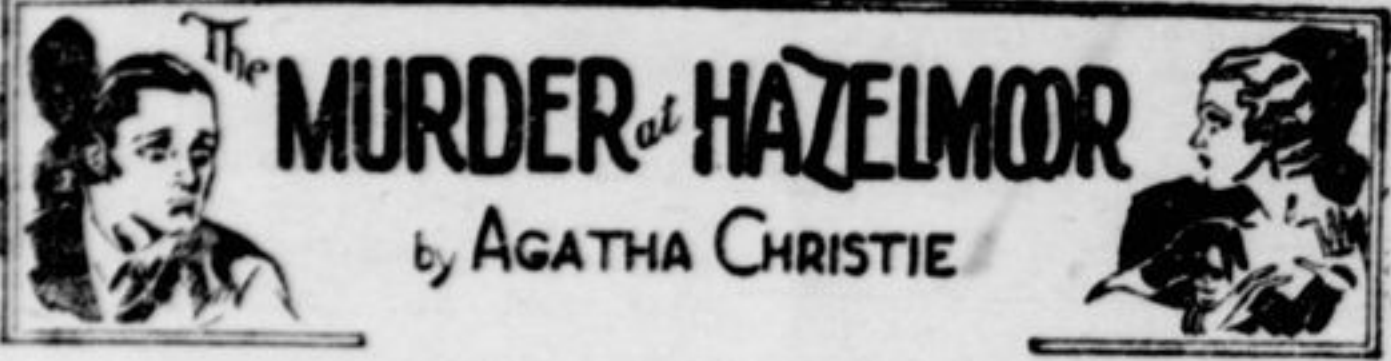


"SALADA"

Outstanding Quality

TEA

Fresh from the Gardens



MURDER OF HAZEL MOOR

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 left 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 fiancée, meets Charles Enderby, reporter, and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet she heard Mrs. Willett murmur, "Will it ever come? I can't bear it." Enderby, watching the Willett 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—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 must know 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.

WHEN YOU FEEL GROGGY

take a bracing, sparkling glass of

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

ISSUE No. 1—'34

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 pole-star'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 crackling 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 cotton, blotting paper, or felt strainers, to the use of filters consisting of 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.

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.

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	1,383,684.18
Balance of Profits carried forward	21,713,838.99
Dividends Unclaimed	821,383,684.18
Dividend No. 185 at 8% per annum, payable last December, 1933	700,000.00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$126,829,694.46
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement	456,463,365.41
Deposits due to other Banks in Canada	841,498.51
Deposits due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	20,313,902.13
Notes of the Bank in circulation	600,448,368.81
Advances under the Finance Act	29,319,881.14
Bills Payable	20,000,000.00
Liabilities not included in the foregoing	255,089.91
Letters of Credit Outstanding	57,985.74
	22,052,888.91
	\$729,266,476.44

ASSETS	
Gold and Subsidiary Coin on hand	\$14,117,860.37
Dominion Notes on hand	48,922,334.75
Deposits in the Central Gold Reserves	3,000,000.00
United States and other Foreign Currencies	21,713,838.99
Notes of other Canadian Banks	\$87,754,626.11
Cheques on other Banks	18,363,822.86
Deposits due by other Banks in Canada	2,814.89
Deposits due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	49,746,460.79
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities (not exceeding market value)	69,945,189.10
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian (not exceeding market value)	106,850,615.53
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value)	24,176,973.82
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	11,979,905.83
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	26,771,273.71
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	95,237,613.78
Non-current Loans, after providing for estimated loss	4,032,843.75
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off	\$16,119,352.29
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	17,615,987.82
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	2,421,277.85
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contract	883,009.27
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies	22,652,888.91
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	4,328,638.58
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
	\$729,266,476.44

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

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 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 loan reserves of the Bank and to provide reserves which they consider adequate for future contingencies.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A.,
JAS. G. ROSS, C.A.,
F. S. ROSS & SONS, Auditors

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1932	\$1,164,954.95
Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1933	3,901,649.23
	\$5,066,604.18

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
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	\$2,975,000.00
Appropriation for Bank Premises	200,000.00
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes	200,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	1,383,684.18
	\$5,066,604.18

H. S. HOLT, President
M. W. WILSON, General Manager
Montreal, 23rd December, 1933.

Claims Newspaper Production Had Origin at Phepston

That the first newspaper manufactured from pulpwood had its origin at Phepston, Simcoe County, is the claim of a correspondent writing on the Home-makers' 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 Phepston, Pios Township, County of Simcoe, received from John Rioridan, who owned and operated the Lincoln Paper Mills at Merriton, 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 O.T.R. would not carry round timber, the logs were taken to the mill, where they 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 Merriton 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 midness 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."

Secrets of Old Inn Revealed in Diary

What "Mine Host" Thought of His Guests Recorded in Diary Written One Hundred Years Ago

Many of the lords and ladies who halted to make merry or sleep the night at the stately old country town of Dunstable (Eng.) a hundred years ago would turn in their graves if they saw the contents of an account book which has just been found at a hostelry in that town.

The book reveals an intimate picture of coaching days on the London-Holyhead highway as viewed from behind the scenes at the Old Sugar Loaf Hotel, one of the oldest and most famous of Bedfordshire inns.

A maid-servant came across this unique record while turning out the contents of a forgotten drawer. It might have been thrown away, but a waiter chanced to peep inside its ancient pages. He was the first man to open the book for a hundred years.

Who the innkeeper was who kept it is something of a mystery, but his cynical comments on arrival and departures at the hostelry make the book a gem of a tidbit. Almost every page provides a laugh. Some of the allusions are unprintable.

"A CROSS OLD LADY."

Little did a certain Mrs. Stanley—who paid 45 14s 1d for one night's stay in the hotel on December 2nd, 1833—realize what a shocking impression she left behind her. In putting "paid" on her account mine host records:

"A cross old lady. She scolded my wife terribly. I should have liked to have kicked her."

Here is another tell-tale reference dated June 20, 1831: "Gentlemen belonging to the Bishop of Lincoln's visitation; 27 dined with the Bishop; dinner ordered for 40." The bill came to 41s 13s 11d.

On June 4, 1834, it is recorded in black and white that "the Bishop of Lincoln's Visitation" again called at the hotel, "32 dined upstairs and two below. Bill, 41s 10s," and underneath is written, "A great deal too much dinner job." Draw your own conclusions!

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

A real show-down for the Dunstable and Woburn Bible students of those days is provided by the following:

Dunstable and Woburn Bible Meeting; 24 dined; 27 bottles of wine; fillet of veal; ham; quarter of lamb; three couples of ducks; pigeon pie; sandwiches; bread and butter; bottle of port and one of sherry; ale.

Times have certainly changed. A heartless man this innkeeper. Under December 7, 1828, he writes:

"Mr. and Mrs. Fulton and son, Hope Lodge, Newcastle, Staffordshire, were detained here on account of the lady's leg being hurt. It is an ill wind that blows that does not benefit someone. Bill 18s 11s 9d."

SECRET PASSAGE.

Towards the end a few sombre pages are devoted to details of notable funeral processions that rested the night in the Old Sugar Loaf. This is how one stay is described: "March 11, 1833. To a room for the corpse, 10s 6d; Refreshments to sitters-up, 5s 6d; Fire and lights all night, 2s 6d; Dinners, 14s; Ale, 1s; Brandy, 9d; Sherry, 12s; Oranges and biscuits, 1s 6d; Teas, 6s; Beds, 8s; Fires, 6s 3d; Breakfasts, 9s; Cigars, 1s 4d."

C. J. Holt, the genial landlord of the Old Sugar Loaf, said that architects had declared the inn to be more than 500 years old. In the gathering dusk he led the way down into an eerie underground passage running towards Dunstable's famous old Priory Church. The passage became obstructed with fallen earth long ago, but the story goes that once connected the inn with the church.

The Guest

Here's a Ben Franklin story with a chuckle in it: It is told by the Marquis de Barbe-Marbois, first French consul general to the United States, in his 150-year-old diary. From Baltimore the marquis wrote:

"It is at the inn where we now are that Dr. Franklin arrived one Winter's day, covered with snow and half dead with cold. The family and several guests surrounded the fire, and no one inconvenienced himself for the stranger.

"Franklin sat down near a window as if to rest, and after several moments addressed the innkeeper and asked him if he had oysters.

"Yes, excellent ones."

"Open them and take a dozen to my horse."

"Does he eat them?"

"Just take them out and you will see."

"Everybody got up to go and see the horse eat oysters. The children, the strangers, the servants went to the stable to witness such a novelty. Franklin, in their absence, established himself near the fire, in the best place. Very soon they came back to tell him that the horse would not eat him that oysters.

"In that case," Franklin replied, 'bring them to me and give him some oats.'

Light is the task when many share the toil.—Homer.