

RED HOUSE MYSTERY

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 owner, and Matt Cayley, his companion, awaited the arrival of Mark's brother, Robert, who was returning from Australia after a 15 years' absence.

Started by Robert's rough appearance, Audrey Stevens, the maid, ushered him into Mark's office on his arrival. After an unsuccessful attempt to find Mark in the garden, Audrey returned to the house to find the other servants frightened by the sound of a revolver shot and to hear Cayley pounding on the office door demanding 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 get 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 Cambridge, his father had died.

Mark went to London, with an allowance from his patron, and made acquaintance with the moneylenders. 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 accounts with the moneylenders, 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 contributions as well as free lunches; promising young painters and poets dined with him; and he even took a theatrical company on tour, playing 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. Spasmodically 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-mustached, 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 gout?"

"It isn't gout," said the Major gruffly.

"Well, whatever it is," The Major grunted.

"I make a point of being polite at breakfast," said Bill, helping himself 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 painter, who was acting hostess on this occasion for Mark. Ruth Norris took 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 lunching 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 chattered gently while he read his letters.

"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. Now 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 Major. Bill laughed. Miss Norris said politely: "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 uncomfortable.

"All the same," said Betty a little daringly, "it must be rather fun having 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 anything like he used to be, and like his few letters have been—well, Cay knows."

Cayley grunted.

"All I know 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 as 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 gentleman of the name of Antony Gillingham was handing up his ticket at Woodham station and asking the way to the village. He is an important person to this story, so that it is as well we should know something 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



He was now thirty.

eyes which seem to be absorbing every detail of our person. To strangers this look is almost alarming at first, until they discover that this 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 direction.

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, £400 a year, old Gillingham looked up from the "Stock-Breeders' Gazette" to ask him what he was going to do.

"See the world," said Antony.

"Well, send me a line from America or wherever you get to."

"Right," said Antony.

Old Gillingham returned to his paper.

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 of ways how to look at them. So Antony looked at them—from various strange corners; from the viewpoint of the valet, the newspaper-reporter, the waiter, the shop-assistant. With the independence of £400 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. "Another gentleman, over from The Red House, was saying that only yesterday. Offered to take my place an all." He laughed humbly.

"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 tobacco-shop. Gillingham was on one side of the counter and Mr. Beverley on the other. Something about Bill, his youth and freshness, perhaps, attracted 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 in 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 whirr of a mowing-machine, that most restful of all country sounds.

And in the hall a man was banging at a locked door, and shouting, "Open the door, I say; open the door!"

"Hallo!" said Antony in amazement.

(To be continued.)

Leads in Pulp And Paper Making

Ottawa, Can.—Official figures reviewing the pulp and paper industry in Canada in 1927, which have recently been issued, show that it is the largest manufacturing industry of the Dominion. In 1927 the gross value of production was \$219,323,735.

Canada now leads the world in the manufacture of newsprint paper. The output last year was 2,092,330 tons or 600,000 tons more than the United States production, which holds second place.

Exports of newsprint paper from Canada in 1927 totalled 1,381,685 tons, an amount greater than the combined exports of all other countries.

An indication of the close relation between the pulp and paper industry and hydro-electric power development is given in the official statement that over 28 per cent of the turbine installation in Canada is required to supply power to pulp and paper plants which use a total of 1,354,882 horsepower.

Canada's pulpwood resources are estimated at 1,344,000,000 cords, of which the Province of Quebec has 330,000,000 cords; British Columbia 290,000,000; Alberta 252,000,000; Ontario 200,000,000 and Saskatchewan, 142,000,000.

Imperial Protection

London Morning Post (Cons.): The War opened the eyes of many, who suddenly discovered that to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market was not the sole end of a national economy. For if a country thereby neglected the foundations of its security, as, for example, its food supplies and its iron and steel trade, it might be forced to spend all that it had to defend its existence, since neutrals are apt to be unscrupulous with nations at war. To amass gold when your neighbor forges steel seems profitable until the steel is directed at your throat; then it is seen that wealth may even be a danger to yourself, since it is a temptation to others. Our economic system was, so battered in improvising its defence that the War may be said to have knocked the bottom out of it, and we have been trying in vain to stop the hole ever since. We shall have to come to the same policy as our neighbors in the end; but the process of change is so timid and so slow that we sometimes fear it may be too late.

ERAS

Anno Domini 1923 corresponds to the year 1346-47 of the Muhammadan era; 2587-88 of the Japanese era; 5638-39 of the Jewish era; and 7436-37 of the Byzantine era.

For frostbite use Minard's Liniment.

Who Killed Goliath?

Read about Bill Goliath, whose didn't write the Pentateuch, a whole didn't swallow Jonah, Noah never had an ark, and so on, and so on, according to a "New Commentary on the Holy Scriptures," just published in England by some of the most learned and devout scholars of the Establishment Church. The book, edited by Bishop Charles Gore, is declared to mark "an epoch in Biblical criticism." Now this is news fresh from the griddle, but, as a matter of fact, there is nothing very new in it, for one of the U.S. denominational journals points out that these modern contradictions have been taught in their seminaries for a quarter of a century, and that they are generally accepted by all modern clergymen. There is no reason, then, it is remarked, for the laity to be shocked or disturbed by these revelations. While skeptical regarding many Old Testament narratives and certain Gospel miracles, these English scholars accept as overwhelming the evidence for Christ's resurrection. According to a special cable to the New York Times, they recite:

"We know that the beginnings of mankind reach to an immeasurably earlier period than Genesis indicates, they say 'The origin of the legend of the Deluge probably was a disastrous flood in Babylon. Collecting pairs of animals from all quarters of the globe in one place would be impossible, even if an ark could have been built capable of containing them. Any fertile spot in Mesopotamia could have furnished the basis of the Garden of Eden.'"

"Regarding Babel, the authors say that the difference of language was the result, not the cause, of racial diversity."

"Methuselah's longevity was physiologically incompatible with the structure of the human body, they continue. Melchisedec was not a priest of the true God but a Canaanite deity, and the Pillar of Fire might have originated in the custom of carrying a burning brazier before the army. They can not say whether Moses on Sinai was only a dramatic picture or founded on a thunder-storm."

"They have serious difficulty in accepting the Second Commandment as original, because images were widely and not condemned used in the worship of Jehovah until the eighth century. A parallel is drawn between Balaam's ass speaking and Achilles's horses foretelling their master's death. Belshazzar's feast is held to be irreconcilable with what is declared to be the historic fact that there was no King Belshazzar."

"The statement in II Samuel 21:19, that Elhanan slew Goliath is more historical than the assertion that David killed him."

"Regarding the Old Testament miracles, attention is directed to what is called the Semitic habit of exaggeration."

"The Biblical narrative of the raising of Lazarus, however, is accepted with all its implications as the climax of all the miracles of healing."

It must be admitted, says The Churchman, a liberal Episcopal organ, that all this is news to the rank and file of Americans, even in our churches, which "is not an altogether heartening commentary on the American pulpit." Every theological seminary of any standing in this country, we are told, has been teaching for a quarter of a century almost everything contained in the new commentary. "Nearly twenty-five years ago," it is recited, "a popular magazine carried a series of articles called: 'Blasting at the Rock of Ages.' The author threw his readers into several varieties of spasms by his assertions that the Christian faith was being undermined in colleges and seminaries. The devastation was being wrought by precisely the same conclusions of scholarship, with certain minor variations, which are incorporated in this apparently highly exciting commentary." No modern-minded clergyman trained in any reputable theological school during the past twenty-five years will view such statements as news, goes on The Churchman.

"But clergymen are a very small

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Flash from the Gardens

portion of the newspaper-reading public. And we suspect that many carry a heavy responsibility for not revealing to their congregations, by one method or another, the well-defined conclusions of modern Biblical scholarship. The very fact that such news stories are printed in the daily press is a striking indication of the failure of their fears of 'disturbing the faith' of their congregations. The natural reaction of educated church people to such fears must be a growing distrust of the pulpit as a dependable teaching medium, and a probable sneer at its timidity."

Peace and Self-Defence

New York World: The dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay is a clear demonstration of how utterly ambiguous is the whole conception of "self-defence." Here are two South American neighbors on the verge of war over territory to which each claims the right of possession. Each asserts its right on the basis of an obscure treaty which was framed more than a hundred years ago. Each is prepared to fight in "self-defence," that is to say, in defence of the right as interpreted by itself. Each is prepared to arbitrate if the other will first yield the legal principle which would guarantee a victory in the arbitral procedure. This is the typical dispute between nations which leads to war, and the conclusion is inescapable that as long as each nation reserves to itself not only "the right of self-defence" but the right to decide for itself what self-defence means, no genuine progress has been made toward the abolition of war.



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GREAT BARRIER CORAL REEF

Along the Queensland (Aust.) coast for a distance of 1300 miles, is an immense chain of islands, shoals and reefs, which serve as natural fish hatcheries and sea-bird rookeries.

Our idle wonder for the day is how the late Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, who chopped down a stout tree every morning before breakfast, would stand nowadays on reforestation?—Detroit News.

A writer says: "As long as there are two women and a man on earth, there will be war." Why the man?

Styles & ANSTIE
Paris—New York



TRIM GRACEFUL LINES

A sheer rayon printed velvet in harvest brown tones, practical for all-around wear, achieves new femininity through demure bow of soft faille silk crepe slipped through bound openings at end of diagonal neckline and tied in knot. The circular skirt carries out one-sided treatment in pointed outline, attached to hipoque, to give trim graceful line. The sleeves are darts-fitted. It's easily made, and at an attractive cost, for the 36-inch size takes but 3 yards of 40-inch material with 1/4 yard of 27-inch contrasting. Style No. 339 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Plain transparent velvet in golden brown is captivating for afternoons. Crimson red georgette crepe is enchanting for afternoons and informal evenings. Black rayon velvet is dignified for dining out. For all-around wear, select black lustrous crepe satin or navy blue wool crepe. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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Great Britain and Russia

Spectator (London): However much Englishmen may loathe the thing that is Bolshevism, there is no justification for a policy which aims at treating the third largest political entity in the world as a pariah. The Foreign Secretary could not celebrate more happily his return to an active share in the work of peace than by an honest and sustained policy of re-establishing political contact with Russia. For both political and economic reasons it is, we think, imperative that Great Britain should go back to her first opinion and accept the new Russia as a permanent factor in the post-war world.

Protection

New Statesman (London): Great Britain is still predominantly a free trade country. But in face of the claims now being made on behalf of such great industries as those of wool and steel, it is pertinent to point out that our rates of duty, where they exist at all, are very high. They are far higher than the corresponding rates in Germany or France, though they are not as high as those of the United States. Any extension of duties at the prevailing level to a number of such commodities of importance would make this country not merely a tariff country, but one of the highest tariff countries in the world.

Early Transportation Still Used



MAIL CARRIERS IN THE YUKON TERRITORY

Both canoe and dog team are still in vogue on our far distant northern boundaries.

2,000,000 Cause Grave

Politically and ever, the Em Sound as 19

London.—The close which likewise made first post-war decade as a nation in a position were not for the capability and described as unsatisfactory. Politically and structure undoubted Parliamentary system so many European war, has in this decade able to withstand destruction, and, by acceptance of necessity Labor a permanent place in the government of widening the divide universal ad Britain's Parliament have safeguarded some time to come.

Financially, too, warring European able to re-establish post-war party and But the industrial of the tenth year cannot be described. There are nearly unemployed. The about 2,000,000 act And if this number include the families of these people it in every ten in the other nine—whether distributed through private channels. Up to the present every post-war government proceeding on the pre-war conditions, that it is possible to absorb these people in nations. Indeed, on clial five years ago necessary pessimism shadowed legislation supposition that by still be nearly 1,000 Today any British make it a proud bo only 1,000,000 out of

Economic Position Bearing in mind the ten years Britain's not been idle; that most wholly consumed manufacturing for them tariffs show a tendency rather than decrease here are beginning to whether the question can industry reason "How soon can those there is little hope of transferred to other empires?" This, of course, is manifestation of an important question, years will Britain's empire—have succeeded efficient commercial hold her place as one of great manufacturing countries? Or will she set herself on the path Holland and the Scandies—excelling in industry, but finding tant function in post world certain speed such as banking, communications?"

Problem Calls For Of course, history way of being undrastic. At the end of the country may be found confronting it in same as today. How to vary in degree—the human element men who have been five years may be industry. Those idle cannot be.

Thus one feels far predicting, specifically much: In another national path will be clearly along one or directions indicated are imminent a social heaval which will try the ability of the English come unpleasant fact them.—By Harold E. New York Herald-Tribune

Canada's Ne

Toronto Telegram: is about to be more This does not mean King is doubtful about Pact he signed at Paris mean that Mr. King is disarmament. In fact destroyers may be the Premier's disarmaments. For what's the Premier talking disarm ada has nothing to over, if war should come Heaven forbid. Canada to the new destroyers of Nations, not to any pacts or disarmament may produce. It will hope that the good of will be spring business