

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Who had shot and killed the wife-of-wall ROBERT ABLETT, within two minutes after his arrival at The Red House, the country estate of his wealthy bachelor brother, MARK ABLETT? Robert's body was on the floor of the locked office, Mark had disappeared and in the eyes of Police Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark, who had viewed Robert's return from Australia, with annoyance, had shot his brother and then disappeared.

But there were mysterious circumstances. The shot was heard just a few moments before ANTHONY GILLENHAUGH, gentleman adventurer and friend of BILL BEVERLEY, one of Mark's guests, entered the hall where he found

MATT CAYLEY, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the locked door and demanding admittance. The two men entered the office through a window and discovered the body.

Later, Anthony vaguely suspected Cayley. Bill tells him that Mark was upset a few evenings ago when one of the guests appeared as a ghost on the bowling green. Anthony and Bill discuss various theories of the murder.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"No, that's rather hopeless, isn't it?" Bill thought again. "Well," he said reluctantly, "suppose Mark confessed that he'd murdered his brother?"

"That's better, Bill. Don't be afraid of getting away from the accident idea. Well then, your new theory is this. Mark confesses to Cayley that he shot Robert on purpose, and Cayley decides, even at the risk of committing perjury, and getting into trouble himself, to help Mark to escape. Is that right?"

Bill nodded.

"Well then, I want to ask you two questions. First, is it possible, as I said before dinner, that any man would commit such an idiotic murder—a murder that puts the rope so very tightly round his neck? Secondly, if Cayley is prepared to perjure himself for Mark (as he has to, anyway, now), wouldn't it be simpler for him to say that he was in the office all the time, and that Robert's death was accidental?"

Bill considered this carefully, and then nodded slowly again.

"Yes, my simple explanation is a wash-out," he said. "Now let's have yours."

Anthony did not answer him. He had begun to think about something quite different.

CHAPTER IX

WHAT'S the matter?" said Bill sharply.

Anthony looked round at him with raised eyebrows.

"You've thought of something suddenly," said Bill. "What is it?"

Anthony laughed.

"My dear Watson," he said, "you aren't supposed to be as clever as this. Well, I was wondering about this ghost of yours, Bill. This is where she appeared, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"How? How do ghosts appear? I don't know. They just appear."

"But how did Miss Norris appear suddenly—over five hundred yards of bare park?"

Bill looked at Anthony with open mouth.

"I—I don't know," he stammered. "We never thought of that."

"You would have seen her long before, wouldn't you, if she had come the way we came?"

"Of course we should."

"And that would have spoilt it rather. You would have had time to recognize her walk. She couldn't have been hiding in the ditch?"

"No, she couldn't. Betty and I walked round a bit. We should have seen her."

"Then she must have been hiding in the shed. Or do you call it the summer-house?"

"We had to go there for the bowls, of course. She couldn't have been there."

"Oh?"

"It's dashed funny," said Bill, after an interval for thought. "But it doesn't matter, does it? It has nothing to do with Robert?"

"Hasn't it?"

"I say, has it?" said Bill, getting excited again.

"I don't know. We don't know what has, or what hasn't. But it has got something to do with Miss Norris. And Miss Norris—" He broke off suddenly.

"What about her?"

Anthony knocked out his pipe and got up slowly.

"Well then, let's find the way from the house by which Miss Norris came."

Bill jumped up eagerly.

"By Jove! Do you mean there's a secret passage?"

"A secluded passage, anyway. There must be."

"I say, what fun! I love secret passages. Good Lord, and this afternoon I was playing golf just like an ordinary merchant! What a life! Secret passages!"

They made their way down into the ditch. If an opening was to be found which led to the house, it would probably be on the house side of the green, and on the outside of the ditch. The most obvious place at which to begin the search was the shed where the bowls were kept. There were two boxes of croquet things, one of them with the lid open. Anthony tapped the wall at the back of the shed.



INCH BY INCH HIS HEAD WENT ROUND THE CORNER.

"This is where the passage ought to begin."

"It needn't begin here at all, need it?" said Bill, walking round with bent head, and tapping the other walls. He was just too tall to stand upright in the shed.

"There's only one reason why it should, and that is that it would save us the trouble of looking anywhere else for it."

Anthony began to feel in his pockets for his pipe and tobacco, and then suddenly stopped and stiffened to attention. For a moment he stood listening, with his head on one side, holding up a finger to bid Bill listen, too.

"What is it?" whispered Bill.

Anthony waved him to silence, and remained listening. Very quietly he went down on his knees, and listened again. Then he put his ear to the floor. He got up and dusted himself quickly, walked across to Bill and whispered in his ear:

"Footsteps. Somebody coming. When I begin to talk, back me up."

Bill nodded. Anthony gave him an encouraging pat on the back, and stepped firmly across to the box of bowls, whistling loudly to himself. He took the bowls out, dropped one with a loud bang on the floor, said, "Oh, Lord!" and went on:

"I say, Bill, I don't think I want

to play bowls, after all."

"Well, why did you say you did?" grumbled Bill.

Anthony flashed a smile of appreciation at him.

"Well, I wanted to when I said I did, and now I don't want to."

"Then what do you want to do?"

"There's a seat on the lawn. Let's go over there and bring these things along in case we want to play."

As they went across the lawn, Anthony dropped the bowls and took out his pipe.

"Got a match?" he said loudly.

As he bent his head over the match, he whispered, "There'll be somebody listening to us. You take the Cayley view." They walked over to the seat and sat down.

"What a heavenly night!" said Anthony.

"Ripping."

"I wonder where that poor devil Mark is now."

"It's a rum business."

"You agree with Cayley—that it was an accident?"

"Yes. You see, I know Mark."

"H'm." Anthony produced a pencil and a piece of paper and began to write on his knee, but while he wrote, he talked. He said that he thought Mark had shot his brother in a fit of anger, and that Cayley knew, or anyhow guessed, this, and had tried to give his cousin a chance of getting away.

"Mind you, I think he's right. I think it's what any of us would do. I shan't give it away, of course, but somehow there are one or two little things which make me think that Mark really did shoot his brother—I mean other than accidentally."

"Murdered him?"

"Well, manslaughtered him, anyway. I may be wrong. Anyway, it's not my business."

"But why do you think so? Because of the keys?"

"Oh, the keys—a wash-out, Bill. It was a brilliant idea of mine, wasn't it?"

He had finished his writing, and now passed the paper over to Bill. In the clear moonlight the carefully printed letters could easily be read:

"On talking as if I were here. After a minute or two, turn round as if I were sitting on the grass behind you, but go on talking."

"I know you don't agree with me," Anthony went on as Bill read, "but you'll see that I'm right."

Bill looked up and nodded eagerly. He had forgotten golf and Betty and all the other things which had made up his world lately. This was the real thing. This was life.

"Well," he began deliberately, "the whole point is that I know Mark. Now, Mark—"

But Anthony was off the seat and letting himself gently down into the ditch. His intention was to crawl round it until the shed came in sight. The footsteps which he had heard seemed to be underneath the shed; probably there was a trap-door of some kind in the floor. Whoever it was would have heard their voices, and would probably think it worth while to listen to what they were saying.

He walked quickly but very silently along the half-length of the bowling-green to the first corner, passed cautiously round, and then went even more carefully along the width of it to the second corner. He could hear Bill hard at it, and he smiled appreciatively to himself. Bill was a great conspirator—worth a hundred Watsons. As he approached the second corner he slowed down, and did the last few yards on hands and knees. Then, lying at full length, inch by inch his head went round the corner.

The shed was two or three yards to his left, on the opposite side of the ditch. From where he lay he could see almost entirely inside it. Everything seemed to be as they left it. The bowls-box, the lawn-mower, the roller, the open croquet-bag, the—

"By Jove!" said Anthony to himself. "That's neat."

The lid of the other croquet-box was open, too.

Bill was turning round now; his voice became more difficult to hear. "You see what I mean," he was saying. "If Cayley—"

And out of the second croquet-box came Cayley's black head.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

RELIGION OF FULFILLMENT

Lecture on Christian Science by Judge Samuel W. Greene, Louisville, Ky.

A lecture entitled "Christian Science: The Religion of Fulfillment" was given in the First Church, Kingston, Monday evening, by Judge Samuel W. Greene, C.S., Louisville, Kentucky, member of the board of lecturership of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

In introducing the lecturer, the first reader of the local Christian Science church, A. Victor Gilbert said: "It is a pleasure to welcome you to one of the semi-annual lectures which this church provides so that all in the community who wish may learn the truth about Christian Science and how it heals sickness and sin."

Judge Greene said that Christian Science is indeed the new-old story of Life and Truth and Love. It

is the simple, sweet story as it was taught and proved and practised by Jesus of Nazareth nineteen hundred years ago. It embraces just the same thought, that through the understanding of the ever-present love and power of God, humanity is healed not only of sin but of all the results of sin—sickness, sorrow, unhappiness, death.

Perhaps the term "principle" as used for God in Christian Science has more than any other word aroused an unusual inquiry in the average orthodox thought, for men have thought of God generally as just a great superman, a power to be feared rather than understood and loved, sitting upon a throne waiting to judge men, and sending both good and evil. The world needs to get away from this view of God. It needs a larger concept of God, which is embraced in the use of the term "principle."

In an eastern city after a lecture a woman came to me in seeming mental distress and said: "I want to know how your God can be everywhere at the same time." I was grateful then for the thought of God being "principle," as it afforded a ready answer to her inquiry. In considering the principle of mathematics manifest in addition, subtraction, multiplication, it is easy to see that this principle can be everywhere at the same time. The millions of Europe, Asia, Africa or America, can all have the multiplication table at

the same time with all of its power and facility, without interfering in the slightest particular with its use anywhere else in the universe, always with one proviso,—that they do understand the multiplication table and apply it.

In a far larger sense God being divine—"principle," infinite, unfailing, is everywhere present, able to solve man's every problem provided man understands Him and the availability and application of His power.

Was not this the thought of the psalmist when he sang: "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me" (Psalms 139).

There is no problem, no condition, that can come to us but God's power is ever available for its satisfactory solution.

Continuing this same thought of the multiplication table, ask a schoolboy how long he thinks, eight times eight have been sixty-four and ten times ten one hundred. Doubtless his answer will be "always."

How long he thinks it will remain so? Answer—"always." And that is correct. As idea of "principle" does not change, so the multiplication table, as idea of principle of mathematics can never change. Principle does not change no does its idea or image. Likewise divine "principle"

is eternal, inviolable, unchanging, always operating. Principle is not moved by the breath of praise or flattery, or by entreaty or threat. In the thought of God being "principle" Christian Scientists have gotten away from the old belief that God interferes in the affairs of men because they are asking Him to do this, that, or some other thing, or that God causes the unnatural or supernatural happening in the lives and affairs of men. It teaches that God's work is already perfect and complete. Indeed the Bible says that "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

The mission of scientific Christianity is to reveal the perfectness and completeness of God's work, to enable us to overcome in our own lives and experiences—everything and every thought that is unlike God and His creation. Does not this thought bring us back to that rule of conduct which Jesus gave, that we should do always the thing that is in accord with the Father's will?

Old Resident Passes.
At Wellington on Friday Mrs. Sarah Garratt, widow of Amos Garratt, died at her residence. Deceased was in her ninetieth year and was a member of the Society of Friends. Two sons, Ralph and Rev. Rufus Garratt, Demorestville, and one daughter, Mrs. Seburn Cronk, survive.

New York Infant Born With Four Good-sized Teeth

New York, Oct. 3.—Going one better than the infant who was reported to have said "mother" an hour after birth, Louis Flores came

into this world five days ago with four good-sized teeth. At their home, Coney Island, the proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Flores, showed the teeth to a reporter, and neighbors who flocked to their little fruit store. Two are in the highest jaw and the others in the lower. Dr.

W. Pierce, the family physician, declares the case a remarkable one. Mrs. Flores said the discovery that Louis had teeth was a surprise to her husband but not to her, as she was born with a full set of teeth.

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We recommend the use of Magic Baking Powder because we know that its ingredients are of the highest quality. It is guaranteed to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce.

THESE WOMEN ARE MAKING METHODIST HISTORY.

For the first time in the history of the Methodist church in Canada women have now become members of the General Conference and are admitted to full status in the highest court of the church. There are eleven of them in conference. From left to right, upper row: Mrs. A. W. Keetam, Macklin, Sask.; Mrs. (Col.) Sam Sharpe, Uxbridge, Ont.; Mrs. Alice Reid, New Westminster, B.C. Lower row: Mrs. J. W. Davidson, Lumsden, Sask.; Mrs. Annie O. Rutherford, Toronto; and Mrs. L. C. McKinney, of Claresholm, Alberta, who was the first woman member of parliament in the British Empire. She was elected to the Alberta legislature five years ago.

ACCIDENT ON THE C.P.R.

Loco-fireman's Dreadful SCALDS

ROBERTSON ST., FORT WILLIAM.

"WHEN the water gauge of my locomotive burst, the left of my face was scalded terribly. Fortunately I make a practice of always carrying a box of Zam-Buk in my pocket, and when I had got over the first shock of the accident I had the balm freely applied to the injuries.

"Though I was suffering fearful agony at the time, Zam-Buk soon eased the pain and took out all fire and smarting, and enabled me to complete my journey.

"Upon reaching home I obtained another box of Zam-Buk and continued the treatment. In a few days all the new skin was growing in a wonderful way. I don't know anything else to touch Zam-Buk for dealing with cuts, burns, scalds and other small injuries."

(Signed) GEO. H. DUFFUS, (Fireman C.P.R.)

Zam-Buk

THE LAST WORD IN HEALING