

THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

The minutes went by slowly. To Antony, lying hidden in the undergrowth at the foot of his tree, a new problem was presenting itself. Suppose Cayley had to make more than one journey that night? He might come back to find him in the boat; his eyes were fixed on the boat as he considered these things, and suddenly, as if materialized from nowhere, Cayley was standing by the boat. In his hand was a small brown bag.

Cayley put the bag in the bottom of the boat, stepped in, and using a punt-pole, pushed slowly off. Then, very silently, he rowed toward the middle of the pond. He had stopped. The oars rested in the water. He picked up the bag from between his feet, leaned over the nose of the boat, and rested it lightly on the water for a moment. Then he let go. It sank slowly. He waited there, watching; afraid, perhaps, that it might rise again.

Antony began to count. And now Cayley was back at his starting place. He tied up the boat, looked carefully round to see that he had left no traces behind him, and then turned to the water again. For a long time, as it seemed to the watchers, he stood there, very big, very silent, in the moonlight. At last he seemed satisfied. Whatever his secret was, he had hidden it; and so with a gentle sigh, as unmistakable to Antony as if he had heard it, Cayley turned away and vanished again as quietly as he had come.

Antony gave him three minutes, and stepped out from the trees. He waited there for Bill to join him. "Six," whispered Bill.

"Good," smiled Antony. "Mine was the eighteenth—a little way past it. Better hang your coat over the sixth post, and then we shall see it more easily. I'll put mine on the eighteenth. Are you going to undress here or in the boat?"

"Some here, and some in the boat. You're quite sure that you wouldn't like to do the diving yourself?"

"Quite, thanks." They had, then, walked round to the other side of the pond. Coming to the sixth post of the fence, Bill took off his coat and put it in position, and then finished his undressing, while Antony went off to mark the eighteenth post. When they were ready, they got into the boat, Antony taking the oars.

"Now, Bill, tell me as soon as I'm in a line with your two marks." He rowed slowly toward the middle of the pond.

"You're about there now," said Bill at last.

Antony stopped rowing and looked about him.

"Yes, that's pretty well right." He turned the boat's nose round until it was pointing to the pine tree under which Bill had lain. "You see my tree and the other coast?"

"Right," said Bill. "Now, then, I'm going to row gently along this line until we're dead in between the two. Get it as exact as you can—for your own sake."

"Steady," said Bill warningly. "Back a little, a little more—a little more forward again—Right."

Antony left the oars on the water and looked round. As far as he could tell, they were in an exact line with each pair of landmarks.

"Now then, Bill, in you go." Bill pulled off his shirt and trousers, and stood up.

"You mustn't dive from the boat, old boy," said Antony hastily. "You'll shut its position. Slide in gently."

Bill slid in from the stern and swam slowly round to Antony.

"What's it like?" said Antony. "Cold. Well, here's luck to it."

He gave a sudden kick, flashed for a moment in the water, and was gone. Antony steadied the boat, and took another look at his landmarks.

Bill came up behind him with a loud explosion.

"It's pretty muddy," he protested. "Weeds."

"No, thank the Lord." "Well, try again."

Bill gave another kick and disappeared. Antony coaxed the boat back into position, and again Bill popped up, this time in front of him.

"I feel that if I threw you a sardine," said Antony, with a smile, "you'd catch it in your mouth quite prettily."

"It's awfully easy to be funny from where you are. How much longer have I to go on doing this?"

Antony looked at his watch. "About three hours. We must get back before daylight. But be quicker if you can, because it's rather cold for me sitting here."

Bill flicked a handful of water at him and disappeared again. He was under for almost a minute this time, and there was a grin on his face when it was visible again.

"I've got it, but it's devilish hard to get up. I'm not sure that it isn't too heavy for me."

"That's all right," said Antony. He brought out a ball of thick string from his pocket. "Get this through the handle if you can, and then we can both pull."

He fetched their two coats, and then waited, the bag in his hand, while Bill dried and dressed himself. As soon as the latter was ready, he took his arm and led him into the coops.

They sat down, and taking the bag between his knees, Antony pressed the catch and opened it.

"Clothes!" said Bill. Antony pulled out the top garment and shook it out. It was a wet brown flannel coat.

"Do you recognize it?" he asked. "Mark's brown flannel suit."

"The one he is advertised as having run away in?"

"Yes." Antony put his hand in the breast-pocket and took out some letters. He considered them doubtfully for a moment.

"I suppose I'd better read them," he said. "I mean, just to see—" He looked inquiringly at Bill, who nodded. Antony turned on his torch and glanced at them. Bill waited anxiously.

"Yes, Mark. Hello!" "The letter that Cayley was telling the inspector about. From Robert. Mark, your loving brother is coming to see you—Yes, I suppose I had better keep this. Well, that's his coat. Let's have out the rest of it."

He took the remaining clothes from the bag and spread them out. "They're all here," said Bill. "Shirt, tie, socks, underclothes, shoes—yes, all of them."

"All that he was wearing yesterday?"

"Yes." "What do you make of it?" Bill shook his head, and asked another question.

"Is it what you expected?" Antony laughed suddenly. "It's too absurd," he said. "I expected—well, you know what I expected. A body. A body in a suit of clothes. Well, perhaps it would be safer to hide them separately."

The body here, and the clothes in the passage, where they would never betray themselves. And now he takes a great deal of trouble to hide the clothes here, and doesn't bother about the body at all."

He shook his head. "I'm a bit lost for the moment, Bill, and that's the fact."

"Anything else there?" Antony felt in the bag. "Stones—and yes, there's something else." He took it out and held it up. "There we are, Bill."

It was the office key. "By jove, you were right." Antony turned the bag gently upside down on the grass. A dozen large stones fell out—and something else. He flashed down his torch.

"Another key," he said. He put the two keys in his pocket.

IT SANK SLOWLY. HE WAITED, and sat there for a long time in silence, thinking. Bill was silent, too, not liking to interrupt his thoughts, but at last he said:

"Shall I put these things back?" Antony looked up with a start. "What? Oh, yes. No, I'll put them back. You give me a light, will you?"

Very slowly and carefully he put the clothes back in the bag, pausing as he took up each garment, in the certainty, as it seemed to Bill, that it had something to tell him if only he could read it. When the last of them was inside, he still waited there on his knees, thinking.

"That's the lot," said Bill. Antony nodded at him.

"Yes, that's the lot," he said; "and that's the funny thing about it. You're sure it is the lot?"

"What do you mean?" "Give me the torch a moment."

He took it and flashed it over the ground between them. "Yes, that's the lot. It's funny." He stood up, the bag in his hands.

"Now let's find a hiding-place for these, and then—" He said no more, but crept off through the trees, Bill following him meekly.

As soon as they had got the bag off their hands and were clear of the coops, Antony became more communicative. He took the two keys out of his pocket.

"One of them is the office key, I suppose, and the other is the key of the passage cupboard. So I thought that perhaps we might have a look at the cupboard."

"I say, do you really think it is?" "Well, I don't see what else it can be."

"But why should he want to throw it away?"

"Because it has now done its work, whatever it was, and he wants to wash his hands of the passage. He'd throw the passage away if he could. I don't think it matters much one way or another, and I don't suppose there's anything to find in the cupboard, but I feel that we must look."

"Do you still think Mark's body might be there?"

"No. And yet, where else can it be? Unless I'm hopelessly wrong, and Cayley never killed him at all."

But the cupboard had not much to tell them that night. It was empty save for a few old bottles.

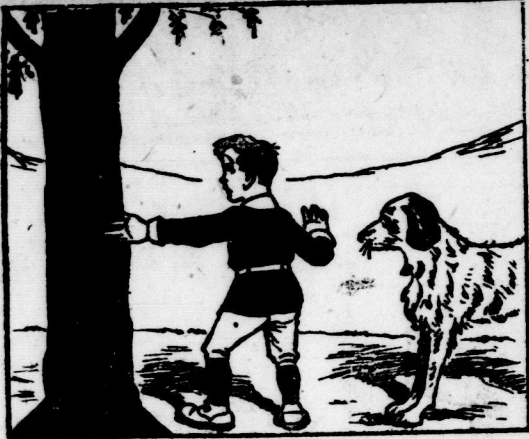
"Well, that's that," said Bill. But Antony, on his knees with the torch in his hand, continued to search for something.

"What are you looking for?" asked Bill at last.

"Something that isn't there," said Antony, getting up and dusting his trousers. And he locked the door again.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE HARBORMAN HAD DISAPPEARED IN A CLOUD OF DUST, JACK UPD ANOTHER RIDER CAME FROM THE DISTANCE AND STEADILY APPROACHING. SOON ANOTHER POLICE APPEARED.



THE RIDER DASHED UP THE ROAD AND DREW BEIN WHEN HE REACHED JACK. "DID A MAN ON HORSEBACK PASS THE WAY?" HE ASKED. JACK REPLIED THAT HE JUST WENT UP THE ROAD.



THEN JACK QUICKLY STEPPED OFF THE ROAD, JUST IN TIME TO ESCAPE BEING TRAMPLED UPON BY ANOTHER WILD RIDER, MOUNTED ON A HANDSOME WHITE PORT HORSE AND RIDER SOON DISAPPEARED IN THE DISTANCE.



JACK WAS PLAINLY PUZZLED, AND WONDERED WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENT WAS ABOUT. HE DETERMINED TO RUN UP THE ROAD AND SEE IF THE RIDER HAD STOPPED ANYWHERE. CONTINUED IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

Wide Variety For College Girls



THERE are so many new and attractive styles for girls that the young woman who is going away to boarding school or college will have a difficult time choosing which to take and which—regretfully—to decide against.

Cold Cabinet Pudding

THIS recipe gives an opportunity to use stale cake. Any cake except molasses or spice cake may be used, as well as any kind of preserved or dried fruits, as raisins or currants.

1 pint milk 1/4 cup cold water
2 whole eggs or yolks 3 eggs 1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup fruit
1 tablespoon gelatine soaked in 1 Stale cake
1 teaspoon vanilla

Make a custard, using milk, eggs, sugar and salt. Add gelatine soaked in the cold water. Have ready a mold or bread pan and in it pour enough of the custard to cover the bottom.

Place the mold in ice and when mixture sets cover with a part of the fruit and pieces of cake. Add some more of the custard and again allow it to stand before putting another layer of fruit and cake.

Repeat until all the material has been used. Let stand in a cold place until the mold is firm enough to turn out. It may be served with whipped cream or some preserved fruit, or just as it is.

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR. TO the layman there is nothing startling about power transmission—radio.

He has heard of so many startling things done by radio that he has now reached the point where almost anything can be expected of it as a matter of course.

The radio engineer, however, would be very much startled if an efficient method of power transmission without wires were actually put into use.

The nearest approach which we have to a radio power station at the present lies in those larger stations erected for communication with ships across the Atlantic or the Pacific.

In these stations, energies totaling perhaps 250 kilowatts are used.

High Frequencies. In the form generated for home or factory consumption, electricity cannot be caused to radiate into space. It must be transformed into alternating impulses of very high frequency. The higher the frequency, the greater the efficiency of radiation.

The highest frequencies are used in the smaller, short wave stations which usually employ one to two kilowatts of electrical energy. Here, under the very best conditions, but

25 per cent of the energy put into the radio apparatus ever leaves the antenna or radiating device.

The highest powers used in radio necessitate operation on much longer wave length—much longer frequencies. Under the very best conditions at the high-power stations but four per cent of the total energy put into the apparatus ever leaves the antenna.

Great Loss. But, supposing 100 per cent efficiency were to be had in the transforming apparatus and the radiator. How large a part of the radiated energy would be absorbed and utilized by the receiver? A very small part.

The greater portion would be radiated into space and dissipated through natural agencies. Vegetation, mountains, cities, bridges, and all manner of things would be receiving and wasting the radiant energies just as they are doing now. Perhaps but one ten-thousandth part of the total energy would ever be usefully employed even were the transmitting station surrounded by nearby receivers.

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spliced heel and toe, double sole, good elastic top; regular values up to \$2.00. For, per pair

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25 dozen Ladies', Misses' and Children's Kid Gloves, in a large variety of shades, assorted sizes; values up to \$2.00. For, per pair

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