

## The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. MILNE  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue)  
"Come with us," Bill said casually, as he struck a match. He pulled vigorously at the flame as he waited for the answer, hoping to hide his anxiety, for if Cayley assented, he was done.

"We got to go into Stanton," Bill blew out a great cloud of smoke with an expiration which covered also a heartfelt sigh of relief.

"Oh, a pity. You're driving, I suppose?"  
"Yes. The car will be here directly. 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; if 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. More 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 letter would convey anything to Antony?

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

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 to the books at the back of Cayley, and began to tap absent-mindedly at the titles. Umpty-umpty-umpty. Not that it was much like that at first; he couldn't get the rhythm of it.

Umpty-umpty-umpty. That was better. He was back at Samuel Taylor Coleridge now. Antony would begin to hear him soon. Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty; 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-umpty-umpty-umpty. C for Cayley. Antony. Cayley's here. For God's sake, wait.

"Good Lord! Sermons!" said Bill, with a loud laugh. (Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty) "Ever read 'em, Cayley?"

"What?" Cayley looked up suddenly. Bill's back moved slowly along, his fingers beating a tattoo on the shelves as he walked.

"Er—no," said Cayley, with a little laugh. An awkward, uncomfortable little laugh, it seemed to Bill.

"Nor do I." He was past the sermons now—past the secret door—but still tapping in the same aimless way.

"Oh, for God's sake sit down!" burst out Cayley. "Or go outside if you want to walk round."

Bill turned round in astonishment. "Hello, what's the matter?"

Cayley was slightly ashamed of his outburst.

"Sorry, Bill," he apologized. "My nerves are on edge. Your constant tapping and fidgeting about—"

"Tapping!" said Bill with an air of complete surprise.

"Tapping on the shelves, and humming. Sorry. It got on my nerves."

"My dear old chap, I'm awfully sorry. I'll go out in the hall."

"It's all right," said Cayley, and went on with his letter.

Bill sat down in his chair again. Had Antony understood? Well, anyhow, there was nothing to do now but wait for Cayley to go. "And if you ask me," said Bill to himself, much pleased, "I ought to be on the stage. That's where I ought to be. The complete actor."

A minute, two minutes, three minutes... five minutes. It was safe now. Antony had guessed.

"Is the car there?" asked Cayley, as he sealed up his letter.

Bill strolled into the hall, called back "Yes," and went out to talk to the chauffeur. Cayley joined him, and they stood there for a moment.

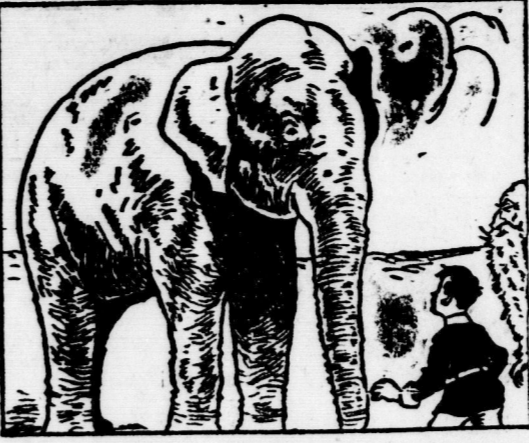
"Hello," said a pleasant voice behind them. They turned round and saw Antony.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Bill."

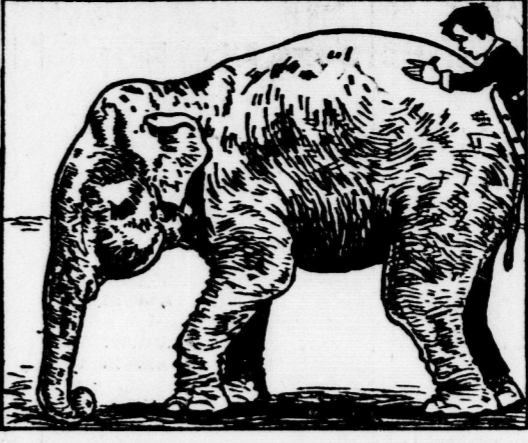
## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



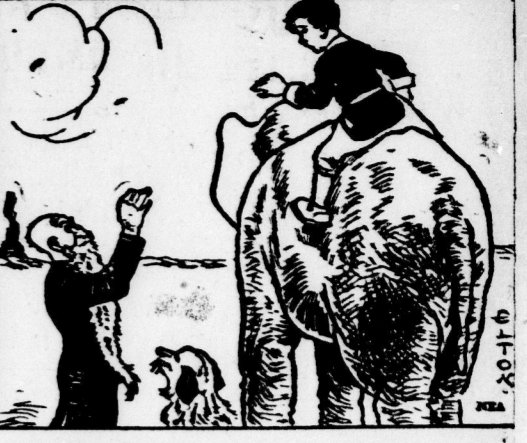
TRUE TO HIS WORD THE MISTRESS OF THE OLD FARM, ROSE, EARLY THIS NEXT MORNING PREPARED TO PURSUE ONE OF THE HUGE ELEPHANTS THAT LIVED NEAR HER CABIN. JACK WATCHED HER WITH MUCH INTEREST.



A FEW CLIPS OF THE HUNTER AND JACK WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THE ELEPHANT APPROACH. "MY, BUT HE'S A BIG FELLOW," SAID JACK, "BUT HE'S VERY TAME." HE PLIED THE OLD FARM.



JACK PREPARED TO LEAVE THE OLD FELLOW, AND CALLED TO FLIP WHO HAD BEEN PLAYING WITH A PET BEAR. A LADDER WAS PLACED AGAINST THE ELEPHANT. JACK AND JACK CLIMBED UP.



A MOST UNEXPECTEDLY THE BIG LUNGING ANIMAL STARTED AWAY. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, SHOUTED THE OLD MAN, AND ONCE MORE JACK WAS AWAY ON HIS TREASURE HUNT CONTINUED IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

With a tremendous effort Bill restrained his feelings, and said casually enough that it was all right. "Well, I must be off," said Cayley. "You're going down to the village?" "That's the idea." "I wonder if you'd take this letter to Jallands for me?" "Of course." "Thanks very much. Well, I shall see you later." He nodded and got into the car. As soon as they were alone Bill turned eagerly to his friend. "Well?" he said excitedly. "Come into the library." They went in, and Tony sank down into a chair. "You must give me a moment," he panted. "I've been running." "Running?" "Well, of course. How do you think I got back here?" "You don't mean you went out at the other end?" Antony nodded. "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, I love—bright, aren't I?—and I simply hated 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 cupboard. And it was 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 promised to leave this letter, I almost think we'd better do it."

## Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

COUNTLESS persons have talked over a "radio" telephone without knowing it. It's going on every day. As many as half a dozen may talk at the same time between two cities by "radio."

To obviate the necessity for increased wire lines as the demands on their service increased, the American Telegraph and Telephone Company has been using "radio" waves with great success for long-distance telephone connections.

The waves, generated by a miniature generating plant, are guided to their destination some hundreds of miles away by a pair of copper wires which may be carrying one, and perhaps two, conversations. As many as five "radio" messages may be thrown upon the wires without interference.

Wired Wireless.

This method was the first commercial practicable application of the "wired wireless," of which we have heard so much. Its continued use should help hold down the rapidly climbing telephone rates. In the past, when increased business had overloaded existing channels, the operating companies have had to erect new lines of poles and string upon them thousands of miles of wire.

Given "wired wireless," as applied to land line telephony, it is only necessary to provide at each end a miniature generator of radio waves and a receiver suitable for "translating" those radio waves into sound waves.

With this method in use, existing circuits will be able to take care of the growth in volume of traffic for a long time.

No Loss.

Strange as it may seem, the quality and clarity of the voice as it is carried across the continent in this way, is far superior to that one carried by the old-type system. The three-element vacuum tube—that marvelous device used so much in radio work—is called in to act as the miniature generator of radio waves. It is also used as a detector of the waves coming from the distant place. At intervals of 400 to 500 miles are repeaters which utilize this same vacuum tube.

Prior to the invention of the vacuum tube, which is primarily a radio contribution, it was possible to telephone only as far as Denver from New York.

The application of the vacuum tube to telephone line work makes transcontinental telephony possible. The voice of the man on the Atlantic coast now reaches his friend in San Francisco with the same distinctness as though they were talking across the street.

RADIO URIMUR.

APERIODIC.—Untuned. A circuit having no definite time period; one having no tuning condenser or tuning inductance coil.

## Fur Coats Are Within Purse's Reach Now



TWO ELABORATE FUR WRAPS. THE ONE AT THE LEFT IS OF MINK AND THE OTHER IS OF BLACK PERSIAN LAMB BANNED WITH KOLINSKY.

BY MARIAN HALE.

ONE can look forward to a coat shortage with greater equanimity when one remembers that there can be no possibility of a fur shortage. Judging by the number of fur coats in the shops, flaunting their summer prices, there must be at least one for every woman and child in the country.

Prices are fixed on a more sliding scale than ever before—that is, they have slid further down into the grasp of the average wallet.

Never was there such variety as to style. Last season one had to wear a wrap, no matter what type of fur was used, and while the general construction plan of the winter happened to be.

This season there are three distinct types of coat, the snoot sports model, the regulation length coat with Nippon sleeves and a belt, and the capes and elaborate wraps.

THE flapper will fall hard for the sports model. In length it varies from 32 to 40 inches. Clivet cat, natural muskrat, raccoon, caracul, Persian lamb, Hudson seal and squirrel are furs most frequently employed.

In price, these garments vary from \$100 to \$500, though the average price is between \$100 and \$200.

The sports coat has a dash and youthfulness lacking in most fur coats. It is ideal for the slim girl, but Miss Avoidupolis, unless she has no feeling against the barrel silhouette, would better take unto herself one of the longer, straight models.

These are conservative in cut and may be had straight or flaring about the hem. Usually they have collars of contrasting fur and a long silk cord for a belt.

For these dealers tell us, Hudson seal is most to be recommended for its wearing qualities and for its general adaptability. It may be worn everywhere the sports model could be worn and besides is ideal for wear with afternoon and dinner frocks.

BLACK and gray caracul have stepped to the front for this type of coat, and so have the soft gray squirrel and the subtle moleskin, still beloved in spite of its reputation for non-wearing qualities.

These coats usually cost a little more than the sports model. Three hundred dollars is the average price. Having thrown utility to the winds and decided to purchase an elaborate cape wrap, there is no end to the selection or the combinations of fur that may be used.

From the plainer ones of Hudson seal, squirrel or mole, one passes to the elaborately matched ones of mink, sable and ermine and the prices pass into four figures.

But one can't help wondering if there is a fur-bearing animal roaming at large that has escaped the trapper.

McLaren's Olives, 57¢  
quart sealer  
S. B. Sauce, 22¢  
per bottle  
Chili Sauce, 31¢  
per bottle  
Libby's Tomato Catsup, 22¢  
Shredded Wheat, 2 for 23¢  
Macaroni or Spaghetti, 2 for 21¢  
Crisco, 25¢  
Pork and Beans, 2 for 25¢  
Banquet Tea, 49¢  
Nectar Coffee, 55¢

### ALUMINUM AND GRANITEWARE

Potato Pots, 65¢  
each  
Stew Pans, 39¢  
each  
Aluminum Stew Pans, Coffee Percolators, Potato Pots, Double Roasters, Water Pails, Dish-pans, Windsor Kettles, Pressure Cookers and 3-piece Saucepan Sets, Regular \$1.29, \$1.60, for

## Loose, Flowing Sleeve Passe This Season



Copyright by M. C. Call

SLEEVES remain highly important in the architecture of a dress. Here are some of the fashionable new ones.

You'll notice that they are not loose and flowing as they were last season. There is more and more a tendency to confine their width with a cuff. Many of the newest frocks show the long tight sleeve again. Half-and-half sleeves are very variation.

good—like the one that is tight to a little above the elbow and full and pleated from there to the wrist. The straight tailored pleats and the triangular set-in piece are shown on some of the smartest tailored dresses for fall.

It seems evident that once having discovered the potentialities of sleeves designers are unwilling to let slip any slightest possibility for

## FRIDAY AND SATURDAY PRICES IN THE THRIFT BASEMENT

NO PHONE OR C. O. D. ORDERS.		FREE DELIVERY OF \$2.00 AND OVER.	
St. Williams Pure Jam, 4-lb. pails, Strawberry or Raspberry, 73¢		Sockeye Salmon, per tin, 22¢	
Marmalade, 59¢		Salmon, 8¢ and 13¢	
Glaze jars, 15¢		Canned Peaches or Pineapple, 21¢	
Puffed Rice, per package, 13¢		Dove Greening, 14¢	
Puffed Wheat, 13¢		Plums, 16¢	
Toilet Soap, 4 for 12¢		Pears, 15¢	
Lux, per package, 10¢		Tomatoes, 15¢	
Pearline, per package, 7¢		Early June, 15¢	
Silvershoe Soap, per package, 10¢		Pears, 15¢	
Handy, 3 for 20¢		Flower, 19¢	
Ammonia, 3 for 20¢		Sea Pearl or Neptune dines, 17¢	
Babbitt's Cleaner, 2 for 21¢		Brunswick, 4 for 19¢	
Old Dutch, 2 for 21¢		Sardines, 4 for 19¢	
Cleaner, 2 for 21¢		Aunt Dinah, 8¢	
Sani-Flush, per package, 26¢		Molasses, 23¢	
Comfort Soap, 2 1/2 Soap, all 10 67¢		Seeded Raisins (Sun-Maid), 23¢	
25-Watt Electric Globes, 4 for 95¢		Durham, 8¢	
Campbell's Soup, 2 for 25¢		Cornstarch, 8¢	
Foster-Clark Custard Powder, at 4¢ and 7¢		Shirriffa, 4 for 25¢	
		Jelly, 3 for 28¢	
		Pickles, 37¢	
		Sterling Sour Pickles, 35¢	

240 DUNDAS STREET.

THOMAS

TELEPHONE 5616

## Every Home Needs A "Keepsweet" Herd

IT is hard to judge how much milk and cream to buy from the milkman every day.

Sometimes you buy too much and it spoils before you can use it up. Other days you run short of milk or cream just when you need it most.

You can avoid all this costly waste of milk and cream—all the annoyance of running short—by buying your milk and cream from the grocer or fruit store in Keepsweet cans instead of from the milkman in bottles.

You can buy a whole week's or month's supply at a time. You can have a Keepsweet Herd on the pantry shelf ready at all times to supply you with rich, thick cream or pure, undiluted milk.

Just open a can as you need it. Keepsweet Milk and Cream will keep sweet, fresh and pure in the unopened cans without ice or care or trouble.

It's the wonderful Keepsweet process that does it. By this process Keepsweet Milk and Cream are sterilized in a way that retains their purity, freshness and quality without condensing, evaporating, powdering or medicating—without giving that strong, cooked taste. Nothing is added and nothing is taken away by the marvelous

Keepsweet process. The food value of the milk and cream remains the same.

Open a can of Keepsweet Cream. Notice how rich and thick it is. It's not a thin, half-cream. It's more like the famous English Devonshire Cream. Taste it. You'll find Keepsweet delicious. Just the very cream you've wanted for your coffee, puddings and desserts.

Dominion Milk Corporation Limited  
Head Office: TORONTO  
Branches: Halifax, St. John, Montreal, North Bay, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

## Keepsweet Milk

is fresh whole milk from selected dairy farms. It is not skimmed or diluted. All the cream is left in. It is sterilized, free from all germs, 100 per cent. pure. Absolutely safe for children. Good for grown ups. The perfect family milk. Try it.

# Keepsweet Table Cream

Rich, thick, delicious cream—not condensed