



MURDER OF HAZELMOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS

Captain Trevelyan had rented his large house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and taken a smaller one in the nearest town, Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbours were playing at table tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter, Violet, a "spirit" message was received. Trevelyan had been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead, his skull fractured by a blow. The police suspect Trevelyan's sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of Mrs. Pearson, another sister, now dead, as these four shared equally in Trevelyan's estate of 50,000 pounds. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder, called on his uncle, and taken the first train back the next morning. He was arrested by Inspector Narracott. The day after the murder, Burnaby received a cheque for 5,000 pounds from Charles Enderby, reporter for the Daily Wire, for the correct solution of the newspaper's competition. Emily Trevelyan, Jim Pearson's fiancée, made the acquaintance of Enderby, asked him to help her clear Pearson, and went with him to Sittaford. When Narracott went to question Mrs. Willett and mentioned Pearson's name, Violet faints. Emily, overlooking no possibilities, went with Ronnie Garnfield to interview his aunt, Miss Percehouse, an invalid, and village gossip.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

INSTALMENT 16.

Emily sat on the chair indicated. "I understand you are the girl who is engaged to Trevelyan's nephew," said Miss Percehouse. "I've heard all about you and now I have seen you. I understand exactly what you are up to. And I wish you luck."

"Thank you," said Emily. "I hate a slobbering female," said Miss Percehouse. "I like one who gets up and does things." She looked at Emily sharply. "I suppose you pity me—lying here never able to get up and walk about."

"No," said Emily thoughtfully. "I don't know that I do. I suppose that one can, if one has the determination, always get something out of life. If you can't get it in one way you get it in another."

"Quite right," said Miss Percehouse. "You've got to take life from a different angle, that's all." As clearly as she was able, Emily outlined the theory she had evolved that morning and the application of it she had made to the matter in hand.

"Not bad," said Miss Percehouse, nodding her head. "Now, my dear—we will get down to business. Not being a born fool, I suppose you've come up to this village to find out about the people here, and to see if what you find out has any bearing on the murder. Well, if there's anything you want to know about the people here, I can tell it to you."

Emily wasted no time. Concise and business-like, she came to the point. "Major Burnaby?" she asked. "Typical retired army officer, narrow-minded and limited in outlook, jealous disposition. Credulous in money matters. Kind of man who invests in a South Sea Bubble because he can't see a yard in front of his own nose. Likes to pay his debts promptly and dislikes people who don't wipe their feet on the mat."

"Mr. Rycroft?" said Emily. "Queer little man, enormous egoist. Cranky. Likes to think himself a wonderful fellow. I suppose he has offered to help you solve the case, aright owing to his wonderful knowledge of criminology."

Emily admitted that was the case. "Mr. Duke?" she asked. "I ought to know about the man and yet I ought to. Most ordinary type. I ought to know—and yet I don't. It's queer. It's like a name on the tip of your tongue and yet for the life of you, you can't remember it."

"The Willetts?" asked Emily. "Ah! the Willetts!" Miss Percehouse hoisted herself up on an elbow again in some excitement. "What about the Willetts indeed? Now, I'll tell you something about them, my dear. It may be useful to you, or it may not. Go over to my writing table there and pull out the little top drawer. Bring me the blank envelope that's there."

Emily brought the envelope as directed. "I don't say it's important—it probably isn't," said Miss Percehouse. "Everybody tells lies one way or another and Mrs. Willett is perfectly entitled to do the same as everybody else."

She took the envelope and slipped her hand inside. "I will tell you all about it. When the Willetts arrived here, with their smart clothes and their maids and their innovation trunks, she and Violet came up in Forder's car and the maids and the innovation trunks came up by the station bus. I was looking out as they passed and I saw a colored label blow off from one of the trunks and dive down to one of my borders. Now, if there is one thing I hate more than another it is a blot of paper or mess of any kind. So I went out to pick it up, and I was going to throw it away when it struck me it was a bright, pretty thing, and I might as well keep it for the scrap-books I make for the children's hospital. Well, I wouldn't have thought about it again except for Mrs. Willett's deliberately mentioning on two or three occasions that Violet had never been out of South Africa and that she herself had only

been to South Africa, England, and the Riviera." "Yes?" said Emily. "Exactly. Now—look at this." Miss Percehouse thrust a luggage label into Emily's hand. It bore the inscription, Mendie's Hotel, Melbourne.

"Australia," said Miss Percehouse, "isn't South Africa—or it wasn't in my young days. I daresay it isn't important, but there it is for what it is worth. And I'll tell you another thing, I have heard Mrs. Willett called to her daughter and she called Coee, and that again is more typical of Australia than South Africa. And what I say is, it is queer. Why come from Australia, if you do?"

"It's certainly curious," said Emily. "And it's curious that they should come to live here in winter." "That leaps to the eye," said Miss Percehouse. "Have you met them yet?"

"No. I thought of going there this morning. Only I didn't know quite what to say." "I'll provide you with an excuse," said Miss Percehouse briskly. "Fetch me my fountain pen and some note-paper and an envelope. That's right. Now, let me see." She paused deliberately, then without the warning raised her voice in a hideous scream.

"Ronnie, Ronnie, Ronnie! Is the boy dead? Why can't he come when he's called? Ronnie! Ronnie!" Ronnie arrived at a brisk trot, paint brush in hand. "Is anything the matter, Aunt Caroline?"

"What should be the matter? I was calling you, that was all. Did you have any particular cake for tea when you were at the Willetts yesterday?" "Cake?"

"Cake, sandwiches—anything. How slow you are, boy. What did you have to eat for tea?" "There was a coffee cake," said Ronnie very much puzzled, "and some pate sandwiches."

"Coffee cake," said Miss Percehouse. "That'll do." She began to write briskly. "You can go back to your painting, Ronnie. Don't hang about, and don't stand there with your mouth open. You had your adjectives out when you were eight years old, so there is no excuse for it."

She continued to write: "Dear Mrs. Willett:—I hear you had the most delicious coffee cake for tea yesterday afternoon. Will you be so very kind as to give me the recipe for it. I know you'll not mind my asking you for this—an invalid has so little variety in her diet. Miss Trefus has kindly promised to buy this note for me as Ronnie is taking this morning. Is not this news about the convict too dreadful?"

Yours very sincerely, Caroline Percehouse. She put it in an envelope, sealed it down and addressed it. "There you are, young woman. You will probably find the doorstep littered with reporters. A lot of them passed along the lane in Forder's charabanc. I saw them. But you ask for Mrs. Willett and say you have brought a note from me and you'll sail in. I needn't tell you to keep your eyes open and make the most you can of your visit. You will do that anyway."

"You are kind," said Emily. "You really are." "I help those who can help themselves," said Miss Percehouse. "By the way, you haven't asked me what I think of Ronnie yet. I presume he is on your list of the village. He is a good lad in his way, but pitifully weak. I am sorry to say he would do almost anything for money. Look at what he stands for me! And he hasn't got the brains to see that I would like him just ten times better if he stood up to me now and again, and told me to go to the devil."

"The only other person in the village is Captain Wyatt. He smokes opium, I believe. And he's easily the worst-tempered man in England. Anything more you want to know?" "I don't think so," said Emily. "What you have told me seems pretty comprehensive."

As Emily walked briskly along the lane her busy thoughts were interrupted by a rather hoarse voice speaking rather close to her right ear. "Excuse me," it said, "but do you happen to have seen a bull terrier?" Emily started and turned. Leaning over a gate was a tall thin man with a very brown complexion, blood-shot eyes and grey hair. He was propped up with a crutch on one side, and was wearing a coat with enormous buttons. He had a difficulty in identifying him as Captain Wyatt, the invalid owner of No. 3 The Cottages.

"No, I haven't," said Emily. "She got out," said Captain Wyatt. "An affectionate creature, but an absolute fool. With all these cars and things—" "I shouldn't think many motors come up this lane," said Emily. "Charabancs do. In the summer-time," said Captain Wyatt grimly. "It's the three and sixpenny morning run from Exhampton. Ascent of Sit-

taford Beacon with a halt halfway up from Exhampton for light refreshments." "Yes, but this isn't summertime," said Emily. "All the same a charabanc came along just now. Reporters, I suppose, going to have a look at Sittaford House."

"Did you know Captain Trevelyan well?" asked Emily. "She was of the opinion that the incident of the bull terrier had been a mere subterfuge on Captain Wyatt's part dictated by a very natural curiosity. She was she was well aware, the principal object of attention in Sittaford at present, and it was only natural that Captain Wyatt should have a look at her as well as everyone else."

(To Be Continued.)

The Newspaper (Border Cities Star.)

Mr. John Bassett, vice-president of the Montreal Gazette, presented some interesting views on the position of the modern newspaper when he addressed the Press Day at the Canadian National Exhibition on Press Day.

The distinguishing feature of a newspaper, Mr. Bassett said, is "character," and the more distinctive it is the greater the appeal to the thinking public. Also particularly remarked by the speaker was the modern policy of carrying news reports untinted by political bias.

It is not many years ago that every paper, or nearly so, was the mouthpiece of one of the major parties and the presentation of its news was colored by this fact. Today, happily, there is a change. Even party newspapers have deserted the old methods and the percentage of strictly independent publications is very large.

Independence, of course, does not mean that a newspaper should refrain from expressing opinions on political and other topics, though some persons seem to think so. Independence means a fair approach to every subject, with a frank expression of either praise or criticism. A newspaper published on this basis is of far more value to its community and to the nation than the old-fashioned party organ which merely set out to praise everything put forward by its political family and to more or less damn everything conceived by the other side.

The newspapers of Canada—and indeed of all the countries—are performing a public service the real worth of which is not always properly appreciated.

Doubtful Move

I moved from town when the sun grew bright. And packed, while the sweat ran down my nose. The bag of books that would be just right To keep me up on my mental toes.

Now I am moving back to town. And paying express on a heavy box That has stood in my hallway upside down, Covered with sweaters and shells and rocks.

Odd that the reader's mind grows null. Not to say void, by the shore of the sea— Yet I rather like what I've got in my skull, Where the convolutions used to be.

Just what it is, I couldn't say. But I'm ready to give this subtle hint: My brain may have turned into sand or spray, But it certainly hasn't turned to print. —Hortense Flexner in the New Yorker.

The early and the latter part of human life are the best, or, at least, the most worthy of respect; the one is the age of innocence, the other of reason. —Joubert.

A British report says that in the past 50 years 58,000 men have been killed in British coal mines.

"The prettiest rag rugs I ever saw"

"I feel I should share with you a wonderful compliment I had on my new rag rugs," writes an appreciative Three Rivers woman. "A wealthy lady from the City of Quebec was visiting here and saw the rag rugs I had just finished. She was so enthusiastic—said she had never seen such rich, lovely colors. She asked me if I bought new materials to get such beautiful color effects. When I told her I had dyed my old scraps—with Diamond Dyes, she simply couldn't believe it. Of course I'm very proud of my rugs. Besides being beautiful colors, they are fast and washable."

A Quality Which Is Incomparable

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Rules Regarding Migratory Birds

The National Parks Service of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, has just issued the regulations regarding migratory birds for the current year. A summary of the regulations as they apply to Ontario follows:

Open Seasons
Ducks, Geese, Brant, Rails, Coots and Wilson's or Jack-Snipe.—In that part of Ontario lying north and west of the French and Mattawa rivers and also including all Georgian Bay waters: September 1 to December 15. In that part of Ontario lying south of the French and Mattawa rivers (but not including any portion of the Georgian Bay waters): September 15 to December 15.

Closed Seasons
There is a closed season throughout the year on Wood Ducks, Swans, Cranes, Curlew, Killdeer, Golden Plover, Black-bellied and Golden Plover, Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs, Avocets, Dowitchers, Knots, Oystercatchers, Phalaropes, Stilts, Surf-birds, Turnstones and all the shore birds not provided with an open season in above schedule.

The taking of the nests or eggs of migratory game, migratory insectivorous and migratory non-game birds, their nests or eggs is prohibited. The killing, hunting, capturing, taking or molesting of migratory insectivorous and migratory non-game birds, is prohibited.

The possession of migratory game birds killed during the open season is allowed in Ontario until March 31 following open season.

Bag Limits
Ducks, 15; Geese, 15; Brant, 15; Rails, Coots and Gallinules, 25 in the aggregate; Wilson's or Jacksnipe, 25; Woodcock, 8; and not more than 125 Woodcock or 150 ducks in one season.

Guns and Appliances
The use of automatic (auto-loading), swivel or machine guns, or battery, or any gun larger than number 10 gauge is prohibited, and the use of any airplane, power-boat, sail boat, wounded live birds as decoys, night light, and shooting from any horse-drawn or motor vehicle is forbidden.

The shooting of migratory game birds earlier than sunrise or later than sunset is prohibited.

The penalty for violation of the Migratory Bird laws is a fine of not more than three hundred dollars and not less than ten dollars, or imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months, or both fine and imprisonment.

Germans Decide on True Dance Tunes

"What are German dances?" "To the foreigner, who has watched rural festivals or the waltzes danced in his homeland, German dances are characterized chiefly by an assiduous windmill motion during the execution of which it is up to one's neighbors to look out.

The question was put to the meeting of the German Faculty of Dance Teachers in Bayreuth recently. German dances, came the decision, were most certainly not fox-trots, one-steps or tangos, which are identified with "soulless jazz" and as such in bad flavor in Nazi circles.

The Faculty comprised a true German dance list, including: marches, waltzes and slow waltzes, and the "change-step," adapted to 4-4 rhythm. The sweet scented lemon verbena is a native plant of Chile and Peru.

Tin—the Metal of A Thousand Uses

A glimpse of the British homes of the future, tin-plated inside and out, with tin-plated baths and fittings, is provided by a scheme almost completed by British tin producers.

The scheme, which includes a tremendous world drive to make tin the metal of a thousand uses, has Government backing.

Colonel S. Heckstall-Smith, who has just returned from a European tour, during which he appointed observers in each country to report, said: "In the short time the scheme has been at work, researches and investigations have brought to light the fact that homes as well as business houses of the future will be tin-plated inside and out."

"Research workers have discovered a method to plate wood, such as panelled walls, ceilings and household effects by spraying them with powdered tin.

"In the home of the future the porcelain or marble bath and fittings will give way to the heavily tin-plated articles, because they do not tarnish or rust.

"The old-fashioned domestic lead water pipe is to be replaced by piping containing tin, which is 20 per cent. cheaper, over 30 per cent. lighter, and is not liable to become corroded.

"Researches are going on to perfect bronze and make it weather-proof. "Its perfection will mean that our manufacturers will stand a chance of capturing new markets as well as retaining the old ones."

Approximately 250,000 people are employed in the tin industry, but it is anticipated that this number will be more than doubled within the next three or four years.

Ontario Farmers Do Well
In Prince Edward Island in 1931 over 96 per cent. of the farms were located on earth roads, and in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the percentage of farms on earth roads are high. But in Ontario less than one-fifth of the farms were located on earth roads and four-fifths were on surfaced roads, principally gravel.

A gentleman is always a gentleman; but the butterflies of society differ as much in their moods as does that insect in its colours.—Mme. Dufrenoy.

Many might go to heaven with half the labour they go to hell. If they would venture their industry the right way.—Ben Jonson.

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DOES your baby cry at night and wake you? How much should he weigh? When should he walk? How much food should he take? What clothes should he wear? These and many other vital questions answered in our new edition of "Baby's Welfare." FREE for the asking.

Write the Borden Co., Limited, Yardley House, Toronto.

So They Say

"The ideal government, as I view it, is that which combines the greatest amount of freedom for the individual with the greatest co-operative activity of the community."—Havelock Ellis.

"The experiences of the last few years have proved that a purely national economic policy in this modern world is one which, by impoverishing other nations, impoverishes those who pursue it."—J. Ramsay MacDonald.

"The distinction between a price level and prices is really as vital as the distinction between sea level and the heights of waves."—Irving Fisher.

"Jealousy, rather than the love of money, is the root of much evil."—St. James M. Barrie.

"We must now either co-operate and rise as a whole or go down."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"I am a great believer in village life."—David Lloyd George.

"No one nation can be well off when others are in despair."—Cordell Hull.

"When the nations gathered in London they were not motivated by a desire to benefit the world."—Henry Morgenthau.

"Political honesty, like all other honesty, is the best policy in the long run."—Alfred E. Smith.

"If biography and history teach us anything it is that big men have almost always refused to poison their spirits with vindictiveness and hate."—Bruce Barton.

"I believe that, for the moral and political prestige of the nations, it would be advisable to place an embargo on conferences."—Benito Mussolini.

"If one could only hope for enlightened selfishness on the part of capital, all would be well."—Samuel Untermyer.

"One of the most astonishing delusions of mankind to-day is the idea that happiness is associated with moral looseness."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"The only thing that makes life tolerable is hard work."—Clarence Darrow.

"There is a very important difference between not understanding a thing and misunderstanding it."—G. K. Chesterton.

"There are occasions in life when it becomes one's painful duty to disobey the laws and orders of the State."—Mahatma Gandhi.

"The real history of America is a disgraceful one, because the real history of mankind is a disgraceful one."—George Bernard Shaw.

"Business could remain at normal, without booms or panics; but so long as we have one we must have the other."—Roger W. Babson.

"The terrific disorganization of credit and confidence is the root cause of our economic woes."—Lord Robert Cecil.

"The only way to write a really popular song is to put one's self first in the state of mind of a less than average person, with a less than average vocabulary, range of thought, experience and sense of grammar."—Sigmund Spaeth.

"Modern society moves at such an intense pace that greater reaction periods are necessary."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Every advance in social organization requires some surrender of individual freedom by the majority."—Owen D. Young.

"I am not afraid of the results if we stick to the rules."—Henry Ford.

"Life is more than a livelihood—that is the sum of the social teachings of Christ."—Dean Inge.

"Many a child is psychologically ruined by ignorant and sentimental handling on the part of its mother."—Bertrand Russell.

"The best way to fool the people is by telling them the truth. They won't believe you."—Ely Culbertson.

"The immediate task is to devise ways in which the nations may live together as harmoniously as possible while wrestling with their own internal problems."—Sir Walter Layton.

"The art of moderation is the art of life."—Andre Simon.

"This is a period when the ideals and hopes which have made America the envy of the world are being tested."—Herbert Hoover.

"The world has never yet armed for peace and got peace."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

Newspaper Best Medium
A citizen had occasion the other day to move his front steps in order to get something which had slipped down behind them and he came across about twenty bills, neatly folded which had no doubt been sent out by the merchant whose name was attached for distribution to the householders but which had been thrust in there and got rid of. Bills are no doubt good advertising, when properly distributed, but nobody had a chance to read at least twenty or so of that issue and the message contained on them helped no one. No advertising, and this is admitted by all great advertisers is so effective as newspaper advertising. We cannot guarantee that an advertisement printed in the weekly paper will be read, but we can at least guarantee that the paper containing it will be taken into the homes, it will not be chucked under steps in bundles and left to rot.—(Clinton News-Record.)

So long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness and effeminacy are prevented; and there is not little room for temptation.—Jeremy Taylor.

Madame Lacroix's delicious CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

¾ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup milk
2½ cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour)
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt

Cream butter; add sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks and flavoring; add flour, sifted with salt and baking powder, alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 greased layers, cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 20 minutes. Recipe for Chocolate Icing and Filling is in the Magic Cook Book.

Why Magic Baking Powder is used exclusively at this Montreal School of Domestic Science

"We teach our students only the surest methods," says Madame R. Lacroix, Assistant Director of the Provincial School of Domestic Science, Montreal. "That's why I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder. Its high leavening quality is always uniform. You get the same satisfactory results every time you use it."

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CONTAINS NO ALUM. This statement on every tin is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredients.

September

With burnished crest and bannered spear,
The autumn's heralds now appear.

Then come, my own, and walk with me
Where beauty fashions ecstasy!

The sun, a leasured gallant, lingers
To kiss his lady's palms and fingers;
A wizardry invades the skies,
Like dawning love in sinless eyes.

To-day the angels drape anew
Bed's footstool with a rarer blue,

And smile to see the cloudlets pass
Like snowy swans upon the grass—

Now, glacier clouds that part in rifts,
And clouds like cherry-blossom drifts.

Will you, my own, with me remember
The blossom drifts of late September?
—From "Under the Maple,"
by Kathryn Munro.

New Game Sanctuary

Moose Jaw, Sask.—Taking in the pride of the present wild animal park, a new game sanctuary comprising 43 square miles south and west of here has been established by the Saskatchewan Government. It has been announced by A. E. Etter, game commissioner.