

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

There was a sudden snigger from a nervous gentleman in the crowd at the back of the room, and the coroner put on his glasses and stared sternly in the direction from which it came.

"Did anybody come out of the house while you were coming up the drive?"

"Thank you, Mr. Gillingham." He was followed by Inspector Birch. The Inspector, realising that this was his afternoon, and that the eyes of the world were upon him, produced a plan of the house and explained the situation of the different rooms. The plan was then handed to the jury.

Inspector Birch, so he told the world, had arrived at the Red House at 4.45 p. m. on the afternoon in question. He had been received by Mr. Matthew Cayley, who had made a short statement to him, and he had then proceeded to examine the scene of the crime.

The french windows had been forced from outside. The door leading into the hall was locked; he had searched the room thoroughly and had found no trace of a key. In the bedroom leading out of the office he had found an open window. There were no marks on the window, but it was a low one, and, as he stepped from experiment, quite easy to be found out without touching it with the boots.

A few yards outside the window a shrubby hedge. There were no recent footmarks outside the window, but the ground was in a very hard condition owing to the absence of rain. In the shrubbery, however, he found several tracks, and he found, recently broken off, together with other evidence that some body had been forcing its way through.

He had questioned everybody connected with the estate, and none of them had been into the shrubbery recently. By forcing a way through the shrubbery it was possible for a person to make a detour of the house and get to the Stanton end of the park without ever being in sight of the house itself.

He had made inquiries about the deceased. Deceased had left for Australia some fifteen years ago, owing to some financial trouble at home. Deceased was not well spoken of in the village from which he and his brother had come. Deceased and his brother had never been on good terms, and the fact that Mark Ablett had come into money had been a cause of great bitterness between them. It was shortly after this that Robert had left for Australia.

He had made inquiries at Stanton station. It had been market-day at Stanton and the station had been more full of arrivals than usual. Nobody had particularly noticed the arrival of Robert Ablett; there had been a good many passengers by the 2.15 train that afternoon, the train by which Robert had undoubtedly come from London. A witness, however, would state that the fact that a man resembling Mark Ablett, and this man caught the 2.55 up train to town.

There was a pond in the grounds of the Red House. He had dragged this, but without result. . . . Antony listened to him carefully, thinking his own thoughts all the time. Medical evidence followed, but there was nothing to be got from that. He felt in close to the truth; at any moment something might give his brain the one little hint which it wanted. Inspector Birch was just pursuing the ordinary. Whatever else this case was, it was not ordinary. There was something

uncanny about it.

Antony went on with his thoughts. The coroner was summing up. The jury, he said, had now heard all the evidence. The medical evidence would probably satisfy them that Robert Ablett had died from the effects of a bullet-wound in the head. Who had fired that bullet? If Robert Ablett had fired it himself, no doubt they would bring in a verdict of suicide, but if this had been so, where was the revolver which had fired it, and what had become of Mark Ablett?

If they disbelieved in this possibility of suicide, what remained? Accidental death, justifiable homicide, and murder. Could the deceased have been killed accidentally? It was possible, but then would Mark Ablett have run away? The evidence that he had run



"WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?" HE ASKED.

away from the scene of the crime was strong. His cousin had seen him go into the room, the servant Elsie Wood had heard him quarrelling with his brother in the room, the door had been locked from the inside, and there were signs that outside the open window someone had pushed his way very recently through the shrubbery. Who, if not Mark?

They would have then to consider whether he would have run away if he had been guilty of his brother's death. No doubt innocent people lost their heads sometimes. It was possible that if it were proved afterwards that Mark Ablett had shot his brother, it might also be proved that he was justified in so doing, and that when he ran away from his brother's corpse he had really nothing to fear at the hands of the law. Mark Ablett guilty of murder it would not prejudice his trial in any way if and when he was apprehended. . . . The jury would consider their verdict.

They considered it. They announced that the deceased had died as the result of a bullet-wound, and that the bullet had been fired by his brother Mark Ablett. Bill turned round to Antony at his side. But Antony was gone. Across the room he saw Andrew Amos and Parsons going out of the door together with Antony between them.

CHAPTER XIX

THE inquest had been held at the "Lamb" at Stanton; at Stanton Robert Ablett was to be buried the next day. Bill waited about outside for his friend, wondering where he had gone.

Then, realising that Cayley would be coming out to his car directly, and that a farewell talk with Cayley would be a little embarrassing, he wandered round to the yard at the back of the inn, lit a cigarette, and heaved a sigh at the stable wall. "Grand Theatrical Enter" it announced, to take place on "Wednesday, Decem."

Bill smiled to himself as he looked at it, for the part of Joe, a loquacious

postman, had been played by "William B. Beverl," as the remnants of the poster still maintained, and he had been much less loquacious than the author had intended, having forgotten his words completely, but it had all been great fun.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said the voice of Antony behind him. "My old friends Amos and Parsons insisted on giving me a drink."

He slipped his hand into the crook of Bill's arm, and smiled happily at him.

"Why were you so keen about them?" asked Bill a little resentfully. "I couldn't think where on earth you had got to."

Antony didn't say anything. He was staring at the poster. "When did this happen?" he asked.

"What?" Antony waved to the poster. "Oh, that? Last Christmas. It was rather fun."

Antony began to laugh to himself. "Were you good?" "Rotten. I don't profess to be an actor."

"Mark good?" "Oh, rather. He loves it." "Rev. Henry Stutters—Mr. Matthew Cay," read Antony. "Was that our friend Cayley?"

"Yes." "Any good?" "Well, much better than I expected. He wasn't keen, but Mark made him."

"Miss Norris wasn't playing, I see." "My dear Tony, she's a professional. Of course she wasn't."

"I'm a fool, and a damned fool." Antony announced solemnly. "And a damned fool," he said again under his breath, as he led Bill away from the poster, and out of the yard into the road. "And a damned fool. Even now—" He broke off and then asked suddenly, "Did Mark ever have much trouble with his teeth?"

"He went to his dentist, a good deal. But what on earth—" Antony laughed a third time. "What luck?" he chuckled. "But how do you know?"

"We go to the same man; Mark recommended him to me. Cartwright, in Wimpole Street."

"Cartwright in Wimpole Street," repeated Antony thoughtfully. "Yes, I can remember that. Cartwright in Wimpole Street. Do Cayley go to him too, by any chance?"

"I expect so. Oh, yes, I know he did. But what on earth—" "What was Mark's general health like? Did he see a doctor much?" "Hardly at all, I should think. He did a lot of early morning exercises which were supposed to make him bright and cheerful at breakfast. They didn't do that, but they seemed to keep him pretty fit. Tony, I was you."

Antony held up a hand and hushed him into silence. "One last question," he said. "Was Mark fond of swimming?" "No, he hated it. I don't believe he could swim. Tony, are you mad, or am I? Or is this a new game?"

Antony quizzed his arm. "Dear old Bill," he said. "It's a game. What a game! And the answer is Cartwright in Wimpole Street."

They walked in silence for half a mile or so along the road to Woodham. Bill tried two or three times to get his friend to talk, but Antony had only grunted in reply. He was just going to make another attempt, when Antony came to a sudden stop and turned to him anxiously.

"I wonder if you'd do something for me," he said, looking at him with some doubt. "What sort of thing?" "Well, it's really dashed important. It's just the one thing I want now."

Bill was suddenly enthusiastic again. "I say, have you really found it all out?" Antony nodded. "At least, I'm very nearly there. Bill, there's just this one thing I want now. It means your going back to Stanton. Well, we haven't come far; it won't take you long. Do you mind?"

"My dear Holmes, I am at your service." (Continued in Our Next Issue)



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Use Palmolive Princess Flakes for Economy and Convenience

You can afford to use Palmolive Princess Flakes for general household use as well as in the laundry. Because they are pure they save clothes. The rotted threads and thin spots which make clothes wear out so soon are not due to poor material, but instead to the destructive ingredients of common laundry soap.

Curly white flakes—every particle soap. Palmolive Princess Flakes are such pure soap and such fine soap that they are actually mild enough for toilet use. They even possess a refining touch of perfume. They were perfected for the laundering of fragile blouses and lingerie—to cleanse the silks, crepes and chiffons that used to visit the dry cleaner. They do such fancy washing without slightest harm to color or fabric. Each dainty garment washes out just like new. But pure, whole soap is the efficient cleanser as well as one which is soft. So Palmolive Princess Flakes make the most satisfactory of all-purpose soaps.

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The Ideal Soap For Washing Machines

WOLFE ISLAND SCHOOL FAIR.

- The Prize Winners at Marysville Exhibition on Sept. 16th. List of prize winners at Wolfe Island school fair held at Marysville on Friday, Sept. 15th: Wheat, four quarts—Ray Mosier, Craig Hulton. Wheat, sheaf—Ray Mosier, Earl MacDonald. Oats, four quarts—Mac. MacDonald, Jack Mahoney. Oats, half bushel—Mac. MacDonald. Oats, sheaf—Eugene Tarrant, Marguerite Watts, Howard Watts, Norman Horne, Douglas Seville.

- Barley, sheaf—Howard Watts, Howard Seville. Field peas two quarts—Clare McAllister, Jean Grant, Jack Mahoney. Field peas (three loaded vines)—Clare McAllister. Sweet corn, six ears—John Lancaster, Elsie Davis, Emily Davis, Percy Cranshaw, Augusta Horne, Ray Mosier. Sweet corn, single ear—Rose McAllister, Emily Davis, Percy Cranshaw, Augusta Horne, Howard Watts, Ray Mosier. Sweet corn, sheaf—Emily Davis, Ray Mosier, Howard Watts, Augusta Horne. Field corn, six ears—Floyd Mosier,

- Lawrence Horne, Howard Watts. Field corn, single ear—Floyd Mosier, Lawrence Horne, Howard Watts. Field corn, sheaf—Lloyd Mosier, Howard Watts. Twelve Irish Cobbler potatoes—Richard Russell, Geraldine Greenwood, Carmel Cosgrove, Gerald O'Shea, Gertrude Yott, Clare McAllister. Peck Irish Cobbler potatoes—Laura Armstrong, Harry Greenwood, Willie Allinson, Richard Russell, Stanley Woodman, Howard Kyle, Geraldine McAdoo. Single Irish Cobbler potato—Stanley Spoor, Richard Russell, Geraldine McAdoo, Stanley Woodman, Gerald O'Shea, Howard Kyle. Twelve Green Mountain potatoes—Elma Russell, Raymond Woodman, Harold Ranger, William Woodman, Ralph Hogan, Eva Pyke. Peck Green Mountain potatoes—Elma Russell, Marion Russell, Eva Payne, Olga Hulton, Ruth Hulton, Ralph Hogan. Single Green Mountain potato—Raymond Woodman, William Woodman, Eva Pyke, Van McAdoo, Elma Russell, Ruth Hulton. Peck Irish Cobbler potatoes from old seed—Gerald O'Shea, Wynona Horne, Clare McAllister, Norman Horne, Gerald McAdoo, Howard Watts. Five mangels—Emily Davis, Norman Horne, Doris McAdoo, Eugene Tarrant, Darrell Horne, Lawrence Horne. Single mangel—Doris McAdoo, Emily Davis, Darrell Horne, Eugene Tarrant, Norman Horne, Lawrence Horne. Six beets—Doris McAdoo, Donald Kealey, Casey Payne, Howard Watts, Carl Mosier, Augusta Horne. Single beet—Carl Mosier, Doris McAdoo, Augusta Horne, Casey Payne, Donald Kealey, Wynona Horne. Six carrots—Howard Watts, Carl Mosier, Alma Cosgrove, Casey Payne. Single carrot, Ruth Kealey, Eva Pyke, Howard Watts, Geraldine McAdoo, Marguerite Watts, Carl Mosier,

- ler, Ruth Kealey, Eva Pyke. Five turnips, Gene Grant, Dufferin Cosgrove. Single turnip, Gene Grant. Six onions, Mary Bolton, Fred Henderson, Joseph Grimshaw, Marguerite Watts, Oscar Pyke, Casey Payne. Single onion, Mary Bolton, Marguerite Watts, Jos. Grimshaw, Oscar Pyke. Bouquet asters, Lilella Grimshaw, Eva Payne, Margaret Hawkins, Gertrude Yott, Elsie Davis, Grace Henderson. Bouquet mixed flowers, Jos. Grimshaw, Eva Payne, Emily Davis, Jean Grant, Mary Bolton, Garnet Tarrant. Potted house plant, Floyd Mosier, Emily Davis, Phoebe Weir, Alma Cosgrove, Margaret Kirkpatrick, Douglas Seville. Cockerel, Marion Russell, Richard Russell, Eugene Tarrant, Gerald O'Shea, Jos. Grimshaw, Jennie Ryan. Pullet, Elmer Kane, Jos. Grimshaw, Floyd Mosier, Van McAdoo, Richard Russell, Howard Seville. Pen, three birds, Dorsetta Conley, Jos. Grimshaw, Van McAdoo, Eugene Tarrant, Jack McDonnell, Floyd Mosier. Cock and hen from home flock, Rose McAllister, Garnet Tarrant, Althea Russell, Irene Weir, Eva Pyke, Jos. Grimshaw. Colt, Claire McAllister, Douglas Seville. Colt, trained, Claire McAllister. Dairy calf, Earl MacDonald, Douglas Seville. Lamb, Earl MacDonald. Five winter apples, Floyd Mosier, Howard Seville, Garnet Tarrant, Jack O'Shea, Douglas Seville, Greta Horne, Marguerite Watts. Five fall apples, Clarence Docteur, Carl MacDonald, Willie Allinson, Eugene Tarrant, Lawrence McDonald, Marguerite Watts. Sponge cake, Doris McAdoo, Marguerite Watts, Wynona Horne, Jennie Ryan, Loretta Spoor, Elaine McAllister. Twelve drop cookies, Marguerite Conley, Elaine McAllister, Harriett Spoor, Phoebe Weir, Wynona Horne, Augusta Horne. Twelve jelly tarts, Davis, Loretta Spoor, Irene Weir. Loaf bread, Phoebe Weir, Irene Weir, Agnes Yott, Ruth Kealey, Beryl Berry, Marguerite Watts. Lemon pie, Wynona Horne, Thelma Hogan, Elaine McAllister, Loretta Spoor, Mary Hawkins, Beryl Berry. Collection six kinds small cakes or cookies, Emily Davis, Doris McAdoo, Hassel Bolton, Mary Bolton. Fancy white apron, Elaine McAllister, Eva Payne, Phoebe Weir, Irene Weir, Olga Jenkins. Clothes pin bag, Gertrude Yott, Elaine McAllister, Rose McAllister, Phoebe Weir. Pillow case, Marguerite Watts, Irene Weir, Phoebe Weir, Alma Cos-



DR. G. P. WYATT

Model mail box, Burke Thomas, Howard Watts, Douglas Seville. Model feed hopper, Howard Watts, Ray Mosier, Darrell Horne, Douglas Seville, Geo. Kenney. Model sheep feeding rack, Albert Snider, Darrell Horne Geo. Kenney. Collection different types of soil, Oscar Pyke. Collection weed seeds, Grace Henderson, Freddy Henderson, Eva Pyke, Darrell Horne, Augusta Horne. Collection weed plants, Darrell Horne, Augusta Horne, Lawrence Horne, Millard Horne. Collection of insects, Eugene Tarrant, Millard Horne, Augusta Horne, Lawrence Horne, Elsie Davis, Freddy Henderson. Essay, "Value of a Good Road," 3rd, Emily Davis; 4th, Geo. Rogers. Essay, "Story of a Grain of Wheat," Irene Weir, Emily Davis, Doris McAdoo, Laura Armstrong, Godfrey Barr, Darrell Horne. Writing "Mary Had a Little Lamb," Elva Fawcett, Thelma Stevenson, Howard Kyle, Marion Russell, Floyd Mosier. Writing, "God Save the King," Francis Todd, Gertrude Yott, Olga Hulton, Marion Russell, Donald Kealey, Ethel Pixley. Writing, "Maple Leaf," Craig Hulton, Geraldine Greenwood, Ruth Kealey, Mary Bolton, Hilda Brice-land, Alex. Mahoney. Writing, "O Canada," Earl MacDonald, Eva Payne, Ruth Hulton, Joe MacDonald, Mac. MacDonald, Irene Weir.

Crayon drawing, Olga Hulton, Ruth Hulton, Gwendolyn Hulton, Craig Hulton, Godfrey Barr, Darrell Horne. Painting, Ruth Hulton, Emily Davis, Marguerite Watts, Irene Weir, Kathleen Kirkpatrick, Helen Barr. Five minute address, 2nd, Irene Weir. Boys' hitching and driving contest, Harry Greenwood, Wm. Woodman, Geo. Kenney, Douglas Seville. Nail driving contest, Louisa Hopkins, Iola Greenwood, Ella Watts, Doris McAdoo, Loretta Spoor. School parade, S.S. No. 6, S. S. No. 9, S. S. No. 3. Boy and girl winning highest No. points, Howard Watts, Emily Davis. The shield, which was donated by the Union Church Societies to the school winning the highest number of points in proportion to attendance and holding it for three years, has been awarded to S. S. No. 9. This school had an average of 23 points.

ECZEMA advertisement with text: you are not so particular if you use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send in stamp for postage. Get a trial at dealers or Edmondson, Bales & Co., Limited, Toronto.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES advertisement. As a health builder, Royal Yeast is gaining in popularity every day. It is a food - not a medicine. It supplies the vitamins which the diet may lack. Royal Yeast is highly beneficial in cases where the system seems "run down". Royal Yeast is the richest known source of vitamins, and when taken into the system acts as a corrective agent. Royal Yeast Cakes are recommended for their purity and wholesomeness. It is the purest, the most convenient and economical yeast on the market. Two to four Royal Yeast Cakes a day will work wonders. A half-day's supply can easily be prepared at one time by using one glass lukewarm water and teaspoon sugar to each yeast cake. Allow to stand over night in moderately warm room. In the morning stir well and pour off liquid. Place in refrigerator or other cool place and drink at intervals as desired throughout the day. Send name and address for free booklet "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

SMOKE SENATOR advertisement. DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT. Also packed in 1/2 lb. Tins. 15 A PACKAGE. GUT PLUG. The advertisement features a large, stylized logo for 'SMOKE SENATOR' and 'GUT PLUG' with a central shield containing the number '15'. The text is arranged around the logo, emphasizing the product's fragrance and packaging options.

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