

# ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

STONEMASON  
Annassa went to see her mother in Connecticut. Several days had passed and she had not returned. The mother was becoming more and more anxious. She had written to Annassa, but she had not received a word. She was sure that Annassa had not returned.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)  
There was an uncomfortable silence, broken by David.  
"You're every right in the world to distrust me, and you do. I can see it in your eyes. Admit now you're not quite sure whether I had anything to do with the two murders or not."

Annassa was frank enough to admit she had had her doubts. Today, since coming to the red barn, to be exact, those doubts had begun to seem ridiculous.  
Her companion studied her admiringly.  
"Not afraid of face issues, are you?"

"Why should I be? And you?"  
"Lord, I don't know!"  
He drew a breath through lean nostrils and looked down at her from the height of six feet and four inches.

"Whatever brought a girl like you to a place like this?"  
Annassa gave to her reply more consideration than the question deserved, or so she thought.  
"I came to fight a wrong."  
A look of incredulity was her reward.  
"And how are you getting on?"  
"Badly," she admitted. "Very bad."

"With a sudden savage gesture he planted his clenched fist against the wall."  
"Damn it all! Bride's house can't hold its secret forever. It shall! I'll give the place apart, shingle by shingle, till—"  
She put her hand on his arm. Her voice was tense with earnestness.  
"Then you came on the same errand that I brought me?"

Instantly the old air of caution returned.  
"What gave you that idea?"  
"I'm in a troubled town, I doubt if it's wrong to be right on the spot can't you see?"  
"Oh, so far as that goes," she tried to speak gaily. "I'm beginning to doubt everything, even the ability to escape the fate of my predecessors on this farm."

"He caught his breath.  
"That's what's worrying me"—  
gulping out the words as though such one stuck in his throat—"ever since you came here, I've been suspicious—this time along a different line."  
"You didn't come to spy on me? You're not being paid by someone to scare me away?"  
His look of surprise was better than a thousand denials.  
"I? Scare you away? Say, listen. Stopping till his face was less than a foot away from her own, "I've been so afraid you'd quit, I haven't known what to do. Every night I've stood under your window until long after the light went out. And every morning I've waited till you opened the door. You've carried a fishing rod which was as good as an announcement that Mr. Diamond had gone to the city for the day. It was no secret in the Crossing that the house on the hill was never left unguarded for a moment when the master was at home. A condition of affairs which had piqued the law-abiding citizens of that town beyond all expression."

The virtuous Mr. Peabody adjusted the glasses for one last peep and hurriedly wiped them with the end of his necktie.  
A strange man was coming down the road from the direction of Branchville. It was evident he was heading for the Ark, so the Ark's proprietor hustled back behind the counter and put on a fresh tick apron.  
"Morning, pardner," he said when the screen door had opened and closed.  
"What'll it be?"  
"Ham and eggs," said Croprosey.  
"And a cup of black and white."  
"Well, yes," said Croprosey, and he turned to the waiting pan. "A newspaper sent, don't you?"  
"No, sir," said the managing editor of a New York's former newspaper, "not exactly."  
"I suppose you've formed a theory as to who committed the murders?"  
"No, and everybody else in the Crossing thinks the light inside the ghost is up to its old tricks."  
"No!" he was his way of landing in the thick of the situation.  
"Noah set a cup of coffee on the counter and pushed sugar and a pitcher of cream after it. "Seth

## A Traveller Views England After Twenty Years Absence

After twenty years I have seen England, and I am not disappointed. All the lovely things I remembered and hoped to see once more are still there and as remained the same.

It is as though I had returned to some unexplored territory that had hung for many centuries in some honored place. Here and there a thread has been broken or worn away, perhaps, but it has been replaced so thoroughly that the design is undisturbed. The background was put in with such skill, painstaking effort that it has stood the test of years. It seems as though the most hardened callous would find it most readily, I think, to resist the appeal: "Gladly, please."

We had previously decided that the most interesting way to renew our acquaintance with the English country was to hire an automobile and drive ourselves whither we would. We left London with the feeling that everyone traveling toward, or with us, would be instantly aware of the great bell in Giotto's tower, with all its objects of annoyance. But a few miles brought us reassurance.

Before long we gave ourselves up to the joy of the moment. Could any thing be lovelier than England in September? The trees were green and leafy, with no suggestion, as yet, of winter. For the seasons still seem to come less violently here than in some parts of the world. Not until we found ourselves in the mountains did we discern any yellowing leaves.

The quiet, low-lying meadows of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire looked so verdant that we wondered if we had forgotten their green, or if they were more green this year than ever before. We left London with the feeling that everyone traveling toward, or with us, would be instantly aware of the great bell in Giotto's tower, with all its objects of annoyance. But a few miles brought us reassurance.

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CHAPTER XIV.  
"Conning" Fowler was not a bad name for Noah Peabody's gilded lunch wagon. At the boarded-off end, where the proprietor slept, a bowed window looked out on the village street in three directions. Here, attached to the framework, just high enough to be operated from a wing chair, was a device resembling a railroad semaphore—a folding gate arm which could be extended or shortened at will and which pivoted easily from right to left. At the end of this arm was strapped a pair of old field glasses by whose aid the inquisitive Fowler greatly increased his area of vision.

By eleven o'clock on Tuesday the breakfast demand for what cakes and coffee was about over, and the call for hamburger with onions had not yet commenced. A half hour of peace beckoned Mr. Peabody thought to the most of it.  
"With his eye glued to the field glasses, he saw a cloaked black wagon moving from the village toward the station—a sign the body of the murdered deputy was at last to be removed from Bryn's House. He also noted from Bryn's, the stry lead keeper of Berkshire Towers, when he passed down the road, accompanied by the two London policemen; they were Garlin, carrying a fishing rod which was as good as an announcement that Mr. Diamond had gone to the city for the day. It was no secret in the Crossing that the house on the hill was never left unguarded for a moment when the master was at home. A condition of affairs which had piqued the law-abiding citizens of that town beyond all expression."

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## A Romance?

It seemed fitting that nightfall should find us in Stratford-on-Avon, the little town that nestles in the heart of England and yet belongs to the world. To sleep in an eighteenth-century inn, with a room with lattice windows, appeared a right culmination to a day into which so many memories had been crowded.  
We found ourselves, one Sunday evening, beneath the turrets and battlements of Ludlow. We walked through the quiet streets of the little town that still appears to shelter us from the dominant walls, and then our steps led us to the footpath that follows the outer line of the castle. In contrast to the peaceful valley of the Teme, these mighty stone walls were ed above us like cliffs and we were reminded of the part this great castle had played in the history of the Border.  
Gradually the dusk crept over the Straton hills beyond the river and the town. It was a beautiful sight to see the old stone bridge, little groups of people passed us, sauntering; a band of youths, a mother taking her small home to bed; an aged

rumor has it that Mr. "Tarsan" Johnny Weissmuller, the famous swimmer, is a great deal in the Campy. Velez, screen star. Here you see him teaching the Lago to cycle.

## Superb Quality . . Always

# "GARDNER" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

## Bell-ringing in Italy

When you come to think of it, it is really astounding to find individual bells in Italy. Used as we are to the peals and the well-ordered traditions of bell-ringing in England, perhaps we are apt at first to be a little contemptuous of what seems to be the haphazard jangling of bells in Italian towns. But hearken patiently and eventually you will find something like order emerging out of the confusion. It is not the peals that are to be feared, but the individual bells, which are rung, as the bells of either Florence or Venice. Whether it be the Maragona's deep-toned peals circling upward from the Piazza, or whether it be the snarling roar of the great bell in Giotto's tower, with all its objects of annoyance. But a few miles brought us reassurance.

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## The Future of Britain

By STANLEY BALDWIN

There are times when you think you can see some ahead, but you can't see some way ahead is a charlatan. We must not begin to think what we are going to do in the future until we have got this country a great deal straighter than it is now. We have got our economic policy through as a national government through as a party. We have got it working now with the approach of the new year, and the attempts for that reason is very unlikely to be upset by any future government.

## World's Surface Same In All Ages, Expert Says

Washington.—Oceans and continents always have been much as they are today in major outlines, says Dr. Charles E. Resser, paleontologist of the Smithsonian Institution.  
Record of the rocks since earliest times on earth indicates that the only changes in outline have been minor ones, caused by slow rising and sinking of the land.

## Farm Queries

Henry G. Bell, B.S.A., Dept. of Chemistry, O.A.C. Address All Letters to Farm Editor, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. All Answers Will Appear in this Column. If Personal Reply is Desired, Enclose Stamped and Addressed Envelope.

## Sunday School Lesson

January 8. Lesson II—Jesus Begins His Ministry. Mark 1: 1-15. II. THE GREAT WAY Mark 1: 14, 15. III. A BIGGER JOB Mark 1: 16-20.

## Winter Twilight

A little while ago and you might see The ebony trees against the saffron sky. That hints through flame to rose; but now a calm Of solemn blue above, a stillly time, With silent peer and listen, while the gleams the snout and brittle sound of ice.

## New Year

This new day is born; Into eternity At night will return. Behold it aforesaid; No eye ever did; From all eyes is hid. —Thomas Carlyle.

## Women's Flight Exploits Alarm French Writers

Paris.—Any Johnson Mollison's recent London-and-Cap Town have brought only grudging praise from Frenchmen, who are concerned over the possibility of French women becoming infected with the virus of feminine athletic fever.

## MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER

JUST BECAUSE THIS IS MY DAY TO COOK THE DINNER—YOU WOULD THINK I'D COOK THIS FOR YOU!  
HEY! YOU LIKE FISH, JEFF?  
HE'S TOO FUSSY! YESTERDAY I HAD TO COOK SHALLS FOR HIM! IT'S TIME WE WERE HANGING ON THE FEED BACK!

## Smart School Model

By HELEN WILLIAMS. Illustrated Dreammaking Lesson 1. Prepared by Miss M. J. Williams.

## Prehistoric Plant

Microscopic Shows Percent Different Flora in Period. Professor Sears reports that the percentage of various plants represented in each stratum by examining the material which he has treated with a microscope.

## Historic Paris Buildings

Get Vigorous Scrubbing. Paris.—The French capital and much of France have been undergoing a vigorous cleaning. Inside and out, many of France's historic buildings and monuments have undergone renovation.

## Oysters From Japan

On the British Columbia coast there are three species of oyster—native, imported Eastern and imported Japanese. As a result of investigations carried out by the Biological Board of Canada in those waters in the last few years, it has been found that the Japanese shell-fish are the hardiest of all while the native and imported Eastern products sometimes have seems to be no limit to the quality and quantity of Japanese oysters, which can be successfully cultured on the Pacific Coast.

## KEEPING HIS SECRET.

An Irishman on his way to the canal was persuaded by his three o'clock companions of the railway carriage to join in a game of sol.

## And Then Mutt Crowned Him With the Skillet

THANKS JUST BE IT! THERE'S JUST MURDER IN THESE THINGS! MURDER THEY'RE ALL CLEANED OUT! JUST LESS A FEW MORE!

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