

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A.A. MILNE

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Who had shot and killed the man who had been the best of friends with the late Mr. Robert Ablett, within two minutes after his arrival at The Red House, the country estate of his wealthy bachelor brother, MARK ABLETT? Robert's body was on the floor of the locked office, Mark was not to be found and, in the opinion of Police Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark, who had looked forward with annoyance to Robert's return from a 15-year stay in Australia, had shot him and then disappeared.

But there were mysterious circumstances. The shot was fired a few moments before ANTONY GILLINGHAM, gentleman adventurer and friend of Mark's, BILL BEVERLEY, one of Mark's guests, had entered the hall where he found MATT CAYLEY, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the door and demanding admittance. The two men enter the room through a window and find the body. Mysterious circumstances puzzle Antony. He and Bill investigate and Antony discovers that a secret passage leads from the house to a bowling green. Antony discovers Cayley using this to overhear a conversation between him and Bill.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Antony wanted to shout his surprise. It was neat, devilish neat. For a moment he gazed, fascinated, at that wonderful new kind of croquet-ball which had appeared so dramatically out of the box, and then reluctantly wriggled himself back. There was nothing to be gained by staring there, and a good deal to be lost. For Bill showed signs of running down. As quickly as he could Antony hurried round the ditch and took up his place at the back of the seat. Then he stood up, with a yawn, stretched himself and said carelessly: "Well, old man, I dare say you're right. You know Mark, and I don't; and that's the difference. Shall we have a game or shall we go to bed?"

Bill looked at him for inspiration and, receiving it, said: "Oh, just let's have one game, shall we?"

"Right you are," said Antony. "But Bill was much too excited to take the game which followed very seriously. Antony, on the other hand, seemed to be thinking of nothing but bowls. He played with great deliberation for ten minutes, and then announced he was going to bed. Bill looked at him anxiously.

"It's all right," laughed Antony. "You can talk if you want to. Just let's put 'em away first, though."

They made their way to the shed, and while Bill was putting the bowls away, Antony tried the lid of the closed croquet-box. As he expected, it was locked.

"Now then," said Bill, as they were walking back to the house again, "I'm simply bursting to know. Who was it?"

"Cayley."

"Good Lord! Where?"

"Inside one of the croquet boxes."

"Don't be an ass."

"It's quite true, Bill. He told me the other what he had seen."

"But aren't we going to have a look at it?" asked Bill in great disappointment. "I'm longing to explore. Aren't you?"

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. We shall see Cayley coming along this way directly. Besides, I want to get in from the other end, if I can. I doubt very much if we can do it this end without giving ourselves away. . . . Look, there's Cayley."

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EGG-O Baking Powder

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JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



JACK JUMPED UP AT ONCE AND STARTED DOWN THE HILL. FLIP STOOD BY HIS GROUND AND BARKED. THE LITTLE ADVENTURER, DID NOT SEEM TO LEAVE THE OLD MAN, BUT WAS BADLY FRIGHTENED.



JACK STOPPED AT THE FIRST TREE, AND GOT READY TO CLIMB UP IF THE BEAR FOLLOWED. HE WONDERED WHAT THE OLD MAN WOULD DO. FLIP WILL HELP HIM, THOUGHT JACK.



HE WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THE OLD MAN COME TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF WITH HIS HAND ON THE BEAR'S BACK, AND HE ROSE DOWN TO THE CABIN. JACK HAS MORE ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.



THEN HE SCAMPERED BACK UP THE HILL AS HE WENT NOT AROUND OF THE BEAR. THE OLD MAN PUT JACK ON THE BEAR'S BACK, AND HE ROSE DOWN TO THE CABIN. JACK HAS MORE ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

Corn Southern Style

MANY persons do not enjoy eating corn from the cob. The following method is good and will prove a pleasant change:

3 cups corn, cut from uncooked cobs
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
3 tablespoons butter
Water to cover.

Cook the corn in the butter for five minutes, add seasonings and water. Cover the pan and let the corn cook 15 or 20 minutes. It will then be tender and have a very little liquid to serve with it.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Cayley.

He added dryly: "From what I've read of detective stories, inspectors always do want to drag the pond first."



HE MADE A POLITE APOLOGY FOR DISTURBING HER.

"Is it deep?"

"Quite deep enough," said Cayley as he got up. On his way to the door he stopped and looked at Antony. "I'm so sorry that we're keeping you here like this, but it will only be until tomorrow. The inquest is tomorrow afternoon. Do amuse yourself how you like till then."

"Thanks very much. I shall really be quite all right."

Antony went on with his breakfast. Perhaps it was true that inspectors liked dragging ponds, but the question was, did Cayley like having them dragged? Was Cayley anxious about it, or quite indifferent? He certainly did not seem to be anxious, but he had a feeling of being uneasy beneath that heavy, solid face.

Bill came in noisily—

"Bill's face was an open book. Excitement was written all over it."

"Well," he said eagerly, as he sat down to the business of the meal, "what are we going to do this morning?"

"Not talk so loudly, for one thing," said Antony.

Bill looked about him apprehensively. Was Cayley under the table, for example? After last night one never knew.

"Is—er—" He raised his eyes.

"No. But one doesn't want to shout. One should modulate the voice, my dear William, while breathing gently from the hips. Thus one avoids those chest-notes which have betrayed many a secret. In other words, pass the toast."

"You seem bright this morning."

"I am. Very bright. Cayley noticed it. Cayley said: 'Were it not that I have other business, I would come gathering nuts and may with thee. Fain would I gyrate round the mulberry-bush and hop upon the little hills.'"

"It's a touch of the sun, I suppose," said Bill, shaking his head sadly.

"It's the sun and the moon and the stars, all acting together on an empty stomach. Do you know anything about the stars, Mr. Beverley? Do you know anything about Orion's Belt, for instance? And why isn't there a star called Beverley's Belt?"

"Talking about trap-doors?"

"Don't," said Antony, getting up. "Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules, but nobody talks about what's the Latin for trap-door? Mensa—a table; you might find it from that. Well, Mr. Beverley—"

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MAY OPEN FRANCO-CANADIAN TREATY

Fielding and Lapointe To Visit Paris With Plenary Powers.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—Canadian Press. (Mail).—A special correspondent of the Morning Post in Paris says that French business circles are looking forward with considerable interest to the expected visit at the end of August of the Hon. W. S. Fielding and the Hon. Ernest Lapointe. It is understood that they will arrive in Paris with plenary powers to reopen and close negotiations regarding the Franco-Canadian treaty of commerce, signed in 1907 and amended in 1909. The treaty was denounced by Sir George Foster in June, 1920, but owing to the zeal of Senator Beaubien of Quebec, says the Post's correspondent, a modus vivendi was signed in January, 1921, which at most was only a makeshift, and far from meeting present needs.

As France, who has just signed a commercial treaty with Spain, which was put into force on July 15, is now discussing the terms of a commercial agreement with Belgium and Italy, the arrival of the Canadian ministers will be opportune. Indeed, it is urgent that Canada should set about obtaining an agreement whereby the Dominion should secure all possible advantages before a regime de faveur is granted to other countries for certain products which the Dominion can also supply.

The United States and Canada formerly sold to France 80 per cent of the agricultural machinery in use in her territory. It is impossible, however, to sell such implements without insuring the delivery of spare parts. The United States, as a result of their commercial agreement with France, pays only a minimum rate. Canada, because she has denounced her treaty, comes under the general tariff. The effect of this is that Canadian exports to France decreased from \$27,000,000 in 1921 to \$8,000,000 so far in 1922.

RE-ARREST CONVICT WHO ESCAPED ON WAY WEST

MONTREAL, Aug. 11.—Walter Griffiths, who escaped last week from the guards at St. Cloud, Man., while he and 75 other prisoners were being transferred from Kingston Penitentiary to Prince Albert, Sask., for labor was arrested here this morning in a house at 403 Parthenais street. He did not resist. Griffiths was serving a three-year sentence for a robbery perpetrated in Toronto. He had been arrested and acquitted in Montreal two years ago on a charge of killing Thomas J. Proctor, colored, in a St. Felix street house. He will be taken back to Kingston.

FLAP-DOODLE ESCAPES IN DISGUISE

(By Olive Roberts Barten.)



But all they saw was a white-faced monkey.

NANCY and Nick left the Tinkytown hall, which Flap-Doodle, the mischievous fairy, had turned into a bake-oven, and went on their way. The Twins were on the Tinkytown Star hunting for Flap-Doodle, because he spent most of his time here. He was boss, or king, or president, or something like that. But since he'd stolen the Fairy Queen's magic wand he'd played so many tricks on his subjects they were all after him. Mind you, he'd even turned his chief councillor into a chocolate rooster!

At last the Twins came to a cave. "Maybe he's in there!" whispered Nancy.

"Maybe!" agreed Nick. So they peeped.

But all they saw was a white-faced monkey hanging by his tail from a stick.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Nancy curiously.

"Oh, just for my complexion," answered the monkey, jumping down. "Who are you?"

"We're Nancy and Nick from the Earth," answered Nick. "And what's your name?"

"I've got 60," answered the monkey, grinning. "Jocko Beppo Antonio Poncho Pedro Angelo—"

"We'll call you Jocko," answered Nancy. "One name's enough. Do you happen to know where Flap-Doodle is hiding?"

The monkey scratched his head. "Flap-Doodle," he repeated. "What does he look like?"

The Twins told him.

"He might look like anything now, though," said the monkey. "He can change himself around, you know, if he's got the magic wand."

Suddenly the monkey disappeared, stick and all!

And as he faded from view, the children caught a flash of purple.

"Goodness!" gasped Nancy. "That was Flap-Doodle himself."

"10-20-30" Is Newest Frock of Season



TWO ATTRACTIVE SLIPOVER FROCKS, DEVELOPED IN FIGURED PUSSEYWILLOW SILK.

BY MARIAN HALE.

THE 10-20-30 frock is one of this season's innovations. Whoever christened it meant to imply that you may have one for 10, 20 or 30 cents or for that number of dollars, as you will, or you can have 10, 20 or 30 in your wardrobe and have use for all of them.

Be that as it may, the fact remains one sees these little slipover dresses of crepe, voile, silk or cottonette everywhere at the fashionable summer resorts and in city and country as well.

They are universally becoming, yet they do not give the impression that they are the result of effort or expense.

Rather they are one of the strongest indications that the modern girl wants her clothes to be practical and individual, regardless of fashion's whims.

THESE frocks may be purchased at the shops, but most of them are made at home, sometimes in the forenoon or between engagements or to save the trouble of a few hours of shopping.

What little cutting is required in their construction is rendered quite safe and sane by the use of modern patterns. The sewing, which includes merely the sewing together of the underarm seams, binding the

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

UNTIL the recommendations of the recent conference on radio telephony at Washington are enacted into law, it seems that we are in for some friction between competing broadcasting stations.

There seems to be considerable difficulty in several parts of the country to arrange radio programs without conflicts. Several of the larger stations seem to feel that their claims on the ether should receive first attention.

As a matter of fact, those interests which provide the highest quality of program will eventually win out over those who are content to supply the public with canned music.

Open competition for the public ear, without interference or congestion, is the thing which will bring out the best in broadcasting.

A great deal is expected from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which announced that it would enter the broadcasting field from its new station, WBAV. Hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in research work has given them equipment which is second to none. Many who have these stations in test operations prefer them to those which are already in operation.

It is understood the A. T. & T. originally failed to get into the regular broadcasting field as a result of its inability to obtain a license to operate a toll broadcasting station on a wave length of about 435 meters. However, this station, which is intended for commercial broadcasting, has been assigned for the present, by the U. S. Department of Commerce, a wave length of 360 meters.

Hours Assigned.

This does not permit simultaneous operating on the same wave length in the New York area. As a consequence, certain hours have been assigned to the stations in the New York district by an agreement among the stations themselves and with the approval of the department of commerce.

Under the A. T. & T. plan, anyone who wishes to provide some good radio features for the public may rent the station for periods of fifteen to thirty minutes in applicants for the organization providing the performers and paying for the use of the station.

A. W. Drake, general commercial manager, in charge of this station, says that there have been close to 100 applicants for its use, and he has taken steps to arrange with these applicants for the programs which they will provide.

While radio advertising has not as yet been prohibited by laws or regulation, it is considered, in the public interest, that the use of this station should provide programs of general interest.

In this way, it is expected that considerable publicity will accrue to the renter and a very high class

program will be broadcast. It is doubtful whether any of the great merchandising companies would care to have their names associated with anything other than first-class entertainment.

Simultaneous Concerts.

To satisfy the two larger factions of radio audiences, one that demands classical music and the other that enjoys the popular productions, the Radio Corporation of America is planning the erection of a super-station, from which both kinds of music will be broadcast at the same time. This station will have a range of 1,500 miles. It will be atop one of the business buildings in the heart of New York. Two 100-foot towers will suspend a 200-foot aerial 280 feet above the ground.

From the same aerial, but from separate studios, both classes of music will go out on different wave lengths. Both programs will be handled separately in the two studios, but modulation will be governed from a central control room.

Rivalry between the several competing organizations getting permission to broadcast their programs and such other radio organizations as have their own studios is sure to raise the standard of the material that will be sent out.

Too Little Blood

The Cause of Nearly All Everyday Ailments of Life.

Too little blood is what makes people look pale and sallow and feel languid. That is what makes them drag along, always tired, never really hungry, unable to digest their food, breathless after slight exertion, so that it is wearisome even to go up stairs. Doctors tell them they are anemic—the plain English being too little blood. If you do not, relish your meals, if you are easily tired and frequently despondent, and small matters irritate you, it is a sign that your blood is thin and watery, and that you are on the verge of a breakdown.

More weak, anemic people have been made strong, energetic and cheerful by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. These pills enrich and renew the blood, which reaches every part of the body, strengthens the nerves, and brings new health and vitality. Miss Dorothy M. Ellis, Davidson, Sask., says: "I have found great benefit through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak and rundown and seemed to have no ambition, but after taking the pills felt restored. I shall be glad to recommend them to any sufferer."

If you are suffering from any condition due to poor, watery blood or weak nerves, begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now, and note how your health and strength will improve. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent by mail, post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

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