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# "SATADA"

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

## TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

A. MILNE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd)

Antony gave Bill a smile and was silent for a little, thinking.

"Is there another inn at Stanton—fairly close to the station?"

"The 'Plough and Horses'—just at the corner where the road goes up to the station—is that the one you mean?"

"That would be the one. I suppose you could do with a drink, couldn't you?"

"Rather!" said Bill, with a grin.

"Good. Then have one at the 'Plough and Horses.' Have two, if you like, and talk to the landlord, or landlady, or whoever serves you. I want to find out if anybody stayed there on Monday night."

"Robert?" said Bill eagerly.

"I didn't say Robert," said Antony, smiling. "I just want you to find out if they had a visitor who slept there on Monday night. A stranger. If so, then any particulars you can get of him, without letting the landlord know that you are interested."

"Leave it to me," broke in Bill. "I know just what you want."

"Don't assume that it was Robert—or anybody else. Let them describe the man to you. Don't influence them unconsciously by suggesting that he was short or tall, or anything of that sort. Just get them talking. If it's the landlord, you'd better stand him a drink or two."

"Right you are," said Bill confidently. "Where do I meet you again?"

"Probably at the 'George.' If you get there before me, you can order dinner for eight o'clock. Anyway, we'll meet at eight, if not before."

"Good." He nodded to Antony and strode off back to Stanton again.

Antony stood watching him with a little smile at his enthusiasm. Then he looked round slowly, as if in search of something. Suddenly he saw what he wanted. Twenty yards farther on a lane wandered off to the left, and there was a gate a little way up on the right-hand side of it. Antony walked to the gate, filling his pipe as he went. Then he lit his pipe, sat on the gate, and took his head in his hands.

"Now then," he said to himself, "let's begin at the beginning."

It was nearly eight o'clock when William Beverley, the famous sleuth-hound, arrived, tired and dusty, at the "George," to find Antony, cool and clean, standing bare-headed at the door, waiting for him.

"Is dinner ready?" were Bill's first words.

"Yes."

"Then I'll just have a wash. Lord, I'm tired!"

"I never ought to have asked you," said Antony penitently.

"That's all right. I shan't be a moment." Halfway up the stairs he turned round and asked, "Am I in your room?"

"Yes. Do you know the way?"

"Yes. Start carving, will you? And order lots of beer." He disappeared round the top of the staircase. Antony went slowly in.

When the first edge of his appetite

had worn off, and he was able to spare a little time between the mouthfuls, Bill gave an account of the adventures. The landlord of the "Plough and Horses" had been sticky, decidedly sticky—Bill had been unable at first to get anything out of him. But Bill had been tactful; lorless, you, "how tactful he had been."

"He kept on about the inquest, and what a queer affair it had been, and so on. Then I said carelessly that it must be very hard to remember anybody whom you had just seen once, so as to identify him afterward, and he agreed that it would be 'middlin' hard,' and then—"

"Give me three guesses," interrupted Antony. "You asked him if he remembered everybody who came to his inn?"

"That's it. Bright, wasn't it?"

"Brilliant. And what was the result?"

"The result was a woman."

"A woman?" said Antony eagerly.

"A woman," said Bill impressively. "Of course I thought it was going to be Robert—so did you, didn't you?—but it wasn't. It was a woman. Came quite late on Monday night in a car—driving herself—went off early next morning."

"Did he describe her?"

"Yes. She was middlin'. Middlin' tall, middlin' age, middlin' color, and



In the morning there was a letter for him.

so on. Doesn't help much, does it? But still a woman. Does that upset your theory?"

Antony shook his head.

"No, Bill, not at all," he said.

"You knew all the time? At least, you guessed?"

"Wait till tomorrow. I'll tell you everything tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" said Bill in great disappointment.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing tonight, if you'll promise not to ask any more questions. But you probably know it already."

"What is it?"

"Only that Mark Ablett did not kill his brother."

"And Cayley did?"

"That's another question, Bill. However, the answer is that Cayley didn't, either."

"Then who on earth—"

"Have some more beer," said Antony with a smile. And Bill had to be content with that.

They were early to bed that evening, for both of them were tired. Bill slept loudly and defiantly, but Antony lay awake, wondering. What was happening at the Red House now? Perhaps he would hear in the morning; perhaps he would get a letter. He went over the whole story again from the beginning—was there any possibility of a mistake? What would the police do? Would they ever find out? Ought he to have told them? Well, let them find out; it was their job. Surely he couldn't have made a mistake this time. No good wondering now; he would know definitely in the morning.

In the morning there was a letter for him.

CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Mr. Gillingham,

"I gather from your letter that you have made certain discoveries which you may feel it your duty to communicate to the police, and that in this case my arrest on a charge of murder would inevitably follow. Why, in these circumstances you should give me such ample warning of your intentions I do not understand, unless it is that you

are not wholly out of sympathy with me.

"But whether or not you sympathize, at any rate you will want to know—and I want you to know—the exact manner in which Ablett met his death and the reasons which made that death necessary. If the police have to be told anything, I would rather that they too knew the whole story. They, and even you, may call it murder, but by that time I shall be out of the way. Let them call it what they like."

"I must begin by taking you back to a summer day fifteen years ago, when I was a boy of thirteen and Mark a young man of twenty-five. His whole life was make-believe, and just now he was pretending to be a philanthropist."

"He sat in our little drawing-room, ficking his gloves against the back of his left hand, and my mother, good soul, thought what a noble young gentleman he was, and Philip and I, hastily washed and crammed into collars, stood in front of him, nudging each other and kicking the backs of our heels and cursing him in our hearts for having interrupted our game."

"He had decided to adopt one of us, kind Cousin Mark. Heaven knows why he chose me. Philip was eleven; two years longer to wait. Perhaps that was why."

"Well, Mark educated me. I went to a public school and to Cambridge, and I became his secretary. Well, much more than his secretary as your friend Beverley perhaps has told you. Mark could never live alone. There must always be somebody to listen to him. I think in his heart he hoped I should be his Boswell. He told me one day that he had made me his literary executor—poor devil. And he used to write me the absurd long letters when I was away from him, letters which I read once and then tore up. The futility of the man!

"It was three years ago that Philip got into trouble. He had been hurried through a cheap grammar school and into a London office, and discovered there that there was not much fun to be got in this world on two pounds a week. I had a frantic letter from him one day, saying that he must have a hundred at once, or he would be ruined, and I went to Mark for the money."

"Only to borrow it, you understand; he gave me a good salary and I could have paid it back in three months. But no. He saw nothing for himself in it, I suppose; no applause, no admiration. Philip's gratitude would be to me, not to him."

"I begged, I threatened, we argued, and while we were arguing, Philip was arrested. It killed my mother—he was always her favorite—but Mark as usual got his satisfaction out of it. He preened himself on his judgment of character in having chosen me and not Philip twelve years before!

"Later on I apologized to Mark for the reckless things I had said to him, and he played the part of a magnanimous gentleman with his accustomed skill, but, though outwardly we were as before to each other, from that day forward, though his vanity would never let him see it, I was his bitter enemy."

"If that had been all, I wonder if I should have killed him? To live on terms of intimate friendship with a man whom you hate is dangerous work for your friend. Because of his belief in me as his admiring and grateful protegee and his belief in himself as my benefactor, he was now utterly in my power. I could take my time and choose my opportunity. Perhaps I should not have killed him, but I had sworn to have my revenge—and there he was, poor vain fool, at my mercy. I was in no hurry."

"Two years later I had to reconsider my position, for my revenge was being taken out of my hands. Mark began to drink. Could I have stopped him? I don't think so, but to my immense surprise I found myself trying to. Instinct, perhaps, getting the better of reason; or did I reason it out and tell myself that, if he drank himself to death, I should lose my revenge? Upon my word, I cannot tell you; but, for whatever motive, I did genuinely want to stop it. Drinking is such a beastly thing, anyhow."

(To be continued.)

**Trade With Russia**

Washington Post: The experience of the British should silence those who are working for Soviet recognition by the United States. Stalin's Government is sparing no effort to entice the United States into an arrangement through which American capital would be poured into the coffers of the Soviet in the hopes of expanding trade. Loans and credit, besides diplomatic recognition of an insecure Communist Government, which is a deadly enemy of the so-called capitalist nation, is the offer that has been held out to England and America. Propaganda as to the advantages of trade with the Soviet is a poor brand of trickery through which the Reds hope to finance their communistic schemes. The Russian people have nothing with which to buy. They have been ruined by the mad theories of one dictator after another. Any amount of capital would not assure the reconstruction of the country as long as the Reds are in control.

The stepping-stones to scientific knowledge principally consist of the errors of past professors. Sir William Beach-Thomas.

The Minard for the rub down.

**China Unlocks Remote Parts By Road System**

Motorbuses Penetrate to Backward Regions as Long-Distance Routes Open

Peking—Chinese officials are considering proposals for reconstruction of the western country, but the money for them is not forthcoming. One project, however, has made headway during the past year, and that is the construction of automobile highways in several provinces, which open up hitherto isolated districts to the outside world.

Some highways have been built under the direction of the China International Famine Relief Association, with its American engineers, but perhaps more significance may be attached to those which have been built by the Chinese, with no foreign advice or assistance.

The Chinese Bureau of Economic Information reports that five great highways have been opened to motor traffic during the past few months, and that 13 other highways have been partially completed, and will be finished during the summer. Chinese engineers have also drawn plans for 11 others, and when these have been completed, China will have a finer highway system than in the most prosperous days of empire.

Chinese officials have been impressed by the fact that the highways already completed have paid for themselves within a short time. In a country where labor is so cheap the cost of construction is not great, and highway building is especially useful in times when so many men and women are out of work. As a rule, the provincial governments which build the highways have shared in the purchase of motorbuses which use them, and the profits from these enterprises have been quick and substantial. The Chinese farmers have taken readily to the new vehicles, and automobile buses now run into districts which had never seen such conveyances a year or two ago.

Some of the greatest progress has been made in Shansi, which has been known as the "model province" under the beneficent rule of Marshal Yen Hsi-shan. Some 3000 miles were completed before the civil wars stopped the work. Since then an additional 1000 miles has been completed, and another 2000 miles is contemplated during the summer.

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**Port of Agadir, Long Closed, Is Now Semi-Open**

Coastwise Traffic Imports Admitted to Moroccan City—Exports Barred

London.—Agadir, that long-closed port south of the Atlas Mountains, in Morocco, which figured so prominently in the European diplomatic disputes which preceded the Great War, is now semi-open according to a report of the British Vice-Consul at Mogador.

A considerable import trade has sprung up in certain overseas imports into Morocco, between Casablanca and Agadir, particularly in tea and sugar, and consequently the port of Agadir has been kept open for coastwise traffic (imports). This is not likely now to be altered as, in the middle of this summer, the consul believes that Agadir will be thrown open to deep sea imports and exports on the lines of the other Moroccan ports.

At present, the Government does not permit Agadir to export at all direct—but as for the past 12 years—the inhabitants of Sous have to take their produce across the Atlas Mountains to the port of Mogador. The leading Mogador merchants, whose trade must be heavily hit once Agadir is fully open, have already secured sites and in many cases put up buildings at Agadir. The latest development is the opening by some of the Mogador merchants of a sub-depot at Sidi Mokhtar, about 60 miles east of Mogador on the road to Marrakech, in order to intercept there cereals from Sous destined for Marrakech.

Great building activity generally is now going on at Agadir, and land values at the port, which is naturally sheltered and the only sea outlet for a coastline several hundred miles long, have risen very rapidly. With the completion of three motorway roads which the Franco-Moroccan Government is now driving over the Southern

There's always a trick in it. They sell you a car or a phonograph on credit, and then demand cash for gas and dance records.

They call women the weaker sex, but did you ever hear tell of a barber talking one into a shampoo when she came in only to get a haircut?

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Atlas into Sous, two of which are actually open, that country must play a prominent part in Moroccan agricultural and commercial development.

Its chief products are cereals, almonds, gum, wool, goatskins, olives and argan oil. The last is peculiar to this region but has not hitherto been used outside Morocco. Owing to shortness of supply of this of late, however, Morocco has been importing considerable quantities of Soy oil, the price of which is cheaper than olive oil. The Sous is very rich in copper and, according to the reports of the Mannesmann brothers, rich also in other materials, but no official reports are yet available on this point nor is it yet open to prospecting. The latter, however, will no doubt be allowed as soon as Agadir is thrown fully open.

**Canada's River**

Quebec Action Catholique (Ind.): The St. Lawrence is an inheritance of great value, a potent key to wealth. We must not barter it away. No matter that we are offered in return certain advantages; these advantages are likely to prove only temporary. A postponement in the raising of the American tariff can be nothing more than a postponement.

There is nothing worse for music than to have it all day and every day until at last it becomes as familiar as the central heating of the house.—Sir Hugh Allen.

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ISSUE No. 21—29

**Why go to Peru?**

When crude oil is so plentifully available here in North America, why does Imperial Oil Limited go 4000 miles to Peru for the crude from which Marvelube is made?

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Ottawa, Ont.—Canadian Commerce Service in the United States fishing trade commission in Chicago and San Francisco, announced by the Department of Commerce, will be only one established in New York, under the leadership of R. S. Oamera, who last week, will be Chicago office, which formerly director of Intelligence Service Trade Commission, been appointed to office.

The Chicago office, Mississippi Valley, between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountain West. This area is for which statistics more than twelve total imports of the sent out more than the total exports.

The territory of office would cover Coast, east of the divide the Mountain range of the New the entire Eastern Pennsylvania.

There is a possibility, that another office in New York, the lower Mississippi would form the territory.

**Account of Adventure**

Historical Record Makes Fine

Parts—From the crumbling yellow Museum, Stella, known historical research worker, constructed the d Prince Madoc, of band of Welshmen 1170, journeyed at land believed to be Mexico.

According to the Prince Madoc, son Wales, and brother set forth on his quiet retreat from time. Having a long and adventurous and sailed for new he had vaguely he sail he reached a his so vividly detailed small doubt that Mexico region.

Then Prince Madoc from his royal recovery, returned 12 men behind him, out the land. In the new world with eager colonists this voyage is not Miss Cleaver Co. of writing and the latitudinal figures volume a certain made her findings part from the State evidence had been fishermen hunted foundland as early

**Britain (The Press)**

Caron showed concern, as Minister warned the creation of New York that when the United States closed up your head. With the 23 cents a gallon, ex must look for not in the region, but in the United States. Have an unlimited Britain for those that the very direct all our action. Similarly, there is a severe case of meat and the British Isles market in this of the circumstances advised to take by this advantage greatest possible

**Stocking**

The short skirts everywhere. Our churches have de clares around the idea that knees when they as a