

The  
**SEVEN  
DIALS  
MYSTERY**  
By Agatha Christie

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INSTALMENT XXXVI.

(Continued)

"And," continued George, as he grew more impatient "Eileen has very serious tastes—a much older man will suit her better than some young jackanapes without either experience or savoir-faire. I can assure you, my dear Caterham, that I will cherish her exquisite youth; I will cherish it—er—it will be appreciated. To watch the exquisite flower of her mind unfolding—what a privilege. And to think that I never realized—"

**Permission Granted**

He shook his head deprecatingly, and Lord Caterham, finding his voice with difficulty, said blankly: "Do I understand you to mean—ah, my dear fellow, you can't want to marry Bundle?" "You are surprised. I suppose to you it seems sudden. I have your permission, then, to speak to her?" "Oh, yes," said Lord Caterham. "If it's permission you want—of course you can. But you know, Lomax, I really shouldn't if I were you. Just go home and think it over like a good fellow. Count twenty. All that sort of thing. Always a pity to propose and make a fool of yourself."

"I dare say you mean your advice kindly, Caterham, though I must confess that you put it somewhat strangely. But I have made up my mind to put my fortune to the test. I may see Eileen?"

"Oh, it's nothing to do with me," said Lord Caterham hastily; "Eileen settles her own affairs. If she came to me tomorrow and said she was going to marry the chauffeur, I shouldn't make any objections. It's the only way nowadays. Your children can make life damned unpleasant if you don't give in to them in every way." "I say to Bundle, 'Do as you like, but don't worry me,' and really, on the whole, she is amazingly good about it."

George stood up, intent upon his purpose.

"Where shall I find her?" "Well, really, I don't know," said Lord Caterham vaguely. "She might be anywhere. As I told you just now, she's never in the same place for two minutes together. No response."

"And I suppose Miss Wade will be with her? It seems to me, Caterham, that the best plan would be for you to ring the bell and ask your butler to find her, saying that I wish to speak to her for a few minutes."

Lord Caterham pressed the bell obediently.

"Oh, Tredwell," he said, when the bell was answered, "just find her ladyship, will you? Tell her Mr. Lomax is anxious to speak to her in the drawing room."

"Yes, my lord."

Tredwell withdrew. George seized Lord Caterham's hand and

writing it warmly, much to the latter's discomfort.

"A thousand thanks," he said. "I hope soon to bring you good news." He hastened from the room.

"Well," said Lord Caterham. "Well!"

"Well!"

And after a long pause:

"What has Bundle been up to?" The door opened again.

"Mr. Eversisigh, my lord."

As Bill hastened in, Lord Caterham caught his hand and spoke earnestly.

**Another Prospect**

"Hullo, Bill. You're looking for Lomax, I suppose? Look here, if you want to do a good turn, hurry into the drawing room and tell him the Cabinet have called an immediate meeting, or get him away somehow. It's really not fair to let the poor devil make an ass of himself all for some silly girl's prank."

"I've not come for Coddgers," said Bill. "Didn't know he was here. It's Bundle I want to see. Is she anywhere about?"

"You can't see her," said Lord Caterham. "Not just now, at any rate. George is with her."

"Well—what does it matter?"

"I think it does rather," said Lord Caterham. "He's probably spluttering horribly at this minute, and we mustn't do anything to make it worse for him."

"But what is he saying?"

"Heaven knows," said Lord Caterham. "A lot of damned nonsense, anyway. Never say too much, that was always my motto. Grab the girl's hand and let events take their course."

Bill stared at him.

"But look here, sir, I'm in a hurry. I must talk to Bundle—"

"Well, I don't suppose you'll have to wait long. I must confess I'm rather glad to have you here with me—I suppose Lomax will insist on coming back and talking to me when it's all over."

"When what's all over? What is Lomax supposed to be doing?"

"Hush," said Lord Caterham. "He's proposing."

"Proposing? Proposing what?"

"Marriage. To Bundle. Don't ask me why. I suppose he's come to what they call the dangerous age. I can't explain it any other way."

"Proposing to Bundle? The dirty swine! At his age!"

Bill's face grew crimson.

"He says he's in the prime of life," said Lord Caterham cautiously.

"He? Why, he's decrepit—senile!"

Bill positively choked.

"Not at all," said Lord Caterham coldly. "He's five years younger than I am."

"Of all the damned cheek! Coddgers and Bundle! A girl like Bundle! You oughtn't to have allowed it."

"I never interfere," said Lord Caterham.

"You ought to have told him what you thought of him."

"Unfortunately modern civilization rules that out," said Lord Caterham regretfully. "In the Stone Age now—but, dear me, I suppose even then I shouldn't be able to do it—being a small man."

"Bundle! Bundle! Why, I've never dared to ask Bundle to marry me because I knew she'd only laugh. And George—a disgusting wind-bag, an unscrupulous, hypocritical old hot-air merchant—a foul, poisonous self advertiser—"

"Go on," said Lord Caterham. "I'm enjoying this."

"My God!" said Bill simply and with feeling. "Look here, I must be off."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

**District News**

**STEWART**

Howard Campbell, Duncan McLean, Mrs. M. Stewart and Mrs. F. Young have been elected to the board of management of the local United Church. It is desired to have a resident minister here and if such could be obtained, the congregation would soon be in a position to build a church, a building fund being already partly raised.

The Winter Sports Club, meeting last Wednesday evening at the home of the secretary, Miss Davies, decided to put on a concert in the near future.

On suggestion of H. W. M. Rolston, the Stewart Board of Trade,

at a general meeting last week, decided to ask for the establishment of a Canadian immigration officer at Silver Heights in order to assure that no foreigners can illegally gain entry into the country and secure employment at Canadian mines in the Salmon River district.

Taking in a large quantity of supplies with them, Alex Pirie, Charles Samuel, J. McCabe, S. Lee and R. L. Sandy left last week on their return to Mezladen Lake, where they are employed by the Power Corporation of Canada, after spending over a week in town.

The local branch of the Canadian Legion, British Empire Service League, has elected officers for the year as follows: president, J. Scott; vice-president, M. Murphy; sergeant-at-arms, H. Wilkinson; chaplain, Father Emil Leray; trustees, H. Bennett, J. Scott and

J. Morrice; executive, W. S. Orr, H. Stewart, H. D. Rochfort and C. Jackson; secretary, H. Applewhite; past president, H. C. Bennett.

A. H. Benkendorf, proprietor of the Hyder Dye Works, who went to Seattle recently to secure treatment for his foot in which gangrene had developed following frost bite, is now making good recovery. It was not necessary to amputate the member as was feared.

The Stewart Board of Trade is urging the establishment of a radio broadcasting station here.

Olah Matheson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Matheson, is making satisfactory progress towards recovery at the Prince Rupert General Hospital where she was operated upon last week for mastoids.

**Big Movement of Tourists to This Coast Predicted**

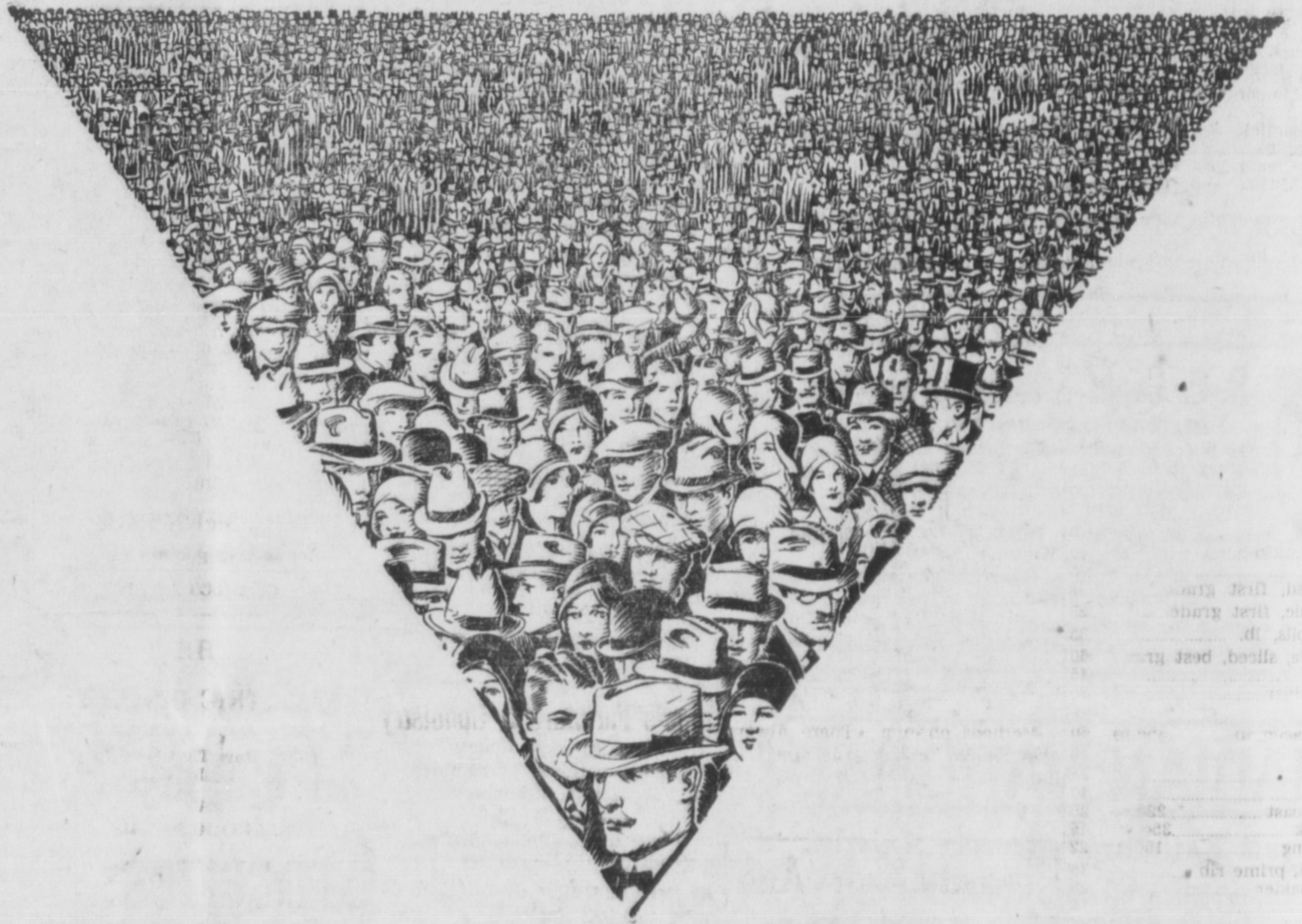
VANCOUVER, Feb. 12—A. A. Gardiner, assistant general passenger traffic, Canadian National Railways, with headquarters at Montreal, who has been in the city for the last two days, returned east last night. He will make stops at Moose Jaw and Winnipeg en route to Montreal.

This was Mr. Gardiner's first visit to Vancouver since his appointment and he made the trip to familiarize himself with western conditions prior to the rush of the summer season. "We are looking forward to a much increased passenger bus-

**Fletcher's CASTOR**  
FOR QUICK, HARMLESS COUGH  
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ness this summer and the company has done everything possible for the comfort of the traveling public. The most up-to-date equipment available is now in use on continental trains, while our new steamers for the Pacific business will be the last westward steamship construction. We will derive benefit from the volume of passengers traveling during the coming summer, it is believed.

**THIS IS LIFE INSURANCE DAY—JANUARY 22nd**



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**I**n the quest for financial independence millions of people turn with confidence to Life Insurance . . . the one investment which can provide an income for old age, a reserve fund for emergencies and a paid-up estate for loved ones.

a year? Would you ask your wife and children to live on that amount?

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Life Insurance encourages systematic savings . . . it is a sure means of thrift. Year after year your premiums increase the cash value of your insurance while you live. Its value is unquestioned when you die. Call in a Life Insurance Representative today . . . Let him plan an insurance program, that will care for your future obligations and lay the foundation for your success and happiness.

So important is this form of investment that today has been set aside as Life Insurance Day. It is a day when, in fairness to yourself and family, you should discuss with your wife your future financial status.

*Ask Yourself These Questions*

If your earnings were cut off entirely what income would be available from your present savings? Do you realize that \$10,000 of Life Insurance represents a yield of only about \$500



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**HAGEN TAKES COUNT**

Walter Hagen, British open champion, driving, prior to abandoning quest of \$10,000 Los Angeles open prize, won by Benny Shute.