

Ask for Salada Orange Pekoe—it is the finest

**"SALADA"**

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

**TEA**

'Fresh from the gardens'

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A.A. MILNE

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

Within two minutes after Robert Ablett, ne'er-do-well brother of Mark Ablett, bachelor proprietor of The Red House, had arrived and been ushered into Mark's office, a shot was heard.

Antony Gillingham, a friend of Bill Beverley, one of Mark's guests, arrived at that moment to find Mark's companion, Matt Cayley, pounding on the locked door of the office and demanding admittance. The two men entered the office by a window and on the floor found the body of Robert with a bullet through the head. Mark was nowhere to be found. Investigation by Inspector Birch showed that Mark had learned with considerable disgust and annoyance of the coming of Robert. Cayley refused to believe that Mark had deliberately murdered Robert.

**GO ON WITH THE STORY**

Bill was silent, wondering how to put in words thoughts which had never formed themselves very definitely in his own mind. Seeing his hesitation, Antony said:

"I ought to have warned you that nothing that you say will be taken down by the reporters, so you needn't bother about a split infinitive or two. Talk about anything you like, how you like."

"Well, Mark fancies himself at arranging things. He arranges things, and it's understood that the guests fall in with the arrangement."

"Arranging things for you?"

"Yes. Of course, it's a delightful house and opportunities for every game or sport that's ever been invented. But with it all, Tony, there's a faint sort of feeling that—well, you've got to do as you're told."

"How do you mean?"

"He's a devil for taking offense. That Miss Norris—did you see her?—she's done for herself. I don't mind betting what you like that she never comes here again."

"Why?"

Bill laughed to himself.

"We were all in it, really—at least, Betty and I were. There's supposed to be a ghost attached to the house. Lady Anne Patten. Ever heard of her?"

"Never."

"Mark told us about her at dinner one night. He rather liked the idea of there being a ghost in his house, you know; except that he doesn't believe in ghosts. I think he wanted all of us to believe in her, and yet he was annoyed with Betty and Mrs. Callidine for believing in ghosts at all. Rum chap. Well, anyhow, Miss Norris—she's an actress, some actress too—dressed up as the ghost and played the fool a bit. And poor Mark was frightened out of his life. Just for a moment, you know."

"Where did the ghost appear?"

"Down by the bowling-green. That's supposed to be its haunt, you know."

"Was Mark very angry afterward?"

"Yes. Sulked for a whole day. He got over it—he generally does. He's just like a child. That's really it, Tony; he's like a child in some ways. As a matter of fact, he was unusually bucked with himself this morning."

"Is he generally in form?"

"He's quite good company, you know, if you take him the right way. He's rather vain and childish—well, like I've been telling you—and self-important; but quite amusing in his way, and—" Bill broke off suddenly. "I say, you know, it really is the limit, talking about your host like this."

"Don't think of him as your host. Think of him as a suspected murderer with a warrant out against him."

"Oh! but that's all rot you know."

"It's the fact, Bill."

"Yes, but I mean, he didn't do it. He wouldn't murder anybody. It's a funny thing to say, but—well, he's not big enough for it."

"Suppose it was an accident, as Cayley says, would he lose his head and run away?"

Bill considered for a moment.

"Yes. I really think he might, you know. He nearly ran away when he saw the ghost."

"Well, now," said Antony, "what about Cayley?"

"How do you mean, what about him?"

"I want to see him. I can see Mark perfectly, thanks to you, Bill. You were wonderful. Now let's have Cayley's character. Cayley from within."

Bill laughed in pleased embarrassment, and protested that he was not a blooming novelist.

"Besides," he added, "Mark's easy. Cayley's one of these heavy, quiet people, who might be thinking about anything. Mark gives himself away . . . Ugly, black-jawed devil, isn't he?"

"Some women like that type of ugliness."

"Yes, that's true. Between ourselves, I think there's one hero who does. Rather a pretty girl at Jallands"—he waved his left hand—"down that way."

"What's Jallands?"

"It's a country cottage belonging to a widow called Norbury. Mark and Cayley used to go there a good deal together. Miss Norbury—the girl—has been here once or twice for tennis; seemed to prefer Cayley to the rest of us. But of course he hadn't much time for that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

"Walking about with a pretty girl and asking her if she's been to any theatres lately. He nearly always had something to do."

"Mark kept him busy?"

"Yes. Mark never seemed quite happy unless he had Cayley doing something for him. He was quite

"You were in the library then, of course," said Antony, rather to himself than to the other. "She might have gone through the hall without your hearing."

"Oh, I've no doubt she was there, and heard voices. Perhaps heard those very words. But—" He broke off, and then added impatiently, "It was accidental. I know it was accidental. What's the good of talking as if Mark was a murderer?" Dinner was announced at that moment, and as they went in, he added, "What's the good of talking about it at all, if it comes to that?"

"What, indeed?" said Antony, and to Bill's great disappointment they talked of books and politics during the meal.

Cayley made an excuse for leaving them as soon as their cigars were alight. He had business to attend to, as was natural. Bill would look after his friend. Bill was only too willing. "Let's go outside," suggested Antony. "I want to talk to you."

"Good man. What about the bowling green?"

They came out of the front door and followed the drive to the left. The road bent round to the right, but they kept straight on over a broad grass path for twenty yards and there in front of them was the green. A dry ditch, ten feet wide and six feet deep, surrounded it, except in one place where the path went forward.

"Yes, it hides itself very nicely," said Antony. "Where do they keep the bowls?"

"In a sort of summer-house place. Round here."

They walked along the edge of the green until they came to it—a low wooden bunk which had been built into one wall of the ditch.

They finished their circuit of the green—"Just in case anybody's in the ditch," said Antony—and then sat down on the bench.

"Now then," said Bill, "we are alone. Fire ahead."

(To be continued.)



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lost and helpless without him. And, funnily enough, Cayley seemed lost without Mark."

"He was fond of him?"

"Yes, I should say so. In a protective kind of way. He'd size Mark up, of course—his vanity, his self-importance, his amateurishness and all the rest of it—but he liked looking after him. And he knew how to manage him."

They reached the inn, and Antony went upstairs to his room. He returned his brushes to his bag, glanced round to see that nothing else had been taken out, and went down again to settle his bill.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

Antony's bedroom looked over the park at the back of the house. He was sitting on his bed, in shirt and trousers, absently smoothing down his thick black hair with his brushes, when Bill shouted an "Hallo!" through the door, and came in.

"I say, buck up, old boy, I'm hungry," he said.

Antony stopped smoothing himself and looked up at him thoughtfully.

"Where's Mark?" he said.

"Mark? You mean Cayley."

Antony corrected himself with a little laugh. "Yes, I mean Cayley. Is he down? I say, I shan't be a moment, Bill." He got up from his bed and went on briskly with his dressing.

"Oh, by the way," said Bill, taking his place on the bed; "your idea about the keys is a washout."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I went down just now and had a look at them. Some were outside and some inside, and there you are. It makes it much less exciting. When you were talking about it on the lawn, I really got quite keen on the idea of the key being outside and Mark taking it in with him."

"It's going to be exciting enough," said Antony mildly, as he transferred his pipe and tobacco into the pocket

**WHEN IN TORONTO**

Eat and Sleep at

**THE HOTEL**

Order Service

Stanton's

Up.

of his black coat. "Well, let's come down; I'm ready now."

Cayley was waiting for them in the hall. The three of them fell into a casual conversation.

"You were quite right about the keys," said Bill, during a pause.

"Keys?" said Cayley blankly.

"We were wondering whether they were outside or inside."

"Oh! oh, yes!" He looked slowly round the hall, at the different doors, and then smiled in a friendly way at Antony. "We both seem to have been right, Mr. Gillingham. So we don't get much farther."

"No." He gave a shrug. "I just wondered, you know. I thought it was worth mentioning."

"Oh, quite. Not that you would have convinced me, you know. Just as Elsie's evidence doesn't convince me."

"Elsie?" said Bill excitedly. Antony looked inquiringly at him, wondering who Elsie was.

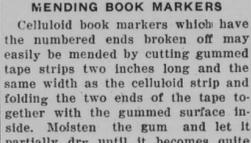
"One of the housemaids," explained Cayley. "You didn't hear what she told the inspector?"

Cayley told them of what Elsie had heard through the office door that afternoon.

**MENDING BOOK MARKERS**

Celloid book markers which have the numbered ends broken off may easily be mended by cutting gummed tape strips two inches long and the same width as the celloid strip and folding the two ends of the tape together with the gummed surface inside. Moisten the gum and let it partially dry until it becomes quite adhesive, as it will not hold if too moist, then place the broken ends inside the fold, allowing enough of the folded tape to extend out as long as the original length, and hold the parts together firmly for a few moments until it has altered firmly to the celloid. When thoroughly dry, mark the missing number on the end with pen and ink.

For the ends which lace with elastic cord, when mended in the same manner, a hole may be made with an ordinary paper punch. This method of mending is particularly fine for reading rooms where many sets of markers have strenuous use.



"There's always chaff flying about following the grain harvest."

We have sorrowfully to acknowledge that the Kingdom of God is not necessarily the product of committees.—The Bishop of Blackburn.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds.



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**Kitchen Cleaning**

The refrigerator should be thoroughly cleansed and ventilated at least once a week. Take out all the food and also the ice; remove the ice racks and the shelves of the food compartment. Perhaps a borax solution of one tablespoonful of borax to one quart of water, first dissolving the borax in a little boiling water. With a small stiff brush scrub the parts removed, rinse them in clear cold water and wipe them dry. Wash the walls of all compartments with strong lukewarm borax water. Wrap the cloth around a shewer to reach all the corners, rinse in cold water and wipe dry.

Wash the sink free from grease with hot soap solution. The drain pipe should be cleared daily. Place two heaping tablespoonsful of borax on the grid and flush it down with a kettle of hot water. Follow with a flood of cold water.

Rinse weekly in hot borax water the bread and cake boxes. Wipe them dry with a clean, fresh towel and ventilate them thoroughly in the open air.

Scrape plates taken from the table with a rubber plate scraper and wipe off the silver with paper napkins; stack the dishes according to kind and size and let the hot water run over each separate pile before washing. For each gallon of dish water then add one tablespoonful of borax and the preferred amount of soap. Rinse in very hot water and wipe immediately with a lintless cotton or a linen towel. If the water is exceptionally hard, a little borax in the rinse water, too, aids in bringing the luster to china, the sparkle to glassware and silver, that is so much desired.

**Porch Chairs in the House**

At the end of the summer, garden and piazza chairs that show wear and are sometimes discarded, can often be rejuvenated for bedroom use, bright with new paint and glass covering. The first thing is to scrub thoroughly and smooth the woodwork, giving at the same time a vigorous shampoo of soapsuds to the fabric part of the chair which is sometimes strong enough to serve as the foundation for a new covering. The next thing is to paint the framework in some color to correspond with the creosote to be used for the new cover. Sometimes a glossy black is more effective than a gay-colored frame, or a mahogany finish is good choice. The new cover will last longer if not attached to the framework, but simply tacked to the former fabric, as the position can then be shifted so that wear and tear do not come always on the same place. A small bolster-shaped pillow of the new covering is a pretty addition to hang over one side of the back and a generous-sized floor cushion gives delightful charm and completes the ensemble. An extension chair of the "deck" or "steamer" type can easily be transformed into an attractive and comfortable chaise longue quite rivaling some of the expensive bits of furniture of this type.

**Chimneys in Fruit Pies**

The appearance of a fresh fruit or berry pie is often spoiled by the fruit juice bubbling through the top crust and then browning or burning. This may be avoided by the use of several short lengths of stick macaroni. Place several lengths, say, 2 or 2½ inches according to the thickness of the pie, through the cut opening in the top crust, so that the steam may thus escape plentifully. This saves the pie from "stewing over," and when the pie is baked the macaroni may be removed. The pie is a lovely brown and the juice is retained inside the crust where it belongs.

Minard's Liniment for Gripe and Flu.

In the adversity of our best friend we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.—La Rochefoucauld.

**Have You Written Your Limerick Today?**

The interest in this contest is growing steadily and a great many people are gaining pleasure and profit from this entertaining pastime. Numerous entries however, are coming in, which have to be discarded because they are not in Limerick form. Some prizes have been awarded where the verses did not fully measure up to requirements, but were considered worthy of recognition. Now that every one has had an opportunity to learn exactly what is wanted, prizes will be given only where the necessary requirements are fully met. A little humor helps a great deal and is nicely illustrated in the contributions of Mrs. Hurst and Mrs. McNeil.

The first Limericks published to-day are placed at the head of the list for two reasons. First, because they come from two members of the same family, and second, because they demonstrate very well just what a Limerick is. Note the rythm of these two examples.

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

**Everybody's Doing It.**

**DEAR SIR:—**

When making up the mail bag the other night after everybody had gone to bed, I slipped in a couple of Limericks, rather shamefacedly, for it seemed a silly thing for an oldish backwoods woman to be at, but the children found the old letter-back I first scribbled them on and whooped with joy to catch Mother. They have coaxed me to write some more and hunted up the page containing the various advertisements for which limericks were asked.

Yours truly,  
Kate Neal,  
Pudash, P.O., Ont.

Thanks for your letter, which is quite as interesting as your limericks. We hope you will write again.  
—Ed.

**Dear Sir:—**

I notice your Limerick Contest in The Bruce Mines Spectator and am sending one. Can each person send more than one?

(Miss) Doris Taylor,  
R.R. 3, Bruce Mines, Ont.

Send as many as you like, Miss Taylor. Watch the rhyme and rhythm.—Ed.

There is plenty of enjoyment for the whole family if all join in the fun of writing Limericks.

Any nationally advertised article or service found in this or any previous issues of this paper may be made the subject of a limerick.

One dollar will be sent for every Limerick accepted. Give name and address and name of this paper. Write: Limerick Editor, Associated Publishers, Rooms 421-5, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto 2.

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Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicator Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trademark.