

# The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

...one car will be here direct ly. There's a letter I must write first." He sat down at a writing table, and took out a sheet of note paper.

He was facing the secret door; it opened he would see it. At any moment now it might open.

Bill dropped into a chair and thought. Antony must be warned. Obviously. But how? How did one signal to anybody? By code. Morse code. Did Antony know it? Did Bill know it himself, if it came to that? He had picked up a bit in the Army—not enough to send a message, of course. But a message was impossible, anyhow; Cayley would hear him tapping it out. It wouldn't do to send more than a single letter. What letters did he know? And what letters would convey anything to Antony?

C. for Cayley. Would Antony understand? Probably not, but it was worth trying. What was C? Long short, long, short. Umpty-iddy, umpty-iddy. Was that right? C—yes, that was C. He was sure of that. C. Umpty-iddy—umpty-iddy.

Hands in pockets, he got up and wandered across the room, humming vaguely to himself, the picture of a man waiting for another man (as it might be his friend Gillingham) to come in and take him away for a walk or something. He wandered across the books at the back of Cayley, and began to tap absent-mindedly on the shelves, as he looked at the titles Umpty-iddy—umpty-iddy. Not that it was much like that at first; he couldn't get the rhythm of it.

Umpty-iddy—umpty-iddy. That was better. He was back at Samuel Taylor Coleridge now. Antony would begin to hear him soon. Umpty-iddy—umpty-iddy; just the aimless tapping of a man who is wondering what book he will take out with him to read on the lawn. Would Antony hear? One always heard the man in the next flat knocking out his pipe. Would Antony understand? Umpty-iddy—umpty-iddy. C. for Cayley. Antony, Cayley's here. For God's sake, wait.

"Good Lord! Sermons!" said Bill

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At the end of a day's work, relieve nervous tension before eating. Wrigley's will refresh and tone you up—so that you're ready to enjoy your food.

Then, after meals, Wrigley's helps digestion, cleanses the teeth, removes all traces of eating or smoking—sweetens the breath.



life on the stage.

"Good man," said Antony at the end of it. "You are the most perfect Watson that ever lived. Bill, my lad, he went on dramatically, rising and taking Bill's hand in his, "there is nothing that you and I could not accomplish together, if we gave our minds to it."

CHAPTER XV.

They left the road and took the path across the fields which sloped gently downward toward Jallands. Antony was silent, and since it is difficult to keep up a conversation with a silent man for any length of time, Bill had dropped into silence too.

Or rather, he hummed to himself, hit by rashes in the grass with his stick and made uncomfortable noises with his pipe.

"What about tonight?" he said finally after a lengthy blow at his pipe.

"Try a piece of grass," said Antony, offering it to him.

Bill pushed it through the mouth-piece, blew again, said, "That's better," and returned the pipe to his pocket.

"How are we going to get out without Cayley knowing?"

"Well, that wants thinking over. I wish we were sleeping at the inn. Is this Miss Norbury by any chance?"

Bill looked up quickly. They were close to Jallands now, an old thatched farmhouse.

"Yes—Angela Norbury," murmured Bill. "Not bad-looking, is she?"

The girl who stood by the little white gate of Jallands was something more than "not bad-looking," but in Bill's eyes she must be judged and condemned, by all that distinguished her from Betty Calladine. To Antony, unhampered by these standards of comparison, she seemed, quite simply, beautiful.

(To be continued.)

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PREMIER ART GUILD 269 College St., Toronto

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Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

## Silly old ass.

"That's what you always say when I'm being serious. Well, anyway, thanks awfully. You really saved us this time."

"Were you coming back?"

"Yes. At least I think I was. I was just wondering when I heard you tapping. The fact of the door being shut was rather surprising. Of course the whole idea was to see if it could be opened easily from the other side, but I felt somehow that you wouldn't shut it until the last possible moment—until you saw me coming back. Well, then I heard the taps, and I knew it must mean something, so I sat tight. Then when C began to come along I said, 'Cayley, by jove—bright, aren't I?—and I simply hared to the other end of the passage for all I was worth. And hared back again. Because I thought you might be getting rather involved in explanations—about where I was, and so on."

"You didn't see Mark, then?"

"No. Nor his— No, I didn't see anything."

"Nor what?"

Antony was silent for a moment.

"I didn't see anything, Bill. Or rather, I did see something; I saw a door in the wall, a sub-door. And it's locked. So if there's anything we want to find, that's where it is."

"Could Mark be hiding there?"

"I called through the keyhole—in a whisper—Mark, are you there?—he would have thought it was Cayley. There was no answer."

"Well, let's go down and try again. We might be able to get the door open."

Antony shook his head.

"Well, look here, as we said we were going into the village, and as we

"Not bad-looking, is she?"

promised to leave that letter, I almost think we'd better do it."

"Oh! . . . Oh, very well."

"Jallands. What were you telling me about that? Oh, yes; the Widow Norbury."

"Cayley used to be rather keen on the daughter. The letter's for her."

"Yes; well, let's take it. Just to be on the safe side."

"Am I going to be done out of that secret passage altogether?" asked Bill fretfully.

"There's nothing to see, really. I promise you."

"You're very mysterious. What's upset you? You did see something down there, I'm certain of it."

"I did, and I've told you about it."

"No, you haven't. You only told me about the door in the wall."

"That's it, Bill. And it's locked. And I'm frightened of what's behind it."

"But then we shall never know what's there if we aren't going to look."

"We shall know tonight," said Antony taking Bill's arm and leading him to the hall, "when we watch our dear friend Cayley dropping it into the pond."

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## Aviation Helping Canadian Mining

Manitoba Company Airmen Have Flown 100,000 Miles Without Accident

Montreal — Airmen employed by the Northern Aerial Minerals Exploration Company have flown 100,000 miles over northern Canada in the last nine months and have not met with a single accident, states John F. Hammell, president of the company. "The planes have traveled from the Alaskan coast on the west to the Labrador coast on the east, and from the Transcontinental Railway to the Arctic Circle, carrying prospectors who have gained for the company several new gold fields, as well as deposits of every known metal," Mr. Hammell added.

"Most of our flying," said Mr. Hammell, "has been done over virgin territory, never before visited by white men. We have now established flying stations all over the north country, many of which are equipped with two years' supplies. We have three major bases and twenty-six smaller bases. During the past winter eight tons of supplies and twenty-five men with equipment were flown to the Crow River properties of the company."

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"Oh! . . . Oh, very well."

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Every tiny leaf is a storehouse of flavour

# "SATADA"

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND  
TEA  
'Fresh from the gardens'

## The "Baby Teeth" and Their Care

Paradoxically speaking, the care of baby's teeth should begin before they arrive.

Symptoms of tooth eruption in the young child are, as a rule, not lacking. Locally there will be slight inflammation, with swelling; the area in which the tooth will erupt showing a tenderness and shininess of tissue. The child will exhibit a tendency to bite at anything such as its toes, fingers, etc., and evidence a general irritability and restlessness, accompanied, possibly, by a slight fever.

Should the eruption of the tooth seem too tardy and cause the child considerable pain, the family dentist should be consulted.

As soon as the first tooth has erupted use a soft brush and clear water for the daily brushing. Later, when the child has reached the age when it will not swallow everything that is put in its mouth, a little good dental cream may be put on the brush.

However, along with these efforts, attention should be given to a correct diet, and the parent should insist on proper mastication of its food by the child.

Little children should not be allowed to eat candy or other sweets; they are ruinous to the young teeth.

It would not be too early to take the child to the dentist at two and a half or three years of age, and thereafter at intervals of from three to six months, as may prove necessary.

In this way, small cavities can be detected early and treated with practically no discomfort to the child, and so the teeth are preserved from further and extensive decay.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds.

Kicking Him—Why?

Back from a trip to Boston, Mass., Bob Breckenridge, of Owen Sound, says that in an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking on the 15th of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

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THE knowing woman no longer submits meekly to regular, systemic suffering. This kind of pain is just as readily relieved as the occasional headache, or twinge of neuralgia, or other aches and pains for which the whole world takes Aspirin. These tablets are marvelously effective at such times, as nearly every business or professional woman has discovered. And physicians have declared there is no harm in their free use, because genuine Aspirin does not depress the heart. All druggists.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

Will Rogers Pictures Dawes, As Envoy, Greeting the King

Hurrah for Dawes as Ambassador to England. I can see Charley at one of those afternoon tea orgies saying, "If this is tea, somebody made it out of Chicago river water. Bring me a couple of saucers full of coffee."

Picture him with that old swag-back pipe and his feet on the desk a telling King George. "Hell and Maria, George, it certainly seems good to get mixed up with some real bloods after what I been a mousing with for four years in that Sonate."

They will have to call out the King's Own Royal Horse Guards and Dublin Fusiliers to throw him down and get those knee breeches on him.

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

P.S.—He is going first to San Domingo to check up their finances. That ought to keep him busy for almost a quarter of an hour.—In New York Times.

The next war will be infinitely more complicated. Yes, the Fords have a hand gear shift now.

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