

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features



BEGIN HERE TODAY

The prospective visit of a new-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 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 mistress. 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 on to the lawns 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 whispering voice.

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

"Who is it?" said Antony.

"I don't know," 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.

"Thank 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. An-

tony 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, nervously 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 more rooms. Cayley stepped into the passage, and opened the door on the right. The door from

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 Middleston, 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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"I wonder."

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

"My name's 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—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 that 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 Middleston, 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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"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 fitting 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."

"I wonder."

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



"My Wife is the best cook in the world!"



COOK IT WITH— COOKET

A pure vegetable shortening for all frying and baking.

Unrivalled for Purity.

Write for Cooket Recipe Book.

"Her cakes, pies, doughnuts and all her cooking are delicious, and a real success. And the secret of that success she says, is Cooket."

Cooket is a new vegetable shortening, of the utmost purity and quality, made by a wonderful new process that makes it light, white, exquisitely pure, and easy to use.

It is dainty enough for the finest cake, yet economical enough for all cooking and baking purposes. Cooket makes success certain, when you are preparing dainty appetizing dishes. Use it for all frying and baking and he will truly say "My wife is the best cook in the world."

All good dealers sell Cooket in tins of 1 lb. and 3 lb. net weights.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

- Colds
- Toothache
- Earache
- Headache
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrotic acid of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

She may not know it. But it is a sentimental when she has been a waste of time for a girl to try to do things onions.

FROCK FOR THE AFTERNOON



A dainty spring frock for the afternoon is of pale blue veils, embroidered in white and affording color contrast through barbaric wooden beads.

No. Percival. Painting the town isn't one of the Cardinal virtues.

HITS OF WISDOM

WHICH SAVE MONEY
A slice of fried tomato is good served on a flat cake of Hamburg steak.

Try slicing jelly roll in fairly thick slices and pile with whipped cream. It is an easy dessert for summer time, as bought jelly roll can be used.

Add some grated cheese and some chopped mushrooms to the white sauce for fish and note the improvement.

Add an ammonia to the water in which you are washing oily, greasy bottles. It will cut the grease and hasten the cleansing.

If you only have a few flowers in

the vase and they look a bit straggly put a few corks in the water. They will hold up the flowers and keep them in place.

Save the paper from a bolt of ribbon; it's just the thing to place under thin materials or lace to keep them from puckering when under the sewing machine needle.

A clean sink can be obtained, and all stains removed by sprinkling cleaning powder over the stains without wetting the sink. Moisten a cloth with the juice of a lemon and scour the spots well. The sink will look like new.

Set out flowers in a pail of water up to their necks each night if you would have them last.

To Open Cans—pour boiling water over hard shall cans and allow them to stand in it for two or three minutes. The shells will then open easily.

By taking a little bit at a time and rubbing over it a brush lathered with soap and water one can clean a rug at home very successfully.

Quick Recovery.
Everyone has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another: "Who is that old trumpy over yonder?" and got the reply: "She is my wife." But the story doesn't go

far enough.
Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson, "who is that extraordinary ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback but moved up front again.

"Well," he said persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"

A Finer Fish.
Two Americans met in a Strand bar. "Why," exclaimed one, "I thought you always reckoned this time of year to be tarpon fishing. What are you doing over here?"

"After Bass," was the feeling answer.

DATES OF FALL FAIRS.

Arden	Oct. 3.
Demorestville	Oct. 20.
Madoc	Oct. 2-4
McDonald's Corners	Oct. 2-9

Letting Him Down Easy.
A rich man, lying on his death bed, called his chauffeur who had been in his service for years, and said:

"Ah, Sykes, I am going on a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me."

"Well, sir," consoled the chauffeur, "There's one comfort. It's all down hill."

Rideau Hall Coffee



Equally as Good from Pot or Percolator

Gorman, Eckert & Co. Limited, London and Winnipeg