

The SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY

By Agatha Christie

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INSTALLMENT XXIX

(Continued)

This awful prospect knocked Bundle out completely. She could only stare helplessly at George. This did not discourage him—on the contrary. His main objection to women was that they talked too much. It was seldom that he found what he considered a really good listener. He smiled benignantly at Bundle.

"The butterfly emerging from the chrysalis. A wonderful picture. I have a very interesting work on political economy. I will look it out now, and you can take it to Chimneys with you. When you have finished it, I will discuss it with you. Do not hesitate to write to me if any point puzzles you. I have many public duties, but by unsparring work I can always make time for the affairs of my friends. I will look for the book."

He strode away. Bundle gazed after him with a dazed expression. She was roused by the unexpected advent of Bill.

"Look here," said Bill, "what the hell was Codders holding you hand for?"

"It wasn't my hand," said Bundle wildly. "It was my budding mind."

"Don't be an ass, Bundle."

"Sorry Bill, but I'm a little worried. Do you remember saying

that Jimmy ran a grave risk coming down here?"

"So he does," said Bill. "It's frightfully hard to escape from Codders once he's got interested in you. Jimmy will be caught in the toils before he knows where he is."

"It's not Jimmy who's got caught—it's me," said Bundle wildly. "I shall have to meet endless Mrs. Macattas, and read political economy and discuss it with George, and heavens knows where it will end!"

Bill whistled. "Poor old Bundle. Been laying it on a bit thick, haven't you?"

On Holding Hands

"I must have done. Bill, I feel horribly entangled."

"Never mind," said Bill consolingly. "George doesn't really believe in women standing for Parliament, so you won't have to stand up on platforms and talk a lot of junk, or kiss dirty babies in Bermondsey. Come and have a cocktail. It's nearly lunch time."

Bundle got up and walked by his side obediently.

"And I do hate politics," she murmured piteously.

"Of course you do. So do all sensible people. It's only people like Codders and Pongo who take them seriously and revel in them. But all the same," said Bill, reverting suddenly to a former point, "you oughtn't to let Codders hold your hand."

"Why on earth not?" said Bundle. "He's known me all my life."

"Well, I don't like it."

"Virtuous William—Oh, I say, look at Superintendent Battle."

They were just passing in through a side door. A cupboard-like room opened out of the little hallway. In it were kept golf clubs, tennis racquets, bowls and other features of country house life. Superintendent Battle was conducting a minute examination of various golf clubs. He looked up a little sheepishly at Bundle's exclamation.

"Going to take up golf, Superintendent Battle?"

"I might do worse, Lady Eileen. They say it's never too late to start. And I've got one good quality that will tell at any game."

"What's that?" asked Bill.

"I don't know when I'm beaten. If everything goes wrong, I turn to and start again!"

And with a determined look on his face, Superintendent Battle came out and joined them, shutting the door behind him.

JIMMY LAYS HIS PLANS

Jimmy Thesiger was feeling depressed, Avoiding George, whom he suspected of being ready to tackle him on serious subjects, he stole quietly away after lunch. Proficient as he was in details of the Santa Fe boundary dispute, he had no wish to stand an examination on it this minute.

Presently what he hoped would happen came to pass. Loraine Wade, also unaccompanied, strolled down one of the shady garden paths. In a moment Jimmy was by her side. They walked for some minutes in silence and then Jimmy said tentatively:

"Loraine?"

"Yes?"

"Look here, I'm a bad chap at putting things—but what about it? What's wrong with getting a special license and being married and living together happy ever afterward?"

Loraine displayed no embarrassment at this surprising proposal. Instead she threw back her head and laughed frankly.

"Don't laugh at a chap," said Jimmy reproachfully.

"I can't help it. You were so funny."

"Loraine—you are a little devil."

"I'm not. I'm what's called a thoroughly nice girl."

"Only to those who don't know you—who are taken in by your delusive appearance of meekness and decorum."

"I like your long words."

"All out of cross-word puzzles."

"So educative."

"Loraine, dear, don't beat about the bush. Will you or won't you?"

Loraine's face sobered. It took on its characteristic appearance of determination. Her small mouth hardened and her little chin shot out aggressively.

"No, Jimmy. Not while things are as they are at present—all unfinished."

Jimmy Rejected

"I know we haven't done what we set out to do," agreed Jimmy. "But all the same—well, it's the end of a chapter. The papers are safe at the Air Ministry. Virtue triumphant. And—for the moment—nothing doing."

"So—let's get married?" said Loraine with a slight smile.

"You've said it. Precisely the idea."

But again Loraine shook her head.

"No, Jimmy. Until this thing's rounded up—until we're safe—"

"You think we're in danger?"

"Don't you?"

Jimmy's cherubic pink face clouded over.

"You're right," he said at last.

"If that extraordinary rigmarole of Bundle's is true—and I suppose, incredible as it sounds, it must be true—then we're not safe till we're settled with No. 7."

"And the others?"

"No—the others don't count. It's No. 7 with his own ways of working that frightens me. Because I don't know who he is or where to look for him."

Loraine shivered.

"I've been frightened," she said in a low voice. "Ever since Gerry's death."

"You needn't be frightened. There's nothing for you to be frightened about. You leave everything to me. I tell you, Loraine—I'll get No. 7 yet. Once we get him—well, I don't think there will be much trouble with the rest of the gang, whoever they are."

"If you get him—and suppose he gets you?"

"Impossible," said Jimmy cheerfully. "I'm much too clever. Always have a good opinion of yourself—that's my motto."

"When I think of the things that might have happened last night—" Loraine shivered.

"Well, they didn't," said Jimmy.

"We're both here, safe and sound—though I must admit my arm is confoundingly painful."

"Poor boy."

"Oh, one must expect to suffer in a good cause. And what with my wounds and my cheerful conversation I've made a complete conquest of Lady Coote."

"Oh, do you think that important?"

"I've an idea it may come in useful."

"You've got some plan in your mind, Jimmy. What is it?"

"The young hero never tells his plans," said Jimmy firmly. "They mature in the dark."

"You are an idiot, Jimmy."

"I know. I know. That's what every one says. But I can assure you, Loraine, there's a lot of brain-work going on underneath. Now what about your plans? Got any?"

To Chimneys Again

"Bundle has suggested that I should go to Chimneys with her for a bit."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Billiard Averages

A. A. Eason (E)	16	3823	239
G. P. Tinker (CL)	15	3526	235
M. M. McLachlan (G)	11	2581	235
D. Brown (G)	10	2325	233
J. Andrews (G)	17	3941	232
J. Hillman (G)	15	3466	231
W. E. Willisroft (E)	12	2758	230
W. Lambie (E)	3	691	230
W. J. Nelson (G)	18	4098	227
J. W. Scott (CL)	12	2700	225
F. Stephens (E)	16	3592	225
W. Mitchell (E)	15	3359	224
C. Balagno (E)	17	3798	223
G. Waugh (G)	14	3059	219
M. Andrews (CL)	17	3683	217
S. P. McMordie (CL)	5	1077	215
R. Young (CL)	8	1701	213
F. G. Pyle (CL)	12	2544	212
A. Murray (CL)	12	2399	200
J. H. Pillsbury (CL)	2	380	190
A. Donald (E)	4	755	189
G. Howe (G)	1	118	118

There is only one way to reach the people of Northern B.C. That is through the Daily News.

Sport Chat

Unlike the situation in Nova Scotia, the two teams that played off for the championship of New Brunswick last season, are again leading their leagues by substantial margins and bid fair to stage another home and home series in the semi-finals for the Maritime amateur hockey championship. A filip of interest was added to the New Brunswick game last season when the Bathurst papermakers, champions of the Northern Section of the Provincial League, took the Maritime championship from the Nova Scotia titleholders, who had held it for five seasons. Bathurst has started the 1930 season where it ended in 1929 and is undefeated to date in league games, far in front in the Northern League.

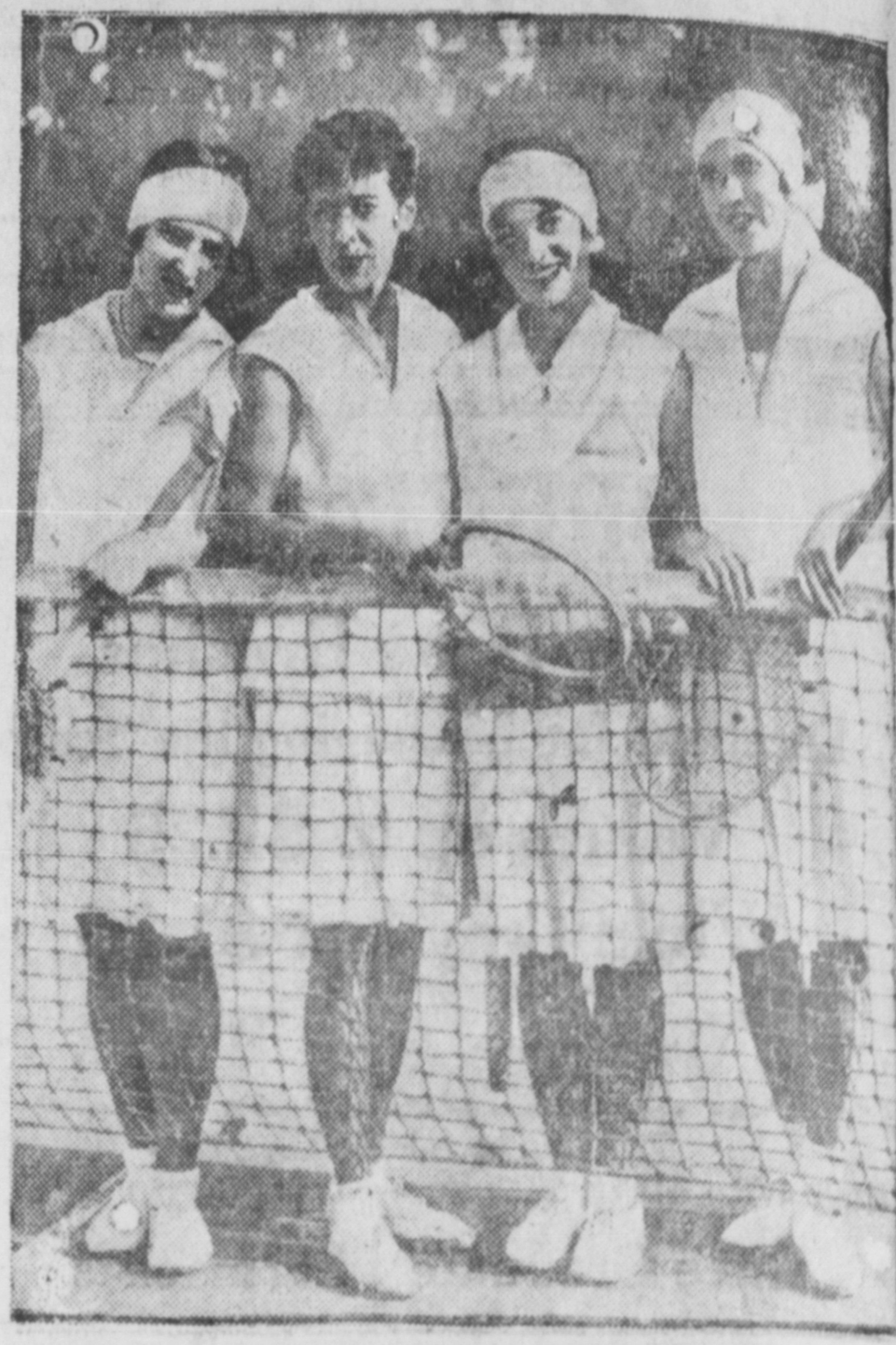
In the Southern Section the Moncton Atlantics are still well to the fore although they are in a more spirited fight than the Maritime champions. At the present time the Atlantics boast a fair sized lead but may encounter plenty of trouble from the rinkless Saint John Beavers, who have not, as yet, hit their best stride. Both Bathurst and Moncton have better teams than last season. The papermakers have been bolstered by young Taylor, a husky frontliner from "Up Above" and Joe Matte, a keen judge of hockey, who is teaching the Maritime titleholders the finer points of the game. Matte took the Halifax Wolverines from the Eastern Nova Scotia League cellar last season and put them in the finals for the Maritime title and plans to go further this season with the team that licked his 1929 charges. Moncton has added a few players, among whom is Tommy Radford, for years a star in Halifax. The Monctonians are playing better hockey than last season under Coach Brown, a Maritime veteran.

The fight for the Maritime supremacy promises to be much keener this season, with better hockey being played in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Abegweit, of Charlottetown and the Crystals of Summerside are developing young players who may regain some of the glory that the Charlottetown Abegweits boasted some seasons ago, when they won two consecutive Maritime crowns. Upper Canadian hockey authorities are looking to the Maritime Provinces to provide a finalist in the Allan Cup series this season. Many Upper Canadian hockey coaches have been imported into the Maritimes and this, added to the fact that the Maritimes provided good competition last season in the Canadian championship series, had led hockey leaders to believe that the Allan Cup may go east of Montreal for the first time since the historic mug was first donated.

A feminine writer on sport, in the London Sketch, deals with "Apprehensions Regarding the Longer Skirt" and sport. "Women's sport in England is in a very advanced and healthy state. We are faced with only one serious problem in 1930; it is what effect is the long skirt going to have on sport? Shall we go back in the day of our trailing draperies to croquet on the lawn and pat-ball of the sixties? Let us hope not! A few years ago women's sport was a luxury. Men had their Saturday games, but business girls put away their hockey sticks with their school books, while as for wives—the idea of a married woman having time or inclination for sport was absurd. Nowadays a glance down the names in a county hockey team or on an athletic program is enough to tell a different tale. During the year a great advance has been made in sport among business houses, and it is the exception rather than the rule to find one without a women's sport club, while Civil Service and Business Houses Hockey Association have county standing."

"A feature of the year is the number of teams, both official and private, that have been sent abroad. The world has been a playground for the English sports girl, and she has played hockey in America, where the All-England Women's Hockey Association had a most successful hockey tour last autumn, playing 15 matches and winning them all; tennis in America and all over the continent;

Russian Girls Star at Tennis



Russian girls in the Soviet Union are fast becoming good sports-women and have a desire to enter into international competition. Left to right, the Moscow team shown above consists of the Mrs. Federowska, Malzewa, the champion girl tennis player of all Russia Olazak and Ziplekawa.

and competed in an international regatta in Warsaw. The last named was a very courageous adventure for the Women's Amateur Rowing Association, and the first time they had sent a crew abroad. Miss Evie Kirton, of St. George's, won the sculling race for England, while the Warsaw girls beat the Ace crew in the fours. It is hoped the Polish crew will pay us a return visit this season. Netball and lacrosse clubs have doubled in number and a great stride was made last summer in women's cricket. The event of the year was the women's representative match at Beckenham, Feb. 1. The race will be run in laps, similar to C. S. Pyle's bunion derby. Prizes of \$2,500 will be given the winners.

Among those who are participating in the long grind are Edouard Fabro, Montreal, and Phil Granville, Hamilton, Ont., both former members of the Canadian Olympic track team of years ago. Those two men are well-known in Canada and the United States. Fabro for having won the Boston annual marathon and Granville for his good showing in C. C. Pyle's California to New York foot race.

Many parts of Canada and the United States are represented in the long jog. Joe Lewis, from Nova Scotia, represents the Maritimes, while in addition to Granville, Louis Alfano of Kitchener, will try and win the race for Ontario. Quebec has 11 entrants, Eugene Clouette, Montreal, winner of last year's 271 mile Montreal-to-Levittown, Mo., marathon. Joseph Gagné, Valleyfield, Henri Cussen, Montreal, Charles Moore, Montreal, Raoul Forget, Longueuil, Quebec, Victor Blackburn, Quebec, Wilfrid Dupro, Montreal, Valero Le-tourneau, Quebec, Omer Ouellette, Montreal, Didaco Martineau, Quebec and Edouard Fabre, Montreal.

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Michigan and New York also have their representatives in the race. George Ross, Grovton, N.H., Al Beaulac, Manchester, N.H., George Gauvin, Worcester, Mass., Percy O'Rourke, Detroit, Mich., and Olin Wantinom, New York City, are among entrants.

One of the contestants, Jean Baptiste Chouinard, a barber of Notre Dame du Nord, Quebec, 35 miles north of Timiskaming, did a little galloping just prior to the race. He snowshoed 435 miles in less than thirteen days from his northern tonsorial parlor to Ottawa. He declared himself to be in fine condition and ready for the race.

There is considerable discussion here as to who will be the officers aboard the new Canadian National coast steamer which will arrive from the Old Country next summer. While there is, apparently, nothing definite about it, the understanding seems to be that Captain D. Donald, Harry Nedden and Neil McLean, senior skippers of the present coastal vessels, will go on the new ships and that there will be a general advancement all around for the other officers.

A Valuable Buying Guide

BEFORE you order dinner at a restaurant, you consult the bill-of-fare. Before you take a long trip by motor-car, you pore over road maps. Before you start out on a shopping trip, you should consult the advertisements in this paper. For the same reasons!

The advertising columns are a buying guide to you in the purchase of everything you need—including amusements! A guide that saves your time and conserves your energy; that saves useless steps and guards against false ones; that puts the s-t-r-e-t-c-h in family budgets.

The advertisements in this paper are so interesting, it is difficult to see how anyone could overlook them . . . fail to profit by them. Just check with yourself and be sure that you are reading the advertisements regularly—the big ones and the little ones. It is time well spent . . . always.

For example, read the grocery store "ads" this week.

Avoid time-wasting, money-wasting, detours on the road to Merchandise value. Read the advertising "road maps."