

The SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY
By Agatha Christie
Copyright by Public Ledger
INSTALMENT XVI.
THE STORY THIS FAR

Gerry Wade is found dead in bed at Chimneys, scene of a house party. Seven out of eight alarm clocks placed in his room to awaken him are lined up on a mantel. The guests are told that death resulted from an overdose of sleeping powder. Jimmy Thesiger and Ronny Devereux motor to Gerry's home to tell a sister, Lorraine, of Wade's death.

Lady Eileen Brent, known as "Bundle," finds a letter Wade had written to his sister making reference to the Seven Dials. Bundle feels certain that Gerry was murdered. En route to London a man, mysteriously shot, staggers into the road in front of Eileen's car. It proves to be Devereux, who dying whispers "Seven Dials—tell Jimmy Thesiger."

At Jimmy's quarters Bundle finds Lorraine. The three of them set out to trail the murderer. From Captain Battle at Scotland Yard Bundle obtains a list of secret societies. That evening with Bill Eversleigh, she visits the Seven Dials Club. A watchman, Alfred, is recognized as a former footman at Chimneys.

Cabinet Minister George Lomax plans a party. He has received a warning letter from the Seven Dials Society. Bundle gets an invitation. Meantime she hides in the meeting room of the society.

NOW CONTINUE THE STORY

"Of course you have. So have I. But it's no reason why it shouldn't really happen."

"I suppose not," admitted Jimmy.

"After all—I suppose fiction is founded on truth. I mean unless things did happen, people could not think of them."

"There is something in what you say," agreed Jimmy. "But all the same I can't help pinching myself to see if I'm awake."

"That's how I felt," Jimmy gave a deep sigh.

A Missing Member

"Well, I suppose we are awake. Let me see, a Russian, an American, an Englishman—a possible Austrian or Hungarian—and the lady who may be any nationality—for choice Russian or Polish—that's a pretty representative gathering."

"And a German," said Bundle. "You've forgotten the German."

"Oh!" said Jimmy slowly. "You think—"

"The absent No. 2. No. 2 is Bauer—our footman. That seems to me quite clear from what they said about expecting a report which hadn't come in—though what there can be to report about Chimneys, I can't think."

"It must be something to do with Gerry Wade's death," said Jimmy. "There's something there we haven't fathomed yet. You say they actually mentioned Bauer by name."

Bundle nodded.

"They blamed him for not having found that letter."

"Well, I don't see what you could have clearer than that. There's no going against it. You'll have to forgive my first incredulity. Bundle—but you know, it was rather a tall story. You say they knew about my going down to Wyvern Abbey next week?"

"Yes, that's when the American—it was him, not the Russian—said they needn't worry—you were only the usual kind of ass."

"Ah!" said Jimmy. He pressed his foot down on the accelerator viciously and the car shot forward. "I'm very glad you told me that. It gives me what you might call a personal interest in the case."

He was silent for a minute or two and then he said:

"Did you say that German inventor's name was Eberhard?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Wait a minute. Something's coming back to me. Eberhard, Eberhard—yes, I'm sure that was the name."

"Tell me."

"Eberhard was a Johnny who'd got some patent process he applied to steel. I can't put the thing properly because I haven't got the scientific knowledge—but I know the result was that it became so toughened that a wire was as strong as a steel bar had previously been. Eberhard had to do with airplanes, and his idea was that the weight would be so enormously reduced that flying would be practically revolutionized—the cost of it, I mean. I believe he offered his invention to the German Government, and they

turned it down, pointed out some undeniable flaw in it—but they did it rather nastily. He set to work and circumvented the difficulty whatever it was, but he'd been offended by their attitude and swore they shouldn't have his ewe lamb. I always thought the whole thing probably bunkum, but now—it looks differently."

An Unofficial Conference

"That's it," said Bundle eagerly. "You must be right, Jimmy. Eberhard must have offered his invention to our Government. They have been taking or are going to take Sir Oswald Coote's expert opinion on it. There's going to be an unofficial conference at the Abbey. Sir Oswald, George, the Air Minister and Eberhard. Eberhard will have the plans or the process or whatever you call it—"

"Formula," suggested Jimmy. "I think 'formula' is a good word myself."

"He'll have the formula with him, and the Seven Dials are out to steal the formula. I remember the Russian saying it was worth millions."

"I suppose it would be," said Jimmy.

"And well worth a few lives—that's what the other man said."

"Well, it seems to have been," said Jimmy, his face clouding over. "Look at this damned inquest today. Bundle, are you sure Ronny said nothing else?"

"No," said Bundle. "Just that, Seven Dials. Tell Jimmy Thesiger. That's all he could get out, poor lad."

"I wish we knew what he knew," said Jimmy. "But we've found out one thing. I take it that the footman, Bauer, must almost certainly have been responsible for Gerry's death. You know, Bundle—"

"Yes?"

"Well, I'm a bit worried sometimes. Who's going to be the next one! It really isn't the sort of business for a girl to be mixed up in."

Bundle smiled in spite of herself. It occurred to her that it had taken Jimmy a long time to put her in the same category as Lorraine Wade.

"It's far more likely to be you than me," she remarked cheerfully.

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy. "But what about a few casualties on the other side for a change? I'm feeling rather bloodthirsty this morning. Tell me, Bundle, would you recognize any of these people if you saw them?"

Bundle hesitated.

"I think I should recognize No. 5," she said at last. "He's got a queer way of speaking—a kind of venomous, hissing way—that I think I'd know again."

"What about the Englishman?" Bundle shook her head.

"I saw him least—only a glimpse—and he's got a very ordinary voice. Except that he's a big man, there's nothing much to go by."

Speculation

"There's the woman, of course," continued Jimmy. "She ought to be easier. But then you're not likely to run across her. She's probably putting in the dirty work being taken out to dinner by amorous Cabinet Ministers and getting state secrets out of them when they've had a couple. At least, that's how it's done in books. As a matter of fact, the only Cabinet Minister I know drinks hot water with a dash of lemon in it."

"Take George Lomax, for instance. Can you imagine him being amorous with beautiful foreign women?" said Bundle with a laugh.

Jimmy agreed with her criticism. "And now about the man of mystery—No. 7," went on Jimmy. "You've no idea who he could be?"

"None whatever."

"Again—by book standard, that is—he ought to be some one we all know. What about George Lomax himself?"

Bundle reluctantly shook her head.

"In a book it would be perfect," she agreed. "But knowing Codders—"

"And she gave herself up to a sudden uncontrollable mirth. "Codders, the great criminal organizer," she gasped. "Wouldn't it be marvelous?"

Jimmy agreed that it would. Their discussion had taken some time and his driving had slowed down involuntarily once or twice. They arrived at Chimneys to find Colonel Melrose already there waiting. Jimmy was introduced to him and they all three proceeded to the inquest together.

As Colonel Melrose had predicted, the whole affair was very simple. Bundle gave her evidence. The doctor gave his. Evidence was

PEPS
25 Cents.
The Best Protection For THROAT & CHEST.

given of rifle practice in the neighborhood. A verdict of death by misadventure was brought in.

The Inquest Over

After the proceedings were over Colonel Melrose volunteered to drive Bundle back to Chimneys, and Jimmy Thesiger returned to London. For all his light-hearted manner, Bundle's story had impressed him profoundly. He set his lips closely together.

"Ronny, old boy," he murmured, "I'm going to be up against it. And you're not here to join in the game."

Another thought flashed into his mind. Lorraine! Was she in danger?

After a minute or two's hesitation he went over to the telephone and rang her up.

"It's me—Jimmy. I thought you'd like to know the result of the inquest. Death by misadventure."

"Oh, but—"

"Yes, but I think there's something behind that. The Coroner had had a hint. Some one's at work to hush it up. I say, Lorraine—"

"Yes?"

"Look here. There's—there's some funny business going about. You'll be careful won't you? For my sake."

He heard the quick note of alarm that sprang into her voice. "Jimmy—but then it's dangerous for you."

He laughed.

"Oh, that's all right. I'm the cat that had nine lives. Bye-bye, old thing."

An Automatic

He rang off and remained a minute or two lost in thought. Then he summoned Stevens.

"Do you think you could go out and buy me a pistol, Stevens?"

"A pistol, sir?"

True to his training, Stevens betrayed no hint of surprise.

"What kind of a pistol would you be requiring?"

"The kind where you put your finger on the trigger and the thing goes on shooting until you take it off again."

"An automatic, sir."

"That's it," said Jimmy. "An automatic. And I should like it to be a blue-nosed one—if you and the shopman know what that is. In American stories the hero always takes his blue-nosed automatic from his hip pocket."

Stevens permitted himself a faint discreet smile.

"Most American gentlemen that I have known, sir, carry something very different in their hip pocket," he observed.

Jimmy Thesiger laughed.

HOUSE PARTY AT THE ABBEY

Bundle drove over to Wyvern Abbey just in time for tea on Friday afternoon. George Lomax came forward to welcome her with considerable empressement.

"My dear Eileen," he said, "I can't tell you how pleased I am to see you here. You must forgive my not having invited you when I asked your father, but to tell the truth I never dreamed that a party of this kind would appeal to you. I was both—surprised and—delighted when Lady Caterham told me of your—interest in—politics."

"I wanted to come so much," said Bundle in a simple, ingenious manner.

"Mrs. Macatta will not arrive till the later train," explained George. "She was speaking at a meeting in Manchester last night. Do you know Thesiger? Quite a young fellow, but a remarkable grasp of foreign politics. One would hardly suspect it from his appearance."

"I know Mr. Thesiger," said Bundle, and she shook hands solemnly with Jimmy, whom she observed had parted his hair in the middle in the endeavor to add earnestness to his expression.

(To be continued)

District News

BURNS LAKE

Navigation on Francois Lake closed on January 11, and Capt. Bruce Little, Chief Hunter Conner and crew are pulling the ferry boat "Prince Rupert" on the ways for annual overhaul.

Knut Nyven crossed Francois Lake in his car on Jan. 14, and reports the ice in splendid condition.

Revelstoke, Vernon, Princeton and Vancouver Holly-Burn, Pacific and Grouse Mountain Ski Clubs have all reported their entries for the British Columbia championship contests here. Neils Nelson, holder of the world's record of 240 feet in the ski-jump is bringing two new contenders for the fifty kilometer marathon.

Miss Gertrude Wahmann, treasurer of the Omineca Ski Club, and winner of the beautiful Max Heilbronner Trophy in 1928, is undergoing strenuous training, and at the test jumps, outdistanced the previous ladies' record on the Ruddy Hill by 11 feet, making a perfect stand and finishing with a graceful turn.

NEW HAZELTON

As a result of negotiations carried by Dr. H. C. Wrinch, plans for a new Hazelton Hospital are now about ready. The necessary money has now been about arranged and it is expected construction will proceed this year. The new structure will be of permanent construction, either brick or concrete, and will have 50 beds with a separate department for the exclusive use of Indians. The site will be just in front of the present hospital building. It will be of modern and efficient appointments.

The Hazelton Social Club has now raised \$700.62 towards the construction of a new hall.

A very successful dance was held last Friday night by the Kispiox Farmers' Institute in the Four Mile Hall. Guests included a number of people from Hazelton and New Hazelton.

Weather has been extremely cold here during the past week with thermometer readings away below zero the general rule.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rukin have moved into Lars' Christiansen's house next to the Omineca Herald office.

Rev. T. H. Wright made a trip to Prince Rupert this week in connection with a new Masonic lodge which is to be organized at Terrace.

Dr. H. C. Wrinch M.L.A. made a trip to Terrace early this week to attend the annual meeting of the Board of Trade there.

Mrs. William Little of Woodcock was here at the first of the week to visit with her son who is a patient in the Hazelton Hospital.

Alex Kusick, who broke his leg a few weeks ago in Malk George's camp, is not making as good recovery from the injury as might have been hoped for. The lower part of the leg is in pretty bad shape.

SMITHERS

Play is well under way in the inter-rink curling competition here and, although there might still be some improvement in the condition of the ice, the games are commanding much interest.

The Smithers and District Chamber of Commerce, at its annual meeting on Monday night, elected officers for the year as follows: president, H. F. Noel; vice-president, J. G. Stephens; secretary, Charles Reid; executive, Charles Reid, George Oulton, J. P. Downey, L. S. McGill, S. S. Phillips, Charles Morris, J. G. Stephens and L. B. Warner.

PRINCE GEORGE

As expected, Mayor A. M. Patterson was re-elected to the chief magistracy of Prince George by acclamation when nominations for the office were received on Monday.

Frigid weather conditions prevailed here during the past week, the minimum thermometer reading having been 32 below zero on Saturday last and the maximum, 15 above on Monday.

NATIONAL RESULTS

Ottawa, Canadiens, Maroons and Chicago Were Winners of Last Night's Games

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Montreal's husky Maroons cleared their National Hockey League season's record against the New York Americans in an overtime struggle last night. It was the Maroon's third straight victory over the New Yorkers.

At Chicago Duke Dutkowski's solo goal in the third period gave the Black Hawks a victory over the champion Boston Bruins.

At Montreal the Canadiens hopelessly outclassed Detroit, swamping the Cougars under an avalanche of goals.

The Senators took advantage of breaks to defeat the Toronto Maple Leafs at Ottawa.

The Toronto's scores:
Toronto 1, Ottawa 2.
Detroit 1, Canadiens 6.
Montreal 3, New York Americans 2 (overtime).
Boston 1, Chicago 2.

PORTLAND IN FIRST BERTH

PORTLAND, Jan. 17.—Defeating the hairless Victoria Cubs here last night, Portland Buckaroos ran their winning streak to eight straight games and climbed into a first position tie with the Vancouver Lions in the Pacific Coast Hockey League. The score was: Victoria 1, Portland 3.

Elks Leading In Billiards Again

Four Games Played Give Them 965-819 Margin Over Grotto

As a result of the playing of four of the five games in last night's Billiard League fixture. Elks seem to be away for another good start over the Grotto, the aggregate score for the four games being 965 to 819. Individual scores:
C. P. Balagno (Elks), 250; George Waugh (Grotto), 217.
A. A. Eason, 250; W. J. Nelson, 108.
Fred Stephens, 215; James Andrews, 250.
Will Mitchell, 250; J. Hillman, 244.
The remaining game of W. E. Willicroft vs. M. M. McLachlan will probably be played tonight.

Sport Chat

From the gory old days of John L. Sullivan down to the present, there have always been a certain number of wild young men who earned the names of the playboys of boxing. Sullivan himself was one of these, if you can believe all you hear about that way of John L. with a beaker of ale. Stanley Ketchel liked to gallivant around a bit of evenings when good little boys making as good recovery from the injury as might have been hoped for. The lower part of the leg is in pretty bad shape.

In our times we have the middle-weight champion, Mickey Walker, as one of the leaders of the Whit Way division. It was freely predicted that the Mick was burned out before his recent battle with Ace Hudkins; in fact, in some quarters it was bruited about that the bout was to be a mere formality with Hudkins being handed the title. But Walker took a bracer, trained conscientiously and reached amazing physical form defeating the wildcat easily.

And the last of these playboys is not the least. We refer to Chuck Wiggins, of Indianapolis, the only fighter in the world that trains strictly on beer. But that's not absolutely correct, either, for now and then Chuck goes out of his way to help keep the Indianapolis police force on its toes. He has a marked aversion to men wearing blue uniforms. The story is told that a solicitor approached Chuck for a subscription of \$1 to help bury a policeman and Chuck handed him \$20 with the request that he bury twenty.

Another tale they tell of Chuck

No other Orange Pekoe can equal this in flavour

"SARADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA
'Fresh from the gardens'

"TRY A NIP TONIGHT"

Grant's
BEST PROCURABLE
Scotch Whisky.

BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

The Original Label—look for it at the Vendor's and insist on GRANT'S "BEST PROCURABLE"

This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

is that he decided to take up John Risko, Danny Dunn's hunting and bought a horse. The fellow" from Cleveland, is a horse was one of those heavy of the lads who like their kind that His Majesty the King Risko, near the top of the big mounts when he goes a-hunting weight division, several times a grouse. Chuck mounted the beast, sed away his chances by posture and having been told by its former owner that the horse was a "trained hunter," he let him go where he would. Inevitably the horse stopped at a tavern or brewery, and it was discovered that his hunting experience had been obtained between the shafts of a beer wagon. Which of course, did not displease Chuck, as he didn't care much about hunting, anyway.

John Risko, Danny Dunn's hunting and bought a horse. The fellow" from Cleveland, is a horse was one of those heavy of the lads who like their kind that His Majesty the King Risko, near the top of the big mounts when he goes a-hunting weight division, several times a grouse. Chuck mounted the beast, sed away his chances by posture and having been told by its former owner that the horse was a "trained hunter," he let him go where he would. Inevitably the horse stopped at a tavern or brewery, and it was discovered that his hunting experience had been obtained between the shafts of a beer wagon. Which of course, did not displease Chuck, as he didn't care much about hunting, anyway.

What doctors say:

Beer is a ~
healthful
stimulant

THOUSANDS amongst the working classes find Beer a moderately priced, healthful stimulant. At the end of a day of physical labor it invigorates and nourishes with its strength replacement qualities.

GOOD BEER (those brands named below) is good food and a healthful stimulant for the working man.

For sale at all Government Vendors' Stores and Beer Parlors. Free delivery.

PILSENER LAGER
BLUE RIBBON LAGER
PHOENIX EXPORT LAGER

This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.