

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. MILNE

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

There was a sudden snigger from a nervous gentleman in the crowd at the back of the room, and the coroner put on his glasses and stared sternly in the direction from which it came. The nervous gentleman hastily decided that the time had come to do up his bootlace. The coroner put down his glasses and continued.

"Did anybody come out of the house while you were coming up the drive?"

"No."

"Thank you, Mr. Gillingham." He was followed by Inspector Birch. The inspector, realizing that this was his afternoon, and that the eyes of the world were upon him, produced a plan of the house and explained the situation of the different rooms. The plan was then handed to the jury.

Inspector Birch, so he told the world, had arrived at the Red House at 4:42 p.m. on the afternoon in question. He had been received by Mr. Matthew Cayley, who had made a short statement to him, and he had then proceeded to examine the scene of the crime.

The French windows had been forced from outside. The door leading into the hall was locked; he had searched the room thoroughly and had found no trace of a key. In the bedroom leading out of the office he had found an open window, but it was a low one, and as he found from experiment, quite easy to step out of without touching it with the boots.

A few yards outside the window a shrubbery began. There were no recent footmarks outside the window, but the ground was in a very hard condition owing to the absence of rain. In the shrubbery, however, he found several twigs on the ground, recently broken off, together with other evidence that some body had been forcing his way through.

He had questioned everybody connected with the estate, and none of them had been into the shrubbery recently. By forcing a way through the shrubbery it was possible for a person to make a detour of the house and get to the Stanton end of the park without ever being in sight of the house itself.

He had made inquiries about the deceased. Deceased had left for Australia some fifteen years ago, owing to some financial trouble at home. Deceased was not well spoken of in the village from which he and his brother had come. Deceased and his brother had never been on good terms, and the fact that Mark Ablett had come into money had been a cause of great bitterness between them. It was shortly after this that Robert had left for Australia.

He had made inquiries at Stanton station. It had been market-day at Stanton, and the station had been more full of arrivals than usual. Nobody had particularly noticed the

arrival of Robert Ablett; there had been a good many passengers by the 2:10 train that afternoon, the train by which Robert had undoubtedly come from London. A witness, however, would state that he noticed a man resembling Mark Ablett at the station at 3:53 that afternoon, and this man caught the 3:55 up train to town.

There was a pond in the grounds of the Red House. He had dragged this, but without result.

Antony listened to him carefully, thinking his own thoughts all the time. Medical evidence followed, but there was nothing to be got from that. He felt so close to the truth; at any moment something might give him the one little hint which it wanted. Inspector Birch was just pursuing the ordinary. Whatever else this case was, it was not ordinary. There was something uncanny about it.

Antony went on with his thoughts. The coroner was summing up. The jury, he said, had now heard all the evidence. The medical evidence would probably satisfy them that Robert Ablett had died from the effects of a bullet-wound in the head. Who had fired that bullet? If Robert Ablett had fired it himself, no doubt they would bring in a verdict of suicide, but if this had been so, where was the revolver which had fired it, and what had become of Mark Ablett?

If they believed in this possibility of suicide, what remained? Accidental death, justifiable homicide, and murder. Could the deceased have been killed accidentally? It was possible, but then would Mark Ablett have run away?

The evidence that he had run away from the scene of the crime was strong. His cousin had seen him go into the room, the servant, Elsie Wood, had heard him quarrelling with his brother in the room, the door had been locked from the inside, and there were signs that outside the open window someone had pushed his way very recently through the shrubbery. Who, if not Mark?

They would have then to consider whether he would have run away if he had been guiltless of his brother's death. No doubt innocent people lost their heads sometimes. It was possible that if it were proved afterwards that Mark Ablett had shot his brother, it might also be proved that he was justified in so doing, and that when he ran away from his brother's corpse he had really nothing to fear at the hands of the law. Mark Ablett guilty of murder it would not prejudice his trial in any way if and when he was apprehended. . . . The jury would consider their verdict.

They considered it. They announced that the deceased had died as the result of a bullet-wound, and that the bullet had been fired by his brother, Mark Ablett.

Bill turned round to Antony at his

side. But Antony was gone. Across the room he saw Andrew Amos and Parsons going out of the door together with Antony between them.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE inquest had been held at the "Lamb" at Stanton; at Stanton Robert Ablett was to be buried the next day.



"WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?" HE ASKED.

next day. Bill waited about outside for his friend, wondering where he had gone.

Then, realizing that Cayley would be coming out to his car directly, and that a farewell talk with Cayley would be a little embarrassing, he wandered round to the yard at the back of the inn, lit a cigarette, and stood surveying a torn and weather-beaten poster on the stable wall. "Grand Theatricals" it announced, to take place on "Wednesday, Decem."

Bill smiled to himself as he looked at it, for the part of Joe, a loquacious postman, had been played by "William B. Bever," as the remnants of the poster still maintained, and he had been much less loquacious than the author had intended, having forgotten his words completely, but it had all been great fun.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said the voice of Antony behind him. "My old friends, Amos and Parsons insisted on giving me a drink."

He slipped his hand into the crook of Bill's arm, and smiled happily at him.

"Why were you so keen about them?" asked Bill a little resentfully. "I couldn't think where on earth you had got to."

Antony didn't say anything. He was staring at the poster.

"When did this happen?" he asked. "What?"

Antony waved to the poster. "Oh, that? Last Christmas. It was rather fun."

Antony began to laugh to himself.

"Were you good?"

"Rotten. I don't profess to be an actor."

"Mark good?"

"Oh, rather. He loves it."

"Rev. Henry Stutter—Mr. Matthew Cay," read Antony. "Was that our friend, Cayley?"

"Yes."

"Any good?"

"Well, much better than I expected. He wasn't keen, but Mark made him."

"Miss Norris wasn't playing, I see."

"My dear Tony, she's a professional. Of course, she wasn't."

"I'm a fool," Antony announced solemnly. "A fool," he said again under his breath, as he led Bill away

from the poster, and out of the yard into the road. "And a fool. Even now—" He broke off and then asked suddenly, "Did Mark ever have much trouble with his teeth?"

"He went to his dentist a good deal. But what on earth—"

Antony laughed a third time. "What luck!" he chuckled. "But how do you know?"

"We go to the same man; Mark recommended him to me. Cartwright, in Wimpole street."

"Cartwright in Wimpole street," repeated Antony thoughtfully. "Yes, I can remember that. Cartwright in Wimpole street. Did Cayley go to him, too, by any chance?"

"I expect so. Oh, yes, I know he did. But what on earth—"

"What was Mark's general health like? Did he see a doctor much?"

"Hardly at all. I should think. He did a lot of early morning exercises which were supposed to make him bright and cheerful at breakfast. They didn't do that, but they seemed to keep him pretty fit. Tony, I wish you'd—"

Antony held up a hand and hushed him into silence.

"One last question," he said. "Was Mark fond of swimming?"

"No, he hated it. I don't believe he could swim. Tony, are you mad."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

cent of the original energy remains to be received.

Static. This loss is somewhere in the transmitting apparatus. But there is also a great loss in the receiving end, which engineers are trying to compensate.

Between these two there is the everlasting bugaboo of radio fans—static. Like the grating of the phonograph needle, which may mar the tone of a record, static interferes in the reception of broadcast messages and concerts.

Engineers connected with the U. S. Bureau of Standards and others working for private firms have been trying to eliminate this interference. But they have yet to arrive at the proper formula for its submission.

LOCATE MISSING KERROBERT MAN

SASKATOON, AUG. 24.—Missing since May, 1921, when he mysteriously disappeared from his jewelry store at Kerrobert, Sask., S. A. Smith, 30, was found wandering in a mentally deranged condition near Haultain yesterday.

The man was taken in charge by provincial police, and was today sent to the provincial asylum. For the last fifteen months Smith said he had wandered aimlessly through Montana and British Columbia, fearing death from an unknown assailant.

APPPOINTED REGISTRAR OF OXFORD COUNTY

TORONTO, AUG. 24.—The Ontario government today appointed Wallace MacWhinney as registrar of deeds for the Woodstock office, in succession to the late George R. Pattullo. The new registrar has occupied the post of deputy-registrar during the last twelve years.

It is understood that L. B. Sifton, a young returned soldier of Ingersoll, will be appointed deputy-registrar.

OUT OUR WAY

BY WILLIAMS

"I'LL JUST LEAVE TH' JAM CROCK ON TH' FLOOR AN MA'LL BLAME IT ON BABY AN TH' PUP."

FRAMED

JR WILLIAMS

THE LONDON ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1922.

SEVEN

BY ELTON

THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME JACK USED SUCH A FINE BIG TELESCOPE, AND HE ENJOYED LOOKING OVER THE HILLS AND VALLEYS. THE POWERFUL GLASS BROUGHT THE DISTANT ROADS RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES.

JACK THEN FOCUSED THE TELESCOPE ON A ROAD A GOOD MANY MILES AWAY, AND WAS SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED TO SEE FAITHFUL FLIP RUNNING ALONG AT A FAST CLIP.

THEN HE LEANED OVER THE EDGE OF THE HILL AND WHISTLED FOR FLIP, WHO BARKED HIS ANSWER, AND THEN SCAMP-ERED UP THE HILL. NO ONE COULD KEEP THESE TWO LITTLE PALS APART VERY LONG.

JACK WAS SO GLAD TO SEE HIS FAITHFUL DOG AGAIN THAT HE FORGOT TO NOTIFY THE BAND OF A NEW ARRIVAL. WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE DOG IS DISCOVERED IS DESCRIBED IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

Autumn Millinery Shows Husbands Have Hard Winter Ahead



THREE CONSERVATIVE YET SMART STYLES IN MILLINERY THAT EMBODY THE LATEST TOUCHES. THE MODEL ABOVE IS OF FELT, TRIMMED WITH PHEASANT FEATHERS. INSERTS SHOW THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE TURBAN.

BY MARIAN HALE.

YOU can't tell what is going on inside the head of the modern woman, but what is going on outside is immensely interesting.

One glance at the new fall crop of millinery and you experience a sensation of deep sympathy for the fathers and husbands of our land. They've a hard winter ahead.

The second look braces you wonderfully. You realize women have an unusual opportunity to look beautiful, hatted according to the new modes.

And you have a pleasantly thankful feeling that all the designers got together in a clubby fashion and decided to play no favorites and give everyone an even break.

LARGE, medium and small hats—they're all in evidence. Of course, the large hat is attracting lots of attention because it is new, but it is in no danger, even temporarily, of totally eclipsing the small turban, so becoming and so practical.

The tricorne is back, after a period of retirement, softer and more yielding than formerly, but still with its perky, snappy air, gained by stiff feathers, tailored bows and upstanding cockades.

Velvet, satin, brocade, hatters' blush, duvetyne and felt are employed.

Extensive alterations are being made to the business premises.

P. Dunlop, harnessmaker, also the St. Nicholas store, and addition are being made to the foundry of Wallaceburg Brass and Iron Works.

DISLOCATES ANKLE. Special to London Advertiser.

ROTHWELL, AUG. 23.—While playing baseball Wednesday evening William Johnstone, a local grocer man, slipped and fell, dislocating his ankle and badly spraining it.

MANY ATTEND FUNERAL OF WALLACEBURG MASON

Charles Swainson, Local Telephone Manager, Buried Under auspices of Onyx Lodge.

Special to London Advertiser.

WALLACEBURG, Aug. 24.—The funeral of Charles Swainson, for years local manager of the Bell Telephone, was held today under the direction of Lodge Onyx, No. 312, F. & A. M.

The service at the residence of the deceased was conducted by R. F. Vair and was largely attended.

The cortege then proceeded to the cemetery where the last rites according to the Masonic Lodge were accorded to the deceased.

The many beautiful wreaths included one from the staff of the local telephone office.

Osmond McVean and Frank Glasford were visitors in Goderich for a few days and returned home this morning.

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