The SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY

By Agatha Christie

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INSTALMENT XIV

THE STORY THUS 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, Loraine, 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 Loraine. 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

Who Is No. 7?

"So nothing has come to light about Chimneys?"

Mosgorovsky shook his head.

"Nothing."

"Suddenly No. 5 leaned forward.

"I agree with Anna; where is our president—No. 7? He who called us into being. Why do we never see him?"

"No. 7," said the Russian, "has his own ways of working."

"So you always say."

"I will say more," said Mosgorovsky. "I pity the man—or woman—who comes up against him."

There was an awkward silence.

"We must get on with our business," said Mosgorovsky quietly. "No. 3, you have the plans of Wyvern Abbey?"

Bundle strained her ears. So far she had caught neither a glimpse of No. 3, nor had she heard his voice. She heard it now and recognized it as unmistakable. Low, pleasant, indistinct—the voice of a well-bred Englishman.

"I've got them here, sir."

Some papers were shoved across the table. Every one bent forward. Presently Mosgorovsky raised his head again.

"And the list of guests?"

"Here."

The Russian read them.

"Sir Stanley Digby. Mr. Terence O'Rourke. Sir Oswald and Lady Coote. Mrs. Macatta. Mr. James Thesiger—" he paused and then asked sharply:

"Who is Mr. James Thesiger?"

The American laughed.

"I guess you needn't worry any about him. The usual complete young ass."

The Russian continued reading.

"Herr Eberhard and Mr. Eversleigh. That completes the list."

"Does it?" said Bundle silently. "What about that sweet girl, Lady Eileen Brent?"

"Yes, there seems nothing to worry about there," said Mosgorovsky. He looked across the table. "I suppose there's no doubt whatever about the value of Eberhard's invention?"

Three o'clock made a laconic British reply.

"None whatever."

Worth Millions

"Commercially, it should be worth millions," said the Russian. "And internationally — well, one knows only too well the greed of nations."

Bundle had an idea that behind his mask he was smiling unpleasantly.

"Yes," he went on, "a gold mine."

"Well worth a few lives," said No. 5, cynically, and laughed.

"But you know what inventions are," said the American. "Sometimes these darned things won't work."

"A man like Sir Oswald Coote will have made no mistake," said Mosgorovsky.

"Speaking as an aviator myself," said No. 5, "the thing is perfectly feasible. It has been discussed for years—but it needed the genius of Eberhard to bring it to fruition."

"Well," said Mosgorovsky, "I don't think we need discuss matters any further. You have all seen the plans. I do not think our original scheme can be bettered. By the way, I hear something about a letter of Gerald Wade's that has been found—a letter that mentions this organization. Who found it?"

"Lord Caterham's daughter — Lady Eileen Brent."

"Bauer should have been on to that," said Mosgorovsky. "It was careless of him. Who was the letter written to?"

"His sister, I believe," said No. 3.

"Unfortunate," said Mosgorovsky. "But it cannot be helped. The inquest on Ronald Devereux is tomorrow. I suppose that has been arranged for?"

"Reports as to local lads having been practicing with rifles have been spread everywhere," said the American.

"That should be all right then. I think there is nothing further to be said. I think we must all congratulate our dear I o'clock and wish her luck in the part she has to play."

"Hurrah!" cried No. 5. "To Anna!"

All hands flew out in the same gesture which Bundle had noticed before.

"To Anna!"

One o'clock acknowledged the salutation with a typically foreign gesture. Then she rose to her feet and the others followed suit. For the first time, Bundle caught a glimpse of No. 3 as he came to put Anna's cloak around her—a tall, heavily built man.

Then the party filed out through the secret door. Mosgorovsky secured it after them. He waited a few moments and then Bundle heard him unbolt the other door and pass through, after extinguishing the electric light.

Bundle Released

It was not until two hours later that a white and anxious Alfred came to release Bundle. She almost fell into his arms and he had to hold her up.

"Nothing," said Bundle. "Just stiff, that's all. Here, let me sit down."

"Oh, Gord, my lady, it's been awful."

"Nonsense," said Bundle. "It all went off splendidly. Don't get the wind up now it's all over. It might have gone wrong, but thank goodness it didn't."

"Thank goodness, as you say, my lady. I've been in a twitter all the evening. They're a funny crowd, you know."

Bundle, vigorously massaging her undle, vigorously massaging her arms and legs. "As a matter of fact, they're the sort of crowd I always imagined until tonight only existed in books. In this life, Alfred, one never stops learning."

THE INQUEST

Bundle reached home about 6 a.m. She was up and dressed by half-past 9, and rang up Jimmy Thesiger on the telephone.

The promptitude of his reply somewhat surprised her, till he explained that he was going down to attend the inquest.

"So am I," said Bundle. "And I have got a lot to tell you."

"Well, suppose you let me drive you down and we can talk on the way. How about that?"

"All right. But allow a bit extra, because you'll have to take me to Chimneys. The Chief Constable's picking me up there."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Because he's a kind man," said Bundle.

"So am I," said Jimmy. "Very kind."

"Oh! you—you're an ass," said Bundle. "I heard somebody say so last night."

"Who?"

"To be strictly accurate—a Russian Jew. No, it wasn't. It was—"

But an indignant protest drowned her words.

"I may be an ass," said Jimmy. "I daresay I am—but I won't have Russian Jews saying so. What were you doing last night, Bundle?"

"That's what I'm going to talk about," said Bundle. "Good-by for the moment."

In Books Only

She rang off in a tantalizing manner which left Jimmy pleasantly puzzled. He had the highest respect for Bundle's capabilities, though there was not the slightest trace of sentiment in his feeling toward her.

"She's been up to something," he opined, as he took a last hasty drink of coffee. "Depend upon it, she's been up to something."

Twenty minutes later, his little two-seater drew up before the Brook Street house and Bundle, who had been waiting, came tripping down the steps. Jimmy was not ordinarily an observant young man, but he noticed that there were black rings round Bundle's eyes and that she had all the appearance of having had a late night the night before.

"Now then," he said, as the car began to nose her way through the suburbs, "what dark deeds have you been up to?"

"I'll tell you," said Bundle, "but don't interrupt until I've finished."

It was a somewhat long story, and Jimmy had all he could do to keep sufficient attention on the car to prevent an accident. When Bundle had finished he sighed—then looked at her searchingly.

"Bundle?"

"Yes?"

"Look here, you're not pulling my leg?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry," apologized Jimmy. "But it seems to me as though I'd heard it all before—in a dream, you know."

"I know," said Bundle sympathetically.

"It's impossible," said Jimmy, following his own train of thought. "The beautiful foreign adventuress, the international gang, the mysterious No. 7, whose identity nobody knows—I've heard it all a hundred times in books."

(To be continued)

Colds Checked
By modern vaporizing ointment—just rub on
VICKS VAPORUB
ACTS 12 WAYS AT ONCE

CAMPAIGN AT AN END

S. M. Newton Holds Final Meeting in Moose Hall and Several Others Speak

The final mayoralty campaign meeting of S. M. Newton was not of a very encouraging nature, as only about one hundred persons were present, and many of them were men or women who had been attending most of the previous meetings. With other speakers, the gathering became somewhat of a love feast, for no one said anything unpleasant. Alderman Prudhomme, George Casey and James Black were particularly genial and Fred Wesch and Alderman Rudderham were very brief. H. F. Pullen also spoke.

Mr. Newton presided and was the chief speaker of the evening. He suggested that he and Alderman Prudhomme were not afraid to face the electors. He scored the mayor for not bringing down a statement of civic finances. Alderman Orme, he said, had thrown off the position of apprentice and asked for the position of foreman. At a time like this he thought they needed an experienced man and not an apprentice.

The mayor came in for a few thrusts for presuming to say who should be his successor. If he had left them alone they would have left him alone, Mr. Newton said. He charged that the mayor boosted the candidate of his own pet. "If he had kept his mouth shut, I would have kept mine."

Turning then to Alderman Orme, the mayor said the alderman had never spared him. It looked to him as if others were to be the real mayors, while Alderman Orme fired the balls. He had always fitted in with concentrated interests.

The speaker suggested that there might be some one seeking favors, but "if Old Sam Newton was in the chair they would never get favors." That's why they did not want him there. His opponents, he claimed, could give no reason why he should be rejected. He attacked the sewer system work and urged the passing of the bylaws and stated his position on the policing question.

Alderman Prudhomme expressed the opinion that his services would be valuable to the city council and spoke of his previous work there. He had tried to put up a fair fight and had defended himself from attack.

Speaking of the policing of the city, Alderman Prudhomme said the present system of policing was preferable to the old. He was quite clear that if the plebiscite favored local control he would carry out the views of the people and he felt his previous experience with police matters would help him.

Henry McLean, former engineer, supported the mayor, who charged that work had been commenced illegally on No. 2 sewer. He showed a large map of the sewer system.

P. T. ANNUAL MEET HELD

Mrs. Robert Blance New President; Inspiring Address by Rev. Thomas McConnell

The annual meeting of the Prince Rupert Parent-Teachers' Association was held in the Booth Memorial School last evening.

The president, Mrs. R. M. Winslow, occupied the chair.

The following officers were elected for 1930:

President—Mrs. R. Blance.

First vice-president—Mrs. J. G. Viereck.

Second vice-president—Mrs. E. W. Tucker.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. B. Eastman.

Program convener—Mrs.. J. E. Boddie.

Membership conveners:

Borden Street and Westview Schools—Mrs. E. W. Tucker.

Booth Memorial School — Mrs. Cameron.

Seal Cove School—Miss O. McArthur.

High School—D. H. Hartness.

Social committee conveners:

Borden Street School—Mrs. S. V. Cox.

Booth Memorial — To be filled later.

Press correspondent—J. S. Wilson.

Secretary—W. W. C. O'Neill.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring president, Mrs. R. M. Winslow, for her skillful and untiring work as leader of the association. Regret was expressed that she was leaving Prince Rupert and the members joined in wishing her every success and happiness in her new home.

The speaker for the evening was Rev. Thomas McConnell, B.A., minister of First Presbyterian Church, who took as his subject, "Co-operation Between Parents, Teachers and Ministers in the Education of Children." Mr. McConnell said that when Jesus, the greatest teacher who ever lived, called a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples, who were wrangling about the position each should occupy in the Kingdom of Heaven, He taught them and us several important truths:

1. That instead of ambition to excel in rewards, people should be ambition to excel in those things the rewards for which were for, namely, humility, kindness, love.

2. The importance of the things of the spirit.

3. The centrality of the child in the midst.

4. Jesus Himself was present in the child and, therefore, whoever shall receive one such little child in His name received Him.

Was it not, continued the speaker, a matter of great importance that Jesus had entrusted to this Parent-Teacher Association the task of treating little children in a manner pleasing to Himself?

Mr. McConnell then dealt with the importance of the child. Illustrating his point by the story related by Michael Angels, who, while walking with some friends through an obscure street in Florence, discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him in astonishment what he was doing and what he wanted with that piece of worthless rock. "Oh! there's an angel in the stone," was his answer, "and I must get it out." He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil, with mallet and chisel, he let the angel out.

Such was the task which confronted everyone interested in the education of children. There was an angel in every pupil, unnoticed though it might be by the many. "But it is our task to let the angel out. The young people of our generation are capable of being messengers of light and love; of healing the sores of our war-cursed world; of love and unselfishness of service. What are we doing to let the angel out? In the hearts of many of our young people there are unexpressed desires to measure up to the responsibilities they are even now conscious confront them in the world. They must be equipped to meet them when the time comes and occasion demands."

Mr. McConnell then discussed "When and Where Does Education Begin?" The answer was the home with the parents, and more particularly with the mothers. To a mother a child was an immortal being, whose soul it is her duty to train for immortality. Education and instruction were two things essentially different. Good school masters made good scholars; good mothers made good men. Instruction might be interrupted, but education should be of one piece; whatever interrupted it hindered it; whoever abandoned it, after having undertaken it, might see her child lost in the wanderings of error, or—what was more deplorable—to utter indifference to virtue.

Co-operation between parent and teacher was next dealt with. The parents had not shelved their responsibility when they sent their children to school. They had merely called to their assistance those who were specially equipped by training and experience to impart that instruction they themselves had not the time or training to give. It remained the task of the parents to give effect to what the teachers were trying to do. The patience shown by the teacher, his interest in his work and in the welfare of the children, should be rewarded by the heartiest co-operation and friendship of the parent.

The church, through its ministers and teachers, must also play a vital part in the full symmetrical education of the child. The Bible should be his great classic and the truths taught by the great Master Teacher whose influence for good in the world has never and can never pass away should be his guide in all the experiences of his life.

During the evening J. W. Plommer, accompanied by Miss E. P. Grassie, sang two solos: "An Irish Lullaby" and "The Connemara Shore."

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. McConnell and to Mr. Plommer and Miss Grassie.

After the singing of the national anthem, refreshments were served in the rooms of the Home Economics Department.

Sport Chat

The line-up for tonight's Billiard League games is as follows:

Balagno (Elks) vs. Waugh (Grotto).

Easson vs. Nelson.

Stephens vs. J. Andrews.

Mitchell vs. Hillman.

Williscroft vs. McLachlan.

Canadian Legion Billiard Winner

Defeated Elks in Last Fixture by Score of 1180 to 1165 and Are Now Leading

Tuesday night's Billiard League fixture was completed yesterday afternoon, the Canadian Legion winning by the margin of 1180 to 1165 over the Elks.

A. A. Easson won for the Elks by 250 to 225 over Mayor McMordie, while Fred Pyle, Canadian Legion, beat Charles Balagno 250 to 208.

The league standing to date:

	G.	Ttl.	Av.
Canadian Legion	2	2404	1202
Elks	2	2390	1195
Grotto	2	1962	981

Billiard Averages

D. Brown (G)	8	1924	241
A. A. Easson (E)	13	3086	237
G. P. Tinker (CL)	13	3084	237
J. Andrews (G)	13	3050	235
W. J. Nelson (G)	14	3274	234
M. M. McLachlan (G)	9	2081	231
J. Hillman (G)	13	2987	230
W. Lambie (E)	3	691	230
W. E. Williscroft (E)	11	2508	228
F. Stephens (E)	13	2951	227
W. Mitchell (E)	12	2684	224
S. P. McMordie (CL)	2	447	224
J. W. Scott (CL)	10	2228	223
G. Waugh (G)	12	2662	222
C. Balagno (E)	14	3048	218
M. Andrews (CL)	14	2987	213
R. Young (CL)	8	1701	213
F. G. Pyle (CL)	9	1819	202
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

SECOND HALF OF BILLIARDS

January 21.—Legion vs. Grotto.
January 23.—Legion vs. Elks.
January 28.—Grotto vs. Elks.
January 30.—Grotto vs. Legion.
February 4.—Elks vs. Legion.
February 6.—Elks vs. Grotto.
February 11.—Legion vs. Grotto.
February 13.—Legion vs. Elks.
February 18.—Grotto vs. Elks.
February 20.—Grotto vs. Legion.
February 25.—Elks vs. Legion.
February 27.—Elks vs. Grotto.
March 4.—Legion vs. Grotto.
March 6.—Legion vs. Elks.

Local Items

Harry Wasson returned to the city on the Prince Rupert yesterday from a trip to Vancouver.

The appeal of Dido Gurvich in County Court against a conviction and fine of $300 for selling liquor has been adjourned until next Monday.

Leif Erikson annual general meeting for election of officers for 1930 will be held in the Metropole Hal ltomorrow night at 8 o'clock, followed by a social.

T. H. Johnson, manager of the Canadian Fish & Cold Storage Co., and Mrs. Johnson will sail on the Prince Rupert tonight for Vancouver and Victoria.

Frank K. Johnson of the United States coastguard cutter Unalga, was a passenger aboard the Princess Norah yesterday afternoon bound from Juneau to Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Lee and child will sail on the Prince Rupert tonight for a holiday trip to Vancouver. They will also visit at Mrs. Lee's home in New Westminster.

It is announced at the city police station that the time for renewing of automobile licences has expired and that prosecution is liable to be taken against motorists who have not secured their 1930 plates.

The County Court case of Lukas vs. Kaspar, in which accounting is sought for a Stewart poolroom partnership, is proceeding today, evidence of the plaintiff having been taken this morning. W. E. Fisher is appearing for the plaintiff; W. O. Fulton for the defendant.

PALPITATION
Throbbing of Heart After the "Flu"

Mrs. J. Cunningham, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., writes:—"Last February I had a severe attack of influenza which left me with palpitation and throbbing of the heart.

"I felt very weak and tired so began to take

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

and used about six boxes and have found them help me a great deal, and am very thankful for having found such a good medicine."

Price, 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CRIBBAGE

January 20.—I.O.O.F. vs. Eagles; Grotto vs. New Empress; C.N.R.A. vs. Cold Storage; P. R. Hotel vs. Moose; Seal Cove Sawmill vs. Operators; L.O.L. vs. K. of C.

For quick results try a "want-ad" in the Daily News.

Warning

You must be properly NOURISHED to resist Winter Ills, Colds and Chills

Influenza attacks old and young when the resisting powers of the body are weak.

Keep fit this winter by making sure you are well nourished.

Eating large meals is not sufficient, it is NOT the amount you eat, but the comparatively small amount you digest, keeps up your strength: surplus food only clogs up your tissues with waste that lowers your vitality.

You are sure of being nourished, yet keep your youthful vigour

if every day, you add a little Bovril to your diet, either as a hot stimulating food drink or added to soups, gravies and meat dishes.

You do not need a lot of heavy food

The unique power of BOVRIL

Builds fitness not fatness

21M