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# "SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

## TEA

Fresh from the gardens

# The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

The body of the ne'er-do-well brother, Robert Ablett, was found on the floor of the locked office of The Red House, and Mark Ablett, bachelor proprietor of the country estate, was nowhere to be found. In the eyes of Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark had shot Robert, particularly since everyone knew that Mark learned with disgust and annoyance of Robert's return from his 15-year stay in Australia.

But the circumstances were mysterious. The shot was heard two minutes after Robert's arrival, and when Antony Gillingham, a gentleman adventurer, entered the house to visit Mark's guest, Bill Beverley, he found Mark Cayley, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the locked door and demanding admittance. The two men entered through a window and found the body. How could Mark have locked the door if the keys were on the outside? puzzled Antony. He discusses some of the mysterious clues with Bill Beverley in the sunken garden, and while there discover Cayley (who has come through a secret tunnel) trying to overhear their conversation.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Antony wanted to shout his applause. It was neat, devilish neat. For a moment he gazed fascinated, at that wonderful new kind of croquet ball which had appeared so dramatically out of the box, and then reluctantly wriggled himself back. There was nothing to be gained by staying there, and a good deal to be lost, for Bill showed signs of running down. As quickly as he could Antony hurried round the ditch and took up his place at the back of the seat. Then he stood up with a yawn, stretched himself and said carelessly, "Well, don't worry yourself about it, Bill, old man. I dearsay you're right. You know Mark, and I don't; and what's the difference. Shall we have a game or shall we go to bed?"

Bill looked at him for inspiration, and receiving it, said, "Oh, just let's have one game, shall we?"

"Right you are," said Antony.

But Bill was much too excited to take the game which followed very seriously. Antony, on the other hand, seemed to be thinking of nothing but bowls. He played with great deliberation for ten minutes, and then announced he was going to bed. Bill looked at him anxiously.

"It's all right," laughed Antony. "You can talk if you want to. Just let's put 'em away first, though."

They made their way to the shed, and while Bill was putting the bowls away, Antony tried the lid of the closed croquet-box. As he expected, it was locked.

"Now then," said Bill, as they were walking back to the house again, "I'm simply bursting to know. Who was it?"

"Cayley."

"Good Lord! Where?"

"Inside, one of the croquet boxes."

"Don't be an ass."

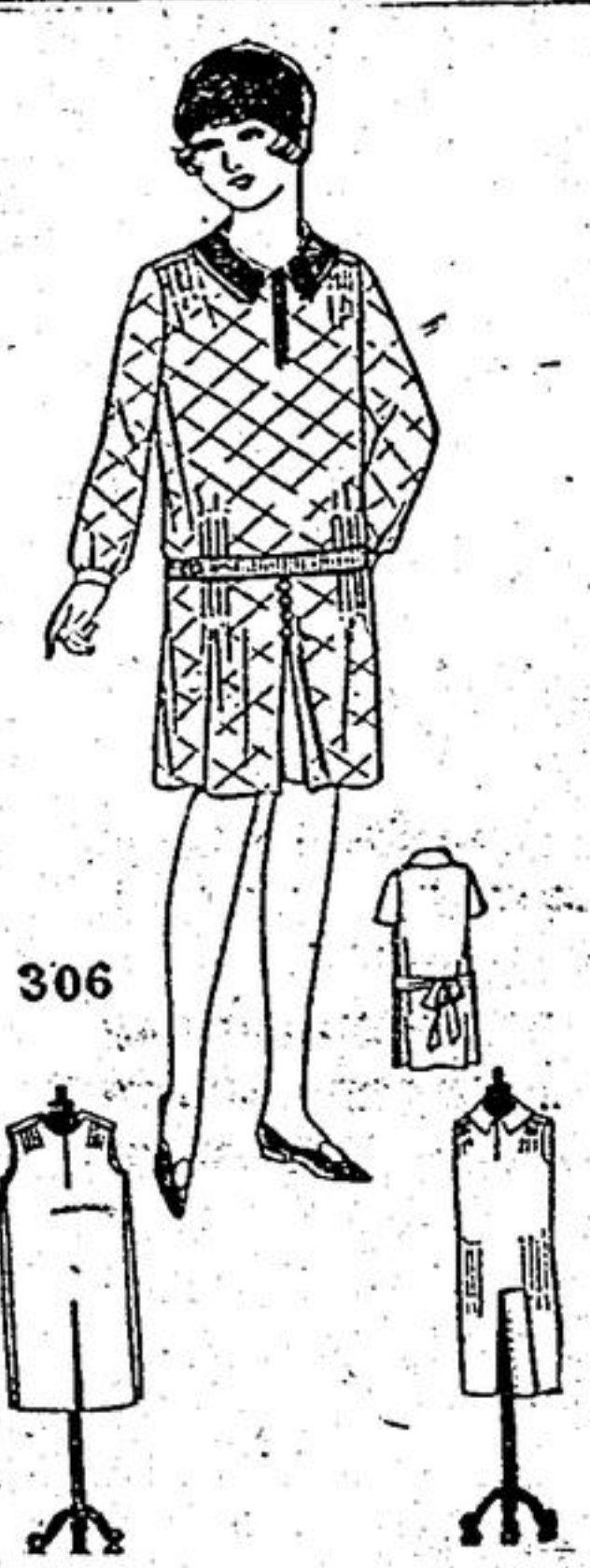
"It's quite true, Bill." He told the other what he had seen.

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## The Stray

### A Slight Sketch From Life

She was just a little thin dog, with matted, tangled, dirty hair; taught, by ill-usage, hunger, and neglect, to be afraid of everything, and to trust to nothing except her own little tired legs.

I don't know how long she had been lost in the streets, but she was in a deplorable condition when I first saw her.

Some noisy schoolboys on roller skates were chasing her, and in answer to my expostulations they said: "Please, miss, it's only a stray!"

I followed her down a side-street, and saw she was searching the gutters for food, with famished looks.

Presently we came to a great building, and through the open gate we could see a school playground. In it stood a man throwing corn to a great flock of pigeons.

Perhaps the sight of hungry things being fed gave her courage; at any rate, she crept in, at the open gate, and I followed her.

The man was the caretaker of the school, and a good friend to all animals. When he saw his timid, wretched, starved little dog, he at once made kindly advances, but she fled, terrified. At that he carefully closed the playground gate and tried to catch the stray.

For all his coaxing he could not get near her, and fear gave her legs untiring speed. Wildly she searched for the way she had come in, and darted to and fro. Finally the caretaker called his wife—a kindly soul in a big blue apron. Together they cornered the trembling little dog, and the wife threw her blue apron over her, and then she was caught. She was mere skin and bone, and her back was badly bruised and bleeding from some heavy blow.

She lay trembling with terror, waiting for more cruel cuffs and blows from her captors. Instead, she was gently carried into a warm room and placed on a mat.

Once she must have been pretty, for she was tiny and well made, and her dirty, matted hair was long and fine, and her frightened eyes were dark and bright. Her new friends brought her food and tried to reassure her, but she crouched close to the wall, trembling, with her face hidden, for nearly fifteen minutes.

At length the kind strokings and pats, and the kind voices and smell of food, prevailed. She turned round towards the plate stealthily, and suddenly started eating like a famished wolf.

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"Dreams pay no bills."

"Clover and corn," said the farmer, "Horses and kine."

Ripples of silver sequins on lazy waters

tease the drowsy pools' unwinking amber eyes.

"Dreams feed no swine."

How many dreams for a penny? Dreams are poor fare for many.

—Maud E. Uschold in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

I take an awful picture.—Mrs. Henry Ford.

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Le... a polite apology for disturbing her.

lain before. It didn't seem quite fair of Cayley, somehow; he was taking rather a mean advantage of his friends. Lot of funny people there were in the world—funny people with secrets. Look at Tony, that first time he had met him in a tobacconist's shop.

But what on earth had Miss Norris got to do with it?

Miss Norris, who had proposed to catch an after-dinner train—at the junction; in the obvious hope that she might have in this way a dramatic cross-examination at the hands of some keen-eyed detective, was encouraged tactfully, but quite firmly, to travel by the earlier train with the others.

Why? Well, that question was not to be answered off-hand. But the fact that it was so had made Antony interested in her. By sheer luck, as it seemed to him, he had stumbled on the answer to his question.

Miss Norris was hurried away because she knew about the secret passage.

The passage, then, had something to do with the mystery of Robert's death. Miss Norris had used it in order to bring off her dramatic appearance as the ghost. Possibly she had discovered it for herself; possibly Mark had revealed it to her secretly one day, never guessing that she would make so unkind a use of it later on; possibly Cayley, having been let into the joke of the dressing-up, had shown her how she could make her appearance on the bowling green even more mysterious and supernatural. One way or another, she knew about the secret passage. So she must be hurried away.

Why? Because if she stayed and talked, she might make some innocent mention of it. And Cayley did not want any mention of it.

Why again? Obviously because the passage, or even the mere knowledge of its existence, might provide a clue.

"I wonder if Mark's hiding there," thought Antony; and he went to sleep.

### CHAPTER X.

Antony came down in a very good humor to breakfast next morning, and found that his host was before him. Cayley looked up from his letters and nodded.

"Any word of Mr. Ablett—of Mark?" said Antony, as he poured out his coffee.

"No. The inspector wants to drag the lake this afternoon."

"Oh! Is there a lake?"

There was just the flicker of a smile on Cayley's face, but it disappeared as quickly as it came.

"Well, it's really a pond," he said, "but it was called 'the lake'."

"By Mark," thought Antony. Aloud he said, "What do they expect to find?"

"They think that Mark—" He broke off and shrugged his shoulders. "May have drowned himself, knowing that he couldn't get away. And knowing that he had compromised himself by trying to get away at all?"

"Yes. I suppose so," said Cayley slowly.

He added dryly, "From what I've read of detective stories, inspectors always do want to drag the pond first."

"Is it deep?"

"Quite deep enough," said Cayley as he got up. On his way to the door he stopped, and looked at Antony. "I'm so sorry that we're keeping you here like this, but I will only be until tomorrow. The inquest is tomorrow afternoon. Do amuse yourself how you like till then."

"Thanks very much. I shall really be quite all right."

Antony went on with his breakfast. Perhaps it was true that inspectors liked dragging ponds, but the question was, Did Cayley like having them dragged? as Cayley anxious about it, or quite indifferent? He certainly did not seem to be anxious, but he could hide his feelings very easily beneath that heavy, solid face.

"Bill came in noisily."

Bill's face was an open book. Excitement was written all over it.

"Well," he said eagerly, as he sat down to the business of the meal, "what are we going to do this morning?"

"Not talk so loudly, for one thing," said Antony.

Bill looked about him apprehensively. Was Cayley under the table, for example? After last night one never knew.

"Is—er—" He raised his eyebrows. "No. But one doesn't want to shout. One should modulate the voice, my dear William, while breathing gently from the hips. Thus one avoids those chest-notes which have betrayed many a secret. In other words, pass the toast."

"You seem bright this morning."

"I am. Very bright. Cayley noticed it. Cayley said, 'Were it not that I have other business, I would come gathering nuts and may with thee. Pain would I gyrate around the mulberry bush and hop upon the little hills.'

"It's a touch of the sun, I suppose," said Bill, shaking his head sadly.

"It's the sun and the moon and the stars, all acting together on an empty stomach. Do you know anything about the stars, Mr. Beverley? Do you know anything about Orion's Belt, for instance? And why isn't there a star called Beverley's Belt? Said he masti-strating. Re-enter W. Beverley through trap door."

"Talking about trap-doors—"

"Don't," said Antony, getting up. "Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules, but nobody talks about what's the Latin for trap-door? Mensa—a table; you might get it from that. Well, Mr. Beverley,"—and he slapped him heartily on the back as he went past him—"I shall see you later. Cayley says that you will amuse me, but so far you have not made me laugh once. You must try and be more amusing when you have finished your breakfast. But don't hurry. Let the upper mandibles have time to do the work." With these words Mr. Gillingham then left the spacious apartment.

Bill continued his breakfast with a slightly bewildered air. He did not know that Cayley was smoking a cigarette outside the windows behind him; not listening, perhaps; possibly not even overhearing; but within sight of Antony, who was not going to take any risks. So he went on with his breakfast, reflecting that Antony was a rum fellow, and wondering if he had dreamed only of the amazing

things which had happened the day before.

Antony went up to his bedroom to fetch his pipe. It was occupied by a housemaid, and he made a polite apology for disturbing her. Then he remembered.

"Is it Elsie?" he asked, giving her a friendly smile.

"Yes, sir," she said, shy but proud. She had no doubts as to why it was that she had achieved such notoriety.

(To be continued.)

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Toronto Mail and Empire (Cons.): Our pulpwood, our pulp, our minerals in the primary state are gladly permitted to enter the United States, there to provide material for manufacturing industries, which will return a percentage of the finished products to our consumers. Should the country which denies Canada a market for its farm products, and for the finished product of Canadian labor, be allowed to grab two-thirds of the huge buying power of our natural industries and thus so deluge our market with manufactured products as to blight the growth of our own manufacturing industries? No other country gives the United States a market of such magnitude, no even free-trade Britain. What is the secret of the United States' power over the Canadian market? Why does the King Government continue to make the United States, with which we have no commercial treaty, the most favored nation, to the great injury of Canada's own progress?

I have no acquaintance with opera bouffe, but I occasionally come in contact with low comedians.—Winston Churchill.

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