

Every tiny leaf is a storehouse of flavour

"SARADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. MILNE



BEGIN HERE TODAY

The prospective victim of a ne'er-do-well 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 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. He and Cayley enter the room and find Robert Ablett dead.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IV.

Guests at the Red House were allowed to do what they liked within reason—the reasonableness or otherwise of it being decided by Mark. But when once they (or Mark) had made up their minds as to what they wanted to do, the plan had to be kept. Mrs. Calladine, who knew this little weakness of their host's, resisted, therefore, the suggestion of Bill that they should have a second round of golf in the afternoon, and drive home comfortably after tea.

Antony was standing in front of the house, waiting for them. Bill waved, and he waved back. Then as the car drew up, Bill, who was in front with the chauffeur, jumped down and greeted him eagerly.

"Hallo, you madman, have you come to stay, or what," he had a sudden idea. "Don't say you're Mark Ablett's long-lost brother from Australia, though I could quite believe it of you." He laughed boyishly.

"Hallo, Bill," said Antony quietly. "Will you introduce me? I'm afraid I've got some bad news."

Bill, rather sobered by this, introduced him. The Major and Mrs. Calladine were on the near side of the car, and Antony spoke to them in a low voice.

"I'm afraid I'm going to give you rather a shock," he said. "Robert Ablett, Mr. Mark Ablett's brother, has been killed." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "In the house."

"Do you mean that he has just killed himself?" asked Mrs. Calladine. "It was about two hours ago. I happened to come here," he half-turned to Beverley and explained. "I was coming to see you, Bill, and I arrived just after the death. Mr. Cayley and I found the body. Mr. Cayley being busy just now—there are police and doctors and so on in the house—he asked me to tell you. He says that no doubt you would prefer the house-party having been broken up in this tragic way, to leave as soon as possible." He gave a pleasant apologetic little smile.

Bill gazed with open mouth at Antony. Mrs. Calladine was quietly mistress of herself.

"We shall be in the way, yes, I quite understand," she said; "but we can't shake the dust of the place off our shoes because something terrible has happened there. I must see Mark. He must know how very deeply we feel for him. Perhaps we—" she hesitated.

"The Major and I might be useful anyway," said Bill.

"Where is Mark?" said the Major suddenly, looking hard at Antony.

Antony looked back unwaveringly—and said nothing.

"I think," said the Major gently, leaning over to Mrs. Calladine, "that

it would be better if you took Betty back to London tonight."

"Very well," she agreed quietly. As Antony re-entered the hall, the Inspector from Middleton was just crossing into the library with Cayley. The latter stopped and nodded to Antony.

"Wait a moment, Inspector. Here's Mr. Gillingham." And then to Antony. "This is Inspector Birch."

Birch looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Mr. Gillingham and I found the body together," explained Cayley. "Oh! Well, come along, and let's get the facts sorted out a bit."

They went into the library. The Inspector seated himself at a writing-table, and Cayley sat in a chair by the side of it. Antony made himself comfortable in an armchair and prepared to be interested.

"We'll start with the dead man," said the inspector. "Robert Ablett, didn't you say?" He took out his notebook.

"Yes. Brother of Mark Ablett, who lives here."

Antony listened attentively while Cayley explained all that he knew about Robert. This was news to him.

"I see. Sent out of the country in disgrace. What had he done?"

"I hardly know."

"Mark Ablett never talked about him?"

"Hardly ever. He was very much ashamed of him, and—well, very glad he was in Australia."

"Now your own private opinion, Mr. Cayley. Do you think that Mark was unfair to his brother?"

"They'd never liked each other as

boys. I don't know whose fault it was in the first place—if anybody's."

The inspector nodded. "This letter that Mark got—did you see it?"

"Not at the time. He showed it to me afterward."

"Any address?"

"No. A half-sheet of rather dirty paper."

"Where is it now?"

"I don't know. In Mark's pocket, I expect."

"Ah! He pulled at his beard. "Can you remember what it said?"

"As far as I remember, something like this: 'Mark, your loving brother is coming to see you tomorrow, all the way from Australia. I give you warning so that you will be able to conceal your surprise, but not I hope, your pleasure. Expect him at three, or thereabouts.'"

"Ah! The inspector copied it down carefully. "Did you notice the post-mark?"

"London."

"And what was Mark's attitude?"

"Annoyance, disgust—" Cayley hesitated.

"Apprehension?"

"No—no, not exactly. Or, rather, apprehension of an unpleasant interview, not of any unpleasant outcome for himself."

"You mean that he wasn't afraid of violence, or blackmail, or anything of that sort?"

"He didn't appear to be."

"Right. . . . Now then, he arrived, you say, about three o'clock?"

"Yes, about that."

"Who was in the house then?"

"Mark and myself, and some of the servant. I don't know which. Of course, you will ask them directly, no doubt."

"With your permission. No guests?"

"They were out all day playing golf."

"Where were you when Robert arrived?" asked Birch.

Cayley explained how he had been sitting in the hall, how Audrey had asked him where the master was, and how he had said that he had last seen him going up to the Temple.

"She went away, and I went on with my book. There was a step on the stairs, and I looked up to see Mark coming down. He went into the office, and I went on with my book again. I went into the library for a moment, to refer to another book, and when I was in there I heard a shot. At least, it was a loud bang, I wasn't sure if it was a shot. I stood and listened. Then I came slowly to the door and looked out. Then I went back again, hesitated a bit, you know, and finally decided to go across to the office, and make sure that it was all right. I turned the handle of the door and found it was locked. Then I got frightened, and I banged at the door, and shouted, and—well, that was when Mr. Gillingham arrived." He went on to explain how they had found the body.

The inspector looked at him with a smile.

"Yes, well, we shall have to go over some of that again, Mr. Cayley. Mr. Mark, now. Did he say anything?"

"He said, 'Robert's here?' or something of the sort. I said 'Yes,' and he gave a sort of shrug, and said, 'Don't go too far away, I might want you,' and then went in."

"What did you think he meant by that?"

"Well, he consults me a good deal, you know. I'm his sort of unofficial solicitor in a kind of way."

"Yes. How long was it before you heard the shot?"

"Two minutes, perhaps."

The inspector finished his writing, and then regarded Cayley thoughtfully. Suddenly he said:

"What is your theory of Robert's death?"

Cayley shrugged his shoulders. "You've probably seen more than I've seen," he answered. "I can only speak as a layman—and Mark's friend."

"Well?"

"Then I should say that Robert came here meaning trouble, and bringing a revolver with him. He produced it almost at once. Mark tried to get it from him, there was a little struggle perhaps, and it went off. Mark lost his head, finding himself with a revolver in his hand and a dead man at his feet. His one idea was to escape. He locked the door almost instinctively, and then, when he heard me hammering at it, went out of the window."

"Y—yes. Well, that sounds reasonable enough. What do you say, Mr. Gillingham?"

"I should hardly call it 'reasonable' to lose your head," said Antony, getting up from his chair and coming toward them.

"Well, you know what I mean. It explains things."

"Oh, yes. Any other explanation would make them much more complicated."

"Have you any other explanation?"

"Not I."

"Well now, about yourself. You're not staying in the house, I gather?"

Antony explained his previous movements.

"Yes. Did you hear the shot?"

"Yes. Just as I came in sight of the house. It didn't make any impression at the time, but I remember it now."

"Where were you then?"

"Coming up the drive."

"Nobody left the house by the front door after the shot?"

"Nobody," he said. "No."

"Thank you. You're at 'The George' if I want you?"

"Mr. Gillingham is staying here until after the inquest," explained Cayley.

(To be continued.)

Good in Emergency

First Woman Doctor Descends Pit to Aid Electrified Miners

Glasgow, Scotland.—The first instance of a woman doctor descending a coal mine in a sudden emergency occurred recently at Camuslang, Lanarkshire, where two men named Connor and Loughrie, working with an electric driller, were electrified.

Dr. Anne Mitchell, local general practitioner descended the mine forthwith accompanied by Father Galbraith, Roman Catholic priest. She succeeded in reviving Loughrie but Connor was past medical aid.

An additionally poignant feature of the tragedy was the fact that both men were working for the first time after a long spell of enforced idleness, and their shift would have finished less than an hour later.

Connor's brother and father-in-law were both killed in mining accidents, and Loughrie's father-in-law was killed in a pit immediately after returning from Buckingham Palace, where he received the Victoria Cross posthumously awarded his son.

Little Emily had been to school for the first time. "Well, darling, and what did you learn?" asked the mother, on Emily's return. "Ninn," sighed Emily, hopelessly. "I've got to go back to-morrow."

Letty? "She swears she has never been kissed by a man." Letty: "Well, isn't that enough to make any girl swear?"

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

The Kitten and The Snowball

"It's snowing hard," said Black-and-White. "I think I'll play outside; I'll roll a snowball on the lawn, and make it high and wide."

"I'll pat it with my velvet paws, and brush it with my tail, and start it rolling down the hill to see it sail and sail."

He patted it with velvet paws, and brushed it with his tail; and made it big and hard and round, with water from a pail.

He set it rolling down the hill,— That silly little cat! He rolled from the under side, and the snowball rolled him flat!

A Chick-a-dee cried, "Dee! dee! dee! Don't make me laugh, I beg! Why, I had lots more sense than that, when I was but an egg!"

"You think you're smart," the kitten said. For he was sore and scratched. "I wish that they had broke the egg before you ever hatched!"

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Note the turn-back flared cuffs of dart-fitted sleeves, and shaped inset pockets! Style No. 341 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust, and is made with 3/4 yard of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting for 36-inch bust. Patterned wool jersey with plain jersey, black wool jersey self-trimmed, light navy blue velveteen, printed rayon velvet in subdued wine-red tones, dull silk crepe in mahogany brown with matching tone rayon velvet trim, suede belt and bone buttons, and new light green homespun are strikingly smart and wearable. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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Little Birds in Snow

I suppose the Juniors sometimes wonder how the little birds in the woods get a living when snow is on the ground. They feed on berries that cling to bushes during the winter, and weed-seeds that are in pods and stick up above the snow. There are always insects in bark of trees that can be pried out. Besides, many people living near woods feed the birds in cold weather. Of course, most of the birds go south in the fall, but many of them stay bravely through the storms. They seem quite happy, too. If you have a roof outside your bedroom window, it is a good plan to keep it swept clear of snow, and throw out all the table scraps and crumbs. The birds soon learn to come, and on snowy mornings you will find them waiting for their breakfast.

Do you know how the partridges go to bed in winter? They dive down in the deep snow and let it keep them warm. It is queer to think that snow could keep anything warm, but it does. It is just like a nice white, soft blanket. All wild creatures that go about in the snow grow warmer clothes in winter. Even a cat has a thicker, warmer winter coat than the one he wears in summer. And they do not have to buy them. They just grow at the right time, and when the warm days come in the spring the winter clothes slip off.

We are glad all the animals do not go away in winter. It would be very lonesome without them.

Lady—"What is your trade?" Beggar—"I'm a picker, ma'am." Lady—"A picker? Tell me, what do you pick?" Beggar—"Well, ma'am, it goes according to the seasons. I pick strawberries in July; in August I pick hops; in September I pick pockets and the remainder of the year I pick onium!"

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

"Which is one of the slowest things on earth?" asked a school inspector of a boy. "Influenza," remarked the boy. "Influenza," said the inspector, "how do you make that out?" "Because it is so easily caught," promptly answered the boy.

She wouldn't want him if two or three other women weren't trying to get him too.

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