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"SALADA"

TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



BEGIN HERE TODAY

The prospective visit of a no-or-dowell brother, who had been absent for fifteen years in Australia, was a far from pleasing prospect to Mark Ablett, bachelor proprietor of The Red House. Mark and his constant companion, Matt Cayley, remained in the Red House awaiting the arrival of the brother Robert, while the house-party guests were away playing golf.

When Robert appeared, the parlor-maid, startled by his rough appearance, ushered him into Mark's office and went to inform her master. Mark was not in the garden and when the maid returned to the house she heard the report of a revolver and then the sound of Cayley pounding on the locked office door and demanding admittance. This was the state of affairs when Antony Gillingham, a youthful gentleman adventurer, arrived.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER III.

Cayley looked round suddenly at the voice.

"Can I help?" said Antony politely.

"Something's happened," said Cayley. He was breathing quickly. "I heard a shot. I was in the library. A loud bang. And the door's locked." He rattled the handle again, and shook it. "Open the door!" he cried. "I say, Mark, what is it? Open the door!"

"But he must have locked the door on purpose," said Antony. "So why should he open it just because you ask him to?"

Cayley turned to the door again. "We must break it in," he said, putting his shoulder to it.

"Isn't there a window?"

"Window? Window?"

"So much easier to break in a window," said Antony with a smile. He looked very cool and collected, as he stood just inside the hall, leaning on his stick.

"Window of course! What an idiot I am."

He pushed past Antony and began running out into the drive. Antony followed him. They ran along the front of the house, down a path to the left and then to the left again over the grass, Cayley in front, the other close behind him. Suddenly Cayley looked over his shoulder and pulled up short.

"Here," he said.

They had come to the windows of the locked room, French windows which opened out to the lawn at the back of the house. But now they were closed. Antony couldn't help feeling a thrill of excitement as he followed Cayley's example, and put his face close up to the glass. But if there had been one shot, why should there not be two more—at the careless fools who were pressing their noses against the panes, and asking for it.

"My God, can you see it?" said Cayley in a shaking voice.

The next moment Antony saw it. A man was lying on the floor at the far end of the room, his back toward them.

"Who is it?" said Antony.

"I don't now," the other whispered.

"Well, we'd better go and see." He considered the windows for a moment. "I should think, if you put your weight into it, just where they join, they'll give all right."

Cayley put his weight into it. The

window gave, and they went into the room. Cayley walked quickly to the body, and dropped on his knees by it. With an effort he put a hand on to its shoulder and pulled it over.

"Than God!" he murmured, and let the body go again.

"Who is it?" said Antony.

"Robert Ablett!"

"Oh!" said Antony. "I thought his name was Mark."

"Yes, Mark Ablett lives here. Robert is his brother." He shuddered, and said, "I was afraid it was Mark."

"Was Mark in the room too?"

"Yes," said Cayley, absently. Antony had gone to the locked door, and was turning the handle. "I suppose he put the key in his pocket," he said, as he came back to the body again.

"Who?"

Antony shrugged his shoulders. "Whoever did this," he said, pointing to the man on the floor. "Is he dead?"

"Help me," said Cayley simply.

They turned the body on to its back, nerving themselves to look at it. Robert Ablett had been shot between the eyes.

"Did you know him well?" said Antony quietly. He meant, "Were you fond of him?"

"Hardly at all. Mark is the brother I know best." He hesitated, and then said, "Perhaps I'd better get some water."

There was another door opposite to the locked one, which led, as Antony was to discover for himself directly, into a passage from which opened two



"Thank God!" he murmured, and let the body go again.

more rooms. Cayley stepped into the passage, and opened the door on the right. The door from the office, through which he had gone, remained open. The door at the end of the short passage was shut. Antony, kneeling by the body, followed Cayley with his eyes, and, after he had disappeared, kept his eyes on the blank wall of the passage, but he was not conscious of that at which he was looking, for his mind was with the other man, sympathizing with him.

Cayley came into the room again, murmured something, and knelt down to bathe the dead man's face. Then he placed the handkerchief over it.

"They stood up and looked at each other.

"If I can be of any help to you," said Antony, "please let me."

"That's very kind of you. There will be things to do. But you mustn't let me trespass on your kindness."

"I came to see Beverley. He is an old friend of mine."

"He's out playing golf. He will be back directly."

"I will stay if I can be of any help."

"Please do. You see, there are women." He hesitated, and gave Antony a timid little smile pathetic in so big and self-reliant a man. "Just your moral support, you know."

"Of course." Antony smiled back at him, and said cheerfully, "Well, then, I'll begin by suggesting that you should ring up the police."

"The police? Yes—yes." He looked doubtfully at the other. "I suppose—"

Antony spoke frankly.

"Now, lock here, Mr.—"

"Cayley. I'm Mark Ablett's cousin. I live with him."

"My names Gillingham. I'm sorry, I ought to have told you before. Well now, Mr. Cayley, we shan't do any good by pretending. Here's a man been shot—well, somebody shot him."

Cayley shrugged his shoulders and went to the telephone.

"May I—er—look round a bit?" Antony nodded toward the open door.

"Oh, do. Yes." He sat down and drew the telephone toward him. "You must make allowances for me, Mr. Gillingham. Of course, you're quite right, and I'm merely being stupid." He took off the receiver.

Let us suppose that, for the purpose of making a first acquaintance with this "office," we are coming into it from the hall, through the door which is now locked. As we stand just inside the door, the length of the room runs right and left. Across the breadth of the room (some fifteen feet), is the other door, by which Cayley went out and returned a few minutes ago. In the right-hand wall thirty feet away from us, are the French windows. Crossing the room and going out by the opposite door, we come into a passage, from which two rooms lead.

The one on the right, into which Cayley went, is less than half the length of the office, a small, square room, which has evidently been used some time or other as a bedroom. The window faces the same way as the French windows in the next room.

The room on the other side of the bedroom is a bathroom. The three rooms together, in fact, form a sort of private suite.

Antony wandered into the bedroom. The window was open, and he looked out at the peaceful stretch of park.

"Cayley thinks he did it," said Antony to himself. "That's obvious. It explains why he wasted so much time banging on the door. Why should he try to break a lock when it's so much easier to break a window? Of course, he might just have lost his head; on the other hand, he might have wanted to give his cousin a chance of getting away. Why did we run all the way round the house in order to get to the windows?"

There was a step in the passage outside, and he turned round, to see Cayley in the doorway. He remained looking at him for a moment, asking himself a question. It was rather a curious question. He was asking himself why the door was open.

Well, not exactly why the door was open; that could be explained easily enough. But why had he expected the door to be shut. He did not remember shutting it, but somehow he was surprised to see it open now. To see Cayley through the doorway, just coming into the room. Something working sub-consciously in his brain had told him that it was surprising. Why?

Cayley joined him at the window.

"I've telephoned," he said. "They're sending an inspector or some one from Mileston, and the local police and doctor from Stanton."

Antony felt quite sure, from what Cayley had said and had hesitated to say, that Mark had been the last to see his brother alive. It didn't follow, that Mark Ablett was a murderer. Revolvers go off accidentally; and when they have gone off, people lose their heads and run away, fearing that their story will not be believed. Nevertheless, when people run away, whether innocently or guiltily, one can't help wondering which way they went.

"I suppose this way," said Antony aloud, looking out of the window.

"I wonder."

"Well, he didn't go by the windows in the next room because they were shut."

"Isn't that rather odd?"

"Well, I thought so at first, but—"

He pointed to the wall jutting out on the right. "You see, you're protected from the rest of the house if you get out here. If you go out at the French windows, I imagine you're much more visible."

Cayley looked at him thoughtfully.

"It seems to me, Mr. Gillingham, that you know the house pretty well, considering that this is the first time you've been to it."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Hon. Chas. Stewart
Reviews Progress
During Year 1928

Advances Made in Many Lines
of Activity

"The significance of New Year is bound up with the traditions of our race; at this season it is appropriate that we review the achievements of the closing year, take heart from what has been accomplished, and in the light of past experiences set our course for the future.

"The rising tide of prosperity during 1928 has been based on the development of extensive and varied natural resources, and over more than half of the total area of the Dominion these are administered by the departments of the Interior, Mines and Indian Affairs, under my responsibility. In all parts of this great country the pulsations of economic prosperity are being felt as never before.

"At no period in the history of the Dominion has such marked activity been evidenced in the development of our mineral resources. The last few years have witnessed the increasing expansion of the mining and metallurgical industries in the established mineral-producing provinces and the extension of these industries into entirely new areas of undoubted importance and promise. During the same period the standing of Canada among the mineral-producing nations of the world has been considerably enhanced.

"All previous records in mineral producing in Canada were surpassed in 1927 when the value of the total mineral output rose to nearly \$250,000,000, and it is more than possible that this impressive total will itself be surpassed when the final figures for 1928 are completed. It is gratifying to note that our mineral output is increasing in variety as well as in quantity and that the list of minerals now produced, both metallic and non-metallic, comprises all of those of outstanding industrial value with a few exceptions only, some of which may yet be attended in the Dominion.

Drilling for oil in the western provinces is being attended by very satisfactory results. In Alberta the increasing production has now reached approximately 480,000 barrels of crude naphtha per year. Recent discoveries and developments have attracted world attention to Canada's extensive deposits of copper, nickel, lead and zinc, and to the possibilities of increased production of the precious metals. These and our established reputation in the production of non-metallic minerals, in addition to petroleum, indicate the importance of the Dominion's mineral wealth and forecast continued prosperity for its mining and allied industries.

"Our well distributed waterways seem to have been placed by Nature where their abundant energy would be most convenient for the development of both primary and secondary industry and for the comfort and urban and rural populations dependent thereon. The past year has witnessed the addition of 550,000 horse-power to our total turbine installation which has now reached the imposing figure of 5,328,000 horse-power; with a further 1,200,000 horse-power of new development in various stages of construction. The outstanding developments have taken place in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba.

"Our country has been richly endowed with forest resources. The net annual value of the products of our forests reaches about \$475,000,000 and conditions in the lumbering industry are more favorable than for several years. The newsprint industry though suffering from a period of over-production is inherently sound and its leaders are, I am sure, quite capable of mastering the difficulties which temporarily beset them. Optimism prevails; we are exporting more newsprint than all other countries combined; our plants are newer and equipped with more modern machinery; they have access to cheaper power and more ample pulpwood supplies than any of our competitors. These favorable factors must in time bring the desired result.

"The well being of the Indians and Eskimos is being furthered by every possible means. They are being encouraged in the practice of certain handicrafts similar to those practised by other native races, the aim being to promote health and industry which can only be had by providing convenient opportunity for all to engage in pursuits for which they are adapted by nature. Large areas have been set aside for the benefit of the Indians and Eskimos and serious consideration is being given to the establishment of 'domesticated' reindeer and conservation of musk-ox.

"Tourists holidaying in Canada made expenditure estimates at \$276,000,000, which was well distributed among all classes and added considerably to the general prosperity of 1928. This contribution which our recreational resources make to the national income is, in fact, greater than either the value of our mineral or pulp and paper output. Its influence on the balance of trade and on the financial structure of this young and growing country is enormous.

"On every hand there is just cause for rejoicing and at this season as we find ourselves knocking at the portals of the future we can take confidence in the knowledge that never has a new year opened so auspiciously for Canada, and seldom, if ever, in the

history of mankind has a nation of our numbers attained such material prosperity in so short a time or dared to attempt such bold enterprises as we have undertaken."

Australia's Example

Manchester Evening News: Attention ought to be directed to the result of the election by which Mr. Stanley Bruce and his ministers have once more been entrusted with the destinies of the Commonwealth. . . . The Bruce who has just defeated a powerful Labor opponent deserves a place in the school books scarcely less prominent than that of the Bruce who studied the habits of spiders; not because of the defeat of this opponent, but because of his part in the making of the new Australia and his regard for Australia's future. . . . On the declaration of his return to power he said he hoped that "until that triennial tragedy, the general election," came again all parties would sink their political differences and try to find a solution of the great problems confronting them. Our own general election is still comparatively far off, and we need not pretend to prophesy the result, but when it is over we should like to hear the Prime Minister, whoever he be, echo those words. Why should all parties in Great Britain not combine to supply Great Britain's needs?

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Empire Industry

Hidden Gem in the Nineteenth Century (London): The industrial position in the Empire is that most industries are concentrated in Great Britain, but others are springing up in Canada, Australia, India, and elsewhere in indiscriminate competition with Great Britain and with each other. The amount of competition at present is not great, but unless the distribution of industries is planned it will become greater in the future, and might, theoretically, be as great as that between Great Britain and any foreign industrial nation. It would seem, therefore, worth while bringing the matter before the next Imperial Conference, when the question of inviting Empire industrialists to consider the question at an Empire Industries Conference could be discussed. For it would be to the advantage of the Empire as a whole, and to the industries of the Empire, that there should be the maximum of co-operation and the minimum of avoidable friction.

Hands Across The Sea

Major Lloyd Jones in Britannia (London): We are, and there is no reason to believe that we shall not remain, on friendly terms with the great nation on the other side of the Atlantic; indeed, it is probably a truism to say that today the Atlantic is narrower than the English Channel, so far as similarity in ideas is concerned, and if the two great English-speaking nations decide to insist on arbitration the probability of another call to arms need not seriously be considered by this generation.

The Why of It

"I bought a new car, and traded in my player piano as first payment."

"I didn't know they accepted player pianos as payment on new cars."

"They don't usually, but the salesman is a neighbor of mine."—Judge.

Commercial Candor

Dealer (to prospective buyers): "Here's a touring car; used some; good tires; price \$95; won't last long."

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Can a Horse Fly?

Teacher (of elementary class): "Has anyone ever seen a horse fly?"

Pupil (not knowing the species): "No, but I have seen a dog jump."

Mr. Kangaroo—Bal, Mary, where's the child? Mrs. Kangaroo—Good heavens! I've had my pocket picked.—Punch.

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THEREFORE DREADS THE FIRE

"I thought she was an old flame of yours."

"She was—but I got burnt."

A Question of Grammar

"Her niece is rather good looking, eh?"

"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are.'"

—Chaplain: Are you comfortable here in prison, my man? Convict: It has its drawbacks, but I don't have to get up in the middle of the night to see if the doors are locked.

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