

# ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Annassa West leases Bride's House in Connecticut, agreeing to the condition "Ask No Questions." The first week of her tenancy, one of the graves in the private burial ground is opened, her stable boy, Otto, being murdered. She calls in a deputy to guard the house and the first night he is killed. Annassa and her housekeeper fly for aid to Dr. Cranston, but he is seen dragging a woman in black across the clearing. Ann sinks in the marsh and is rescued by a stranger, who disappears. The newspapers halt the story as "Two Deaths in Twenty-Four Hours."

## CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

In fact, the office was still in an uproar when Cropsy had left it at six o'clock that morning, and the only possible reason he could think of for all the excitement on Diamond's part was that the red-headed Miss West was just as determined to remain at Bride's House now as she had been before.

Well, women were funny creatures. The longer you knew them the less you understood them. Thank God, he'd had the sense to remain a bachelor all his life! Take the occasion in hand, for example. The Jane didn't live who could gum up a vacation for him. How many married men could say as much?

Cropsy packed a fly rod. By the way, that Terhune fellow had called up the office. Must have had the letter: hours ago too. Special deliveries were delivered on Sundays, or in the middle of the night, for that matter. But hell, if the architect didn't care enough about his ex-fiancee to find out whether she were alive or dead, that was nobody's business but his own.

The next thing that went into the bag was a box of fishing tackle. Those spoons were going to be good for bass. The man in the sporting-goods house had said they would hold a twelve-pound—But was it nobody's business? Miss West was not the sort of girl who ought to be let down by a man at a time like this. Were the circumstances reversed and Mr. Gately Terhune in danger, no one would have had to write to her. She'd have been there, at his side, fighting like a wild-cat. Yes, whatever faults the red-headed kid might have, a lack of loyalty was not one of them.

The manager of the Daily Free Press moved a little uncertainly toward the bed where his clothes lay in neat piles all ready to go into the suitcases. Was he going to need one sweater or two? Surely that light sweater would be enough—with a leather jacket. But then, the nights in Canada were always cool. Especially on Lake Winnipeg. He decided to take both sweaters.

If this West girl had a valid reason for staying in the haunted tunnels house—and by this time there could be no doubt but that she had—it was a safe bet she's stuck till a certain well-known winter resort froze over. Ill-advised and plucky! Hang it all, a man couldn't help but admire such gameness. Especially a man who'd ever done any bass fishing.

Laying aside the hip boots with which he had been toying, Cropsy reached for the telephone book. After he had found what he wanted:

"Give me Plaza 83203. I said 203 not 303. What's the matter with you? Has the hot weather affected your hearing or—I beg your pardon."

A female voice at the other end of the wire had remarked somewhat tartly: "This is Plaza 83203. And my ears are quite all right, thank you."

"My mistake. I am trying to get Mr. Gately Terhune's apartment. Must have given me the wrong number."

Said the voice, less tartly: "This is Mr. Terhune's apartment. What do you want?"

"So that's how the cat jumps!" granted Cropsy to himself. Aloud, "I'd like to speak with Mr. Terhune, if I may."

"Well, you mayn't," came the prompt reply. "He isn't here." Then, in more conciliatory tone, "And if you've got any idea where he is, I wish you'd tell me, because I haven't seen anything of him since night before last."

Cropsy waited a moment before he asked, "And who are you?—if that's not an impertinent question."

There was something which sounded like a simper. "I'm just a friend, visiting Mr. Terhune for a day or two."

Cropsy hoped, rather grimly, that she was having a nice time.

## Be Proud of your Baking

You'll get a great thrill out of preparing new, delicious, economical dishes. The big new Purity Cook Book contains 743 tested family recipes, each with a simple step-by-step method which assures success. A complete course in home cookery—bread, pastry, cakes, meats, salads, desserts—everything! Opens flat at any page, easily re-type, grease proof cover. Took two years to complete. Very popular everywhere, thousands have already been sold. Well worth \$2.00 a copy. Address: Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited, Dept. 207, Toronto, Ontario.

Sent Postpaid for 50c

ISSUE No. 50—'32

## Spots Are "In"



A coat of black, rough wool with puff sleeves and scarf, collar and muff of leopard is a popular number in Paris. An antelope beret completes the outfit.

ward, the foot proved efficacious. In less than six months Miss Malvina was back in Connecticut again, sadder, wiser, and humbler to the extent that she was willing at last to take her stepmother's advice and turn the old family home into a tea and gift shop.

Of that excursion into art, however, not all was lost. Instead of canvases, the walls of the Apple Blossom received the outpourings of their owner's thwarted soul: murals that gradually spread from floor to ceiling. Extraordinary cows lurching off violet buttercups. Humming birds that resembled in size and spread of wing the American eagle. A pair of Puviss de Chavannes females dancing over what looked like a forest of tomato plants. That crazy Uptegrove house, the neighbors called it; but of late the young intelligentsia driving out to tea and dinner had seen fit to set the seal of their approval upon it, and the place enjoyed a certain vogue. Nor was its popularity undeserved. For, in addition to the decorations, the food was such as only Miss Malvina knew how to cook and serve.

(To be continued.)

## Who Wants Fog?

London's "Worst Ever" Lasted from November to the Following February

The latest achievement of science in Soviet Russia is the manufacture of artificial fog in a Leningrad laboratory, writes London "Answers." It is one which will arouse no enthusiasm outside Russia. To Londoners fogs Dame Nature produces are enough—or rather, too much.

The popular supposition is that the banishment of coal grates would eliminate the fog nuisance.

As it happens, that isn't true. Fog is prevalent in the country, as well as in town, and it would still occur even if coal fires were abolished. It is caused in a variety of ways, one of the most frequent being the sudden cooling of the air that is saturated with invisible water vapour. Part of this vapour then takes visible form, and tiny drops or particles of water become suspended in the air.

Actually, then, a fog is a cloud that has formed on ground level, instead of in the sky. And the water in it is quite sufficient to blanket out the surroundings, without any assistance from smoke or soot.

November is the worst month of the year for fogs in Britain's big cities. After this month is over, the number of fogs declines gradually until the middle of February. But at least once—in 1879—London experienced a winter of almost continuous fog. It started in the beginning of November, and lasted practically until February, 1880.

Another such winter is not likely to occur again. And even when the weather forecast predicts "fogs," things may not be quite so bad as they sound. Officially, it is a fog if you can't see a house or tree against the sky at a distance of 1,000 metres.

That's a good bit over a thousand yards, so the condition might easily be fulfilled without pedestrians, or even motorists, being unduly worried.

And at sea November is one of the clearest months of the year—the worst time for ocean fogs is spring and summer.

## Rainy Night in the Country

Over the rose garden the rain falls Softly; the warm rich earth flowers In odors of sweet fern and blossom; a bird calls, Hidden in green from slow showers.

A first lamp kindles in the rain-gray night; Trees shimmer in the moist silver, misty and cool; Meadows fall—over the low roof of light.

Patter of rain is music, quiet and beautiful. —Carl Edwin Burkund, in "The Gypsy"

## Superstitious?

Are you superstitious? Do you, for instance, avoid walking under a ladder? If so, do you know why it is said to be unlucky? This is the reason given by Sir Charles-Iggesleden in "Those Superstitions."

"The dread of passing under a ladder has been looked upon by many in a material sense—the avoidance of anything falling from the hands of the painter, the bricklayer, or the man with the hod when ascending the ladder—but the superstition arises from the fact that when the ladder leans against the wall it forms a triangle, and is thus symbolical of the Trinity. The ordinary layman of olden days would, therefore, consider himself debarred from passing through this sacred-arch."

**THE SUPERSTITIOUS THIEF.**  
A Scotland Yard detective once gave Sir Charles an extraordinary example of the ladder superstition. A thief who was being chased "suddenly found that he had passed under a ladder. Although the police were close upon him he turned quickly, came back under the ladder, and then rushed into the road to pass it. This delay was fatal. He was caught and his remark, laconically uttered, was: 'Well, it's better to be copped than have had luck all my life.'"

Possibly he did not know that all would have been well if he had crossed his fingers after passing under the ladder—some people say you should keep them crossed until you see a dog! This same detective told Sir Charles that most criminals are superstitious, and that few well-considered crimes, such as burglaries, take place on a Friday.

## SIR MALCOLM THE FATALIST.

Sir Charles once asked Sir Malcolm Campbell whether he was superstitious. Sir Malcolm said that he wasn't, but added that he believed in luck, and was a fatalist. He said that "every time he started on a speed trial he felt that Fate had already determined if it should be his last. Nothing could make him swerve from the feeling that his end was foretold. Nobody who has passed close to the valley of death could believe otherwise. 'But I am no fool fatalist,' he added. 'When I cross the street I look on either side. Before driving my car I personally inspect every bit of the machinery.'"

## IRVING AND THE PEACOCK FEATHERS.

The Stage, even today, possesses all kinds of strange superstitions. Whistling, says Sir Charles, is barred in most dressing-rooms, and if a first night happens to be on a Friday, actors and actresses step out of their dressing-rooms left foot first! A peacock's feather in a theatre is regarded with horror.

and Sir Henry Irving once caused a sensation by sending a polite note to a lady in the stalls at the close of the first act of 'Othello.' On the slip of paper he wrote 'For God's sake take your peacock feather fan out of the theatre to prevent disaster.' The good lady meekly called an attendant and handed her the fan. But the girl drew back in horror. The lady herself, rather than make a scene, went to the entrance of the theatre and threw her fan into the road."

As a contrast to Irving there is a story of Lord Roberts and the superstition about the ill-luck that follows a dinner party of thirteen people. He used to tell how "he and twelve brother officers dined together just before the Afghan War, and, although they fought in that campaign, all were alive eleven years afterwards."

Again, as a contrast, Sir Charles says that he was speaking "to one of our best-known authors, and he told me that for very good reasons he decided to see a black moth in his home. Twice the advent of such a moth had preceded a death in the family."

## COURTING BAD LUCK.

Some of those who read this book will find that they have been courting bad luck all their lives: If a girl "sits on a table while talking to a man she will never be married. A girl is also running the risk of spinsterhood should she fail to look towards the north when she goes out of the house before breakfast. If you trip when going upstairs it means a wedding in the house, the bride or bridegroom being the next single person to follow the tripper."

Again, if when dressing you place a button "into the wrong buttonhole it will bring bad luck, just as hooking the wrong eye is disastrous. Should either of these accidents occur, however, you can ward off ill-luck by taking off the garment and putting it on anew."

Sir Charles tells us that he came across a curious old Scottish custom which is said to bring good luck to a bride and bridegroom. During the present year a Scottish policeman was to be married at Strathpey, and friends on the eve of the wedding went to his house and the house of the bride, he two were stretched full length upon the floor, their feet made bare, and then smeared with soot and blacking. Afterwards they were commanded to stand up and receive similar treatment to their feet."

Afterwards the same ceremony was carried out with the best man and the bridesmaid. An equally old custom in a Staffordshire family was for "a bridegroom to take his young wife

## The Household Word For Tea

# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

## An Understanding of Children

From very early college days began to emerge that beautiful side of Lewis Carroll's character which afterwards was to be, next to his fame as an author, the one for which he was best known—his attitude towards children, and the strong attraction they had for him. I shall attempt to point out the various influences which led him in this direction; but if I were asked for one comprehensive word wide enough to explain this tendency of his nature, I would answer unhesitatingly—love.

I think children appealed to him because he was pre-eminently a teacher, and he saw in their unspoiled minds the best material for him to work upon. In later years one of his favorite recreations was to lecture at schools on logic; he used to give personal attention to each of his pupils, and one can well imagine with what eager anticipation the children would have looked forward to the visits of a schoolmaster who knew how to make even the dull

est subjects interesting and amusing. Again, children appealed to his aesthetic faculties, for he was a keen admirer of the beautiful in every form. Poetry, music, the drama, all delighted him, but pictures more than all put together. I remember his once showing me "The Lady with the Lilacs," which Arthur Hughes had painted for him, and how he dwelt with intense pleasure on the exquisite contrasts of color which it contained—the gold hair of a girl standing out against the purple of lilac-blossom. But with those who find in such things as these a complete satisfaction of their desire for the beautiful he had no sympathy.

Again, the reality of children appealed strongly to the simplicity and genuineness of his own nature. I believe that he understood children even better than he understood men and women; civilization has made adult humanity very incomprehensible. From "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood.

## Two Good Rules

Life is a battle, as every human being finds out somewhere between the beginning and the end of it. Every man and woman who is worth anything has fought through more than one discouraging struggle along the way.

The publisher of a big modern magazine, who has fought his own way to success, quoted the other day two rules, which he said he had learned from an old cavalry captain and had found to be the best on guiding aphorisms:

First: "When in doubt, charge."

Second: "Admit nothing to be a hardship."

The first rule applies to action, the second to thought—to a soldierly attitude of mind. Taken together, they equip a warrior to enter any struggle with more than a chance of victory. They are equally valuable, so the publisher asserted, to the modern business man, struggling in the press of work and worry; and they are certainly applicable to the daily difficulties of life.

The worst obstacles, which grow as one looks at them, often melt away before a determined charge upon them. A man is more often beaten by his fears than by his enemy. As for hardships, many young people cheerfully endure, when on a camping trip or an excursion, discomforts by which they would be completely discouraged in doing church work, for example. Almost nothing bearable is a hardship to a determined and cheerful will; and very few really unbearable hardships ever confront the average person.

To learn these rules, and apply them will be a help toward victory.



Miss Jones—"Of course, you've read 'The Mill on the Floss!'"  
Mr. Smith—"Can't say that I have. I don't care for pugilism."

## Love's Nobility

For this is Love's nobility—Not to scatter bread and gold, Goods and raiment bought and sold, But to hold fast his simple sense And speak the speech of innocence. For he that feeds men serveth few; He serves all who dares be true.

## Opinions

"It is an awful thing for a man to go through life without developing all the talents within himself."—John Erskine.

"The restoration of trade holds not only the economic but the social salvation of the world."—Owen D. Young.

"If you put the channel there things always flow in the right direction."—Lady Reading.

"We have emerged from our difficulties before and we shall do so again, advancing to ever higher standards of well-being."—Charles M. Schwab.

"It is hard for an imaginative person to be very happy."—Peter B. Kyne.

"I have no belief in inspiration."—William Butler Yeats.

"People nowadays go around denying there's anything to romance any more. They think it's fashionable to be cynical."—Lenore Liric.

"The times call for a soul-searching re-examination of our national purpose in life."—Herbert Hor.

"The United States had better take warning now from the fate of several European countries."—Roger W. Babson.

"A conservative is a fellow that's in office and wants to stay there."—Huey P. Long.

"It becomes more and more clear that individual competition needs to be supplemented and guided by public or collective planning."—Sir James Arthur Salter.

"We may come on a new 'golden age' if we get fear out of the world and get a new economic equilibrium established."—John Drinkwater.

"In New York, marriages are too short and novels are too long."—Paul Morand.

"I am sure of one thing—unless we get some step in disarmament there is chaos ahead."—Lord Astor.

"There is no record in human history of a happy philosopher; they exist only in romantic legends."—H. L. Mencken.

"The business world is no place for a woman."—Alice Foote MacDougall.

"One should always learn to love oneself for that is the only life-long romance."—Gabriele D'Annunzio.

"With the exception of capitalism, there is nothing so revolting as revolution."—George Bernard Shaw.

"Man lives only when he lives dangerously."—Sir Arthur Keith.

"The present is the invisible bridge over which the achievements of the past walk toward the shaping of the undetermined future."—Alfred Noyes.

"God is clever; but not dishonest."—Albert Einstein.

"There is no short cut to prosperity through the provision of governmental credit in huge amounts. What is needed primarily is not credit but business."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"Character is sexual vitality."—Joseph Hergeshelmer.

"There is no swift and royal road to universal prosperity."—Thomas W. Lamont.

"Feminine talent is altogether too latent."—Fannie Hurst.

"Arguments which draw their demonstrations from probabilities are idle, and unless one is on one's guard against them they are very deceptive."—Plato.

## From a Chinese Junk

It was raining when the ship slid out from under the eaves of Hong Kong. Hong Kong is like the great shadow of a Chinese temple upon the sky; its sunset is nearly always ruled straight by a high horizontal cloud, its slopes have the optimistic concavity of temples, and only lack a titanic dragon and a curled lion or two to make the temple suggestion complete. At night, so absurdly is Hong Kong tilted, it loses its outline, the lights of the peak climb so high and the stars so low.

But it was morning when my little ship deftly extricated herself from the shadows and ships in the harbor. At last Hong Kong itself was dim and loops of silver cloud blew across the great harbor and obscured the faces of the gaunt hills of the New Territory.

When Hong Kong slipped over the gray-glass rim of the sea, the Chang-Shing seemed all alone like a guest at a strange deserted feast. A great company of remote islands stood about her and, without welcome, watched her pass.

"I have never been so much alone on a ship before. The Chang-Shing carried only indigo and—by courtesy—me. She was only smart in comparison with some of the junks. And perhaps in order to show herself to advantage for the first two days of her voyage, north she rolled, snorting proudly up the rough ruts of a plunging avenue of junks.

China, with hills dull red or dunes bleakly white, ran by us to the west. There was never a sign of life on the coast, and, at night, never a light. We passed a lighthouse on the third day; white and sophisticated it sprang up in a lonely dreamland world. A man waved from it. Could it be a man? How terribly the sea must count to him!

The Chang-Shing did not touch at so sophisticated a port as Shanghai, but one evening at sunset, on a sea of glazed crimson, she passed the mouth of the Yangtze river.—Stella Benson, in "The Little World."

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.

## EDWARDSBURG

# "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP

At trifling cost the most Nourishing and Delicious Food

THE CANADA STAR CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL