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Kingston and Vicinity

Canadian Pacific Change of Time
Effective Sunday, Oct. 1st, 1922,
important changes in train schedules
will be made. Full particulars from
any Canadian Pacific agent.

Rally Day in Schools.
Sunday was remembered as Rally
Day in some of the city churches
yesterday. Special programmes were
carried out. The schools had large
attendance.

Have Been Naturalized.
Naturalization papers have been
taken out by Allan Masoud, born in
Syria, merchant, and by Winfred
Estes, born in United States, engi-
neer, according to the latest issue of
the Canada Gazette.

For Fall and Winter.
We have received all our fall and
winter goods, consisting of Boys' and
Men's overcoats, Boys' and Men's
suits, also a large range of cloth for
suits made to measure at reason-
able prices. Prevost, Brock street.

Fair Visitors Leaving.
A large number of visitors to the
city for the fair left the city on Sat-
urday and Sunday. All were pleas-
ed with the exhibition, and stated
they would be back again for the big
show next year.

Held Sunday School Rally.
There was a good attendance of
the scholars at the Sunday school
rally held in Chalmers church on
Sunday morning, when timely ad-
dresses were delivered by Prof. John
Matheson and Murlock Johnson.

Work on the Sunday school is pro-
gressing, but it will likely be two
weeks before the building will be

ready for use. When completed, it
will rank as one of the best equipped
Sunday schools in the province.

Marked Weather Change.
Kingston was subjected to a big
change in weather Sunday. At noon
the thermometer ran up to 75 de-
grees and a wind storm in the after-
noon brought the mercury down to
ten degrees above freezing during
the night. The favorite question
with the citizens Monday morning
was: "What is coal selling at?"

Bat Appears in Church.
During the service in Sydenham
street Methodist church Sunday eve-
ning a bat came from behind the
seclusion of the organ pipes and af-
ter doing a few spirals and loop-the-
loops, returned to its nest. The
choristers "stuck to their guns"
though they appeared to be far from
comfortable.

Great Activity Shown.
With the closing of the ninth an-
nual exhibition of the Kingston In-
dustrial Agricultural Association at
the fair grounds on Saturday night,
there was intense activity in the dis-
posal of the exhibits. The midway
was dismantled during the night, and
the troupe entrained for Alexandria,
Va., at nine o'clock on Sunday morn-
ing. The palace was a busy place
on Monday morning when the fix-
tures of the local displays were tak-
en down and carted away.

To Have Musical Programmes.
Arrangements have been made by
the International Alliance of Theatrical
Stage Employees, which is hav-

ing a convention here at the end of
the week, to have musical pro-
grammes furnished by the musicians'
union. A concert will be given dur-
ing the stay of the visiting delegates.

A Large Market.
The largest market of the season
was stationed at the city hall square
on Saturday morning. By actual
count there were more automobiles
and rigs in to town than on any other
Saturday of the year. The King-
ston fair gave farmers an opportu-
nity to come to town with profit in the
offing.

St. Paul's Thanksgiving.
St. Paul's church was beautifully
decorated for the harvest thankgiving
services held on Sunday. Each
service was attended by a splendid
congregation, and the offerings were
most liberal. The music rendered
by the choir was most inspiring. The
solos in the anthems were splendidly
taken by Miss Saunders and Mr.
Secker. The day was generally vr-
ed one of the happiest in the history
of old St. Paul's. Miss Walker pre-
sided at the organ.

Good Year For Farmers.
A prominent farmer, in conversa-
tion with the Whig, on Sunday, stated
that not in many years, had he
experienced such a good season on
his farm. "The weather was ideal
for all kinds of work," he said, "and
as a result we had good crops. We
were never delayed by wet weather
as is often the case, but the weather
could not have been better." The
farmer added that if a farmer did
not "make good" this season it was
his own fault.



The RED HOUSE MYSTERY
by A.A. MILNE

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Lunch was over and the house-
party guests were away on the golf
links. Quiet reigned in The Red
House while
MARK ABLETT, the bachelor own-
er, and
MATT CAYLEY, his companion,
awaited the arrival of Mark's
brother,
ROBERT, who was returning from
Australia after a 15 years' ab-
sence.
Startled by Robert's rough ap-
pearance
AUDREY STEVENS, the maid,
ushered him into Mark's office on
his arrival. After an unsuccess-
ful attempt to find Mark in the
garden, Audrey returned to the
house to find the other servants
frightened by the sound of a re-
porter shouting to hear Cayley
pounding on the office door de-
manding admittance.

GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER II
WHETHER Mark Ablett was a
bore or not depended on the
point of view, but it may be
said at once that he never bored his
company on the subject of his early
life. However, stories got about.
There is always somebody who
knows. It was said that, as a boy,
Mark had attracted the notice, and
patronage, of some rich old spinster
of the neighborhood, who had paid
for his education, both at school and
university. At about the time when
he was coming down from Cam-
bridge, his father had died.

Mark went to London, with an
allowance from his patron, and made
acquaintance with the money-lend-
ers. He was supposed, by his patron
and any others who inquired, to be
"writing"; but what he wrote, other
than letters asking for more time to
pay, has never been discovered.
Fortunately (from Mark's point of
view) his patron died during his
third year in London, and left him
all the money he wanted. He settled
all the money-lenders, abandoned
accounts with the money-lenders,
abandoned his crop of wild oats to
the harvesting of others, and became
in his turn a patron. He patronized
the Arts.

Editors were now offered free con-
tributions as well as free lunches;
promising young painters and poets
dined with him; and he even took
a theatrical company on tour, play-
ing host and "lead" with equal
lavishness.
His patronage included Matthew
Cayley, a small cousin of thirteen.
He sent the Cayley cousin to school
and Cambridge.

Cayley at twenty-three, looked
after his cousin's affairs. By this
time Mark had bought The Red
House. Cayley superintended the
necessary staff. He was not quite
secretary, not quite land-agent, not
quite business-adviser, not quite
companion, but something of all
four.
Cayley was now twenty-eight, but
had all the appearance of forty,
which was his patron's age. Spas-
modically they entertained a good
deal at The Red House. Let us
have a look at them as they came
down to that breakfast, of which
Stevens, the parlourmaid, has already
given us a glimpse.

The first to appear was Major
Rumbold, a tall, gray-haired, gray-
moustached, silent man, who lived on
his retired pay. He had got to work
on a sausage by the time of the next
arrival. This was Bill Beverley, a
cheerful young man in white flannel
trousers and a blazer.
"Hallo, Major," he said as he came
in, "how's the goul?"
"It isn't goul," said the Major
gruffly.
"Well, whatever it is,"
The Major pointed.
"I make a point of being polite at
breakfast," said Bill, helping him-
self largely to porridge.
"Well, we've got a good day for
our game. It's going to be dashed
hot, but that's where Betty and I
score. Hallo, good morning, Miss
Norris. Do you want any assistance,
or do you prefer choosing your own
breakfast?"
"Please don't get up," said Miss
Norris. "I'll help myself. Good
morning, Major." She smiled
pleasantly at him.
The Major nodded.
"As I was telling him," began
Bill, "that's where—Hallo, here's
Betty, Morning, Cayley."
Betty Calladine and Cayley had
come in together. Betty was the
eighteen-year-old daughter of Mrs.
John Calladine, widow of the paint-
er, who was acting hostess on this
occasion for Mark. Ruth Norris
looked herself seriously as an actress
and, on her holidays, seriously as a
golfer. She was quite competent as
either.

"By the way, the car will be round
at 10.30," said Cayley, looking up
from his letters. "You're lurching
there, and driving back directly
afterward. Isn't that right?"
Mark came in. He was generally
the last. He greeted them and sat
down to toast and tea. Breakfast
was not his meal. The others chat-
tered gently while he read his let-
ters.
"Good God!" said Mark suddenly.
There was an instinctive turning
of heads toward him.
"I say, Cay," he was frowning.
He held up a letter and shook it.
"Who do you think this is from?"
Cayley shrugged his shoulders.
"How could he possibly guess?"
"Robert," said Mark.
"I thought he was in Australia, or
somewhere."
"Of course. So did I." He looked
across at Rumbold. "Got any
brothers, Major?"
"No."
"Well, take my advice, and don't
have any."
"Not likely to now," said the Ma-
jor.
Bill laughed. Miss Norris said po-
sively: "But you haven't any
brothers, Mr. Ablett?"
"One," said Mark grimly. "If
you're back in time you'll see him
this afternoon. He'll probably ask
you to lend him five pounds. Don't."
Everybody felt a little uncomfort-
able.
"All the same," said Betty a little
daringly, "it must be rather fun hav-
ing a skeleton in the cupboard."
Mark looked up, frowning.
"If you think it's fun, I'll hand
him over to you, Betty. If he's any-
thing like he used to be, and like his
few letters have been—well, Cay
knows."
Cayley grunted.
"All I knew was that one didn't
ask questions about him."
It may have been meant as a hint
to any too curious guest not to ask
more questions, or a reminder to his
host not to talk too freely in front
of strangers, although he gave it the
sound of a mere statement of fact.
But the subject dropped.

At about the time when Mark and
his cousin were at their business at
The Red House, an attractive gentle-
man of the name of Antony Gilling-
ham was handing up his ticket at
Woodham station and asking the
way to the village. He is an im-
portant person in this story, so that
it is as well we should know some-
thing about him at the top of the
hill on some excuse, and have a good
look at him.
The first thing we realize is that
he is doing more of the looking than
we are. Above a clean-cut, clean-
shaven face, he carries a pair of
gray eyes which seem to be absorb-
ing every detail of our person. To
strangers this look is almost alarm-
ing at first, until they discover that
his mind is very often elsewhere;
that he has, so to speak, left his eyes
on guard, while he himself follows a
train of thought in another direc-
tion.
He had seen a good deal of the
world with those eyes. When at the
age of twenty-one he came into his
mother's money, 1400 a year, old
Gillingham looked up from the
"Stockbreeder's Gazette" to ask him
what he was going to do.
"See the world," said Antony.
"Well, send me a line from Ameri-
ca, or wherever you get to."
"Right," said Antony.
Old Gillingham returned to his pe-
per.
Antony, however, had no intention
of going further away than London.
His idea of seeing the world was
to see, not countries, but people; and
to see them from as many angles as
possible. There are all sorts if you
know how to look at them. So An-
tony looked at them—from various
strange corners; from the view-
point of the valet, the newspaper-
reporter, the waiter, the shop-assis-
tant. With the independence of 1400
a year behind him, he enjoyed it
immensely.
He was now thirty. He had come
to Woodham for a holiday, because
he liked the look of the station. His
ticket entitled him to travel further,
but Woodham attracted him. Why
not get out?
The landlady of "The George" was
only too glad to put him up.
While he was finishing his lunch,
the landlady came in to ask him
about the luggage. Antony ordered
another pint of beer and soon had
him talking.
"It must be rather fun to keep a
country inn," he said, thinking that
it was about time he started another
profession. "You ought to take a
holiday."
"Funny thing you're saying that,"
said the landlady, with a smile. "An-
other gentleman, over from The Red
House, was saying that on'y yester-
day. Offered to take my place as an
all." He laughed rumblingly.
"The Red House? Not The Red
House, Stanton?"
"That's right, sir. Stanton's the
next station to Woodham. The Red
House is about a mile from here—Mr.
Ablett's."
Antony took a letter from his
pocket. It was addressed from "The
Red House, Stanton," and signed
"Bill."
"Good old Bill," he murmured to
himself. "He's getting on."
Antony had met Bill Beverley two
years before in a tobacconist's shop.
Gillingham was on one side of the
counter and Mr. Beverley on the
other. Something about Bill, his
youth and freshness, perhaps, at-
tracted Antony; and when cigarettes
had been ordered, and an address
given to which they were to be sent,
he remembered that he had come
across an aunt of Beverley's once
at a country-house. He and Antony
quickly became intimate. But Bill
generally addressed him as "Dear
Madman" when he happened to
write.
Antony decided to stroll over to
The Red House after lunch and call
upon his friend.
As he came down the drive and
approached the old red-brick front of
the house, there was a lazy murmur
of bees in the flower-borders, a gentle
cooing of pigeons in the tops of the
elms, and from distant lawns the
whir of a mowing-machine, that most
restful of all country sounds. . . .
And in the hall a man was bang-
ing at a locked door, and shouting,
"Open the door, I say; open the
door!"
"Hallo!" said Antony in amazement.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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